

C. S. H. J.

Staupun, Wis, Feby 15<sup>th</sup> 19

Dear Sir: Dr. Adin Sherman!  
Supt

Don't you think that I am a lucky man in at least one instance? Had that bone-dry law been passed some ten years ago, my folks would have either worried themselves to death, or they might have emigrated like so many other loyal citizens in the same line of business undoubtedly will do in the years to come. Little indeed can we blame them, in the case of my uncle for instance, a civil war veteran who for 30 years had made an honorable living in the liquor line during which time he experienced more downs than ups, having accumulated a few \$1000.<sup>00</sup> which however would not have enabled him to invest in real-estate without the price he received for his business, and now when past 70. the government fairly robs him of his income, should

he look for work in a shop where only young men would apply? or put up his little money and end in the poor-house? and how must those saloonkeepers feel, who bought Liberty-bonds and have one or more sons buried in France? They have prohibitions in England also, but that law demands that any community that wants to go bone-dry, must first buy every saloon every brewery and distillery which goes to show that the monarchy protects capital invested while the republic confiscates it - Shame on you Uncle Sam. Had I married one of those foolish tenants daughters and gone back into the liquor business would I not be a ruined man to day with possibly a large family to support? and no trade to fall back on? Of course I am to day also a poor man, I am indeed the poorest man on the face of the globe. Of worldly goods I possess absolutely none, all I may call my own is my health my honor and my love, and while my physical health has never been better, I am still not

as well as I should like to be and as to my mental health, well that always needed improving; although my honor is unimpaired, I could hardly buy a loaf of bread for the whole of it, it is a damn poor man who is nothing more than honest, but he who is dishonest is no man at all. Yes a heart full of pure love I call my own, but tell me please, what is it worth? do you know anybody who wants it? I wish I did. There may be some value in my rare sense of humor - a humor that often helps me to surmount seemingly insurmountable difficulties, a humor that makes light and little of serious and complex problems, a humor that laughs at danger and has often challenged death, a humor that mocks at time and age, a humor that helps me bear the hard blows of fate with a smile - but a more real treasure however I possess in an inexhaustible supply of hope, the great all-enveloping hope that my health will recover

and that my dream comes true.

Yours truly

John Flammanng-Schrank

P.S. My dear Dr. Tuesday it will  
be five years since I left your  
hospital and am glad and proud  
to say that I may still call  
you "Friend." I do believe  
that I've <sup>done</sup> a wrong thing when  
I arrived in this house but I  
trust that you and Dr. Pleyster  
have forgiven me. — —

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Dr. Adin Sherman  
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