

TO: Myles Dannhausen Jr. - Grandson of Danny and son of Myles Dannhausen Sr.

FROM: Rich Woldt - Son of Roland "Fritz" and Grandson of August "Dick" Woldt

Subject: A major league "Thank You" from our family to yours!

Your Ole man Myles and your Grandpa "Dan" must be very proud... of you, your work, and the impact you've had on Door County through your articles in the Pulse.

From Decker Woldt's family: the Woldt's, Becker's, Patza's, and Bastar's...and for that matter the 90% of Door County residents related to Roy "Decker" Woldt, we thank you for your great article in the Pulse Monday August 29, 2011. It'll find a place in the Woldt' family history book I'm writing for the Egg Harbor Historical Society.

As you may know, Decker's grandparents, August and Bertha landed in Egg Harbor in 1881 on a stage coach that tied up; you guest it, at what would become your grandpa "Danny" Dannhausen's Stage Coach Junction right next door to what would become Herman Woldt's saloon and boarding house. I'm sure you also know, August and Bertha settled on the farm east of town and raised their family in the same log cabin in which you grew up.

Myles, I'll send a copy of your article to Decker, but if you can also send a copy to **Roy "Decker" Woldt, 1704 Beech Lane, Pampa, TX 79065**, that would be much appreciated.

Thank you also for all you did to promote... the Egg Harbor Historical Societies 150 year celebration at Horseshoe Bay Farms. Considering your Dad has been a major driver of our EH Historical Society, I guess it's appropriate to say the "Apples don't fall far from the tree" in the Dannhausen family.

Following is a reprint of your article. I hope the link below works. I'll post another link at www.RichWoldt.com

Rich Woldt 608-712-7880

Monday, August 29, 2011

Hitting A Legend: Roy 'Decker' Woldt

By Myles Dannhausen Jr.

On the day after the first Sunday of the summer without Door County League baseball, we look back at the career of one of the best baseball players the peninsula ever produced. Roy 'Decker' Woldt played in the days when players still showed their stirrups, when the ballfield in Baileys Harbor was located in the center of town, and when Sundays were all about baseball.

I caught up with Roy, now 91, by phone at his home in Pampa, Texas a few weeks ago, where he still keeps up with the county league (he knew the current league standings and was shocked to see West Jacksonport in the cellar).

In the photo Roy Woldt is floating past first base, legging out a what might be a routine base hit, his feet airborne as he sprints past the bag, his pants billowing loose above his stirrups. Behind him first baseman Mickey Vernon steps aside.

But farther in the background a pitcher stands on the mound, looking toward the outfield, unconcerned with the man who has just reached first base. He's the man who makes the hit anything but routine. That fuzzy figure, long-legged and lanky-limbed, is LeRoy "Satchel" Paige, one of baseball's most enduring legends.

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