

## DANIEL KORTENKAMP (autobiography, 1938 - 1980)

January 08, 2021

I was born 1938 (during the *Great Depression*), in the living room of the old farmhouse on the "*Kortenkamp Farm*" one mile west of Aurora, Buchanan County, Iowa (now, 1165 Ringold Ave.). My father had set up a bed in the living room so my mother would not have to walk the steps to their upstairs bedroom. I was born at 8 am by the light of a kerosene lamp.



Daniel Kortenkamp, Aurora, Iowa (1938)

In 2000, this farm was designated an "*Iowa Century Farm*" by the *State of Iowa* because it had been in the same family for over 100 years. My great-grandfather, Henry Kortenkamp bought it in 1896. It was then bought by his son, Simon, then Simon's son (my father) Anton, then Anton's brother Raymond, then Raymond's son, Norbert, and now Norbert's son, Donald/"Duke" Kortenkamp.



Kortenkamp house (1165 Ringold Ave.), Aurora, IA (c. 1940)



Norbert, son Duke & family (2007)

In 1939, my brother Leon was born at *St. Francis Hospital* in Oelwein. My earliest memory is of Leon being circumcised by the doctor on a table in the dining room of the farmhouse. I remember seeing Leon crying; and me asking the woman next to me (I've been told it was the doctor's wife) what they were doing. She said, "Cutting off some dead skin."



Leon, Anton, Daniel, Ruth Kortenkamp, Aurora, IA (1940)

In February of 1941, my father sold the farm to his brother Raymond, and we moved to Independence, Buchanan County, Iowa. My parents rented a house at 205 4<sup>th</sup> St. for about a year. It was on a street that ended at the *Wapsipinicon River*. I remember climbing a fence to play down by the river.

My parents later bought a house at 208 5<sup>th</sup> Ave. This was close to downtown. One day I stole a small toy airplane from the “dime store”. I remember crossing the main street holding the toy airplane behind my leg so the policeman wouldn’t see it. My mother caught me playing with the airplane under the dining room table, and made me take it back. One Christmas my father made a set of building blocks (red and green) as a present from Santa. About this time he made a wooden hall tree with metal coat hooks. I still have the box of blocks, and the hall tree, and have put brass plaques on them with my father’s name.



Daniel & Leon Kortenkamp, Independence, IA (1941)

In March of 1943 we moved to St. Paul, Minnesota. The United States had entered *WWII* just over a year before, and my father took a job as a riveter at the *Northwest Airline Bomber Modification Center No. 12, Holman Airfield* (now *St Paul Downtown Airport*), modifying B-24 bombers (see: “Kortenkamp Family History” for details)



B-24 Bomber Modification Crew (Anton Kortenkamp, front row 4<sup>th</sup> from right, 1945)

We lived in the downstairs apartment at 309 Fuller Ave, two blocks south of University Ave. We lived just one block from the African-American neighborhood. We occasionally went to the Black church – St. Peter Clavier -- one block away. Leon and I had a Black friend, named Joe Lewis.

That year I started 1<sup>st</sup> Grade at *St. Adelbert School*, two blocks north of University Ave. On the first day my mother walked me to school and asked, “Can you find your way home?” I answered, “Yes.” Well, when school ended that day, I left the school through a different door than I had entered, without realizing. I walked for many blocks, but did not come to University Ave. I knew I was lost. After a while I came to the *Minnesota State Capital Building*. I knew my way home from there because my friends and I had played there (it was about 1 mile from my house). When I finally got home I told my mother, “I got lost” and started to cry.

I have memories of *WWII*. We kids in the neighborhood would play war – some playing the “Japs” and some the Americans. I remember seeing formations of bombers in the sky. I remember waiting in the car with my mother at the airport for my dad to get off work, with *B-24* bombers flying low over the car coming in for a landing.

One day I went hiking with some of my neighborhood friends. We were going to go to the airport. When we came to the *Mississippi River*, we thought it would be more fun to cross the river by climbing over on the arches of the *Robert Street Bridge*. We started up, but got scared and came back down. After we walked across the bridge, we went down to the riverbank and tried pushing a log into the river. We thought we would paddle back across the river on the log. Luckily, a man spotted us and yelled, scaring us away. He probably saved our lives, because we didn’t know how to swim. That day, on the way home, we also tried walking through a train tunnel near the *Robert Street Bridge*, but got scared and went back out. Again, could have been killed in the tunnel.

Another time my friends and I went to play at the *Minnesota State Capital Building*. We went in looking for any stairs that went up to see how high we could go inside. Then we looked for stairs to see how far down we could go. We

came to a tunnel and started through. But then we heard footsteps coming toward us ahead in the tunnel, so we got scared and started to run back and up the steps. A guard started chasing us as we ran outside. One of my friends got caught and spanked by the guard. I later learned that the tunnel connects the *Capital Building* with other administrative buildings.

In 1943, my brother Edwin was born.



Daniel, Edwin, & Leon Kortenkamp, St. Paul, MN (1944)

During the war almost everything was rationed, and nobody could buy a car, or house appliances. We had an icebox instead of a refrigerator. I remember the iceman coming around to sell ice. In the summer, we neighborhood kids would try to get scraps of ice to suck on from the ice truck. Sometimes we would hop on the back of the ice truck to get a free ride. This made the iceman very mad.



Daniel Kortenkamp (1944)

I was about 6 or 7 when I got rheumatic fever. I don't remember this, but I do remember having my tonsils taken out. Going under the ether felt like going down a slide around-and-around down into the earth. My parents said I could have anything I wanted. I said I wanted a pet turtle (could have had a new bike!). I named my pet turtle, "Pete".

When the war ended in 1945, my father's work at the airport ended. He tried various other jobs – battery factory, toy factory, chicken processing plant, etc.; but in November 1945 we moved back to Iowa. His brother-in-law, John Cashen, was a car salesman for Oelwein Motors, the Chrysler & Plymouth dealership, at 31 West Charles St. <sup>1</sup>

My father started as a “grease monkey” changing oil, changing mufflers, etc. He began reading books on auto mechanics, and watching the mechanics doing engine repair, etc., and eventually worked his way up to full-time auto mechanic.

My parents bought a house at 820 3<sup>rd</sup> Ave., SW. It was the last house on a dead-end street, and just right for raising three children. However, it had no indoor plumbing or toilet. On Saturday nights we took turns taking baths in a washtub in the middle of the kitchen floor, with water pumped from a cistern and heated on the kitchen wood stove.

I was in the third grade when my family moved to Oelwein. I did not know any kids in my new third grade room at *Sacred Heart Elementary School*; and I did not know many of the things I was supposed to know in third grade, like the multiplication tables. The school wanted to put me back in second grade. But, my new third grade teacher – Miss Baurer – said she would keep me after school and teach me what I needed to know so I wouldn't be put back into 2<sup>nd</sup> Grade. Thanks to Miss Baurer I was not put back in 2<sup>nd</sup> Grade.



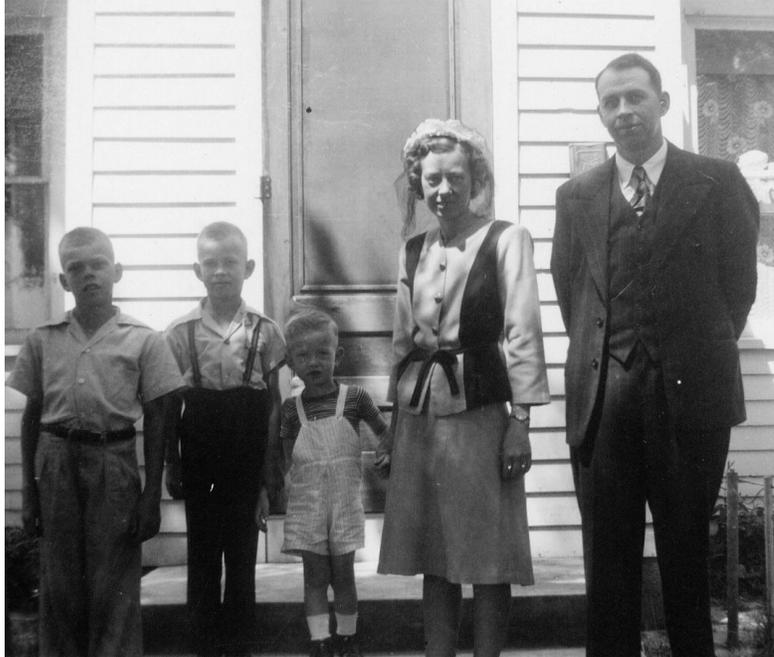
Daniel Kortenkamp (Oelwein, 1945)

When I was in third grade, the kids would play marbles during recess. If our teacher, Miss Baurer, caught us playing with our marbles during school she would take them away from us. At the end of the day she would roll these marbles down the aisles between our seats real fast and whoever could catch the marbles could keep them. One day she caught me playing with my marbles during school. But, at the end of the day she gave them back to me. She was very good to me because I was new in the class and didn't know any of the other kids.

Soon after my family moved to Iowa and I started 3<sup>rd</sup> Grade in the middle of the year, I had my 8<sup>th</sup> birthday. In the 3<sup>rd</sup> Grade all the kids on their birthdays would bring a treat to share with the class. I didn't know any of the other kids, so on my birthday I wanted to bring a really good treat so the other kids would like me. My mother bought some really neat marshmallow cookies, covered with chocolate, called “*Mallomars*”. I knew the kids would really like these cookies and would really like me. On my birthday I was carrying the cookies to school in a paper sack when I accidentally tripped and fell in a mud puddle and smashed all the cookies. I went back home crying. My mother didn't have any more marshmallow cookies, so she had to give me some old homemade cookies. I had to give these to the other kids in my class. I felt really bad, because I knew the kids wouldn't like old homemade cookies as much as store-bought marshmallow cookies.

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<sup>1</sup> Walter P. Chrysler built his first car in Oelwein in 1908 in the barn behind his house at 225 5<sup>th</sup> Ave. SE (now 7 5<sup>th</sup> Ave. SE). He later moved to 521 Central Ave. NE (now 521 1<sup>st</sup> Ave NE). He was Superintendent of Motive Power for the Chicago Great Western Railroad. He had never driven a car before, and upon leaving the barn he immediately lost control and went into a neighbor's garden, needing to be pulled out by a team of horses. [Vincent Curcio. (2000). *Chrysler: The life and times of an automotive genius* (see Chapter13: "Oelwein, Iowa: Superintendent of Motive Power and the first car"); and Walter P. Chrysler in collaboration with Boyden Sparkes. (1950). *Life of an American workman*.



Daniel, Leon, Edwin, Ruth & Anton Kortenkamp, 820 3<sup>rd</sup> Ave. SW, Oelwein, IA (1947)

When I was in fourth grade I collected bird pictures that were free inside boxes of cereal. The cereal was called “*Krumbles*” and tasted real bad; but I wanted the free bird pictures and so my mother would buy it and I would have to eat it. One day I took my collection of bird pictures to school for “Show and Tell”. My teacher, Sr. Mary Eulalia, asked me if she could put my pictures on the bulletin board. I felt really proud, and said, “Yes.” At the end of the school year Sister took my bird pictures down from the bulletin board, but she did not give them back to me. I told my mother. My mother went to school and asked her for my bird pictures. Sr. Eulalia said she didn’t know where they were. I never did get my bird pictures back. My favorite picture was of a Yellow-headed Blackbird. I have always wanted to see a real Yellow-headed Blackbird, but did not see one until May 2010, in a marsh near my son Tony’s house in Big Lake, MN.

I was very interested in bird watching as a youth, and still remember exactly where I saw my first Rose-breasted Grosbeak (in our neighbor’s tree), and my first Scarlet Tanager (on a school bus trip to *Devil’s Backbone State Park*). I saw it in the brush next to the road as we entered the park. I became very excited, wanted to tell everyone to look, but knew that they would make fun of me for being a sissy birdwatcher.

My brother and I always walked home from school for lunch. We would cut through the alley behind our Kortenkamp grandparents’ house at 710 2<sup>nd</sup> Ave. After school we would sometimes stop for a visit and play *Chinese Checkers* and a card game called “War”. My grandparents always had some candy for us – lemon drops or orange slices. They also had horehound candy, which I didn’t like.

Growing up in Oelwein involved playing out-door games -- “*Fifty Scatter*”, “*Red Rover*”, “*Frying Pan*”, softball, football, etc. -- on our dead-end street with neighbor kids, exploring nearby woods, trading comic books, exploring the city dump, sledding in the winter, etc. Summers were spent barefooted. My mother said that as soon as we saw the first butterfly of the year we could start going barefooted.

We had two woods to explore. One, we called the “Little Woods” which was a strip of small trees and shrubs next to an alley and a street a block west of our house. It was in this woods that I remember seeing my first Catbird. It was very surprising to see a bird that sounded just like a cat meowing.

The “Big Woods” was across a cornfield south of our house. It ran along both sides of *Otter Creek*. The most exciting thing was playing with boats we would find, and with homemade rafts on *Otter Creek* and *Lake Oelwein*. One day walking across the cornfield to the woods I saw an Indian arrowhead on the ground. I was with a neighbor, Delbert Wilson. I did not want him to get the arrowhead, so I covered it with my foot. When he wasn’t looking, I quickly picked

it up. If he knew about the arrowhead he would have beaten me up and taken it away. I made a necklace out of the arrowhead, and still have it.

There were no TVs in those days. We would listen to radio programs after school and on weekends. Some of the programs were “*Sky King*”, “*Jack Armstrong*”, “*The Lone Ranger*”, “*Let’s Pretend*”, and “*Buster Brown*”.

In about 1948 my family made a trip to St. Paul to visit our former neighbors. We stayed at their house. They had television, and this was the first time I saw a television show. It was a movie with the cowboy “Tom Mix”. I was amazed that you could watch movies for free. When a family in our neighborhood got TV, we used to sneak up and watch it through their window. The picture tube had a greenish glow. A couple years later, there was a family that would sometimes invite us in to watch. When there was going to be a heavy weight boxing match in the evening, my best friend Bob King and I would go to their house to play basketball in their driveway, hoping they would invite us in to watch the fight. Sometimes they did. One time we were playing basketball and waiting to be invited in. We waited and waited. But, the family had friends over to watch the fight and did not invite us in. So, Bob and I rushed back home to his house to listen on the radio. By the time we turned on the radio there had been a knockout, and the fight was over. Incidentally, we got our first TV about 1955, when my dad made enough money from a chain letter to buy one.

We also went to movies on Saturday afternoon. The admission was 10 cents for kids under 12 years old. My favorite movies were with “Tarzan”, the “Bowery Boys” (also called the “Eastside Kids”), Abbot & Costello, and cowboys such as Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Lash Larue, and Whip Wilson. The first movie titles I remember liking were action movies with Burt Lancaster – “*The Flame and the Arrow*” (1950), and “*The Crimson Pirate*” (1952). These were the days of Saturday “serials” – every Saturday there would be a continuation of an action movie. One that I remember was “*Rocket Man*”.

Our most popular entertainment, however, was comic books. My brother, Leon, and I would put our comic books in a wagon and go house-to-house around the neighborhood trading with other kids. You had to be careful or a kid might stick one of your comic books inside another one of yours, hoping they would get two of yours for one of theirs. I remember one evening we traded about 60 comics. When we came home, Mom would make popcorn and Kool-Aid, and we would read our “new” comics. Mom and Dad would not allow us to read super hero, crime or horror comics. It was thought they would cause us to become juvenile delinquents. There were even congressional hearings about comic books causing juvenile delinquency.

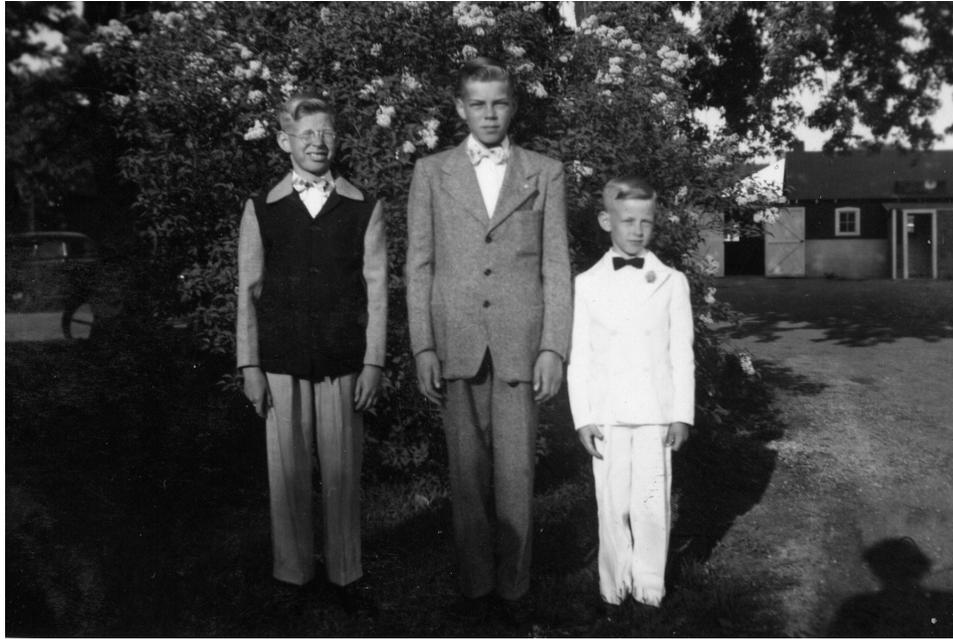
One day, March 5, 1953, we were trading comic books at a friend’s house, when the radio program the family was listening to was interrupted for an announcement. We were always afraid the announcement would be a nuclear missile attack from the Soviet Union. However, this announcement was about the death of Joseph Stalin. What a relief!

In 1949, when I was 11-years old, I got a paper route delivering the *Des Moines Register* in my neighborhood. I had about 45 dailies and 60 Sundays, and I made about \$3.00/week. It was approximately the first day of my paper route that I made my first telephone call. My parents did not have a phone, so I had to go next door to the Wilson’s. The newspaper office had not delivered enough papers to me, so I had to call and ask for more papers. I was told by the Wilsons to pick up the phone and ask for the “Operator”. When I picked up the phone someone on the other end said, “Operator”. I immediately hung up, confused, because I thought I was supposed to say “Operator”. The Wilsons explained to me that that was the Operator identifying herself, and only needed to tell her the number I wanted to call. I tried again, and successfully made my first telephone call.

About 1951, when I was 13, our freshman class was taking a religion course from Rev. Robert Swift. He offered to help us with the course if we would come to his room at Mercy Hospital. He was Chaplain at the hospital. One day Bob King and I went to his room for some help. After awhile he asked if we knew how babies were made; Bob’s mother had just had a baby boy. Father Swift got out diagrams of men’s and women’s sex organs, placed them on an easel, and gave us a sex lecture. Then he said he wanted to check if our sex organs were “developing normally”. He put his hand down our pants, and began to massage our penis and testicles. We were so shocked, that we did not talk about this with anyone. Another time, I remember Rev. Swift putting his hand down the pants of us alter boys in the sacristy before mass. Some of the older boys told us that Rev. Swift was a “queer”, and that was what “queers” do – “feel up little boys”. In 2002, the *Boston Globe* published a series of investigative articles about clerical sexual abuses and cover-ups in the Boston Archdiocese. The list of abusers eventually grew to over 270. In the late 1940s and early 1950s, there were three priests at Sacred Heart in Oelwein who were sexually abusing children -- Rev. Thomas Knox, Rev. Robert Swift, and Rev. William Goltz. In 2003 I wrote a letter to the Archdiocese of Dubuque, telling them about the sexual abuse of boys by Rev. Swift, Rev. Knox, and Rev. Goltz. In 2005, I joined a group of men who sued the Archdiocese for sexual abuse damages, and I eventually received a settlement of \$75,000 in 2010.

Now, a funny story – the first and only time I hopped a freight train. Bob King, Leon, and I were playing at *Rocky Ford*, which was on *Otter Creek* west of Oelwein. There was a high railroad trestle across the creek there. Oelwein was

the headquarters of the *Chicago Great Western (CGW) Railroad* – its offices, shops, and roundhouse were there. The trains would slow down coming into town as they crossed the railroad trestle. Well, Bob, Leon, and I hopped on to the side of a boxcar and rode into town. It was so much fun, that we ran back along the train, and hopped on again. This time when we got off in town, there was a policeman waiting for us. Someone had seen us hopping on, and called the police. The policeman asked where we lived; he was going to take us home and to tell our parents what we were doing. I told him our address, but knew that our parents were not home. They were visiting our grandparents two blocks away. I thought we were safe; he would not be able to tell our parents when he took us home. But, stupid little Leon said, “Oh, but they are not home. They are at our grandparents’ house.” So, the policeman took us to our grandparents’ house, and with a lot of other relatives there, told them what we had been doing. That was very embarrassing for our parents.



Leon, Daniel, Edwin Kortenkamp, 820 3<sup>rd</sup> Ave., SW, Oelwein, IA (1952)

On April 27, 1953, my sister Marilyn was born.

I took my first regular job when I was 15 in the summer of 1953. I had been looking for a job, and my mother saw an ad in the newspaper advertising for a stock boy at *Spurgeon's* department store. I decided to go up town to apply, and asked my mother if I needed to wear shoes. Of course, she said, “Yes.” I was hired immediately that afternoon, and put to work washing the front sidewalk display windows. Boy, did my feet hurt having to wear shoes that afternoon. I worked summers and after school – taking delivered boxes of merchandise to the basement by elevator, and unpacking them; stocking the candy bins at the candy counter; hanging displays of curtains and drapes, decorating some window displays, sweeping, mopping, washing windows, taking packages to the post office and money the bank, etc.. On Friday nights I clerked behind the candy counter.

In 1953 my family moved to an acreage (8 acres) on 10<sup>th</sup> St, southwest of Oelwein.

There we had a lot of  
and rabbits across the



g was good for squirrels



Daniel, Edwin, Marilyn, and Leon Kortenkamp, on the acreage, Oelwein (1954)

When I was a junior I turned 16, got my driver's license, and bought my first car – a Robin-egg-blue 4-door '42 Plymouth --for \$50. It burned oil like crazy, but my Dad saved used oil at his mechanic's job and I put it in my Plymouth. My brother Leon bought his first car the next year, and we used to drag race. His car was a '39 Pontiac which he got for \$35. He always won the races.



My *Junior Prom* ended in disaster. I took Janice Weishapl, who was one of the most popular girls in Oelwein. She also worked at *Spurgeon's*, and that is where I asked her to go to the prom before anybody else could ask her. After the

dance Janice and I somehow wound up with several girls from my class who did not have dates (the “bookworms”), several guys who did not have dates (the “greasers”), all in my Dad’s car (at least 8 people), and we went out in the country to a woods for a weenie/marshmallow roast. Janice eventually wound up running around in the woods in the dark with all the “greasers” chasing her. I could hear them running around and laughing. I wound up sitting around the campfire with the “bookworms” roasting marshmallows. It was very embarrassing

My high school buddy Bob King took Janice Weishapl to the *Senior Prom*. It was also a disaster. At the dance Janice told Bob she had a headache and asked that he take her home. Well, the next day we learned that she went in the front door of her house and right out the back where Fritz Hitchcock was waiting for her in his car in the alley. Fritz was a sophomore, but very popular. He had grown up in the big city of Des Moines, but his parents had moved to Oelwein because he was always getting in trouble in Des Moines. He was a wheeler-dealer, who eventually went on to own one of the largest car dealerships in the country – *Hitchcock Automotive Resources* in Southern California. Janice went to college, settled in the Los Angeles area, married, worked as an English teacher, a counselor, and had several children. After retirement she worked for a while as a movie extra – appearing in movies such as “*Traffic*” (in the courtroom scene seated next to Catherine Zeta-Jones) and “*America’s Sweethearts*” (at a table behind Julia Roberts in the restaurant fight scene). Bob King joined the *Marines* after college, was a platoon leader during two tours of Vietnam during the late 60s and early 70s, and retired as a Lieutenant Colonel after 20 years.

One day when I was a senior in high school I played hooky with my best friend, Bob King. We took our .22 rifles and walked to the woods north of *Lake Oelwein*. We shot a Blue-winged Teal and tried to roast it over a campfire. When we tried to eat it, it was still raw. The next day I gave my teacher a note saying I had not been in school because I was sick. I had one of the women who worked at Spurgeon’s write it for me and sign my mother’s name. It didn’t work – the Principle called my mother, who would not lie for me. As punishment, I was supposed to stay after school that day. In the afternoon I asked if I could go to the boy’s room, and the teacher said, “Yes.” I didn’t go to the boy’s room, but went outside and got a rope from the trunk of my car. I wrapped the rope around my waist under my shirt, so the teacher wouldn’t see it. I came back to my classroom and sat in my seat next to a window. My classroom was on the second floor. When the teacher wasn’t looking I tied one end of the rope to the radiator, and threw the other end out of the window. At the end of the day, the teacher was watching all the kids going out of the classroom so no kids would leave who were supposed to stay after school. While my teacher was watching the other kids going out the door, I jumped out of the window and climbed down the rope. Some students say I yelled, “Geronimo!” as I jumped out the window. I don’t remember that. But, I had to get to my job as stock boy at *Spurgeons*. The next day I had to stay after school; and the teacher watched so I wouldn’t jump out of the window again.

The summer before senior year I was selected to attend *Hawkeye Boys State* at Camp Dodge, the *Iowa National Guard Camp* near Des Moines. We lived in the barracks, and it lasted a week. It was to teach us politics, and elect one of the students as “Governor”. It was not my thing; but I enjoyed swimming in the Camp swimming pool (“largest outdoor filtered swimming pool in the world”).

My senior year I was cast for the lead in our *Senior Class Play* -- “*Red is the Morning Star*”. It was about a Catholic Czechoslovakian family being persecuted by the atheist *Soviet Secret Police*, written and directed by the parish Assistant Pastor, Fr. Thomas Carpender. The play began with the theatre completely dark, and the first notes from “*Finlandia*” by Sibelius. During the notes I came out from behind the curtain. Then, suddenly there was a spotlight on me, and I started my lines introducing my character, “My name is Gregor Markovic, . . .”. I was supposed to speak with a Czechoslovakian accent. I did not like acting; and was only assigned the lead because I had the best grades in my class of 21 students.

I could not afford to go to college; my dad suggested I apply for a Navy ROTC scholarship for college. The Navy would pay for college, and I would have to serve several years after graduation. Here are my application photos:



My application was not accepted because I would have been only 17 years old when I graduated. Here is my high school graduation picture.



After graduation from *Sacred Heart High School* in 1955 I took the civil service exam for a job in the *Post Office*. My dad had told me that the best job in town was working for the *Post Office* -- best pay, best benefits, and best retirement. I thought it would be a great job being a mail carrier -- work outside, with no boss, take a break whenever I felt like it, work fast and get done early, etc. However, there were no openings in the *Post Office* at that time, so I took a job as receptionist-bookkeeper at the small radio station *KOEL* in Oelwein (like Lonnie Anderson's job in "*WKRP in Cincinnati*"). I sat at the front desk greeting visitors and running the station switchboard. At the end of every month I worked in an office doing the bookkeeping and sending bills to advertisers.

This was an exciting time to work in a radio station. In 1955 the first rock & roll records began reaching the top of the pop charts -- Little Richard's "*Tutti Frutti*", Chuck Berry's "*Maybelline*", Fats Domino's "*Ain't That a Shame*", Bill Haley and the Comets' "*Rock Around the Clock*" (the first rock 'n roll record to reach # 1 on the pop charts, and arguably the most popular rock 'n roll record in history). In about January 1956, I was answering the radio station phone, when a lady called asking for the disk jockey to play "*I Forgot to Remember to Forget*" by Elvis Presley. I had never heard of him, and couldn't remember his name or the name of the record, so I switched her to the disk jockey. The song reached #1 on the *Billboard* country music chart by February 1956, and remained there for 39 weeks, longer than any other Presley recording. It was the first recording to make Elvis Presley a nationally known country music star. Elvis Presley had his first #1 on the *Billboard* pop music chart in early 1956 -- "*Heartbreak Hotel*" (released January 27, 1956).

While working for *KOEL* in 1955 I bought my second car. I went around looking at used cars with my dad. We drove a '48 *Chevrolet*, which he liked a lot (he had a '47 *Chevrolet*). I wasn't too interested in the '48, and was thinking of something newer, like a '53 *Chevrolet*. But, my dad said, "If you don't buy the '48, I will buy it. It is better than my '47." That convinced me to buy the '48.



I had that car until selling it to my aunt for \$1 in 1964. I then bought a light blue '59 *Rambler* to drive to Mexico on my honeymoon.

One evening that summer of 1955, Bob King and I were cruising, looking for girls to pick up. We heard about some girls who were having a slumber party, so we crashed their party. They had a bunch of 45rpm records of Perry Como, Doris Day, Patti Page, Dean Martin, etc. We were dancing to these records until they put on *Bill Haley and His Comets* "Rock Around the Clock". We stood around trying to figure out how to dance to that kind of music. The only fast dance we knew was what we called jitter bug (now usually called "swing"). So, we ended up doing swing dance steps to rock & roll music! It's not surprising that when the movie "Rock Around the Clock" came out the next year, the kids in the movie were jitter bugging (swing dancing) to rock & roll music. And, note that Bill Haley has an accordion in his rock & roll band. Before Bill Haley's band became a rock & roll band, it was a western band called the *Four Aces of Western Swing*, later named *Bill Haley's Saddlemen*. The first rock and roll song to hit the American charts, peaking at no.15 on *Billboard* and no.11 on *Cash Box* in 1953, was "Crazy Man, Crazy", by *Bill Haley's Saddlemen*. Soon after, the band's name was changed to *Bill Haley & His Comets*.

Another cruising story: I was cruising in my car with Bob King looking for girls to pick up. Driving down South Frederick Avenue we saw two girls walking south -- Mary Ann Looney and Julie Puff. I stopped and asked them where they were going and if they wanted a ride. They were going to *Skip & Jerry's*, a restaurant and teen hangout on the south edge of Oelwein. They accepted a ride. Well, I drove right past *Skip & Jerry's*, suggesting that we all go first to *Lake Oelwein Park* for a while. Mary Ann said, "No, turn around, just take us to *Skip & Jerry's*." I kept driving, saying that I had a blanket in the trunk, and we could just have a little fun in the park first. Suddenly, Mary Ann said, "If you don't turn around right now, I'll piss all over your back seat!" I immediately turned my car around. In 2004 I met Mary Ann at a Sacred Heart School reunion in Oelwein. She was living near Los Angeles, and had changed her last name from "Looney" to "King". She didn't remember the incident in my car, but thought it was interesting that she had changed her name to "King". She said maybe it was an example of the "Stockholm Syndrome".

When I turned 18 in February 1956, I quit this minimum-wage job (\$1.00/hr.) at *KOEL* and went to work as a time-and-motion technician for *Donaldson Mfg.* (air cleaners, mufflers) in Oelwein. The workers had been changed to a new time-keeping system, and my job was to check that the workers were filling out their timecards correctly. There were about 75 workers. One worker -- Pete Walencius -- had a nickname for everybody. Our foreman was tall, and called "Whale Shit". Another worker was short and fat -- "Bucket Ass". He called me "Diaper Dan" because I was the youngest person in the factory. It made me a little nervous when they called me "Diaper" while we were having a beer in the bar after work. It was not legal to drink until you were 21. Pete was about 27 years old, and owned a *Ford Thunderbird*. One day he asked me if I wanted to go for a motorcycle ride. He had just bought a used motorcycle. We went for a ride to Fairbanks, 7 miles away. He got it up to about 90 miles/hour; and when we got to Fairbanks, he had to stop and rest his hands, which had gotten numb from the vibrations. It was my first motorcycle ride.

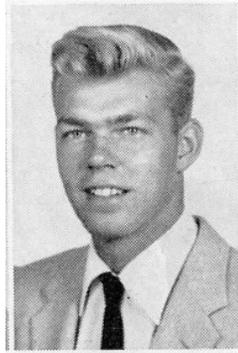
In September I was laid off from *Donaldson*, but went to work immediately as a machine operator for *John Deere Tractor Works* in Waterloo, Iowa. This was the largest wheeled-tractor factory in the world with about 7,000 employees. For wages, it was the best place to work in NE Iowa. I worked in *Department 22* as a machine operator running hobbbers, shavers, and broaches making helical gears -- steering gears, timing gears, etc. I was on piecework, and often made \$3/hr. (minimum wage was \$1.00/hr). This was twice what my Dad was making as a skilled *Packard* automobile and *International Harvester* truck mechanic, who could overhaul automatic transmissions. When he was overhauling an automatic transmission he needed to concentrate, and would hang a "Do not disturb!" sign on his workbench.

I lived at home, and road a bus back-and-forth to *John Deere's* every day. One of the *John Deere* workers from Oelwein had quit, bought some buses, and started a bus service. There were buses for *John Deere* workers running round trip every shift from Oelwein -- three buses on day shift, two on swing shift, and one on night shift. I mostly worked the 11 pm to 7 am night ("graveyard") shift; but my favorite was the 3 pm to 11 pm "swing shift". The buses took 45 minutes to go from Oelwein to the *John Deere* plant. They went through Independence and Jesup, and picked up workers all along the way, even farmers standing along the highway.

In May of 1957 I was laid off from *John Deere*, but finally got a job working as a "sub" ("substitute") for the *Post Office* in Oelwein. This meant I had to come in early in the morning to sort mail, and then work behind the counter weighing packages and selling stamps. I hated it. I really wanted to carry mail outside, but I learned it would be several years before a mail carrier would retire so I might be able to get a route carrying mail outside. I remember dropping mail off at a mail carrier box one day by Bob King's house. He was home from *Loras*, and we talked. I told him I didn't like my job at the post office, and he talked me into going to *Loras* in the fall. It seemed like a good idea -- my dream of being a mail carrier was not working out, I had money saved up, and did not want to be drafted into the *Army* (college students were exempt). So I quit my post office job (after just 6 weeks), and spent the summer hanging out with Bob King and other friends who were home on summer vacation from *Loras College* -- we spent a lot of time swimming in rock quarries. There were not many beaches in this part of Iowa, but there were many limestone rock quarries that had hit a spring and flooded (most country roads in Iowa are surfaced with crushed limestone). I remember driving 8 miles north to Maynard in the summer of 1956 with Bob King and Dave Biver (*Sacred Heart High School*, Oelwein, Class of

'54) to go swimming in a rock quarry just south of the "downtown". Johnny Cash was on the car radio that summer singing "I Walk the Line" (his first hit record). We used to tie dynamite wire that we found in the quarry (for electrically detonating dynamite) around our wrists, hold a large rock, and jump off the side of the quarry into the water. We would hold our breath while going down in the water with the rock, until we thought we should start swimming back up. Then we would let go of the rock and swim to the surface. Someone else would be letting out the wire to measure how far down we went. We wanted to see who could go down the farthest. I don't remember who won; probably the future Marine -- Lieutenant Colonel Robert King. After returning to Oelwein from swimming in Maynard we would stop at the *A&W Root Beer* drive-in behind Bob King's house in Oelwein.

I entered *Loras*, Dubuque, Iowa, in September 1957. Here is my freshman picture.



I was assigned to a room in Keane Hall with three roommates. Students had to be in their rooms by 9 pm, and could not leave. Priests came around and did room check. Students had to turn their lights out at 11 pm. We had to attend mass three times during the week, and on Sunday. Priests did a check of attendance. It was a bummer. I couldn't study after 9 pm, because my roommates did not study, but partied. One roommate flunked out at the end of the first semester with a 0.2 GPA (he got a D in a 1-credit Speech class). Another roommate flunked out at the end of the year. One good thing -- my other roommate, Tom Kraus, taught me how to whistle using my fingers. He did graduate.

I started out as a physics major. I thought it would be fun to be a physicist like Einstein. However, I couldn't pass the exams in the pre-calculus math course. I hadn't had math since geometry during sophomore year in high school; a course taught by a nun who was an art major. I had never heard of Cartesian coordinates. So, I dropped the pre-calculus course and enrolled in the freshman algebra course. I eventually took analytic geometry, trigonometry, and calculus. I got the highest test scores in my calculus class, but only received "B's". My professor told me there were no "A" students in my class (on the exams I was getting about 120 points out of a possible 200). I loved math, but if I couldn't solve a problem in 15 minutes I got bored. Other students would stay up all night trying to solve problems. I felt I wasn't cut out to be a physics or math major. So, my sophomore year I switched to pre-med as a major.

The summer after my freshman year, 1958, I worked at *John Deere* in my old *Department 22*. Every summer the foundry, assembly line, and all machines were shut down for 3 weeks while the workers took their vacations. This was the last week in July and first two weeks in August. So, during this time I took off hitchhiking to see the United States, particularly to go to Mexico and practice my Spanish (I had taken Spanish my freshman year, and loved it). I hitched from Oelwein to New Orleans, via *US Route 61*, through Keokuk, and St. Louis. South of Sikeston, MO, I crossed over the Mississippi to *US Route 51* going south. At Cairo, Illinois, I got a ride with a guy going to New Orleans. I remember riding through Mississippi at night. I saw my first oil-pumping rig in the moonlight as the moon was rising. And, there were so many black people walking along the highway all night. We got into New Orleans late at night, and I took a room above the *Monkey Bar*, a famous bar in New Orleans. The next day I hitched west into Texas. On this trip I had my first bottle of *Doctor Pepper* (it was distributed only in the South in those days).

Hitching *US 90* west out of Houston I got a ride with an Air Force pilot who was driving from Florida to his base -- *Larson Air Force Base* -- near Moses Lake, Washington (now: Grant County International Airport). He said that if I helped him drive he could spend an extra day with his girlfriend who was a college student in Alpine, Texas. I was not going any place in particular, so I said "OK". We stayed overnight at *Laughlin Air Force Base*, Del Rio, Texas. That evening he showed me the top secret *U2* spy planes, which were based at *Laughlin*. I watched them take off and land. They only had only two wheels under the fuselage like a bicycle. To take off, two "pogo wheels" were placed under the wings. These pogo wheels stayed on the runway after take off. When landing, the *U2* would tip on one of its wing tips (which had skids), and really throw up sparks. We later went across the border to Villa Acuña [now Ciudad Acuña], Mexico, for a drink in a bar. This was my first time outside the U.S. He bought several bottles of cognac, which were cheaper in Mexico.



He never felt more alive  
 than when he was standing  
 by the side of the road,  
 alone . . . free.

Here is a picture of me in the Oelwein acreage driveway, returning from that hitchhiking trip:



The summer between my sophomore and junior years I also worked at *John Deere*. I always worked from the day after school was out to the day before school started, and made more money than I spent all year in college. The second summer I hitched from Oelwein to Florida, planning to go to Havana, Cuba, to practice my Spanish (this was before Castro, and there was a ferry going from Key West to Havana). I had terrible luck hitching in Florida. I stood 5 hours one place in Lake City, trying to get a ride south. I got sunburned facing the east. I gave up and headed east to Jacksonville. The next day I headed up the east coast on *US Hwy 17*. While standing waiting for a ride over the river in Savanna, Georgia, a big gold-colored Cadillac with California license plates pulled over to give me a ride. In the front seat was a black man with two little black kids. They were going up the coast to a beach. After I got in the back seat, the driver turned to me and asked, “Do you know who I am?” I did – he was Little Richard, the rock-and-roll singer. He gave me a ride up the coast several miles. We talked about his career, and I asked him to autograph my Georgia road map. He did, and gave me two religious cards (he had been a gospel singer and was still very religious). I continued up the east coast, through Washington, D.C., into Pennsylvania; and then headed for New England, trying to bypass New York City. I had trouble getting rides past Scranton. So, I turned around and headed home. I got one ride from Harrisburg to Chicago (almost 700 miles) on the *Pennsylvania Turnpike*, *Ohio Turnpike*, and *Indiana Turnpike*. We got to Chicago in 11 hours.

“Give to me the life I love,  
 . . .  
 Give the face of earth around,  
 And the road before me.  
 Wealth I ask not, hope, nor love,  
 Nor a friend to know me.  
 All I ask, the heaven above  
 And the road below me.”

Robert Louis Stevenson (1908), “The Vagabond”, from Songs of Travel

I had been a pre-med major, but didn't like chemistry (too much memorization). In my junior year I switched to a general science major, and planned to get my teaching certificate and teach high school math, physics and biology (math and science teachers were also exempt from the draft!). My first education course was "Introduction to Education". It was incredibly boring, and 20 credits of education courses were required to be teacher certified. So, in my senior year I switched my major again, to psychology. I could take all the required psychology courses in one year, because I had all my general degree requirements completed. Also, I had already taken calculus, which was required for a psychology major. I knew I needed to stay in school to be exempt from the draft, so I planned on going to graduate school and get my masters degree in high school guidance and counseling, in order to help kids decide on majors when they went to college. I had trouble deciding, and thought this would be a perfect solution. By the way, I was the only psychology major in a class of 200+ seniors. The calculus requirement weeded out a lot of students. Since there were not many psychology majors, there was no course in psychological statistics. The statistics requirement for the major involved taking a statistics course in the Business Department. Not a very good preparation for graduate school in psychology. Also, the Chair of the *Psychology Dept.*, Rev. Msgr. Timothy Gannon, had written the introductory psychology text. He was so proud that his was the only introductory text that had the word "soul" in the index; in fact, his text had an entire chapter on the soul. Again, this was not a very good preparation for graduate school at a state university.

The summer between my junior and senior years there was no work at John Deere, so I took a job in a cement block factory in East Dubuque -- cleaning cement mixers after the workers went home. I had to climb inside, lie down on the mixer blades, hose them down, and scrape and chip any dried cement off the mixer blades. I would end my shift covered with hardened cement in my hair, cloths, etc. I quit after two days. I then got a job working in the cafeteria at *Loras*, washing dishes, cleaning floors and windows, setting table in the priest's dining room, etc.

That summer my brother, Leon, was working on the *Milwaukee Clipper*, a car ferry between Milwaukee and Muskegan, MI. There was also a bar and dance floor, and one of Leon's jobs was as bar boy. I hitchhiked to Milwaukee, and made the trip to Muskegan and back, sleeping in the crew's quarters below deck. Leon gave me a tour of the engine room, with the large crankshaft and piston connecting rods. I was prone to seasickness, so Leon said I should keep drinking, that that would help. That night I had a nightmare that my bed sheets got caught in the crankshaft, and it was pulling me in to be squashed and ground to pieces. The next morning I was so sick; I needed to vomit and ran to the edge of the deck and vomited. But, the wind blew my vomit back up on me. Quite a memorable weekend.

There were also high school girls working in the cafeteria in the summer. One of the girls was Janet Lang, who had worked there for several years while a student at *Visitation High School*, just a block from campus. She had just graduated from high school that summer of 1960, and was in charge of the other girls. My first memory of her is her standing with her head back, looking down her nose, right elbow in her left hand, and directing the girls with the index finger of her right hand. She had beautiful posture, and was very attractive. But she had decided to become a sister, and enter *Visitation Convent* in Dubuque at the end of the summer.



Janet Lang, H.S. graduation (1960)

I had been introduced to Janet in 1959 by a Loras classmate and friend, Roger Maddigan, from Oelwein. They were at a dance in the Loras gym, and Roger wanted me to meet her. I wasn't at the dance, but dropped in to meet her. I have no memory of her from that meeting (she has no memory of me from that meeting). Roger dated her for a while. I

do remember watching him bring her home from a date. Her house was across the street from *Keane Hall* dormitory, and we could see it from Roger's room in the dormitory. Roger would park in front of her house. After a while, her dad would turn on the porch light. If she didn't come in, he would open the front door a little. When Roger learned we watched him, he started parking in the alley when he took her home.

One of my jobs in the cafeteria was to run the dish washing machine with a classmate and friend, Joe Yao (from Taiwan). One day he suggested that I ask Janet for a date. I thought that was a dumb idea, since she was going into the convent. Besides, I had been dating a girl, Mary Ann Bildstein in Dyersville, for the past six months. But, Joe persisted. Finally, I thought it would be cool to take out Janet. Then I could later say, "See that nun. I used to date her."

So, one day, I asked Janet if I could give her a ride home. This was an unusual thing to ask, since she lived on Loras Blvd., less than a block from the cafeteria. It surprised me when she said, "Yes". Leaving the cafeteria parking lot, I drove up under the walkway between Keane Hall and Christ the King Chapel to Alta Vista St., over to Loras Blvd., and down right past her house without stopping. I watched her out of the corner of my eye; she did not flinch. We went up to **Eagle Point Park** overlooking the **Mississippi River**, walked around, and talked. And, I remember her dancing on top of a picnic table, like a stripper, and singing "Let Me Entertain You" from the musical "Gypsy". (I would like our ashes scattered there near one of the lookouts). Then I took Janet home, saying that I had a date that evening. When I arrived at her house, I walked her to the door, and asked if she would be my date. She said, "Yes". We went to the **Grand Theatre** to see the movie "The Apartment" starring Fred MacMurray, Jack Lemmon, and Shirley McLane. After the movie, I stopped to get gas. While cleaning my windshield, and seeing Janet sitting so straight and poised in the front seat wearing her blue-and-white checkered shirtwaist dress, I fell in love. We went across the Mississippi to East Dubuque for a post-movie snack at the *El Rancho* nightclub. It was July 31, 1960, and I was now in love with a girl who was going into the convent in September. My cool plan had backfired. By the way, our song became "Moon River" (1961)



Daniel Kortenkamp & Janet Lang, Dubuque (summer 1960)

We dated until she entered the *Visitation Convent*, Dubuque. Her parents didn't like me very much. Janet and I might go someplace after work, and she would call home saying she wouldn't be home for supper. Her father would ask, "Are you with that guy?" He never referred to me by name. He would tell her to get right home. Her mother would leave the room when I went to her house. I even had the nerve to visit her at home the night before she went in the convent. I gave her a glass bud base, which I engraved with hydrochloric acid, in memory of our "Summer of '60". I thought, as a sister, she could keep it on her classroom desk. She gave me a mass prayer book and holy card bookmarks. As I was leaving her house, we kissed for the first time, on the front steps. The next day I watched her leave for the convent with her family. I was watching from the porch of Keane Hall with a classmate and friend, Bill Guingona. Here is a picture of Janet, as a postulant, with her father, *Visitation Convent*, Dubuque (1960)

That fall semester I took a branch of theology devoted to a paper arguing that if faith was weakening our Christian faith, I wrote a paper from the priest who had written a paper four years at Loras. In that semester I had a GPA of 3.625.



Visitation Convent

In the fall of 1960, I went to the convent. In the fall was a concert by the students of *Nativity School*. I took my landlady's little granddaughter (as a cover), and we got a seat in the second row. The first row was reserved for the sisters. Janet came in with the other postulants, and sat right in front of me. We talked, but she could not turn around. My landlady's daughter later said, "That was like watching TV without a picture."

Janet and two other postulants were taking some college courses at another convent in Dubuque -- *Presentation Convent* -- at the south end of Grandview Blvd. They would sometimes walk back to the *Visitation Convent*. One day a friend, Ken Snodgrass (he had been dating one of the other postulants before she went in the convent, a friend of Janet), and I tried to pick up Janet and the postulants and give them a ride back. They of course refused. But, one of them reported Ken & me to the Sister Superior. I got a phone call telling me that Fr. John Gallagher, at the *Nativity Parish* rectory, wanted to see me. I immediately went to the rectory. He really got angry with me for trying to pick up Janet & the postulants. He said I was "lower than a snake's eyeball in a rut." When I left the rectory, I threw up. I was afraid I would get kicked out of *Loras College*.



l-r front-back: Anton/"Tony" Kortenkamp, Marilyn, Ruth, Edwin, Daniel, Leon (Oelwein, 1960)

That December, the day before Christmas break, I skipped classes and had Roger Maddigan drive me to the south edge of Dubuque, and let me out to start hitchhiking to Mexico to do my Christmas shopping. Everything was very cheap in Mexico. I hitched from Dubuque on US 61 to St. Louis. I got a ride in St. Louis going west on Route 66 by two Native Americans from a reservation in Wisconsin. They were brothers going to a reservation in Oklahoma, where one was getting married. I think they picked me up to buy them beer. They were afraid, being Indians, they might not be

able to buy beer, especially in Oklahoma. They did stop, and I bought them some beer. The driver asked if I wanted to drive. So, I took over the driving, and the driver went in the back seat and fell asleep.

After awhile, the brother in the front seat asked, "Do you want to know why I am not driving?" It turned out he had been in an accident and almost killed his brother. Ever since, he had a fear of driving. Later that night, he said, "Pull over, I want to try driving." He drove a short ways, very slowly, weaving back and forth, but then got too afraid and I had to resume driving. [Know that Route 66 was a 2-lane highway!] Awhile later, he wanted to try driving again. This time he went a little faster, and a little straighter; but stopped again out of fear. I took over driving again. Finally, he said, "I've got to get over my fear. Let me drive." This time he went faster and straighter, but was hugging the centerline. I said, "Ease it over away from the center line. You have lots of room here on the edge." He started to ease the car toward the edge of the road. He was going faster and faster, and several times wanted to know how fast he was going. The dashboard lights did not work, so I always had to push in the cigarette lighter, and use the glow from the lighter to see the speedometer. He was going pretty fast, maybe 60-70, and easing it over. Just then I saw a bridge in the headlights. It looked like if he kept easing it over, he was going to hit the end of the bridge, head on. I didn't want to yell, for fear he would swerve and hit the oncoming traffic head on. So, I put one foot up on the dash and braced myself. We did not hit the end of the bridge, but sideswiped it. After we got across the bridge he stopped, and said, "You better drive." I remember looking at damage to the car – the passenger side was scraped from front to back, with the chrome and door handles peeled off. His brother was still asleep in the back seat.

Later, as I was driving that night, I started to hear an occasional clunking noise coming from the right back wheel. The Indian said, "What was that noise?" I said I didn't hear anything; I wanted to keep going. But, the next time we heard the noise, he said, "Stop. Something is wrong." We could also smell that something was hot. Well, it turned out the right back wheel was getting loose and getting hot. At the next town, we pulled into a gas station where they put the car up on a hoist. It turned out the rear wheel bearing was wearing out, and the axle was almost worn through. They could not get a new axle and bearing until morning. So, I left them, his brother still asleep in the back seat up on the hoist, and started hitchhiking again. Too bad, they had invited me to the wedding. It was an offer I was not going to take them up on. Imagine myself, the only white man, on a reservation with a bunch of drunken Indians. It was very cold that night after I left the Indians. Standing beside the road thumbing, I started my road maps on fire, and tried to warm my hands. I eventually got a ride with a semi-truck driver, who took me all the way into Texas. I stayed Saturday night in Lubbock, Texas.

The next day, I arrived in El Paso. I put some money in my pocket, and went across the toll bridge to Juarez, Mexico, to do my Christmas shopping. The toll was 5 cents. In Juarez, I would see an item to buy, decide how much I wanted to spend on it, put that much in another pocket, and try to negotiate the clerk down to my price. If they would not agree to my price, I would say, "OK", and reach in my pocket. After counting my money in front of clerk, I would show them that I didn't have enough money. They usually asked how much I had; then would say "OK", and sell me the item at my price. I did this in Juarez until I ran out of money and headed back to the border. However, I had forgotten it was a toll bridge across the Rio Grande. I didn't have any money to get back into the U.S.! Luckily, there was a Mexican nun at the bridge with a cigar box asking for donations for the orphans of Juarez. In what little Spanish I knew, I explained to her that I spent all my money, and needed some money for the toll to get back into the U.S. She very kindly opened the cigar box and held it up to me. I rooted around in the box until I found two cents, the price of the toll. I went back to my hotel for more money to go shopping again. I planned to repay the nun with interest; but, unfortunately, she was not there when I crossed back into the U.S.

It was in Juarez that I got the tattoo on my wrist – a cross -- in memory of Janet who was in the convent. The tattoo artist had an eagle tattooed on his forehead – head on his forehead with the wings going out, and the legs and talons going down the sides of his nose, and onto his cheeks. And, I bought Janet a beautiful hand carved wooden statue of the Blessed Virgin. I had it mailed from Juarez, and enclosed a note from her "Aunt". She never got it. I think the Mother Superior knew it was from me.

The next day I was standing on a street in El Paso, hitchhiking back home to Dubuque. I had my overnight bag, and a white laundry bag full of Christmas presents, all wrapped. An unmarked car pulled over, and two men got out who identified themselves as police. They wanted to know who I was, where I was from, and what I had in my bag. I said I had hitchhiked down from Dubuque, and the bag was full of wrapped Christmas presents. Evidently, they didn't believe me, and went through the laundry bag, ripping open all the presents. I think they were looking for drugs. I consider myself lucky that they didn't throw me in jail until they could check my identity.

On my way back to Dubuque, I went through Santa Fe, New Mexico, at night. It was Christmas season and the adobe houses were decorated with luminarias – brown paper sacks, weighted down with some sand inside, and lighted candles stuck in the sand. Very beautiful! I got a ride at Santa Fe with a guy who was going to Colorado, coming back from California where he had been looking for work. His wife in Colorado had been having an affair with the local

sheriff, who had served him with divorce papers before he left for California. He was going back to Colorado to clear up some business, before leaving for Australia to look for work. He said he had enough of the U.S.

We were driving through the mountains of New Mexico at night. I could occasionally see, in the headlights on my side of the car, the edge of the road dropping off down the mountain. Well, suddenly all the car lights went off. He stepped on the brakes and slid to a stop before going off the road. Then he fiddled under the dash, and got the lights back on. We started out again, when all of a sudden his right rear tire blew out. He did not have a spare, so we continued riding on the flat. Then the flat tire started to fly into pieces, until there was no tire left. We were now riding on the rim, with the car tilted to the right, and shooting up sparks. He was cussing and swearing now, about how terrible his life had become. I had all I could do to keep from laughing. In the next town, Las Vegas, New Mexico, everything was closed, so he had to spend the night waiting for a gas station to open so he could buy another tire. I continued on hitchhiking, toward Denver and Iowa.

When I crossed the Missouri River into Council Bluffs, Iowa, I was picked up by a man who recognized me. He had grown up just a couple blocks from me in Oelwein, and was heading to Oelwein. I could have gotten a ride with him all the way home to Oelwein. However, I was going to Dubuque first, before going home.

When I was a senior in college, I drove to Iowa City, to apply for graduate school in high school guidance and counseling in the *Department of Education, U. of Iowa*. My landlord in Dubuque was a retired policeman, and said that I should ask the police in Iowa City if I could stay overnight in the jail. It would be free, and they might let me stay if there was room. I did that, and they gave me a cell. The problem was they only gave me one blanket, and the “bed” was a piece of corrugated steel fastened to the wall of the cell. I could either sleep on the blanket for softness, or cover myself with it for warmth. Also, the street noises echoed all night off the tile walls of the cell. It was a miserable night. In the morning, nobody came to let me out. My cell had a steel door with a little window, and the cellblock had a steel door with a little window. I could only occasionally see someone in the front office walk by the cellblock door. I watched through my little cell door window for someone to walk by the little cellblock door window, and I would wave. Finally, somebody noticed me, and came to let me out. They apologized, and said they didn’t know there was anybody in the cellblock. The night shift had not told the day shift I was back there. I never tried staying in a jail again. When hitchhiking, I usually stayed in the cheapest hotel I could find. In the 1950s, that was usually a hotel above a bar, for \$2 a night.

The next morning, I went to the *Dept. of Education* to apply for their graduate program in high school guidance and counseling. They interviewed me, and learned that I did not have a teacher’s certificate, and did not have two years teaching experience. Both were required before admission to the guidance and counseling program. But, they told me that the *Dept. of Psychology*, just down the hall, did have a counseling program and did not require a certificate and experience. So, I went down the hall and applied for that program. I was accepted. So, that is how I wound up becoming a psychologist – I didn’t like my job in the post office, I didn’t want to get drafted, and I didn’t like education courses, and I couldn’t decide on a major.

All students at Loras had to do a senior thesis. I did mine on the “Reliability of the Taylor Lie Scale”. I presented my research at the 1961 Iowa Academy of Science conference, Iowa State U., Ames, and it was published in the proceedings (Vol. 68). I rode to the conference with another presenter from Loras, but hitchhiked back to Dubuque.

The next spring when I was to graduate from *Loras*, I went with Joe Yao (as a cover) to the convent to see Janet. We rang the doorbell, and a sister answered. We told her we used to work with Janet in the college cafeteria, were graduating, and just wanted to say “Goodbye”. The sister took us to the visitors’ room, and then went to get Janet. She was absolutely stunned when she walked into the visitor room and saw me.



## Daniel, Loras graduation, 1961

In 1961, after graduation, I spent the summer at home in Oelwein, before going to graduate school in Iowa City. My brother Ed (going to be a high school senior) wanted to do some hitchhiking. My favorite place was Mexico. So, in July and August, we hitched down through Missouri and Arkansas, and crossed into Texas at Texarkana. One night we stayed at Austin. It was there we had stuffed crab for the first time. So delicious! We got a ride at the border in Laredo, Texas, with a guy going to Saltillo, Mexico. He let us off in Monterey, where we stayed a couple days, and saw our first bullfight. It was a small bullring, and very amateur bullfighters. It took them several thrusts of the sword to kill the bull. I remember a man selling tacos at the bullring. He had a cooked pig's head on a tray, and would wave away the flies before picking meat off the head, and wrapping it in a taco.

Rather than hitchhike the 600 miles from Monterey to Mexico City, we took a bus (which was only a couple dollars). In Mexico City we met another student staying at our hotel, from Des Moines – Rex Poggenpohl. So, we hung out together. Everything was very cheap – a peso equaled 8 cents; and a peso was 100 centavos. A taxi ride started at 20 centavos (less than 2 cents); a bus from one end of Mexico City to the other (20 miles) was 10 centavos; a 5-course dinner was 8 pesos (64 cents); etc. After a few days, Ed and I headed back to Laredo via bus; and Rex planned to go to Oaxaca, Mexico. On the way back, we stopped again at Austin, for more stuffed crab. Ed, wanted to try hitching on his own, so just north of Austin, I sat on the side of the road while Ed stuck his thumb out and got a ride. Then I got a ride to Fort Worth, and stayed with my cousin, Norbert, who had a room above a garage, with no furniture. My air mattress kept going flat.

While hitching through Missouri on the way to Iowa, I was taking a break sitting on the side of the road when a car went by and then stopped. It had Minnesota license plates, so I figured it was going through Iowa. What luck! When I got in the back seat of the car, there was Rex in the front passenger seat. He was hitching home to Des Moines. He had spent his money in Mexico City on a conga drum, and didn't go to Oaxaca. He had his cloths, etc., stuffed inside his drum. He had seen me sitting beside the road, recognized me, and told the driver to stop and give me a ride. Rex wanted to know what happened to Ed. I said we had split up in Austin, and I didn't know where he was. The driver said he had seen a young hitchhiker on the *Oklahoma Turnpike* the night before. But, it was dark, and by the time he saw the hitchhiker in his headlights, it was too late to stop. The hitchhiker had "Iowa" printed on the side of his bag. That was Ed, who would take masking tape and write his destination on the side of his bag. According to our calculations, Ed was about 2 hours behind me.

Here's Ed story about that night on the *Oklahoma Turnpike*:

"I remember well my waiting on the *Turnpike*. A queer gay guy, stopped and wanted to take me back to town (Oklahoma City), and was very clear about what he wanted to do to me. I told him to get lost and pulled out my switchblade. He said he'd be back with some friends. That scared me, and I wrote "Tulsa" or "Iowa" on my bag. After that, a guy stopped and gave me a ride. I was the first hitchhiker he ever picked up. He gave me a ride to Tulsa. It was still dark, so then I slept under an overpass by Tulsa. I tied a string to my bag and finger so no one would steal it. All together, I spent 12 hours on the *Oklahoma Turnpike*."

That night, almost out of money, I spent the night sleeping in the cab of a truck behind a gas station in southern Iowa. In the morning I put a dime in a pop machine and had an orange pop for breakfast. I got home to Oelwein about noon. My mother wanted to know, "Where is Ed?" I explained that we had split up in Austin, Texas, and that he was about 2 hours behind me. Well, I went out on a double date that night (with Bob King), and Ed wasn't home yet. Mom was really worried and angry with me. Ed got home about midnight, but the doors were locked. He had to rap on our parents' bedroom window for someone to let him in. When Mom opened the door, she said she thought it was me, and I had forgotten to take a key. Ed was thrilled thinking he had gotten home before me. Actually, he got home 12 hours behind me. He had stood on the Oklahoma Turnpike for 12 hours that night, and didn't get a ride until morning.

On Monday, August 21, 1961, Janet & the other postulants were to take their vows and receive their habits as novices. This was to take place in the chapel of the Visitation Convent. I asked Leon if he wanted to ride along with me to Dubuque, and we would try to attend the ceremonies in the chapel. So, we drove to Dubuque, and went into the *Visitation Convent*. I thought we might be less noticeable if we went up to the choir loft. With Leon in front of me, we started up the narrow steps. Just then, I felt a hand on my shoulder. Turning to see who it was, it turned out to be a sister in the convent who graduated from high school a year ahead of me in Oelwein. She was the only sister in the convent who knew what I looked like, and had been posted to watch for me. She took me into the basement of the convent, and asked me to wait. I told her that Leon had been going up the steps ahead of me, and would be wondering where I was. So, she went and got Leon. We waited in the basement. Then we heard footsteps coming. I thought it probably was the priest who had gotten angry at me for trying to pick up Janet. But, it was the Sister Superior, and she really got angry at me and Leon. Leon pleaded, "I only came along for the ride." We were kicked out of the convent, and never did get to see Janet take her vows and receive her habit. She took the name of "Sister John Miriam".



**ASSIST AT MASS**—After being clothed in the black habit and white veil of the Visitation novice, the three new Sisters return to the chapel to assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion, concluding the ceremony of the Reception of the Habit. They are, from left, Sister John Miriam, Sister Mary Kathleen and Sister Mary Ruth. (Telegraph-Herald Photos)

That fall, I started graduate school in the counseling program in the *Dept. of Psychology, U. of Iowa*, Iowa City. The Psychology Dept. was in East Hall (1981, renamed "Seashore Hall"), which had been built in 1898 as the University of Iowa Teaching Hospital and Clinic.

This Department was, arguably, the top psychology department in the U.S., and perhaps the world. In 1970 a researcher published a 5-year count, and found that Kenneth Spence (Chair, 1942-1964), was the most-referenced psychologist in all the psychology journals between 1962-1967 [C. R. Myers. "Journal citations and scientific eminence in contemporary psychology." *American Psychologist*. 25:1041-48 (1970)]. Sigmund Freud was the second-most-referenced. The "Hull-Spence Theory of Learning" dominated psychology from the 1930s through the 1960s. Spence received the "Distinguished Scientific Contribution Award" from the American Psychological Association (APA), the first year it was awarded (1956).

All first-year graduate students had to take Spence's "Experimental Psychology" course during the first semester. The first day of class, Spence said, "Look around. Two-thirds of you won't be here next year." It turned out to be true. The students either flunked out, or quit because it was so competitive. The first semester we all had to take the same three courses – *Introduction to Statistics*, *Theories of Personality*, and *Experimental Psychology*. All exams were multiple-choice, and the professors routinely gave 1/3 "A's", 1/3 "B's", and 1/3 "C's" "D's", and "F's"; and a "C" or lower was considered flunking in grad school.

Another famous professor I had at Iowa was Professor Gustav Bergmann, for “History of Psychology”. He had been a member of the influential “Vienna Circle” of scientists, mathematicians, and philosophers in Austria during the 1910s to 30s, who developed a philosophy of science called “logical positivism” or “logical empiricism”. He was Jewish and had fled Vienna when the Nazis took over Austria in 1938, becoming a professor in both the Departments of Philosophy and Psychology, U. of Iowa. In 1941, Kenneth Spence and Gustav Bergmann published a very influential article in *Psychological Review* -- “Operationism and theory in psychology”. I learned how to think scientifically in the courses of the Psychology Dept., which were very much influenced by logical positivism.

Kenneth Spence moved to the U. of Texas, Austin, in 1964. His wife, Janet Taylor Spence, served as Chair, Dept. of Psychology, U. of Texas, 1969-72; co-founded (1988) and was the first president of the American Psychological Society (APS); received many awards, etc. I did my Senior Thesis at Loras College on the “Taylor Manifest Anxiety Scale” developed by Janet Taylor.

A side note: A fellow graduate student at Iowa, and good friend, was Jim Olson. He had graduated from Concordia College, Moorhead, MN. This was a Lutheran school, and he had studied the existential philosophy of Søren Kierkegaard. He recommended some books. I had not studied existentialism at Loras; we studied Catholic “scholasticism”, i.e., mostly St Thomas Aquinas. In a philosophy class I remember a student asking, “What is existentialism?” The professor answered, “Scholasticism studies essences, existentialism studies existence.” We thought existentialism must be really boring. However, reading Kierkegaard, I became very interested in existentialism, and discovered the phenomenological-existential-humanistic approach in psychology. Very different from the rat conditioning approach to psychology emphasized at Iowa.

The fall of my first year at Iowa, Leon, who was a senior at Loras, learned that Janet had left the convent. He only knew the address of the house where I was rooming in Iowa City, not my phone number. So, he asked his roommate how he could get in touch with me. His roommate told him to call the police station in Iowa City, and tell them there was a family emergency, and he needed to get in touch with me, but only knew my address. Leon called the police, who said they would send a squad car out to the address and bring me back to the station where I could talk with him on their phone. Leon said it wasn’t that much of an emergency. So the police drove by the house where I was staying, knew who lived there, and looked up the phone number of my landlady who lived downstairs. Leon called and told me that Janet was out of the convent.

I eventually wrote Janet a letter, and asked if I could come to Dubuque to see her. Our second “first date” was during Thanksgiving break. We went out to eat at *Timmerman’s Supper Club* in East Dubuque, which had just opened. I remember I gave her a present – a necklace of a small Florentine finish gold cross on a gold chain.

At the end of my first year of graduate school, I was asked by the Psychology Department if I wanted to do a one-year psychology internship in the *Mental Hygiene Clinic*, of the *V.A. Hospital* in Des Moines. A one-year internship was required for a PhD in counseling psychology. I spent the next year (August 1962 – August 1963) at the *V.A.* in Des Moines. It was one of the best years of my life. I had a single room in the *Doctors Quarters*, and ate meals in the hospital dining room. There was a large athletic field, where I would go to work out and run before the evening meal. That is where I became addicted to distance running. In the summer I hung out at the swimming pool at the *Iowa National Guard Camp*, Dodge (“largest outdoor filtered swimming pool in the world”).

There were three other interns, and we had to give a battery of psychological tests to at least one patient every week – the *Rorschach Ink Blot Test*, the *MMPI*, the *TAT*, the *Bender-Gestalt Test*, the *Draw-A-Person Test*, etc. Then we wrote up the test results, made a diagnosis using the Diagnostic & Statistical Manual, and presented them at a weekly staff meeting. There were several staff psychologists who supervised us. I also gave aptitude tests and interest tests, and counseled veterans about career choices using the Occupational Outlook Handbook. The interns were paid very well, and there were no income taxes taken out because we were not employees but interns. I really enjoyed learning how to give tests, analyze them, and make diagnoses.

I liked Des Moines, a nice-sized city then, of about 250,000. About once a month I would drive up to see Janet in Dubuque. Other weekends I hung out at the *Catholic Newman Center* at *Drake University*. I had learned in Iowa City that if you didn’t belong to a fraternity, the best place to meet girls was at the campus *Newman Center*. The *Center* always had some social event scheduled on the weekend. There was usually an evening meal which students helped prepare and clean up after, a guest speaker after the meal, followed by a dance. I met a girl at one dance named Nancy Tiernan. She was a sophomore. I dated her when I was in Des Moines, and dated Janet when I went to Dubuque. I told them about each other, and they were fine with it. In fact, Nan, who lived in Des Moines, said Janet could stay with her if she ever wanted to visit me in Des Moines. I remember once going to a nightclub with Nan. The comedian did a bit – “*Noah*” -- from Bill Cosby’s first album in 1963. I don’t think I had heard of Cosby yet. Later that year, Nan got engaged to another student at Drake.

At the end of my internship, I had some time before going back to graduate school. Leon, who was in the Navy and stationed in San Diego, was home on leave. We decided to drive a used car to the west coast from Des Moines. There were ads in the paper wanting people to drive cars, just paying your own gas. I got a *Chevy 409* going to Boise, Idaho; and was told there would be another car to drive to California. I drove the *409* home to Oelwein to pick up Leon. This car had a 409 cubic inch engine, two four-barrel carburetors, and was made famous in the song “*409*” by the Beach Boys in 1962. The problem was that we drove it across Nebraska and Wyoming, sometimes at 105 miles/hours, and got only 8 miles/gallon. The gas gauge moved like the minute hand on a clock. We spent as much money on gas driving to Boise as it would have cost Leon to fly from Iowa to San Diego. And, when we got to Boyce, there was no car going to California. Leon had to fly to San Diego anyway.

I hitchhiked from Boyce to Reno, Nevada, where my uncle and aunt, Paul & Elaine Tegeler lived. On the way I got a ride with a semi truck driver delivering meat to grocery stores at night. He said he would give me a ride if I would help him unload the meat in Reno. It turned out the meat was quarters of beef hanging from hooks. My job was to wrap my arms around the quarters, lift them off the hooks, carry them to the back of the truck, and hand them down to him on the ground. He would wheel them into the store. It was hard greasy work. However, he did take a canned ham, and gave it to me. It was late at night when we finished delivering meat. I didn’t want to wake up my aunt and uncle, so I spent the rest of the night sleeping in a car in a used car lot.

I had a good time with Paul & Elaine. They took me to a gambling casino for a floorshow, and took me to San Francisco, via Lake Tahoe, so I could hitchhike down to San Diego. When in San Francisco, I saw a billboard advertising hourly commuter flights to Los Angeles for about \$17. I decided to fly rather than hitch. Paul dropped me off at the airport. It was my first time on an airplane. When I arrived in Los Angeles, I took a bus to San Diego. I stayed with Bob King who was stationed there in the Marines, and hung out with Bob and Leon while there.

I have a couple fun memories of my stay in San Diego. Once Leon and I took the glass outside elevator to the *Sky Room* on the top of the *El Cortez Hotel*. In the elevator Leon started talking in French with some French sailors, and they all were laughing together. When we got off the elevator, I asked Leon how he became so fluent in French. It turned out that he knew a French song, and had just said the first line of the song. The French sailors replied with the second line, Leon with the third line, etc. That’s why they were all laughing while “conversing” in French.

Another time Leon, a Navy friend of his, and I were heading to his friend’s house for breakfast after a night on the town. We had bought a dozen eggs for breakfast, and were on a city bus. It was still dark, and we were the only ones on the bus, sitting in the back. Down the aisle in the middle of the bus was a rubber mat with parallel ridges running all the way to the front of the bus. We got the idea to put an egg between the ridges, and watch it roll back and forth toward the front and back of the bus whenever the driver slowed down or speeded up. Would the egg eventually roll all the way to the front of the bus, and break next to the bus driver’s seat? Watching the egg roll back and forth toward the front seemed very funny to us, and we were laughing hysterically. The egg never reached the front, however, and we collected it before getting off.

Hitchhiking back from San Diego to Iowa, I got a ride in Barstow, California, with a family going to Amarillo, Texas. This was on *Route 66*. I don’t remember going through Arizona, because I was sleeping stretched out in the back of their station wagon with their young son. In Amarillo, I got a ride with a law student who was going back to law school in Washington, D.C. What a psychopath! He had visited Grand Canyon, and his reaction was, “What a great place to get rid of somebody you didn’t like. Just push them off the edge, and nobody would find them.”

On our way through Oklahoma, on the *Oklahoma Turnpike*, I was driving. He said I could drive above the speed limit because it was not enforced on the *Turnpike*. I was driving about 80, when we were pulled over for speeding. We had to follow the patrolman into town to see a judge. Once, in Iowa, when I got caught speeding, I didn’t have enough money to pay the fine, and the judge just took the money I had and let me go. So, I thought I would try that here in Oklahoma. I put about \$20 dollars in one pocket. When the judge told me what the fine was, I took out my money and told him I didn’t have enough. The judge said, “Then you will have to go to jail.” A police officer started taking us to a jail cell. But, the officer felt sorry for us, and asked me how much my wristwatch was worth. He gave me enough money for the fine, and said he would send me the watch when I got home if I mailed him the money he had given me. We were released. The law student was very upset. He told me he had not broken any law (since he was not driving); and if he had been jailed, he would have missed registration for law school, and would have sued the judge for a lot of money.

Later, in Oklahoma City, the law student wanted to stop and take a bath in an outdoor motel swimming pool. We put on our swimming suits, left our cloths in the car, and took a bar of soap to the pool. It was late at night, but there was a young couple in the pool, probably on their honeymoon. We couldn’t soap up while they were there, so my student “friend” introduced himself to them, and became very obnoxious. The couple got out of the pool and left. While we were taking a bath, he said he needed to go to the car to get something. I didn’t trust him. I felt he was going to drive

away with my cloths and everything. So, I got out of the pool and we went back to the car. Later that night we snuck into an oil well drilling rig, climbed to the top, and he threw pennies at cars going by below. He had rolls of pennies won from a slot machine in Las Vegas. He also would steal candy bars from next to the cash register whenever we would stop to eat.

In Missouri, I left my law student “friend”, and started hitching north to Des Moines. If I would have stayed with him, I could have hitchhiked from California to Washington, D.C. in two rides! As it was, I arrived in Des Moines exactly 47 hours after leaving San Diego.

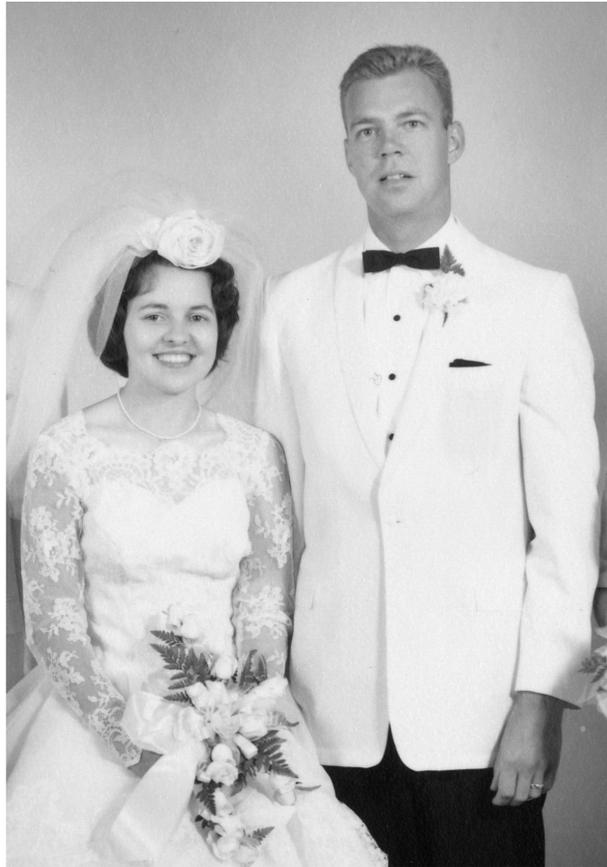
I returned to graduate school in Iowa City at the end of that summer of 1963. Because of my experience as an intern in the *V.A.* the previous year, I got a graduate assistantship as a counselor in the *University of Iowa Counseling Center*, with my own office. The Counseling Center was in the basement of southwest corner of East Hall (the original morgue). Later that year, on November 22, I was eating lunch in my office with a couple other counseling assistants when someone came down the hall telling everyone that President Kennedy had been shot. We all went to the front office of the *Counseling Center* and listened to the news on the radio

Janet’s family had moved from Dubuque to Indianapolis in 1963. Her father’s employer, *Dubuque Fire and Marine Insurance*, had been bought by *American States Insurance* of Indianapolis, and if he wanted to keep his job he had to move. Janet was now a student a *Marian College*, Indianapolis. In January of 1964, Janet proposed to me over the phone. During Easter break, she came to visit me in Iowa City, and I gave her an engagement ring. She graduated that spring.



Janet, graduation, Marian College, Indianapolis (1964)

We were married in Dubuque, *Nativity Church*, on August 22, 1964.



Our wedding reception was at the *Old Timers Supper Club*.



Here we are with Janet's parents, before leaving Dubuque to drive to Iowa City

We spent our wedding night at a motel in Coralville. The next day, we moved into an upstairs apartment at 331 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City. A couple days later we started out on our honeymoon trip driving to Acapulco, Mexico. The hit song of the summer, which played on our car radio all the way down and back, was “We’ll Sing in the Sunshine” by Gail Garnett. It reached the **Top Ten** in October 1964; and won a **Grammy** in 1965. It became “our honeymoon song”. I hope it is played at our funerals.

We crossed the border at Laredo, and spent our first night in Mexico in Monterey. Our next night was in the small town of Tamazunchale, San Luis Potosi. I remember a banana tree with a bunch of bananas just outside our hotel window.

The next day we arrived in Mexico City. There, we went to a bullfight; to Chapultepec Park and Castle; the Cathedral in Zocalo Square; to the top of the Latino Americano building; the Plaza Garibaldi (“Home of the Mariachi Bands); etc. In the cantinas of Plaza Garibaldi I drank rum & cokes; while Janet just drank plane cokes. However, I would surreptitiously switch my rum drink with Janet’s. She got a little drunk. Walking back to our hotel, she started kicking off her shoes to see how high she could kick them. Very hilarious!

Then we drove to Acapulco, where we stayed at a hotel near the famous cliff divers. We spent time at the “Afternoon Beach”.



I did some inner tube surfing, and wiped out, breaking the second toe of my right foot. The doctor put a cast on my foot, and I had to drive back to Iowa City in our straight stick shift Nash Rambler. In addition, it was difficult finding our way through Mexico City because there was an election going on, and there were campaign posters pasted up on street and road signs.

When we got back to Iowa City, I went to the U. Health Clinic to have the cast on my foot sawed off. The doctor X-rayed my foot, and found that the Mexican doctor had not set my broken toe correctly. I had to have my toe broken again, and re-set. Very painful!

In 1964, Kenneth Spence and his wife, Janet Taylor Spence (Spence divorced his first wife, to marry Janet, a former student, and author of the *Taylor Manifest Anxiety Scale*), had moved to the Dept of Psychology, U. of Texas. In 1985, Janet Taylor-Spence was elected President of the American Psychological Assoc. She has received many awards.

In August 1965, I graduated from the U. of Iowa with a master’s degree in counseling psychology. I had flunked my comprehensive exams for the PhD, as did about 10 out of 20 other students. Out of about 60 graduate students who started with me at Iowa, only about 10 received PhDs. My masters thesis was “Correlates of Unpatterned Strong Vocational Interest Blanks”. I compared the *Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory* scores of students with no strong interests with those having strong interests. I found no differences in personalities.

We then moved to Columbia, Missouri, where we lived in a garage converted into a one-room apartment at 2109 Ammonette St. I attended a summer institute in counseling at the U. of Missouri.

David was born that summer. Janet's sister Miriam, and my brother Leon, came for the baptism. BTW, this was the summer that the St. Louis Gateway Arch was completed.

That fall of 1965, we moved to Centlivre Village Apartments, Apt. 224, Bldg. 1, 2903 Westbrook Dr., Fort Wayne, IN, and I started teaching in the Dept. of Psychology at St. Francis College (now University), Fort Wayne,. However, they offered me such a low salary to teach summer school that I began applying for other jobs. I travelled around the Midwest interviewing for jobs at clinics and universities. Among others, I interviewed at Parsons College, Plainfield, Iowa. This was a small private college with big plans – become a graduate school with small “feeder schools” throughout the Midwest. Parsons was “raiding” other campuses for famous faculty by offering higher salaries and more benefits, and by 1966 the university had the third highest paid faculty in the nation. It had a reputation of accepting students who had flunked out at other colleges, and offering them extra help to pass their courses. In 1966 *Life* magazine published an article calling **Parsons** “Flunk Out U.” Students had t-shirts with a list of colleges on the front with check marks after them. At the bottom of the list was “Parsons College” with no check mark; below that was listed “US Army” (if you stayed in college, you did not get drafted). Parsons College declared bankruptcy in 1973, and was sold to Maharishi International University.

That summer, I also interviewed at Marshfield Clinic, Marshfield, WI, when it were still in a building downtown on South Central Ave. They were so proud of the fact that they had a doctor in every medical specialty except plastic surgery; and they were looking to hire one. They told me they were having trouble hiring enough clinical psychologists; and that if hired, I would be taking work home with me at night. The next day I interviewed for a teaching position at UW-Stevens Point, 30 miles away. I eventually accepted this teaching position, even though it paid about half what Marshfield Clinic offered -- \$8,000 vs. \$14,000. I quit St. Francis College, and that summer of 1966, I worked in Fort Wayne sorting empty recycled pop bottles at the 7-Up Bottling Company – 7-Up, Royal Crown, Pepsi, Mountain Dew, Choc-Ola, etc. This was very unskilled labor, but I needed the money. There was a guy also sorting bottles, who could not read or write; but, he could light a cigarette inside his mouth!

When we moved from Fort Wayne to Stevens Point in the fall of 1966, we could not find an apartment to rent; that summer, the University had hired 119 new faculty. I took a room at the Majestic Hotel across from the train depot; and took Janet (pregnant with Suzie) and David to live with my parents in Oelwein.

Suzie was born that fall at Mercy Hospital, Oelwein. It was a weekend, and I was able to be there for her birth.

I eventually rented the downstairs north apartment at 1317 Cross St., Stevens Point. It had been rented for several years by Dr. Monica Bainter, Chair of the Physics Dept. She was moving into a duplex she built, and stopped in my office looking for empty boxes. That's how I was the first to learn her apartment was going to be available. That October, we moved in. I remember driving Janet, David, and Suzie, up from Oelwein, and stopping in La Crosse for a beer during Oktoberfest.

It was during this early time teaching at UW-Stevens Point, that I was emphasizing conditioning theory in my classes, but also included some existential-humanistic psychology. It was in a Psychology of Adjustment class, that a couple students came up to me after a class -- Jean Bartig and Charlotte Bronk – and said, “You should read some zen.” I have always taken students' recommendation seriously, and so, went to the library and looked in the card catalogue for books on “zen”. I checked out some. I had not studied Asian philosophy at Loras; it was considered paganism. I had not studied Asian philosophy at the U. of Iowa Psychology Dept., it was not scientific.

One evening in my office I was reading Paul Reps (1957) Zen Flesh, Zen Bones. It includes a collection of zen parables. Here is my favorite parable from this book:

“A man traveling across a field encountered a tiger. He fled, the tiger after him. Coming to a precipice, he caught hold of the root of a wild vine and swung himself down over the edge. The tiger sniffed at him from above. Trembling, the man looked down to where, far below, another tiger was waiting to eat him. Only the vine sustained him. Two mice, one white and one black, little by little started to gnaw away at the vine. The man saw a luscious strawberry near him. Grasping the vine with one hand, he plucked the strawberry with the other. How sweet it tasted!”

I left my office to go home. It was raining, and the raindrops were falling in puddles in the parking lot, causing ripples which reflected light into millions of shimmering lights. All of a sudden, I felt as if this was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. My consciousness began to expand throughout space and time, and I became aware that, “This beauty is everywhere in the world, even if no one is seeing it. This beauty even existed before there were human beings to become aware of it. This beauty is everywhere, and always was, and always will be. It did not matter if anyone saw it. I felt that only this beauty mattered. It did not matter if I lived or died.” I lost my fear of death. I was having a

mystical experience, and became very interested in eastern philosophy/psychology, and started to include Buddhism and Taoism in my courses.

In the spring of 1967, I visited my brother Leon in South Bend, Indiana. He was a graduate student in art at Notre Dame, and belonged to a small Pentacostal Charismatic Renewal group (the first one) at Notre Dame. I remember watching this group in a classroom, all forming a circle around a person seated in a chair, placing their hands on the person, and praying for them (often "praying in tongues"), praying that the Devil would leave them, and they would be "saved and filled by the Holy Spirit". Some of the people they were praying over started having spasms, fainted, fell out of their chairs, and were twitching on the floor. I was told that this was the Devil trying to hang on to the person. I followed Leon and this Charismatic group around from person to person, trying to come up with a psychological theory to explain this behavior, but without success. Then the group asked if they could pray over me. I asked what I had to do? They said, "Put your faith in Jesus Christ." I said I couldn't honestly do that. Then they said I should just have a special intention. I agreed, sat down, and the group began praying over me. But when nothing was happening to me -- I was not having spasms, fainting, etc. -- I started feeling tremendous guilt over letting the group down. After all, they were praying to save my immortal soul! When they stopped praying over me, I got up from my chair, and actually apologized profusely to the group, trying to diminish my guilt. It was then that I remembered a theory to explain this phenomenon -- the "social role-taking theory" of hypnosis. After that, I used this story of my experience with Leon's Charismatic group as an example of the role-taking theory when demonstrating and teaching about hypnosis in the "Consciousness" class I developed in 1976."

Leon not only "prayed in tongues", but believed he also had the Holy Spirit's "gift of prophesy". He prophesied that I would have an experience in the future that would change my life. At the end of my visit, I took the bus home from South Bend to Stevens Point. On the bus from South Bend to Chicago (where I had to change buses), there was a young woman riding in a seat by herself. I thought maybe she would be "the experience that would change my life". So, I asked if I could sit next to her. She said, "Yes". We visited on the way to Chicago where she got off. Nothing happened to change my life !!

The summer of 1967 I had no teaching (summer teaching was assigned by seniority). I got a summer grant (**National Science Foundation?**) to attend a summer workshop for new teachers in psychology. It was at Beloit College, where I lived in a dorm and ate with students in the student dining room. It lasted eight weeks, and each week a big-name psychologist was brought in to teach a graduate course in their specialty. Every Thursday another big-name psychologist came to teach a seminar in their specialty. This was a very exciting summer for me. Some of the teachers I remember were Harry Harlow, Richard Solomon, Karl Pribram, James Coleman, . I remember Pribram brought a small hologram to class for us to pass around and view. He was just beginning to develop his holographic theory of the brain and consciousness.

All the freshman students at Beloit had to take a course called "Underclassman Comprehensive Course (UCC)". It was a reading list of books that all students would be reading during the first year. I discussed these books with students while eating in the dining room. Some of the books I learned about, and later used in my courses, were -- Jean-Paul Sartre's No Exit, Samuel Beckett's Waiting for Godot, Hermann Hesse's Siddhartha, . I read Siddhartha that summer at Iverson Park, beside the Plover River. And, I read it to Janet that summer, a chapter every evening. A most beautiful literary introduction to eastern mysticism.

That summer the Beatles came out with their Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band album. I remember the students playing that album through speakers in their dorm windows; and watching them skate boarding around the quadrangle while listening to it. This was the "Summer of Love".

Steve was born that spring, 1968. I remember when Janet was in the hospital; I was home with David and Suzie. Whenever I had to change a diaper, I would have to put after-shave lotion on a surgical mask, to keep from gagging.

Later in 1968, we moved to a rented house at 1750 College Ave. That summer I got a job teaching Abnormal Psychology, Advanced Learning Theory, and another course I forget, at UW-Stout. Luckily, I had notes and a recording from Richard Solomon's learning theory course at Beloit, and recordings of interviews with people diagnosed with mental disorders (which I had copied while a student and counselor at the U. of Iowa). I lived in a dorm during the week, and went home on weekends. Janet was pregnant with Nancy, and, taking care of David, Suzie & Steve.

Nancy was born spring 1969.

In 1969 I had hernia repair surgery. While in the hospital I read a book by Adelle Davis on nutrition. It was primarily a book on vegetarianism. I decided to change my diet, and went to the new **Stevens Point Co-op** on Ellis Street. About all they had were bins and bins of bulk foods. I was confused, and asked, "Where should I start?"). The workers got me started with sprouting alfalfa seeds, and mung beans. I started buying cracked wheat for breakfast. They

taught me how to make yogert using a styrofoam cooler, and I bought 50-pound bags of non-instant dried milk. Non-instant cost the same as instant, but it made twice as much milk. However, you needed a blender to mix it with water.

The summer of 1969 I worked as a psychologist at the **VA Hospital** in Tomah (largest mental hospital in the VA system), living in a room on the hospital grounds, and going home on weekends. Nancy had been born in February, and Janet was busier than ever. That summer I started doing genealogy research; and when visiting my parents in Oelwein, I recorded interviews with my grandmother Catherine [Stoeckl] Kortenkamp, great aunt Josephine [Kortenkamp] Stoeckl, and grandparents Victor & Mathilda [Meyer] Tegeler.

That was also the summer of the **NASA Apollo 11** moon landing, July 20, with Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin. The next day, when they were the first humans to walk on the moon, I took pictures of them, which was broadcast live on TV. When David worked for **NASA's Johnson Space Center**, Houston, he lived in El Lago. His house was just around the corner from where Neil Armstrong lived when he was an astronaut and went to the moon. Buzz Aldrin had lived just a few blocks away. El Lago was home to many astronauts.

The fall of 1969, we moved to St. Louis where I started working toward my PhD in the Dept. of Psychology. We could not find a place to rent with 4 kids, so we bought a house at 1025 Forest Ave., St. Louis. This house was at "Hi-Pointe", an area at the southwest corner of Forest Park (the house has been demolished to make a bank parking lot). I would ride my bike through Forest Park going to the University.

One day, in a small class of students taking a course in psychotherapy, a student was playing a tape recording of a session they had with a client. The client had begun crying while talking about their problems. The student therapist responded, "Now, I feel very close to you." I was suddenly intrigued that the student had used a physical metaphor -- "close" -- to describe a state of consciousness. I began hearing many more metaphors when people described their subjective experiences. I decided to do my PhD dissertation on metaphor.

The first year at St. Louis U., UW-SP had paid half my salary to go back to grad school. I only needed to return to the university and teach for two years as repayment. However, the second year at St. Louis U., my only income was working as a counselor part-time in the Counseling Center. We went on food stamps. I remember my parents were visiting once when I took them downtown to the place where I picked up the stamps. I had to wait in a line of mostly blacks. My parents were too frightened and embarrassed to get out of the car and wait in line with me. On food stamps, we were able to buy the best of everything, including cuts of meats. Peter was born the summer of 1971.

David started school in St. Louis. He always wanted to go to school to learn new things. So, when he came home from school that first day, I asked him, "What was the first new thing you learned on your first day a school?" He answered, "I learned to stand in line!" He was excited to learn how to do this.

Peter was born the summer 1971 in St. Louis

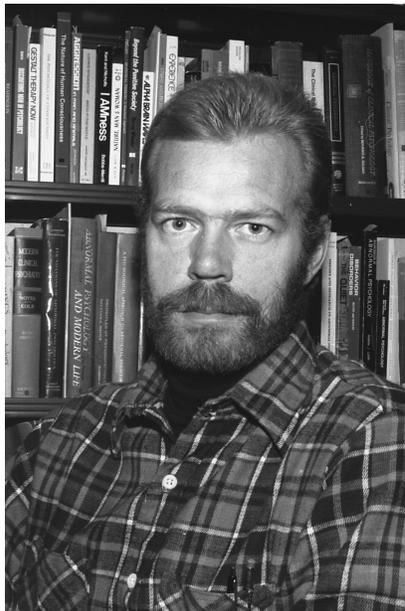
When we were to move back to Stevens Point in the fall of 1971, I advertised our house for sale in the St. Louis newspaper. A young black woman responded and came to see the house. She wanted to buy a house so her mother and siblings could move out of public housing. After she left, our next-door neighbor came over and asked, "You aren't going to sell to a jigaboo, are you?" I replied, "I don't know if she will buy it." When she decided to buy our house, I told her what the neighbor said, and what she might be getting into. She replied, "I'm used to that."

When we returned to Stevens Point in 1971, we still had food stamps left over. Later, on a visit to my parents in Oelwein, I took them to the grocery store, and told them to buy whatever they wanted with the left-over stamps. When it came time to check out and pay with the stamps, they would not go through the checkout with me; they did not want to be seen with a person using food stamps. Later, they measured the cash register receipt; it was over a yard long. I think it was about \$90 worth of groceries; a lot back in 1971. Imagine how much a yard's worth of groceries would cost today.

The first year back in Stevens Point (1971) we rented a house at Rice St. David learned to ride a bike on Rice St. After one year we moved to a rented house at 1547 Pine St.

Sarah was born the fall of 1972.

Back at UW-SP, I immediately began constructing metaphor rating scales and psychophysical devices for measuring the subjective experiences of anxiety, depression and anger; and collecting and analyzing my data. For example, "up tight" is a common metaphor for anxiety. I built a device where a subject could feel a piece of surgical tubing being stretched, and report when the tightness of the tubing matched the tightness they were feeling that day. In 1973, I finished my dissertation, and Janet typed it -- "Operationalizing Subjective Experiences by Scaling Metaphorical Dimensions" -- and I received my PhD in clinical psychology. I also presented this research at the 1973 International Association of Humanistic Psychology Conference, Montreal (Stanley Krippner, President, attended my presentation, sitting in the first row); and at the 1974 American Psychological Association Conference, New Orleans.



419 Collins Classroom Center, UW-SP (1973)

When teaching “Psychology of Adjustment”, I required a project from students in which they related the course their lives. At the end of the Spring 1974 semester, a student, Nancy Lawton, turned in several art prints and a term paper relating the course to the prints and her life. While her print of a self-portrait of Vincent van Gogh was sitting on my desk, I listened to a cassette recording of songs that another student, Richard Koehler, had turned in. He related the songs to his life and to the course. One of the songs was “Vincent (Starry Starry Night)” by Don McLean. I had always thought the song was about a friend of McLean’s named “Vincent” who committed suicide. However, from Richard Koehler’s project I learned the song was about Vincent van Gogh. I was so moved listening to the song and looking at his self-portrait, that I wanted to share the experience with my class. I researched van Gogh’s life, and learned that all the lyrics in the song could be associated with paintings he did. I eventually put together a 1-hour lecture on the life of van Gogh, with the stories behind his paintings. I would end the lecture by playing McLean’s song while showing slides of these paintings. At the end, I would see tears in the eyes of students. Many told me it was the best lecture I gave.

Mary Elizabeth”Betsy” was born in the spring of 1975.

For the Spring Semester of 1976 I developed a new course, “Consciousness” – brain hemisphere-specialization research, sleep, dreams, daydreaming & mental imagery, hallucinations, psychedelic substances, hypnosis, biofeedback, meditation, & mystical consciousness. It was one of the first such courses in the country at the time. There were no textbooks, and I used handouts. One day a student, Alain Nicolas, asked me if I had read the book Roots of Consciousness by Jeffrey Mishlove (1975). I had not even heard of it, and was embarrassed because I thought I knew every book with “consciousness” in the title; there were not that many. He loaned me this book. It was mostly about parapsychology – ESP, PK (“mind over matter”), etc). As I read the book, I was very impressed with the quality of research in parapsychology. So, I started including some of this research at the end of in my “Consciousness” course. I call it “Psychical Consciousness”. Very quickly the course became too large. I then broke it into two courses – “Consciousness” and “Parapsychology”. The parapsychology course was three parts – (1) Extrasensory Perception (ESP research on telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, and retro-cognition); (2) Psychokinesis (PK research on “mind over matter” which included psychic/faith healing; Kirlian photography; thoughtography; fire immunity and fire-walking; and poltergeist phenomena); and (3) Survival Research (i.e., survival of consciousness after death) which included out-of-body experiences (OBEs); near-death experiences (NDEs); apparitional & haunting experiences; channeling, spirit mediums and possession states; and reincarnation research.

These became very popular courses. Eventually “consciousness” became an accepted research area in psychology, and I was not able to keep up with all the research (no textbooks). I stopped teaching “Consciousness”, but continued teaching ‘Parapsychology’ until I retired. There were about 20-30 parapsychologists in the world doing research, and I was able to keep up with their research and with my handouts. Several years later, a text came out – Harvey J. Irwin (1989) Introduction to Parapsychology; and I started using this text along with my handouts.

I eventually stopped teaching "Psychology of Adjustment" because the texts were becoming too much like introductory psychology texts. I started teaching "Theories of Personality". I enjoyed teaching this course very much because I had actually lived through much of the history. I was the only member of the Dept. who was alive when Sigmund Freud was still alive. And, I had taken courses from some of the people I was teaching about, e.g., Kenneth Spence. Also, I had the university library purchase the video collection of Dr. Richard Evans, U. of Houston, interviewing famous psychologists.

It was in 1976, I began to do some serious running and road racing. I had gotten up to 16 miles in the morning before breakfast, running out West River Drive past the golf course and back. I realized that if I ate breakfast, I might be able to run a marathon. My inspiration was Dave Elger, who took several of my courses, and became the first individual national champion at UW-SP in the marathon in 1976. In May, 1976, I ran in my first marathon – Madison Marathon. I had stayed the night before in the Madison YMCA, but didn't get much sleep because of anxiety, and church bells which ran every 15 minutes all night. The start line was at the Capital. At the 18-mile mark, my feet felt like they were wearing frying pans – heavy and no cushion. I stopped, layed down, and put my feet up against a tree. When I got up, I was so stiff it was difficult to run. The finish line was at the 19-mile mark, with another 7 miles around Lake Wingra. I decided to quit at the 19-mile mark. There was a grey-haired man sitting in the grass, obviously a runner. He asked me how I did. I said it was my first marathon, and I had a long weekend ahead of me (I was going to Iowa to help my dad put a new roof on his house), so I quit at 19 miles. I asked him how he did. He replied, "I think I won. There is only one other person on the U.S. who could beat me, and he is not here today." What he meant was he had won his age division – 50-55. I later learned his name was Alex Ratelle, from Edina, Minnesota, and he had set many age division records in the marathon.

I ran the "Madison Marathon" again in May, 1977, and was sweating heavily during the first mile. But, I drank water at every water stop, and never had a problem. However, with 3 miles to go, the toenail on the little toe of my left foot started catching on my shoe lining. Very painful. I tried running barefoot on that foot, but couldn't go far that way. I was walking with my shoe on, when I got the idea to put both socks on that foot. That worked, my toenail stopped catching, and I sprinted the last mile to the finish. The first marathon I finished -- 4:14:22. I had tears of joy crossing the finish line.

Later that year I ran the Hurley "Paavo Nurmi Marathon", Hurley, WI, (August) in 3:40:22, and the La Crosse "Octoberfest Maple Leaf Marathon" (October) in 3:17:05 (qualifying time for the Boston Marathon was 3:30). We were bused to the start of the La Crosse race, which was on top of Grandad Bluff. We then ran to Onalaska, and finished in downtown La Crosse.

There was also an "Octoberfest Maple Leaf Half-Marathon" that David & Suzie ran that day. They were bused to the start line in the country, and had to run back to La Crosse. Being the youngest runners, they eventually fell so far behind that they started getting lost. Suzie remembers coming across people in their front yards with chairs set up by the road like they had been cheering the runners. They gave them something to drink. I remember Suzie & David telling me that another late runner found them, knew the course, and ran with them the rest of the way to the finish line. Although the finish line had closed, I saw them come in. I wrote the director of the race, and asked that he send them race t-shirts, since they had finished. They eventually got their t-shirts.

Kate was born September that year. Janet's friends were upset that I was leaving her home, pregnant and with 7 kids, while I went to races, sometimes staying overnight, e.g., "Paavo Nurmi Marathon", Hurley, WI, (August).

The next year I paced Suzie in the "Pre-Boston Warm-Up Half -Marathon" (April) in Stevens Point. She won her age division, and received a trophy. Rand Strachan won that race, received a gift certificate for a new pair of running shoes, and came to our house to give the certificate to Suzie. He had opened the first running shoe store in Stevens Point the year before.

In 1978, I paced Janet and Peter in the Stevens Point "Pre-Boston Warm-Up Half Marathon". Janet ran the entire way, while Peter walked some of it. I also ran the "Madison Marathon" that May in 4:04:50 (very hot!); and the "Sugar River Marathon" the end of October in 3:29:22 (qualifying again for Boston).

In May 1979 we bought the house at 1916 Plover St., for \$32,400. This house had 4 bedrooms upstairs, 3 bedrooms downstairs, and a barn in the back. It had been built in the 1870s by Charles Mason, as a rooming house for railroad workers with an outside back entrance and stairway to the 4 bedrooms upstairs. (He was a stone mason working on the "Black (Railroad) Bridge" and owned a hotel in another Wisconsin town). [The land, and lot 377 had been bought from the U.S. government and Abraham Brawley by Moses Strong in 1849/1851; by Albert Ellis (1852); Benjamin Sharpstein (1863), and Julia Wyatt (1863)]. Charles Mason's family lived downstairs. Charles died in 1891; his wife maintained the rooming house until she died in 1911. They had raised 4 children in the house. It then was bought by

Peter & Martha Rose, who raised 5 children, before Peter died in 1950 (Martha died 1950). Clifford & Evelyn Hanson bought it in 1954, and raised 2 children. Clifford Hanson died 1975.

Tony was born the summer of 1979, just after we moved in. Over the years, I did a lot of remodeling on the house – painting it; insulating the crawl space (with help from Steve); adding and wiring a workroom on the back; moving the basement stairway from between the two south bedrooms, to off the dining room; removing the wall between these two bedrooms and dining room to make a closet and a sunroom, (with larger patio door glass windows), laying a new floor; removing the back porch and expanding/remodeling (with Janet) the kitchen with new cabinets, sink, wiring and plumbing, floor, ceiling and wallpaper; replacing the wall between the kitchen and dining room with posts; changing the upstairs stairway to connect to the dining room rather than the kitchen; cementing the basement floor (previously sand), putting down underlayment with carpeting, putting up walls, dividing it into a workroom and a recreation room, and rewiring the basement; having a high efficiency furnace installed, and taking down the chimney (with help from Tony) and putting hot air and cold air ducts throughout the house; remodeling, plumbing and wiring the upstairs bathroom; adding a deck; remodeling the front porch posts, railings, and lattices; papering the master bedroom (with Janet); remodeling the master closet; remodeling, rewiring, re-plumbing the laundry room; replacing/adding 18 doorways and doors; all new carpeting; installing ceiling fans in all five bedrooms, etc., etc., etc.

A funny story: One very hot and humid spring day, I was ripping the plaster and plaster lathes off the walls and ceiling of the guest bedroom, wearing only my underwear (boxer shorts) and flip-flops on my feet. I decided to take a break and cool down by riding my bike to the public library several blocks away on Main Street. I wanted to look up reviews on boomboxes in Consumers Reports. Betsy was graduating high school, and we wanted to get her a present. I put on a shirt and road to the library. I had to go up the spiral stairs to the second floor where the periodicals were kept. Going up the stairs, I wondered if my underwear was hanging out of my shorts; I didn't remember rolling my underwear before putting on my shorts. I looked down at my legs. I had forgotten to put on shorts! I was only in my underwear! I now had to turn around, go down the steps, walk past the checkout counters, out the door, get on my bike, and ride the several blocks home. Very embarrassing! A few days later we were in Madison. At the Monona Terrace Convention Center, I told Betsy and Katie the story about my embarrassing trip to the library. They fell down laughing.

As a family, we made many station wagon road trips to visit grandparents. Here is a picture of Janet with the kids and her parents at their house, 5252 Norwaldo, Indianapolis:



**back row (l-r):** Steve, Nancy, Janet holding Tony, Suzie, David, Grandma (“Gert”) & Grandpa (“Neil”) Lang  
**front row (l-r):** Katie, Betsy, Sarah, Peter

On the way to Indianapolis we usually stopped for a picnic lunch on Lake Michigan in Chicago. We would also see the sights – go to the top of the Sears Tower, visit Shedd Aquarium, Museum of Natural History, Museum of Science and Industry, etc.

Spring semester of 1980, I was teaching my large section (155 students, Wednesday evenings) of Introduction to Psychology. After my lecture on “Consciousness” (dreams, hypnosis, meditation, mystical consciousness, etc.), a student – Fariba Bogzaran, from Iran – stayed after class to ask questions about dreams. She was a double major in art and psychology, and told me she wanted to devote her life the study of dreams! Later that semester I received in the mail a brochure advertising the first conference of the newly formed International Association for the Scientific Study of Dreams, to be held in San Francisco. I passed the brochure to Fariba. She went to the conference! When she returned, she knew almost all the major dream researchers in the world, on a first-name basis! She eventually got her PhD researching lucid dreaming. She has authored or co-authored many research studies, chapters, exhibition catalogues, and books on dreams and art. In 1998, she co-founded the Lucid Art Foundation, Inverness, CA, with the surrealist artist Onslow Gordon Ford. She is President.