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My father and mother were the same age, Father was born March 15, 1870 - on the Ides of March, he said quoting Julius Caesar. It was on a hilly farm in Richland County, Wisconsin, where the farmers took the milk from their Holstein and Jersey cows to the cheese factory.

He was named Cyril Methodius Jansky, the first two names after the two Greek priests who gave the Cyrillic alphabet to the Bohemians.

Grandpa Jansky lived in or near Prague. He was an independent soul who followed the teachings of John Huss, early reformer of the Catholic church. He told the story that a priest came in the house and said "I've locked the door and you can't go up the chimney, so I'm going to stay here until you pay your tithe."

Grandpa was so enraged that he right then decided to come to America with his wife and small son, Wencil, probably named afterEmperor Wenceslaus who supported John Huss. It was a great adventure in those days. First they took passage on a small boat on the Moldau River, . This river was the inspiration for Smetana"s master symphony. In Hamburg they transferred to a small ocean sailboat, which after six weeks finally landed in Baltimore.

Grandpa Jansky was a stone mason by training, and as money ran outwhen they reached Baltimore, he remained there for some time helping pave the streets with cobble stones

When they got as far as Chicago he did masonry in the building of houses until he had saved enough to pay for a passage to Richland County, Wisconsin where he had relatives, and where a number of Czechs were also settled.

At that time most of Wisconsin was covered with dense forests. Land had to be cleared to raise crops to feed the cattle.

As soon as he became a citizen, he acquired a forty acre homestead from the givernment, the certificate for which was signed by President Grant.

The homestead was mostly the side of a hill with a few acres of level land on top of the hill.

They had seven children in all, three died within one week of scarlet fever, and father was expected to be the next. He was very sick for weeks, and finally recovered, but his voice never changed, so that when he grew up he had a beautiful high tenor voice. Using it singing in a lusty way when he was back in the woods stirring the sap of a maple tree, his brother came running exclaiming "Have you hurt yourself? Have you hurt yourself?"

FAther didn'nt want to be a farmer, so he worked his way through high school, passed the examination for a third grade certificate and taught in the country school at the age of 16.

Then he went to the Northern Indiana Normal School at Valparaiso, Indiana, now known as Valparaiso University. He stayed there for a year, and returned to the country school to teach for another year.

He returned to Valparaiso to graduate from the Classical course after another fifty weeks. Heavens, he even studied Latin, Greek and Hebrew.

While there, he said he worked for "love", because the head of the dining room was Miss Love.

He told the story of a red-headed girl in his class who was always being teased by her friends for the blazing color of her hair. The President of the school, who also had red hair comforted her by telling her "The Good Lord doesn't trust everyone with red hair."

It was in Valparaiso the he met mother, Nellie Grace Moreau from Michigan. She graduated from the Scientific course the same year. She, too, had been teaching in the country schools of Michigan and had come to Indiana for further training.

After graduation, father accepted a position as assistant City Engineer in Crookston, Minnesota, and mother had a position in Peotone, Illinois as Assistant Principal of the High School.

My mother, Nellie Grace Moreau, was born September 1870 on a farm near Hickory Corners, Michigan.

Great Grandfather Moreau was a Frenchman who came to the States from Canada with a drove of horses. Mother remembered her father telling that his mother's name was Lucy Brown and that her father was killed in the Battle of Bunker Hill - must have been her grandfather.

Grandfather Moreau(Charles) was born at Great Barrington Berkshire County, Massachusets.

The family moved westward to Batavia, New York, or near there, when grandfather was very young. He supported himself from the time he was twelve years old doing chores for a doctor and going to school. Afterwards he became a blacksmith. His brother Wilbur was a wagon maker and they had their shops together and were married about the same time.

Mother wrote, "I have a letter written by Aunt Louisa to father just after he was married (1848). It is very interesting and well written. Among other things, she hoped he was a good Whig. Aunt Louisa was strong minded. I was afraid of her. I was told to be very nice to her, she was a widow, no children and quite wealthy, but we never saw any of her wealth.

Her wealth all went to Aunt Jane whom I knew nothing about except that her name was Williams and lived in Lee, Mass. and to Aunt Emma who was out to see us too. Her name was Hart. She came to wheedle money from father; she was always borrowing money from father for her worthless son Andrew Hart to spend. They lived in Palatine, near Chicago. Andrew had a nice wife and two children, the older boy about my age. The whole family came and spent nearly a whole summer at our place once. The boy, Hutchins, and I, had great times riding horseback and playing together. I can see that big dining room table stretched out and so many people around it day after day. I guess miother was glad when their visit terminated."

Mother continues,-"Uncle Wilbur visited us in Michigan one winter also. He was a mild tempered man. I liked him so much. He had three children, Frank, George and Emma. George had a daughter . Emma , (who was mother's age) married Clarence Mower and had two boys and two girls. When we were in Batavia in 1930 I called on Mrs. Pauline Moreau, widow of Frank Moreau.

"Father was not much in sympathy with the Civil War. He was a Democrat. I have heard him say :The slaves were better off with their old masters". But Mother says "He was patriotic when twitted because he would not enlist, he hired a substitute. He had a large family to support and debt on his farm. He had given up blacksmithing and bought a farm. He broke his leg about that time, too. (wrestling). He paid a man $900 for three years and then the war wasn't over and he was drafted, but hired another substitute. I have heard mother say the man went away with a knapsack on his back and they never heard of him again.

"Father and family moved to Michigan in the spring of 1867 and there I sas born in 1870, the only Michigander in the family. He bought a good farm, 160 acres, two miles west of Hickory Corners, Barry co. for $12,000. That was a good deal of money in those days and he went quite deeply in debt. Times were hard after that and father was not at all saving so that debt always hung over our heads and when the farm was finally sold it did not bring anywhere near what was paid for it. Father died June 30, 1903, Mother February 10 1914.

When I was a child there was talk of an estate left to the Moreau Family in France. Uncle William thought of going back to claim it. He was the oldest and the only one able to go back as he was quite rich. But, it was a long trip and expensive and he gave it up." (End of quot e from mother,for now)

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Now I continue the story - While in Crookston, father heard of a vacancy in the principalship of the East Grand Forks, Minnesota schools. The principal had been fired for immoral conduct.

East Grand Forks was right across the Red River of the North from Grand Forks North Dakota. It was "dry" at the time and Minnesota was not. As the two towns were connected by a bridge, the drinkers came across the brodge to East Grand Forks as it had more saloons and disreputable joints than any other town that size, I remember father saying that sometimes he was the only sober person at the school board meetings.

You may think it strange that father was an avid teetotaler as the Bohemians are known for their beer. He said that he had gone to a temperance meeting where they showed on lantern slides what happened to your insides when you drank. It cured him for life.

At Christmastime, father and mother met in Chicago and went to Michigan together, where her sisters insisted that this was a good time to get married. So on December 27, 1891, they were married in mother's home.

I don't know what she wore, but it could have the lovely skyblue silk dress which I found in the attic in an old trunk. It had puffed sleeves which narrowed to a point over the hands, the cuffs embroidered with pink flowers. Tiers of the full, long skirt were also embroideredthis way as well as the high-necked collar.

After their marriage, Father took Mother back to East Grand Forks. Mother said it was so cold that the steam coming out of a cleaning plant came down as snow.

They could have stayed on after the school year was over, but meanwhile a schoolmate of father had bought out a Normal school in Bloomfield, Iowa. They hoped to make it like the Normal School in Valparaiso.

While in Bloomfield, they roomed and boarded at the home of a self-styled reformed lawyer whose first law partner was General James B. Weaver, the People's Party candidate for President. I wish I could remember some of the stories that father use d to tell about their landlord. He must have been a rare character.

Then another classmate, who had been father's roommate, bought a school in Willis, Texas and wanted father and mother to teach there. The prospects for advancement in Bloomfield were not promising, so they accepted Mr. Kline's offer and moved to Willis, Texas for two years.

The Klines and the Janskys loved to sing and they made a quartet that sang at many local affairs.

This school proved unprofitable, so they moved back to mother's home where Morean was born June 28, 1895. He was named Cyril Moreau, but always Moreau to the family, and later C.M. to his business associates.

Father soon secured a position as superintendent of schools in Au Sable, Michigan.

Au Sable was a decadent lumber town which at one time had a population of 10,000 people, but was rapidly decreasing.

As there was again, no promising future in Au Sable, father went to the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor.

In the summer they went to mother's home and while they were gone one summer, people broke into their house, robbed it and set it on fire. There were piles of sawdust here and there in the town that were always catching fire, and the robbers probably thought that the fire would be blamed on the sawdust fires. Fortunately it rained so that the fire was put out and only one room burned a bit. Mother said that father took it in stride until he saw that Moreau's toys had been destroyed and then he sat down and cried.

They caught the robbers because the wife of one of them was seen wearing mother's clothes, and that winter when the creek froze over, skaters saw the silverware through the ice.

Mother remained in Au Sable the first year of father's study at the university. In those days it was most unusual for a man to go back to school when he had one child and one on the way, but father wanted to teach in a university so he could send his children to college.

Nelson was born April 13, 1903. It was seven years after Moreau was born so that mother had said she thought she wasn't going to have any more children.

Many years later, Moreau had the opportunity to go back to Au Sable. He found that the town had been completely burned to the ground. In 1911, wandering around, he stopped on a sand pile. He asked a fisherman if he knew where the Janskys had lived. The fisherman answered - "You are standing on it."

In 1903, they sold their home in Au Sable and moved to Ann Arbor where father got his engineering degree in 1904.

His teacher and friend, Karl Eugen Guthe, had accepted a position at the newly organized Bureau of Standards in Washington, D.C., and he wanted father as his assistant. He took a Civil Service exam and accepted the position but that summer was sent to help take care of the Bureau's exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis.

Mother remained in Ann Arbor until father returned to Washington and rented a house in Kensington, Maryland, not far from where Maurice lived lat er. She had to pick up and move alone with two children.

While at the Bureau, a letter came which noone could read as it was in a strange language. Finally it came to Dad and he said ":Oh I can read it. It was in Russian, but since Czech is a slavic language, he could translate it. How times have changed.

After a year, father was offered a h igher salary as head of the Applied Science department of the comparatively new University of Oklahoma.

Oklahoma was still a territory then with an appointed governor, but when it became a state, the first elected governor, C.N. Haskel, discharged most of the best men on the faculty beginning at the president down to the night watchman who said "It is an honor to be fired with men like you." He appointed political proteges as members of the Board, who knew, as father said, no more about conducting a university than eight year old boys. They thought the jobs as teachers were political plums. When they fired father, t hey put in his place a man who, as one of father's students wrote in an Oklahoma paper. "did not know the difference between a dynamo and a bass drum." This scandal was written up in Scribners Magazine of that day.

When they learned that the man they h ad h ired knew nothing about the sciences, they asked father to stay at a higher salary, but he already had several offers of better jobs, one of which was at the University of the state of Washington and the other at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, his home state.

Karl Guthe Jansky was born October 1906 in Oklahoma and named after Daddy's friend. It was still a territory, and there was no register of births, so Karl had a time proving that he was born when he worked for the government in World War II. We used to argue about which was the best month of the year, and Karl insisted that it was October, - because of its bright blue weather, but we knew that it was becausse it was his birth month.

The family lived on Madison Street in Madison, Wisconsin at first and that is where I was born December 4, 1909. Karl said that the snow was so deep that winter that when he jumped off the porch, he went in over his head. Of course, he was only three years old.

Meanwhile, Dad was building a new house at 2117 Jefferson St. The streets in that area were named after the presidents, so Jefferson was one block from Madison St,. He contracted for the building, but did all the wiring himself. He was very proud of the fact that he had one outlet. It was for the vacuum cleaner. Many of the houses in the area were still lit by gas lights.

Father had bought the plans from the Ladies Home Journal. The only change he made in the original plans was to omit the porch which encircled the house on one side, and add a toilet in the basement.

The house was light grey clapboard with white strip around the windows and a mansard roof. Four big white pillars suppported the front of a large square porch. Every spring we visited greenhouses to buy plants for the flower boxes which flanked each side of the broad steps. The front door had a panel of glass, and narrow glass windows flanked either side. Maurice accidently broke the glass. After it was repaired, he was showing someone how he broke it with his head and promptly broke it again.

A small piece of glass in front of one pane was our mailbox.

Entering the house, you found yourself in a vestibule, a necessity in the cold Wisconsin winters. We waited there to watch for the bus which brought students to Edgewood Academy at the top of the street.

There was a dark wood hat and umbrella stand there with a mirror between the hats. Another door, with only the upper half of glass, separated the vestibule from the hall.

Opening this door you looked across about ten feet to the oak panelled staircase. A few steps on the left reached a landing , then the stairs turned right angle and rose to the second floor. The banister and panelling were beautiful grained oak. Father must have known something about, for he rejected the first which the builders brought and latter saw that same wood in Dean Goodnight's house.

Sliding wood doors separated the hall from the living room on one sied and the dining room on the other side. In the winter, Father closed these doors to keep the heat in, but I always felt sad when he did for I liked the openess.

As youngsters we thought all this oak was old-fashioned. It was only later that we realized how beautiful it was. I remember that Dad was horrified when Alice suggested that it should be painted white. She was used to Eastern colonial houses.

Both the living room and the dining room had big plate glass windows in the center of the North wall. These were topped by vertical bands of narrow bevelled glasses. As the bevelled edges caught the setting sun, it sent rainbows into the room.

At first the dining room furniture was oak, too. Later we had a mahogony table, buffet and chairs.

When one ~~one~~ of us rang the chimes the first time, it meant we we should get washed up for dinner. The second ringing meant that we should all be around the table. The light over the table was made by Dad,-colored or stained glass brought to a square, rimmed with a narrow band of oak. Later we had a more formal chandelier, but I always liked the light shed down by the first.

Dinner was the time for family discussions, and sometime the arguments were fierce. We all aired our ideas. Karl always took the opposite view of anything that was being discussed. When Mary spoke it was '60 miles a minute' . She said that with so many loud voices, she had to talk fast to get in a word edgewise. Of couse, if things got too heated, Mother calmed us down.

Mother was a wonderful cook. Her piecrust was thin as paper. We had lots of chicken and gravy on light fluffy baking powder biscuits. We ate lots of meatloaf. I don't remember eating any kind of steak except swiss steak, for filet mignon was too expensive. The only fish we had came from Lake Wingra. Dad didn't like fish very much anyway. Karl wouldn't eat spaghetti. He said it made him think of worms, and Mary copied anything that he said.

Mother told the story of the first meal she cooked for Father. I think it was kippered herring which her own Father liked so much that he had a barrel shipped from the East now and then. She thought it would be a real treat for him but when he came in the door he exclaimed, "What is that awful smell"! !

The kitchen was spacious and light. Opposite the dining room door was a pantry with dish cupboards above , a flour cupboard below and many drawers. Mother prepared her baking here.

One day I came home from school and found blood on the floor. No one was home. I was frightened.

The story came out that Mother had baked cookies and put the tin on an upper shelf, hopefully out of the way of greedy children. But Maurice Knew where they were, so he and Mary stepped on a chair, and then on the shelves, where he knocked the tin down, fell down and landed with his chin in the tin. He had been rushed to the doctor.

The white sink had three faucets, one hard cold water, one hard hot water and a third for the precious hot soft water.

There was a gas stove on the inner wall,the square oak tablethat used to be in the dining room was now in the center where breakfast and lunch were eaten.

At first we had an ice refrigerator and what a job to empty the drip pan from underneath. How thrilled we were when we got an electric refrigerator.

In those early days, Karl built up his muscles by delivering ice. He said it prepared him for hockey playing.

A shelf in front of the kitchen windows was usually filled with geranium plants.

The living room was approximately 14 x 28 feet with large plate glass front windows where we could watch the storms coming.

Three windows on the side looked toward our neighbors, who first were two elderly ladies, the Brown sisters, who mosied to town and back in an electric car.

Professor Pat Hyland and family lived there next. We were impressed when he said that he taught Charles Lindberg engineering, but flunked him because he was too much interested in other things.

Opposite the front was the fireplace, topped by an oak mantle which supported a Seth Thomas clock. As a boy, Moreau had wanted to see the wheels go round, had pulled on the door without turning the knob, so the clock crashed into his Grandmother's sink. It had stopped working, was put in a repair shop, where father found it, oiled it with a feather and voila! it worked again.

On either side of the clock were portraits of grandmother and grandfather Moreau in black oval frames.

Cushioned seats on either side of the fireplace, had bookshelves at the far end. The books I treasured were those about Greek myths, Roman Gods and Godesses, and the Norse legends.

A Window above one seat gave us a view of Lake Wingra, if we stepped on the seat. Around Thanksgiving we checked to see if there was skating on the lagoons or the lake yet.

The shiny black upright piano, which had been through the fire in Michigan, was between the front and side windows. It had had to be tuned one note lower, which was convenient for Maurice, because he didn't have to transpose when he played the clarinet with me at the piano.

In summer, the davenport, as we called it then, was in front of the side windows and the long table on the opposite wall . Here reside the big dictionary, in constant use by father in his writing to the newspapers and Congress. He also trained us to look up any word we didn't know even though he could have told us the meaning for he had a fantastic vocabulary.

In winter the sofa faced the fireplace. It was the perfect place for Mary or me to "smooch" with an ardent boyfriend. What could be a cozier place with the fire crackling and the wind whistling outside.

The library was father's domain. One wall was covered by a huge mahogany book case. Opposite was dad's roll top desk. As papers collected on it , he often just covered them with new ones.

Beside the desk was his typewriter. He used what he called "the hunt and peck" system but he was remarkably accurate.

He had a running correspondence with Evejue of the liberal Capital Times and the more conservative Wisconsin State Journal. Evejue and dad were at a party one time, and we all cringed when they met, thinking there would be fireworks, but they just smiled at each other and shook hands.

Dad wrote so many letters to the papers under the name, - Diogenes, that many people thought that he was a columnist. You remember that Diogenes was a Greek who went about in the daytime with a lantern in his hand, looking for an honest man.

A door out of the library opened onto a screened porch where we enjoyed the warm evenings protected from Wisconsin mosquitos.

Upstairs were four bedrooms and what we called the sewing room. It doubled as the maid's room, when Maurice and Mary were little. Mother said she would rather have the maid look after the children and she would do the housework. The maids also did the dishes then.

The room had no door, only beige velour drapes.

The three maids I remember were, - a darling little black girl, whom Dr. Montgomery called "his chocolate drop", a cousin from a Richland county farm who killed a chicken for dinner by wringing its neck, and Alma. As I look back, I think Mother worried that Alma had become pregnant. She was advising her to take very hot baths. Was that supposed to cause something to happen?

Mother and Dad's bedroom had a dressing room, an open, walkin closet, and a door to the large bathroom, which was complete with a white ball-footed tub, a sink, drawers for towels, and a chute shoot to send dirty clothes to the basement. I think both Nelson and Maurice tried out the chute and had to be rescued part way down.

There was also a rocking chair in the bathroom where babies were rocked and where Mary was spanked. I remember mother saying, "I"ve never spanked any child except Mary. I don't know what gets into her to be naughty." Could it be that again she was trying to attract attention.

Father never really spanked us, but if we were slow coming in from play we tucked our little behinds in as we came through the door as he would give us a quick swat.

That bathtub must have seemed deep to children. When Margie was giving Curtis a bath there when he was small, he yelled "Get me our of here. Get me out of here."

The large upper hall had woven rag rugs which we children used to sit on and ride to the bottom of the stairs. Once, I took a crayon, held my arm out straight and marked the wall all the way down , and another time I rolled most of the way down. Father heard me and caught me at the bottom.

The basement had a toilet enclosed on only two sides, a furnace which was first for soft coal, then for hard coal with a feeder, then for oil, and when natural gas was brought to Madison, we could afford that.

The earliest sound we heard when we were small, was of dad pumping coal into the furnace. It had a bin which fed the coal into the base of the furnace.

One room was the coal cellar. Trucks drove up to the small window and rattled the coal down a shute.

Next to it was the preserve room where potatoes were kept in waterglass. The shelves were colorful with quart jars of canned peaches(a bushel brought from our Michigan trip), applesauce, plums, tomatoes jellies and jam. As long as there was a vacant lot in the neighborhood, dad had a vegetable garden.

In the big room, father's big workbench was under the side windows.

Outside the backdoor was a sunken rainwater cistern. A pump in the laundry room of the basement sent the water to a tank in the attic. It was the duty of each brother to pump the water every day. They were jealous of Maurice for by the time it was his turn, Dad bought a motor for it.

I liked to do the ironing in the sewing room, but Mary preferred helping with the washing. Big wash tubs held wash water and the rinse water. At first were the clothes sudsed up and down with a plunger, fed through a hand cranked wringer which swung from the wash water to the rinse water, wrung again, loaded into a basket and hung on a line outside, even if it was so cold that the clothes froze stiff. On rainy days it was hung in the attic.

At one time a billiard table, lit by a green shaded lamp, filled the main room of the basement. Many winter evenings laughter and the clicking sound of billiard balls could be heard even upstairs.

The attic was reached by a comfortable stairs which was directly above the main staircase. The room extended the whole length of the house with a normal sized window at each end, so it was a pleasant place to play and to pull oldfashioned clothes out of the trunks.

There were full, long skirts which mother had worn under long dresses. The only dress I remember was the beautiful blue one that I mentioned earlier. Most amusing to us were the cotton short dresses that the boys had worn evidently till they were about four years old.

Here also were the text books which had been passed down from child to child. We bought our own school books in those days and they weren't changed every year or so as they are now.

Whenever we bought new furniture, the old was put in the attic. I remember seeing a love seat in Marshal Fields which was being advertised as an antique. It was almost identical to one we had put in the attic.

As the boys grew up and left home, we often would have a student roomer. As they moved out, they would often leave something in the attic. The funniest was left by a graduate student who was losing his hair. He left a machine which had a crown which massaged his scalp. I don't think it did any good. GRamdmother's hand -turned sewing machine was over by the tank which held the soft water pumped from the basement.

A wooden chest of drawers held most of the letters that we had written home. How I wish I had kept them when we sold the house