

Margaret and Arthur Hartman

By, Marge Homer

Another era started at Diamond Lake when “Pinky” and Margaret Hartman moved completely from the big city of Milwaukee and became residents of the town of Grand View in 1940. As their only daughter, I suppose it’s difficult for me to give an impersonal account of them, but then, who would know them better: Probably what I realize more than anyone is what a complete turn-about they did with this move. Art Hartman had a successful meat market in a busy section of the city. He liked to tease his lady customers, and they loved it. They would giggle and say, “Pinky, where do you get that pink complexion?” and he would answer, “I eat lots of jelly bread” with a twinkle in his round, light blue eyes. He was popular and active in the American Legion, Masons, always donating and participating in something. Coon hunting was a big thing in those days and Pinky was tops in his field with his famous hounds. He was a rascal, everyone knows that.

Margaret was the busiest of ladies. She was a Worthy Matron in the Eastern Star and kept her lovely home in the suburb of West Allis, along with being active in the PTA, Girl Scouts, Shrine, etc. I had very young cousins whose father was killed in a motorcycle accident. We always had one of them, or more, staying with us, sometimes for months, so I never really felt like an only child. She was always entertaining and helping me entertain my friends. We also had a summer home at Fort Atkinson where my mother and I spent most of the summer and my dad commuted on weekends and mid-week. But we always had our REAL vacation at Diamond Lake.

And then they left all of this (and never regretted a minute of it) to become true north-woodsmen. My dad would tell the story of once when he was in the woods collecting maple syrup, some tourists were driving by, stopped the car, got out and peered at him and said, “Look, there’s a native.” He loved it. They had a cow named Daisy June. She loved running off in the woods and he would have to chase her. He cursed her and he milked her, but it was not his favorite hobby. So, the dapper Pinky logged, gardened, repaired, painted, and he also was the butcher at Rondeau’s for many years. But most of all he hunted and fished and that was for him. The guests at the lodge doted on his guiding, his stories and his antics.

But most of all they looked forward to Margaret’s meals. Margaret Hartman came from her luxurious home in the city to a log lodge with no electricity, running water or phone and served three bountiful meals to up to thirty guests per day in the summer and over thirty deer hunters. The rate when she started was four dollars per day including the cabin. The main meal was served at noon usually, with a huge breakfast and hot supper. Every speck of the bakery – bread, pies, cakes, cookies, rolls, plus ice cream – was made in her kitchen. She churned her own butter, raised the chickens for eating and eggs, tilled the garden and did the preserving. It was quite a while before the electricity came and they could have a freezer. My mother’s accomplishments were endless under primitive conditions and she thrived on it. I guess what’s so amazing to me is how she went from her modern, city life to start from scratch and she wouldn’t had had it any other way. In the summer she would have a capable young girl to help her . . . Faye Junek Staudemeyer was one, Betty Dewey Bergman another. She dearly appreciated these girls. Along with all this, Margaret maintained her avid interest in literature, current events, nature, crafts . . . did her share of hunting and fishing too, although sometimes she got a little cross in the summer when other people could fish and she didn’t have the time.

But anyone who remembers the days of Trapper Lake, Castle Gardens, the Triangle, Bobynn, knows that it wasn’t ALL work for Pinky and Margaret. There weren’t many dances held that they didn’t attend and they were on that dance floor.

But actually, I am afraid there’s a lot about their life up here that I don’t really know about and that makes me very sad. I do know that when they moved to the Town of Pratt, as it was known then (now Grand View), their old life was forgotten and they became totally dedicated, loyal and enthusiastic

citizens. Today when I want to identify myself, all I have to do is say “I’s Pinky and Margaret Hartman’s daughter”, and then I feel so proud.

In 1969 they sold Diamond Lake Lodge to Howard and Marge Homer, their daughter and her husband and continued to live for a number of years on Diamond Lake in a little home they built for them there, but Pinky and Margaret missed being the “Props” as they were lovingly called.