

# Living high off the hog — if only for one night

Sad but true.

Despite living in and around the Green Lake area most of my life, there are certain things I've never done.

I've never gone ice fishing or deep-water angling on Big Green, which is 100 percent inexcusable.

I've never climbed that old mausoleum at Dartford Cemetery to test the ghost legend.

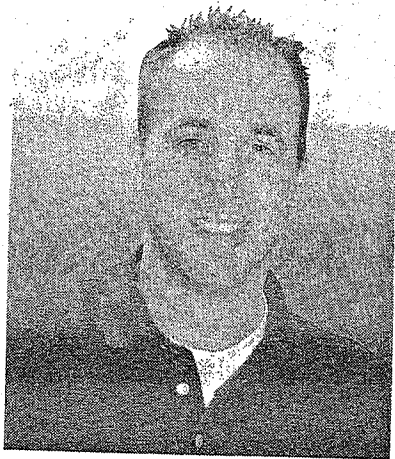
I've never successfully "Sank the Bismarck" at a downtown community festival, though not for lack of effort.

And I've never seen a room at the Heidel House, much less spent the night. But two weekends ago, during the worst blizzard of the year, that one changed.

The innkeepers at the Heidel House were kind enough to give a poor musician a free room, rather than having me risk life and limb by attempting to drive home to Ripon.

See, for several years, I've been fortunate to have a piano gig at Grey Rock bar. Defying all laws of physics, I arrived alive that evening, amid the relentless winter storm.

But returning home later that night would have been a nightmare, if not impossible, with all the snow that fell in the meantime. Plus, by that hour, the plows had given up because the winds were swirling. Highway



*Aaron Becker*

23 was pure powder.

So after my last song ended around 11:30 p.m., the Heidel House graciously offered me a room on the house.

Good Lord, they didn't have to ask twice.

I could finally appreciate the song that goes, "*And since we've no place to go, let it snow, let it snow, let it snow!*"

For one enchanted evening, I relaxed and slept soundly in a king-size bed, in one of the classiest hotels in Wisconsin, as Old Man Winter roared.

The only hard part — aside from getting out of bed the next morning — was resisting the urge to order room service.

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