

February 25, 1992

Dick Conyngham.
3914 Greenway Drive
Erie, Pa. 16506

Dear Dick:

In response to your note on Baumgartner research, you are probably aware this surname is very common in Germany. I doubt we are related considering my family emigrated from Baden, Germany to Odessa, Russia before coming to the U.S.

May I suggest the following as possible help to you:

1. A local German Genealogy Society. Your public library could probably help you locate one.
2. German Genealogical Society of America
P.O. Box 291818 - Los Angeles, Ca 90029.
Their library is at 1420 No. Claremont Blvd; #2075; Claremont, Ca 91711.
3. A research book which might help once you determine the city/village in Germany of your ancestor - "A Genealogical Handbook of German Research" by Harry O. Jensen.
Jensen Publications, P.O. Box 441 - Pleasant Grove, Ut. 84062.
4. I recently received a flyer from the "German Genealogical Digest", P.O. Box 700 - Pleasant Grove, Ut. 84062. I haven't investigated it as yet but you might want to.

Hope this is of help. Good luck!

Madeline Scott
17924 Brittany Dr S.W.
Seattle, Wa 98166

MARRIAGES

MONDAY, JULY 27

Ronald Joseph Barnett, 26, 822
Lot 8, North East; Laurie Ruth D.
Station Road.

Norman Charles Bartlett, 20, 9635 To
Road, North East; Brenda Susan Dahn, 19, 16
Gunnison Road.

Curtis Joseph Beyers, 24, DeWitt, Mich.;
Carolyn Elias, 24, Lansing, Mich.

Reid Gaylord Bidwell, 32, RD 2 Union City;
Fonda Kay Donnell, 27, RD 2 Union City.

Michael James Byerly, 28, 2617 Hazel; Elaine
Maxine Morell, 39, 2617 Hazel.

Walter Lewis Carnes, 32, 10667 Mohawk
Road, Cranestville; Nancy Ann Ambrose, 25,
1118 E. 20th.

Gregory Vincent DelMonaco, 32, Sharon;
Louisa Marie DiBacco, 24, 4462 North Colonial
Parkway.

Geoffrey Laurence Domowicz, 25, 1207 W.
39th; Faye Hilary Markovich, 26, 4175 West
Ridge Road.

Bryan Alan Downes, 23, 4236 Pine Ave.; Mi-
chelle Rene Danylko, 21, 1837 Ripley Drive.

Troy James Downor, 24, 8254 Haskell Hill
Road, Union City; Vicki Lynn Applebee, 21, RD 4
Union City.

Shawn Bradley Fuller, 21, 11 Circle Drive, Al-
bion; Jo Ann Marie Keith, 23, 11047 Springfield
Road, Girard.

William Charles Gausman, 29, 227 Locust;
Margaret Mary Cieri, 33, 5045 Hillsdale Ave.

Paul Thomas Grygier, 34, 747 Napier Ave.;
Jacqueline Ann Cass, 34, 747 Napier Ave.

Walter Joseph Hinkle, 30, 1833 W. 22nd; Bar-
bara Jean Latina, 40, 1833 W. 22nd.

Richard Mark Horrigan, 23, 933 E. 36th; Sherri
Louise Finney, 29, 2650 W. 38th.

Roger Alan Lorei, 26, 220 West Gore Road
Apt. 3; Carol Elaine Ward, 22, 220 West Gore
Road Apt. 3.

Matthew Thomas Lucore, 24, 710 Smithson
Ave.; Cynthia Lynn Blasco, 25, 643 East Street,
Waterford.

David Michael Lutsch, 31, 3540 W. 26th; De-
bra Ann Magnone, 33, 3540 W. 26th.

Raymond Patrick McQuillen Jr., 28, 5005
Zuck Road, Lot 8; Karin Elaine Dahlstrand, 28,
1132 Grant Ave.

Tyrone Dea Ormsbee, 20, RD 2 Donation
Road, Waterford; Tammy Lynn Karmazin, 20,
684 Benson Road, Waterford.

Robert Thomas Oslecki, 24, 3738 W. 12th Apt.
Shawn Elizabeth Goodwill, 23, 3738 W. 12th

31, 3738 W. 12th; Diana

130

Ronald
ford Roat
Waterford

WEDNESDAY

Donald Robert
Cynthia Louise We
Richard George
N.Y.; Pamela Jane M
John Peter Orloff,
tine Johnson, 26, 4
Robert Gordon V
Theresa Marie Mer
William Timothy
nifer Ellen Mozdy,

BIRTHS

SAINT VINCENT JULY 27, 1987

A son to Mr. and
Simeon), 5629

Kocher (Elva N
Seymour (Chris

Road, North Ea
Thomas Ram
Valley Road, E.

JULY 28, 1987

A son to Clau
Huggman, 26
and Mrs. Ray

W. 32nd; Mar
Canterbury D
Phillips), 801

— A daught
25th.

JULY 29, 1987

A son to M
Kowalski),
Walls), 10

Spencer),
and Mrs. M
5149 Hen

Lenzi),
Schrim
daught
HAMO
JULY

*In joyful anticipation of our marriage
on Saturday, the sixth of November
nineteen hundred and eighty-two
we
Susan Ann Lutsch
and
James David Hammer
together with our parents
invite you to share with us
in this celebration of Christian marriage
at twelve noon*

*Grace Baptist Church
3902 West 38th Street
Erie, Pennsylvania 16506*

*Reception
immediately following ceremony
The Bel-Aire North*

Believing that Holy Matrimony
is ordained by God
and in the spirit of Christian joy
Mrs. Gretchen Lutsch
and
Mr. Raymond Lutsch
announce the marriage of their daughter

Sally Jeanne
to
Michael Alan Green
the twenty-third of October
nineteen hundred and eighty-two
Drake = Edwards Chapel
Frankfurt, Germany

"He hath chosen us in Him before the
foundation of the world, that we should be
holy and without blame before Him in love."
Ephesians 1:4

Debra Ann Magnone
and

David Michael Lutsch
together with their parents

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin D. Zinkham
and

Mrs. Gretchen Lutsch

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond D. Lutsch

invite you to share in the joy

when they exchange marriage vows
and begin their life of love together
on Saturday, the first of August
Nineteen hundred and eighty-seven

at seven-thirty in the evening

Sunset Inn

1990 Lakeside Drive

Erie, Pennsylvania

Adult Reception
immediately following
Sunset Inn

SOME I WAS TOLD AND SOME I
REMEMBER

BY

ELSIE KUGEL GATTER

THE FAMILY HISTORIES OF :
THE KUGELS.....PAGES 1 to 9,20 to 40
THE GOEBELS.....PAGES 9 to 20

AND

THE GATTERS.....PAGES 40 to 47
GENEALOGIES.....PAGES 48 to 60

WYNCOTE, PENNA.

1967

FOREWORD

to

"Some I was told and Some I Remember."

"The To-Be-Forgotten" ----- Thomas Hardy.

"But what has been will be

First memory, then oblivion's swallowing sea;

Like men foregone, shall we merge into those

Whose story no one knows.

"For which of us cold hope

To show in life that world-awakening scope

Granted the few whose memory none let die

But all men magnify?

"His Immortality" ----- Thomas Hardy.

"I saw a dead man's finer part

Shining within each faithful heart of those bereft.

Then said I: "This must be His Immortality."

"Speak no evil of the dead." — Scottish proverb.

Years ago, when I was in my teens I said to my father, "Dad, why don't you have someone look up our family tree?" To this he replied, "I could, but then I might find out something I wouldn't want to know." The subject ended there. Now that I am three, plus three score and ten, I set out to record any facts, which I have gleaned since that comment. The facts are few -- in part because I hadn't curiosity enough to ask my father questions and in part because my father was a man who lived intensely in the present. It was seldom that he spoke of his family; truth is the only time that he sat down for an hour and reminisced was the evening of the day that my mother was buried.

That evening he told us of one named Kugel, who left his German home, travelled to Holland, took to sea and became a captain for the Dutch East India Company. This man was an elder member of the Jacob Kugel's family, perhaps a great uncle, and must have been born in the seventeen hundreds and lived into the eighteen hundreds. As was the way in those days some sea captains to the Orient became very rich. Those were also days of slow communication and no word of his death came to those back home until a traveller from Holland brought the news. By the time a member of the family betook himself via the Rhine down to Holland, over two years had elapsed and his two million Dutch Gulden went to the Dutch government and not to the family. That evening Dad also mentioned another Kugel, who made fire arms, by hand, naturally.

Had it not been for the Peasant Revolt which swept Europe in 1846 it is doubtful that Jacob Kugel born in 1821 in Schonbrunn O.A. Nagold, Wurtemberg Germany, would ever have come to the United States of America. At the time of the revolt he had finished his apprenticeship for baker. Europe was in the midst of an economic revolution; and while money was scarce, jobs were scarcer. For months Jacob wandered through Germany, Austria, Holland and parts of France. But, he found no work. In my house I have the old wooden coffer, which he then packed for his trip to the new world. Judging by the hardware and design the coffer was made in the 18th century and was probably a hundred years old when it came across the sea. Forty six days was the time required to reach Philadelphia. Here Jacob Kugel found

work at nine dollars per month, plus all the bread he cared to eat. All other expenses such as other food, room rent and clothing came from the nine dollars.

From the very beginning this very small frail man determined to set up his own business when he had saved \$50.00. This he did in 1850, just about two years after coming to America. He rented two ground floor rooms in a small house on Hanover Street above Franklin Street. The back room was the living quarter, the front room served for the business. Through the upper portion of the Dutch type door the bread was handed to the customer. Good bread brought nice money and it wasn't many years before a three story property was purchased at Dauphin St. below Front Street. The two upper floors were for living, the first had an attractive salesroom and kitchen. The basement was the bake shop. The help, male and female, lived with the family.

To the rear was what was known as Kugel's Court. This was a brick-paved yard with a waterfaucet in the center and was surrounded by what some Philadelphians call, "Father, Son and Holy Ghost" houses. These houses are three floors tall and have just one room per floor of which the first floor room has a fireplace. In one of these houses lived a Blazer family - the father a drunkard, the mother a washer woman. When Pauline Kugel (Jacob's daughter) was a young girl she would take the children from the court houses to the First German Baptist Sunday School. One of the Blazier boys became a Baptist Minister, who later married my mother-in-law's sister, Emma Mahnke. Their son, Weston Blazer, is now a Professor of Botany at the University of Seattle, Washington. Weston's sister is married to Richard Barford, a banker.

Jacob Kugel's wife was a sickly woman who died of tuberculosis. There was one daughter Marolina Katherina born November, 1848. She later lived in Wilmington, Delaware. The Kugel family lost track of her. "But why" I said to Uncle Bill Peters (Pauline's husband.) "Oh, he said, "She wasn't one of us, she couldn't save a dollar."

Jacob Kugel's second wife was Pauline Mayer. In the family Bible she wrote "Getraut wurden wir beide Jakob Kugel und Pauline Kugel, geborene Mayer und

Ludwigsburg am 19 Februar, 1854, in Philadelphia, durch Pastor Reihert."

The Jacob Kugel children:

Born 1855, Jan. 12th	-----	Carl	-----	died 9-26-1855
Born 1856, March 18th	-----	Lydia	-----	died 12-6-1856
Born 1857, Sept. 29th	-----	Henry	-----	died 1-25-1936
("Geboren den 29 September, 1857 in Knab lein mit Namen Heinrich.")				
Born 1859, Oct. 8th	-----	Elizabeth	-----	died 12-10-1861
Born 1861, March 16th	-----	Maria	-----	died 11-2-1861
Born 1862, Oct. 5th	-----	Christina	-----	died 10-25-1865
Born 1865, June 29th	-----	Pauline		
Born 1868, Jan. 29th	-----	Matilda	-----	died 2-24-1870
Born 1871, June 6th	-----	Wm. Friederik	-----	died 12-15-1872

Pauline Elizabeth Mayer came from Ludwigsburg, Wurttemberg, when she was in her mid teens. Her father, who was a veterinary surgeon (his illustrated books were in the family for years) owned and operated a hostelry at the junction of the Upper and Lower Ulm River (Ober und Unter Ulm). One of his duties was the care of the post chaise horses. He had (sex gesellen) six apprentices or helpers. The year 1848 saw the advent of the railroad through Württemberg and Herr Mayer's hostelry was no longer a thriving business. Thus, shortly he and his family came to America. Pauline Mayer was the eldest of four daughters by his first marriage. There were also three or four daughters and a son by a second marriage. This son fought in the Civil War and the letters which he sent home were written in German.

Of Grandmother Pauline Kugel's family I knew but one personally. She was the maiden lady Sophia Mayer, youngest of the sisters. When I met her she was matron of a Methodist Home for the Aged in Philadelphia. I was then about ten and she was spending a week with her nephew Henry Kugel at 234 West 20th St., in Erie, Penna. Of Matilda Mayer Van der Hirchen, another step sister, I heard considerable. Her husband was William Vanderhirchen, the sailing vessel builder. One of his sea going vessels, the "Tillie-V", sank in a storm off Cape Hatterus. There were three sons and two daughters in this family. Once while visiting Philadelphia in my

early teens, Uncle Bill Peters took my sister Grace and me to call on either William or Henry Vanderhirchen. Uncle Bill introduced us with: "These are Henry's (Kugel) daughters." One of the Vanderhirchen girls married Shibe, son of the man of Shibe Park baseball fame. The field is now called Connie Mack Stadium. When my father was a lad he used to visit the Shibe home where Mr. Shibe made the bats and Mrs. Shibe sewed the leather balls. The Vanderhitchens became affluent very early and lived on Broad Street. Uncle Bill Peters said, "They went society right away", and when I first came to Philadelphia I frequently saw their names in the society column of the daily papers. When the demand for sailing ships decreased the firm built small sailing craft for sports, then transferred to the tent and awning business.

Grandfather Jacob Kugel had a sister who married Carl Wackenhuth. Their son Charles graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. He was poor and many a day lived on a loaf of bread which could be bought for five cents. He set up practice in Picture Rocks (near Eaglesmere, Penna.) His mother was wet nurse for Pauline, my father's sister. There was no hospital near Picture Rocks in those days (shortly after the Civil War) and when Dr. Wackenhuth had a patient who needed close watching, he'd bring him home for his wife to nurse. This good woman, together with Aunt Pauline, and cousin Herbert and cousin Norman, visited us at 234 W. 20th St., Erie, Penna. Grandmother Pauline Kugel and Aunt Pauline sometimes visited in Picture Rocks; they also spent summer vacations in Eaglesmere. Before 1900 this place was a fashionable mountain resort for Philadelphians. The Strawbridges of Strawbridge and Clothier had a summer home there.

As a child of four or five I recall visiting a Wagner family in Williamsport, Penna. I think that I am correct in saying that Mrs. Wagner was Jacob Kugel's sister. Their home was in the town but at the foot of a mountain; and I was greatly impressed with a big rattle, which had come from a snake killed in their back yard. When I was about fifteen their son cousin Charles Wagner spent a week with us in Erie.

A great friend of Jacob Kugel was Carl Bauchmann, who in his day was the finest ivory carver in America. He carved the handle of President Lincoln's riding whip. His work was exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. He very frequently visited in the Kugel bakery and was one of my father's boyhood idols.

The bakery people were busy but hospitable. Friends were welcome, but grandfather Jacob confined his visiting to one day a year. On the morning of a fine spring day he would put on his best suit and go forth to friends and relatives. My mother, Wilhelmina Goebel, was friendly with Pauline Kugel (the daughter) and would sometimes stop for her on the way to Sunday evening church service. Mother was twenty, tall and fine looking. It was at these times that old dour Jacob first noticed Minnie, and said, "Minnie Goebel would make a good wife for our Henry." Henry was then thirty-two and in spite of much looking hadn't found a helpmeet. On February 27th, 1890, Jacob died of a stroke. After his usual afternoon nap he tried to get up, but fell back on his bed. After several hours of unconsciousness he died. The funeral service was conducted by J. T. Linker, minister of the First German Baptist Church, (now the Pilgrim Baptist in Lawndale.) Grandfather Jacob Kugel had joined this church just four months previously. Both he and his wife Pauline had been reared as Lutherans. The following year on April 15th, 1891, Henry Kugel and Wilhelmina Goebel, wearing a white cashmere dress and white kid slippers, were married. (Later the white cashmere dress was died a mossy green.)

My father had always disliked the bakery business; but, he was a dutiful son and helped his father in the bakery and in delivering bread from a small push cart (no horse drawn wagon.) In the 1870's and 1880's bakers did not cut into each others routes. Each bakery served an area with definitely defined limits. A customer who greatly amused my father was a woman who once said, "Weist du my Tillie ist grad am engagen." I am sure that after the morning delivery there was always an interesting bit of news for the household. All the years from 13 to 33 my father had worked without definite wages. Dad had so much wanted to study architecture but all the Germans who sat in the Kugel kitchen having fresh buns and

coffee would say, "Es ist eine Schande, der Heinrich sein Vater hat doch so ein
" " Schönes Geschäft." So dutiful Henry Kugel stayed with his father in the bakery.
He was permitted to go to the till and take money for any clothes which he needed
and he was permitted to take out spending money. I am sure that visits to the till
were infrequent.

The Kugels were exceedingly frugal. When Grandmother Pauline and Aunt Pauline finished a piece of clothing, the bastings were carefully drawn and wound back to the basting thread ball. The Kugels were also a family of great integrity, honesty and generosity to a friend. My father once described a scene, which emphasizes this last characteristic and also throws some light on the times. One of Jacob's friends sorely needed a thousand dollars and came to the bakery to borrow it. After consideration Jacob Kugel went to the rather large iron safe in the salesroom and without any formality handed over the money. Not even a promissory note was asked for. The friend repaid. --- Now a culinary note. Once when we had a boiled ham my father remarked, "My mother used to wrap the ham in a blanket of bread dough and bake it in the big brick oven. My, did that taste good." Jacob Kugel was exceedingly fond of canaries. He kept several cages of them in a room adjoining his bedroom and enjoyed watching them as he lay resting on his bed. My mother once told me that grandmother Kugel would become panicky when a cat came into the basement.

My first recollection of grandmother Kupel was on her first visit to Erie. It was in the summer when I had passed three. One market day Grace and I, mamma and grandmother all took the trolley to the farmer's market which was at 16th and State Sts. We then lived at 18th near Plum St. The fare was five cents for adults, children less than twelve years old free. The market stalls were laden with fresh fruits and vegetables, tubs of butter, baskets of eggs and freshly dressed chickens. As I stood in wonderment before all this, I suddenly missed grandmother and mamma. Since I was small and completely surrounded by women carrying huge wicker baskets, I couldn't see very far nor could my mother have easily seen me. I stood and I stood but noone came for me. Instead of crying I

simply started home. I wasn't too sure that I was going in the right direction until I reached Smith's Drug Store at 18th and Peach Sts. From here on, I followed the trolley tracks westward. Of that long walk all I ever remembered was a large bush of silver dollar sized single yellow roses before a house on the North side of the street. This assured me that I was homeward bound. When I did get home I sat me down on the porch steps while mamma with Grace in her arms and grandmother with a heavy basket searched the market. Police were contacted, they looked but found no Elsie. There were very, very, very few phones in Erie in those days, otherwise my father might have been notified. After what seemed like a very long wait I saw my mother with Grace and grandmother alight from the street car. The reunion was a happy one.

In the Fall when grandmother Kugel went home I accompanied her. Children rode free, besides I would be company on the thirteen and a half hour ride on the P & E railroad to Philadelphia. Mamma made a large cretonne covered sofa cushion with a double ruffle for grandmother to rest her head on. We ate lunch from a sandwich filled shoe box and looked out the windows for diversion. The one indelible scene for me was a shepherd and his flock on a mountain path to the South of us. Ever after when taking this trip I watched for the shepherd and his sheep, but alas some treasured experiences are not repeated. There is another scene including grandmother Kugel which I distinctly recall. It was a summer or two, or perhaps three, later. We were in Philadelphia and Grace and I spent some of the time with Aunt Pauline who then lived at 2411 North 4th St. Cousin Herbert was a very little fellow, but every time the water-ice man came along, we three would stand before grandmother and chant, "Grossmutter, please gib uns ein penny." She invariably did. Her large black purse was always in her lap or on the floor beside her chair. To us she couldn't say "no". She was a plump, good-hearted, generous person, kind to everyone and when several of her sisters, who hadn't married men as successful as Jacob Kugel came to her house for help, she always gave it. After her step-mother's death a step-sister came to inform grandmother Kugel that she would receive none of the inheritance. This caused a rift.

After a very short stay in Philadelphia (I refer to the time I was three and a half and sent home with grandmother Kugel) I was to return to Erie accompanied by grandmother Goebel. Of this very short visit about all that I remember is that I entered grandmother Goebel's house by the kitchen door and her family was sitting about the table eating watermelon. I then had my first taste of that fruit.

After my father married, William Peter courted his sister Pauline. Sweet and wild Pauline had always been a very frail girl and remained a frail woman. She was nine years older than her husband, however the difference in years never seemed to mar the relationship. She called him Will and trusted him implicitly; he called her Pauline and was sweet and kind to her. They had three children: Herbert, Gladys and Norman.

William Peters was a contractor painter and became well-to-do. For a man of little schooling he had cultural interests. From his youth on he took an interest in drawing and music. One of his teachers gave special after school instructions in singing for a penny a lesson. His mother regularly gave him the penny.

The summer before Aunt Pauline died she visited in Erie. Grace and I were assisting mamma in hemstitching and monogramming a large linen table cloth and a dozen napkins. These Aunt Pauline greatly admired. Before going home she purchased table linen for herself and left it in Erie. It was sent to her early in the Fall, but she never had occasion to use it. She died shortly after Matilda Peters and Charles Goebel were married. Uncle Bill's second marriage was not successful. Later he married Louise who had a daughter Claire. This was a very fortunate marriage for Norman. He now had a mother who took a real interest in him, fed him properly, advised him wisely and encouraged him. Both Herbert and Norman early went to work in an insurance office. Norman eventually became 1st vice-president of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., now located at 6th and Walnut Sts.

It was because Henry Kugel decided not to continue in the bakery business that the business on Dauphin St. was sold for \$35,000.00. This was shared by the

mother and Pauline and Henry. My father put his share into A. Gottfried and Company.

GOEBEL AND DUERR.

The Goebel and Duerr families lived in the village of Rueth (Rueth) one hours walk (eine Stunde weit) from Baden Baden in Hesse Kassell. Grandmother Juliana Duerr's family had considerable standing in this small village. Her father, Johannes Duerr was a member of the Stadtrath, one of his grandsons Gemeinde Schreiber. He owned more than one house in the village. Grandmother Juliana Duerr Goebel lived in one of them. According to my mother who was the eldest daughter in the family, Grandfather Werkstätte was on the ground floor and the living quarters on the second. Aunt Louise told me that great-grandfather Duerr's house had stained glass casement windows. One of his daughters Magdalena had the finest living quarters in the village with polished floors and throw rugs. Her husband was a cavalry officer and was stationed near Baden Baden. His arrival on horseback in the village would cause quite a stir among the children. Magdalena was a haughty lady who had a sharp tongue. There was another sister who was married to a business man and lived in Paris. When grandmother Goebel and her family of six children were on their way to take the ship to America via Havre, they stopped off in Paris and were taken to luncheon in the garden of a Paris hotel. Aunt Louise says that she can still see this elegant lady waving good-bye to them from the railroad platform. I never knew her name. Grandmother Juliana Goebel also had twin brothers whose families were still in Rueth at the end of World War I. One of the young men had been an artillery officer.

My grandfather Gottlieb Goebel had proposed to Juliana when she was twenty-one; but he was a wheelwright and she declined. Grandfather said that she was the prettiest girl in the village; not only did he think so, he said that all the other young men said so too. One day five years later they chanced to meet on the village street and she told him that she would marry him. Gottlieb Goebel was a very

skillful artisan and made handsome carriages as well as wagons and wheelbarrows, but he was easy going. On Saturday evening when the villagers all gathered in the tavern his debtors for whom he had done such careful work would treat until he was happy and then he'd settle for almost anything. This lead to near hardship and to discontent at home. So, Gottlieb decided to make a new start by going to America in 1882. He came to Philadelphia and at once got work as a wheelright for the P & E Railroad, which by then had reached about the half way mark between Philadelphia and Erie. He made and repaired barrows used in constructing the road. A little more than two years later he sent for his family to come to America. Except for a period of six months when the family received not a written word, grandfather sent money regularly. Then Juliana celebrated by buying a pound of coffee. Much to her annoyance one of the elderly village men always presented himself on those days. (Perhaps he smelled the coffee?) Ordinarily no coffee was served at breakfast. Instead it was Wasser Suppe made by pouring boiling water over well dried rye bread and seasoning with salt and drippings. (It tastes quite good.) Here I'll tell what little I know of my mother's childhood. She was the second child and born a little less than a year after Gottlieb, Jr. was born. The two were great pals and shared fun and sorrow. Once when the plums were ripe they stole down the back stairway, which leads into the garden and took handfuls of fruit back to bed. They took more than they could eat and grandmother found stained bedding in the morning. That's when Gottlieb and Wilhelmina shared Schage. At the back of the garden ran a small brook whose water was crystal clear; beyond the village were the Åker where potatoes and Ruben (yellow turnips) were raised. The country roads were lined with fruit trees. If on a Sunday the village children walked these roads and had the temerity to take a piece of fallen fruit or pluck a single fruit from the tree, they were severely punished by the schoolmaster on Monday. In summer so that the children might help in the fields or at home during the afternoon, school opened at seven o'clock in the morning. For her recess lunch my mother took dark rye bread, apple

11.

and a bit of salt wrapped in a clean cloth. The girls made needlepoint samplers. The overall instruction must have been very good for when my mother came to America she knew enough Latin to teach herself to read English. She was just past fourteen and among the first books which she read were the then popular Elsie Dinsmore books. I have heard my mother tell how she would walk to Baden Baden, the ancient watering place of the Romans and the very fashionable watering place for the upper class English and Continentals with goats milk and garden produce for sale. On their land was an enormous walnut tree whose nut meats were taken to a local press. The oil extracted was used for their salads and the pulp fed to the live stock. Mamma's grandfather Duerr was most exacting about the children's table manners. Her mother did spin flax and knit and mend but she did not do the family sewing. She had a woman come in for three weeks or so at a time and "sew up the family."

The village of Rueth is located in Hesse-Kassel. It was Hessian soldiers who were sold to George the 3rd of England to fight in the American Revolution. It was Maria Louise of Hesse Kassel who was married to the Prince of Orange in 1564. Hesse Kassel was also the one German State which consistently supported Augustus Adolphus, Protestant king of Sweden when he came to Germany during the Thirty Years War.

Of Gottlieb Goebel's family I know very little except that he was a child of his mother's second marriage. His step-father was cruel and one day while they were working together in the fields would have killed him had his mother not interfered. Catherine Lange, the half-sister and the only child by the first marriage, came to America alone as a girl of sixteen, because her stepfather refused her money for clothes. Her mother threw herself at her feet, clasped her knees and cried: "Katerena, Katerena, don't go to America, only trash goes there." But she went. On arrival in Philadelphia

she presented herself to Mayor Jones, asked for employment and obtained such with his sister, a Miss Jones. This strong, fine looking perceptive young girl absorbed the culture about her. When she married John Henzler, a young butcher, she stood in the market stall with him though she was the mother of seven children including several sets of twin girls. However, when her husband went into the brewery business and became wealthy she had no difficulty in living as a lady. When John Henzler died he left his entire estate of close to three million dollars to his wife. The brewery alone sold for two million. For many years they lived at 1501 South Broad St. As a child and again when I was about seventeen, I visited there. I was overwhelmed by the drawing-room with it's gold leaf covered furniture. Cousin Laura Henzler permitted Grace and me to take turns on the musical chair, and demonstrated for us the musical decantors.

When Edward the 8th of England was crowned, Catherine Lange Henzler and her three daughters had seats at \$50.00 each from which they watched the processional. This family was fairly well established when Gottliebs family came to Philadelphia. Aunt Catherine was good to them. My mother was given handsome clothes which the Henzler girls had discarded and she made dresses for Aunt Louise from such clothing too. The one fly in the ointment was that grandfather Goebel was given to drink when he visited there. This greatly annoyed Juliana. Aunt Louise Lauber and Laura Henzler, as well as the two Matchett children, orphans of Catherine Henzler Matchett, remained life long friends. They were all people of integrity. Money promoted no idleness or hauteur in them.

Ill luck befell the Goebels soon after they came to Philadelphia. Three of the children died of typhoid fever: Gottlieb, Carolina and Johannas. Three others did not contract the fever -- they were Wilhelmina, Louise and Jacob. Charles was not born until his mother was 42. Three funerals within three months was a serious economic drain on new immigrants; but grandmother Goebel

paid the undertaker one dollar per week until the expenses were paid. The undertaker filled one large sheet of paper with the record of receipts and then pasted on another sheet, which was also filled. Grandmother grieved and her facial muscles recorded her feelings.

During the early years in her new land, my mother became converted and was baptized into the First German Baptist Church. Other members of her family followed her example. Grandfather Goebel became a new man. The family had a spiritual anchor and fellowship with other devout christians. It began to look up in more ways than one.

The summer after I was five we visited in the Norris St. House (133 West Norris.) It is from this visit that I have my memories of Uncle Jake (Jacob). He would have Grace hang on one forearm while I hung on the other and he'd hold them straight out to his sides as long as Grace and I could keep our grip. I recall that, that summer I sat with mother and grandmother in her back yard which was aglow with yellow four-o'clocks. While the women darned socks, I darned a pair for Uncle Jake. Dear fellow, he spoke never a derogatory word about the bumps and lumps, but only praise of my attempt. As with all teenage boys growing into manhood, there were occasions when he expressed his independence. So, one evening when he was told not to go out -- he did. He was warned that the doors would be locked by nine o'clock. They were. However, the morning light revealed Jacob fast asleep in his bed. After he got off to work there was discussed but one question: "How did Jake get in?" He was about sixteen, going on seventeen. He was employed in a plant which made milk and colored glassware.

The Spring after this visit Uncle Jacob again expressed his independence. On a fine sunny day I came in through the kitchen door (at 234 W. 20th St.) and found my mother crying convulsively. It was with the greatest effort that she continued preparing the dinner. "Uncle Jake was going to the war," she said. He was not yet eighteen, 6 feet, 2 inches tall, and powerfully built. As was customary then, he each pay day handed over his envelope to grandmother.

14.

I realized that a war was on for I daily saw west bound train loads of soldiers on the 19th St. Nickel Plate Railroad. Day in and day out I hoped to see Uncle Jacob in one of these coaches. Finally word came that he had arrived and was stationed in Manila. To his great amusement his duty was to act as policeman in this city. He saw some combat; but was felled by chronic dysentery. He died August 26th, 1899. Toward the end of his illness a kind nurse wrote his letters. On Feb. 24th, 1900, his body arrived at San Francisco where he is buried in the National Cemetery, Grave No. 543. Some time that summer a memorial service was held for him in the First German Baptist Church on Hancock St. Grandmother Kugel was in Erie at the time. She and I went to the Union Depot to see mamma and Grace and Harry off to Philadelphia. I was delegated to stay home and help grandmother. After saying our good-byes, she and I walked up Peach St. and there in a small store about 16th St., she bought me a tiny five cent scrubbing brush. Grandmother was very stout and didn't do floors. I recall using it once. ----- As we were on our way to visit Mother Zurn, we turned due East on to 21st. St. and crossed the bridge spanning Millcreek. My mother had said that in Germany the Doctor told her that babies came from the Bach (brook). I was determined to see one. Grandmother walked ahead; I kept looking. She walked a little farther and called. I continued to hang onto the bridge's rail and peer into the water. Finally I gave up.

I recall another visit to the Norris House which was a very nice three story with a brown stone front. By that time we were five children. Uncle Charles collected old coins; we children had no respect for such. Some we gave to neighborhood children; and, one day when Uncle John Lauber took me, Grace, Harry and Reuben to the Philadelphia Zoo while mamma, Esther, grandmother and Aunt Louise Lauber went to a funeral, we kept throwing Uncle Charlie's coins out the street car window. "What's that noise?" asked Uncle John. "Only old pennies," answered one of the four. ----- This was the summer when I was past nine. I am very sure of the age because I was severely reproached by my

hostess for writing "age nine" beside my name.

I recall that grandmother Goebel's house was always "as neat as a pin." Her possessions were the essentials and in good taste. There were two kitchens, the Winter kitchen and the Summer. The latter being a rather narrow lean-to with a gas range and work table. The Winter kitchen had a large range, a couch, a rocking chair and a dining table about which was a wall-shelf on which stood the clock and under which in the wall were two small hooks on which hung grandfather Goebel's and Uncle Charlie's watches. It was a cool room whose two large windows looked out onto the brick paved side portion of the garden. In the high wooden fence (all mid-city gardens had high wooden fences) which served as the cat's walk way was the wooden door to the rather narrow brick paved alley way between the houses. This so called alley way was really a kind of vaulted passage, since the two house walls extended and met over it. Near this door was a water faucet under which was kept a water filled wooden tub into which grandmother Goebel always put her husband's work clothes as soon as he removed them. Early the next morning they were hand washed. Also each day Juliana filled the zinc bath tub with water, which on warm days became tepid by evening and of which grandfather always made use before he came down to his evening meal. In the back room on the second floor where the light was especially good, was the sewing machine and while Aunt Louise made new dresses for Grace and me, or one for herself, I sewed money bags for her then time beau, one Mr. Scheibly, a divinity student at the German Baptist Theological Seminary in Rochester, N. Y.

Grandmother Goebel's was a household in which cleanliness was held next to Godliness. Juliana was also methodical about money matters. Being a lady who loved pretty things, and being a woman of small means meant that she planned and saved carefully. This she did. Twenty-five cents a week would be put aside for a suit. When she had sixty dollars, she'd go to be measured at John Wanamakers. This would be her best outfit for years; but because it was of excellent quality and well brushed, grandmother always looked the lady; and this

she was in every phase of her manner of living.

Grandfather was a man of great integrity, great spirituality and interest in the religious. That he should stay up until 11 o'clock at night reading the Bible or some church literature worried his wife. "That man should have been in bed sleeping after a day's strenuous work." However, with all his fine characteristics and abilities, he was not a person with initiative. One memorable winter when work was slack in Philadelphia, he spent three months with us in Erie. By day he worked in my father's shop. Evenings while we lingered at the dinner table, mother would reminisce. Mother once asked: "And wasn't it awful when the

family's house caught afire and all had to flee in their night clothes.?" "Ach, said grandfather, "das war ehe du geboren warst." Grace and I usually walked to church with him. Several times he led the devotional for the young peoples Sunday evening meeting, which occurred before the regular Sunday evening worship. Grandfather had a tremendous memory and could quote innumerable Bible verses and longer passages. ----- At times he'd be astonished by the manner in which Grace and I dressed, and one Sunday morning when we came down with beautiful rose (velvet ones for winter) bedecked hats he looked and remarked, "Die Welt Geht nobel zu Grunde." (The world perisheth in elegance.)

There was also a Summer when grandmother Goebel and Charlie, then fifteen, came to Erie. Among his accompanying treasure was a large (about five and one half inches in diameter) ball of lead foil. Among his very first questions was: "Elsie, do you know where I can get more of this?" I did. Elsie and her friend Alice MacDonald had been great for prowling in the Erie Cemetery woods.. We picked wild flowers, gathered chestnuts, stuffed up chipmunk and squirrel holes and knew where the caretakers piled the faded floral pieces, which in those days were in the form of wreathes, crosses, or even chairs, (the empty chairs.) and backed with lead foil. So immediately after the evening meal I put my sister Esther into the baby coach and started off on what my mother supposed was the usual evening walk. Charlie came along and we headed toward the dump

in the woods. Uncle Charlie seemed a bit disappointed in not finding more of that for which he had come, but by the time he gathered what there was, the woods was already growing dark. Besides, it was just as dark on the path between the graves, and to reach the entrance we had to traverse at least a half mile among them. All this time we had not seen one living being; and oh my, when we reached the gate it was locked. I don't know how Uncle Charlie felt; I panicked at the thought of going up to the cemetery superintendent's house and asking Miss Hayes to let us out. After a few minutes of dumbfounded hesitation I recalled a narrow iron gate which opened upon a path to the gate house. This we tried, it opened, we were out! When we got home mamma said, "You must have taken a long walk." Our comment was: "Yes." To my young mind a very nice characteristic of Charlie was his love of chocolate drops. They were thimble sized and shaped vanilla chocolate creams. He always shared them.

Now I must get back to the Summer of 1901 which Grace and I spent with Aunt Louise and Uncle John at 1426 West Hunting Park Ave. It stood one half block west of Broad Street and faced open fields to the North. On our arrival Aunt Louise spread a beautiful silk comfort on the floor of her cool second floor front living room for Grace and me to nap on. We were requested to wear our best dresses for dinner, for as Aunt Louise said, "First impressions count." So, Grace put on her pale blue china silk and I my yellow china silk. The garb befitted the occasion for it was an excellent meal served with considerable elegance. That summer was a succession of pleasantries. Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Lauber came on every pleasant afternoon to take us driving in their horse drawn carriage, and it was on these rides that the beautiful Wissahickon Drive through Fairmount Park was introduced to us. We also became acquainted with the Oak Lane area. Never did I then dream that some day I'd be living in a suburban area North of all this. When we didn't go driving, we spent the afternoon in Hunting Park where there was most always gay band music and a picnic in progress. Often on a Sunday morning or of an early evening we

wandered through the beautiful woods and pasture lands to the North and East of the park. In this area was an old colonial mansion about which we had often speculated: was it inhabited or was it not? Once we had seen a rag of a garment drying at the back, but never a person. However, one early evening as we entered this area an upper shutter window opened and a woman clothed in white and carrying a lighted candle in one hand waved to us with the other. We were too startled to move. The shutter closed. It was as hair raising as an episode from Edgar Allan Poe. To the back of 1426 and not far distant was another colonial farm house. This was also still inhabited and frequently we saw a filthy clothed girl about our age swinging on a rope swing, which hung from a great barnyard tree. One afternoon we were all awakened from our nap by blurring screams. A woman whom we had never seen before was beating this child with a broomstick. This made an indelible impression for I had a mother who so far as I could and can recall, never even slapped me.

Saturday evenings all dressed in our best, a trip to Willow Grove was the treat. Sousa and band were there for a season of concerts. The entire park had an air of gaiety, affluence and good breeding. Each time Aunt Louise would point out the fine restaurant in which she and Uncle John dined before they were married. In the course of the evening there was also this remark: "People must wonder how it is that a young couple like Uncle John and me have two such big children." The Sousa concerts were my introduction to good music. Sunday evenings we often went to a church which was within walking distance of 1426. One time when we were hurriedly returning home via Broad St. because of a threatening storm Uncle John said: "Let's cut across diagonally, we'll save steps." That was my first lesson in geometry. Uncle John was fine looking and definitely bouton, not especially practical and tremendously interested in pseudo sciences such as astrology, Rosicrucian, numerology, and such like. On these subjects he never tired of talking and explaining. Having been born to wealth, he had lived differently in his youth. As a high school student

at Penn Charter School for Boys, he had \$10.00 a week spending money at a time when most laborers earned \$9.00 a week. As long as I ever knew him he had a "Pie in the sky." He was very devoted to his invalid son, John Melvin, who was born a blue baby. So that Melvin, who was a child of exceptional intelligence and high spirits might have a normal companionship with other boys, Uncle John became a Scout Master. Melvin even went on camping trips. Uncle John was a devout christian and for many years an elder in the Wakefield Presbyterian Church in Germantown. Here John would assist the treasurer count the collections. Any F. D. R. dimes that came in from the Sunday School or morning worship services were put on a separate pile. ---- When Social Security was introduced Uncle John was of retirement age, but, he flatly refused to accept it, though it might have eased his fiscal concerns. Unwise investments had caused his three hundred thousand dollar fortune to dwindle to a very modest one.

My brother Harry, who had a keen eye for appraising women, always said of my mother and her sister Louise, "You'll look far before you'll find two women their equal." In fact Aunt Louise favored her father, while my mother's face was much like her mothers. Both were tall (5 feet and 7 inches) and of a slender frame; they were handsome and carried themselves regally. Miss Straus, a clerk in Johnson Brothers, Erie, once said to me, "Elsie, we consider your mother's shoulders the finest in Erie. (I always had round shoulders.) Aunt Louise had very large true blue eyes and very light brown straight hair. Mamma's eyes were grey blue and she smiled with her eyes. Her hair was dark brown and wavy so long as I remember her. I who was born with dark hair and dark brown eyes like my father's rather amazed my grandfather Goebel when he first saw me. "My", he said to Juliana, "our Minna has a black child!"

But the great and inimitable charm of these two women was an aura which enveloped them. For Aunt Louise this was a fun loving child and a romantic teen-ager, and in this respect she never grew older. With my mother the

surrounding atmosphere was merriment. The fun was gentle and a hundred jolly little wrinkles formed about her eyes when she smiled. Aunt Louise always laughed heartily. A Mrs. Talbot who also had a cottage at Shorewood during World War I used to say, "Your mother stimulates certain neurons I never before realized that I had." Both Aunt Louise and mamma had excellent verbal memories. One of our pastors asked mother to memorize something which took one half hour to recite. This she did from the church platform and did very well indeed. Aunt Louise trained in public speaking and elocution. Her natural voice was a very clear one, her enunciation elegant and her ability to express emotion excellent. I heard her give "The Fourth Wise Man" at the Wakefield Presbyterian Church. She had edited it and dear little cousin Melvin typed it for her. I have always felt that Aunt Louise who loved the public would have made an outstanding actress. She also loved dress. Uncle John used to say of her: "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I'm sure that he approved as did my good, devoted father in this respect to his wife. At the Sunday dinner table where we were prone to linger long, I have seen Dad square his shoulders, look at Minnie at the other end of the table and say. "I looked all around church this morning and there wasn't one woman who looked as nice as you," or make a remark like, "That old lady Schillinger (she was actually younger than mother) why does she have to copy you?" ---Both sisters had mental vigor. Aunt Louise attended night school at Temple University, took courses in English, German and history and studied piano after she was married. My mother read the children's school books and it was not at all unusual to find her alone down stairs at three in the morning where she'd still be reading George Elliot, or writing a paper on the Eskimo for the Woman's Missionary program.

Now to get back to the Henry Kugels in Erie. In 1893 my father had an opportunity to go into business with Anton Gottfried, who had learned his pipe organ trade in Bern, Switzerland. He was an artist (very high grade craftsman)

who had neither enough money nor the managerial ability to continue the very small business, which his wife's small inheritance from her miller father in Germany helped establish. My father was a wonderful business man, who had learned to handle men in the bakery. One of A. Gottfried and Co's. best customers was A. B. Felgemaker, a pioneer in the pipe organ industry in Erie, Pa. Early in 1895, A. Gottfried and Co. moved to Erie, where they rented the rear third floor of the Felgemaker building on the Southeast corner of 19th and Sassafras Sts. When I was about eleven (I do not know the exact year) A. Gottfried and Co. built the factory at the S. E. corner of 19th and Myrtle Sts. The partnership was a very good one and business thrived. But the partnership dissolved in 1911. This was not because my father was incompetent but partly because (Mrs. Anton) Regina Gottfried was jealous of my mother, a very attractive and merry woman, who was well liked. Regina Gottfried had been nicely schooled, was well read, and wrote fair verse; but she was liked by few.

She was not democratic, and said that it was the moneyed members in the church who should rule. My mother insisted that a poor but spiritual man should have his say too. In addition, Regina Gottfried found it impossible to live within her husband's very good income. She told my father that he was eating from her honey-pot. The honey in the honey-pot was soon very low when Anton Gottfried had full control. He died a poor man.

When we first moved to Erie we lived at 18th and Plum Sts. This house holds many memories for me. Our next door neighbors and landlord was Hollowfield, who was innately proud of his nephew, the Mayor. Another neighbor was the Franks, who later moved to a farm in McKean, Pa., at which we spent several entire summers as boarders. Across the way were the Hamiltons, a fine English family, one of whose daughters became the mother of Margaret Brown, one of my very dear friends. ----- In the back yard of the 18th St. house my mother tended a large vegetable garden. In the Fall I helped to shell the dried black-eyed beans. One Spring evening when she enlisted my father for planting

onion sets, he put every thing onion in upside down. Dad was city bred but eventually became an assiduous gardener, who was interested enough to transplant to 234 W. 20th St., a small peach tree which had sprung up from a peach stone, which the corner grocer had thrown over our fence. The fruit was white, free stone and as large as coffee cups. It was at this early age that my mother initiated me to Botany when she taught me to identify the narrow leafed plantain and other herbs of which she brewed teas. I'm sure that I drank at least ten gallons of camomile tea in my childhood. Mamma had faith in the virtues of herbs.

----- To this house would come as babysitter Emma Zurn, a milliner, who made exquisite doll hats for Grace and me. She was also a very playful and fun loving individual, who played many a harmless trick on us. ----- I recall the day that Harry was born when I sat on the iron rail around the small front grass plot and listened intently for the baby to cry or for any other information I would hear. This Victorian cottage had two bedrooms but during her lying-in period the front parlor was temporarily converted into a bedroom. When a grandmother came to visit, Grace's and my bed was also moved into this room. ----- I well remember the fine Spring day when mamma found it imperative to go on an errand. Harry in his baby coach was placed in the center of the living room. Instead of watching and entertaining him Grace and I tied one end of a piece of sewing thread around his neck and the other end to his wicker baby coach. Outside were children at play. We joined them. Fortunately mother had hurried home. ----- One day Grace and I were sent to Mrs. Ackermann, who also lived between Plum and Cascade Sts., but on 22nd St. Carrying a note, for this was a time long before telephones were in general use, we went up Plum, safely crossed the Nickle Plate Railroad on 19th and delivered the message. In appreciation Mrs. Ackermann gave each of us a bar of German's sweet chocolate. This was the first chocolate candy I recall eating. Clara Ackermann (Mrs. John Zurn) remained a life-long family friend. At Christmas time there came from grandmother Kugel a sugar barrel filled with gifts such as a red lacquered

dolls high chair, dolls with bisque heads and bisque hands, a cast aluminum play stove in which a fire could be kindled, and a hand painted dolls tea set, to mention only a few. There was also always a five pound box of Mr. Charles Bauer's candy toys. His son, Charles Christian Bauer, and grandson, Charles Gatter Bauer, still use the same lead molds and the same ingredients when they make candy Christmas toys. Dress materials were also in the Christmas barrel.

----- During the summer months Grace and I were permitted to walk east on 18th St. close to the time when mother was expecting dad for supper. Once, when he was a bit late we walked farther than usual and it astonished him to find us so far from home. Our greatest delight on these homeward walks was to have papa put his black derby on one of our heads while the other lead the way. Needless to say the hat covered the little girl's eyes. -----The 18th and Plum St. house was a one story house of six rooms: parlour, living room, two bedrooms, a winter kitchen, a summer kitchen and a porch. Our parlour had two windows facing the street. The summer that grandmother Pauline was with us, she would sit at one window with Grace on her lap and mamma in the other with me on her lap. On one such evening we watched a large frame building which was diagonally across from the corner burn to the ground. On another, little Grace, who was such an attraction for mosquitoes, sat and scratched in her misery. ----- These windows were also my first introduction to politics. During the Presidential campaign of 1896 a pane sized picture of William McKinley hung in one and in the other a likeness of Theodore Roosevelt. In the front parlour, which had grey and pink wall-to-wall carpeting I once used a corner instead of going to the necessity house at the far end of our garden.

It was on a very cold and snowy day in the first week in February, 1898 that we moved to 234 W. 20th St. Grace and I spent the day with the Gottfrieds, who lived diagonally across the way. From behind lace curtains we looked on while the movers took in the furniture. That night, surrounded by well wrapped heated bricks, she and I were tucked in bed in the great black walnut bed

belonging to our parent's bridal suite. It had been made by William Peter, Sr. On the 25th of February I had my sixth birthday and the following September entered No. 7 school at 21st and Sassafras Sts. Miss Presley of fine New England stock was the primary teacher. All did not go well that year. Because of illness I was frequently absent while in the spring I was quarantined because of scarlet fever. So I went to first grade another year and met my loyal life long friend, Katrina Jeannette. One recess time as I was marking squares in the playground gravel she said, "There is a "K" and an "A" and a ----- in my name." Spelling and reading were especially difficult for me. In the third grade I was often the only one who could do the arithmetic problem and when we were asked to write a paragraph on "Why I would like to see Prince Henry", mine was put on the top of the stack, though the teacher said it should really be on the bottom because the spelling is so poor. ----- Kaiser William's brother, Prince Henry, toured the United States in 1902 and on his way from New York to Chicago the train stopped at the Union Depot. Erie was then a city of many Germans. German was taught in the public schools from first grade on and there were five or six churches conducting their services in that language. ----- The opening sentence of what I wrote read: "I would like to see Prince Henry because I have never seen a Prince before."

The upper part of Erie County had once belonged to New York State and when it was purchased by Pennsylvania so that that state might have a lake harbor, the New York Regent's System of Education transferred too. When it was time for us to enter Erie High School we took examinations which were composed, monitored and graded by teachers other than our own. We took them in the high school building and went to the Superintendent of School's office, which was on the second floor of the Erie Public Library to get our grades. When Miss Styles, my 8th grade teacher saw me, she, who was a most restrained

woman threw her arms around me and shouted, "Elsie, you got an 83 in spelling." Her expectation had probably been 53. ---- One day as our exams neared she said, "There are two students I hope will pass. They are Clyde Gebhardt and Elsie Kugel, they have both really tried." We had. My entrance examination was 89.4.

I have always said that I had a very, very happy childhood. Our mother gave us almost unlimited freedom so long as no one of us got into mischief. With Alice MacDonald, my very attractive Scotch descent playmate, the days were always exciting. We prowled in the Erie Cemetery, pounded green peaches until they were soft and then ate them; put horse hairs, which we gathered from Irvin's barn into a pail of water and were positive they turned into hair snakes. Going to the cemetery woods to gather chestnuts was great fun, while frequent spring visits to Glenwood Park to gather violets and May apple blossoms rewarding. Shallow Millcreek afforded delightful wading on church and school picnics, and when I taught Biology at Gridley Junior High School I sometimes took a class here for observation (a field trip). On a Deutscher Unterricht class picnic (children's German class church picnic) Mrs. Blandau, the pastor's mother, thumbed her nose during one of the games and while her son turned red and purple from chagrin, we kids laughed until our faces were the same colors. ----- On a little grade school class picnic a new little girl brought a dozen large cucumber sour pickles. Those of us who loved pickles exchanged with a sandwich or a goody. This child also cut short our picnic by falling into the creek when she tried to cross it on the widely spaced large stepping stones. The class went to the house door with her and each and every one declared, "She didn't mean to do it."

During the time that Harry and Esther had scarlet fever, Grace, Reuben and I stayed with Pastor and Mrs. Augustus Adolphus Schneider. Celeste and Linda were their daughters. That Spring many an evening meal was eaten on the banks of Millcreek. One afternoon while we were prowling along the banks we

discovered a cache for some bum's beer bottles. ----- In the winter sledding was the great sport. Mr. Schneider made a great snow alide in the parsonage back yard; but we sledded mostly on Sassafras St., and if we were wearing skates, we'd run and catch ahold on the back of one of Koehler's great beer delivery sleighs. Once when I had new skates and was wearing a beautiful, new, cashmere pleated suspender dress, I lost my grip from a small, very fast travelling delivery cutter, and tore the skirt unmercifully. Fortunately my mother mended beautifully. For this misdemeanor I was reproved, but my darling mother never gave me so much as a slap and ended by saying that she was glad I hadn't been hurt. It's a miracle that I wasn't. ----- Sometimes we'd walk to Presque Isle Peninsula on the ice. It was two long miles against the wind to the bay and two miles across, but the ice was often very thick -- occasionally four feet deep and we had the good fortune never to get into an air hole. The ice boats sailed in front of the Yacht Club where the snow had been cleared away; lone fishermen with nothing to protect them but a canvas shield caught fish through holes in the ice, which were about a foot in diameter. But please do not think that we ever hurried home because we were cold. We girls wore long heavy underwear, long hand knitted woolen stockings, woolen leggings and high rubbers, as well as tightly crocheted petticoats which, though fitted snugly at the waist, formed a complete circle when laid out on the counterpane. Mother made them. Our dresses and coats were of worsted. Our mittens and stockings were made by Mrs. Rose Zurn, (mother of John Zurn) who had long been a widow. We wore stocking caps and once I had a green one so long that I could wind it about my neck several times. ----- The lake was a great source of fun in the summer. Picnics with the Schneiders and the Rev. Harry Marschner and Mrs. Marschner were frequent. Coffee was cooked on a stove made of flat stones and a fire made of driftwood. In the Fall the German Baptist young people had corn roasts on the shore of the Lake. The corn was soaked until the husks were wet through, then they were put beneath a layer of damp sand and a roaring fire built on top.

Our year around pleasures were very simple and our summers the best a child could have. In his youth our father had had tuberculosis for four years. This he cured by the Fowler Cold Water Treatment and by eating black bread with curds and whey. Once in mid-winter he went by train to Norristown, Pa. for medical advice. What he got was "Quit smkoing!" But, on his way back to the train depot dad thought he'd have a last smoke and stepped off the road into a small clump of trees, the better to light his cigar. Just as he was having his puff the old Doctor drove by and from his sleigh called out, "What did I just tell you, young man?" Because of this illness dad was very watchful of our health. He assiduously read the magazine, "Physical Culture" and provided us with the foods the magazine declared healthful. In the Fall, bushels of potatoes, apples and pears were in the cellar, as was a twenty gallon crock of sauerkraut, some two-hundred quarts of canned fruits and vegetables. One winter there was a one-hundred pound burlap bag of pecans, a straw beehive shaped container of dried figs and a sixty pound case of dates.

Summers we started for the country the very day that school closed and returned the day before it opened in September. Our first country experience was at Frank's farm. My mother took along a bushel basket full of stockings to be mended and her sewing machine. This gave her employment while we five wandered up lane and down road, scrubbed the flat stones in Elk Creek and overturned countless others to pester the small snakes in hiding there. It was an area in which snakes were everywhere. At dusk they would come onto the road to lie in the warm dust. One evening when we felt especially venturesome we walked along the creek bank and came upon what by day was a quiet pool in the creek's bed; but in the early twilight it's surface was put into motion by hundreds of snake heads. We never took that path again. ——— Aunt Louise spent a few weeks with us that summer. The only change she and mamma had away from us five was of a Saturday evening when papa took them to Cambridge Springs (a well known nearby watering place) for dinner. We returned to the Frank's

farm for a second summer but for some reason it seemed to have lost its charm. The following three or four summers were spent at Mrs. Mattie Willis' farm, which was one mile east of Fairview. Mrs. Willis was a beautiful and delightful New Englander whose grandfather came to Fairview as a Presbyterian minister. Among her treasures were colonial chairs and coverlets, as well as letters from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, to the minister. Here we met interesting summer guests, one of whom was the superior Jewish Williams family, which had migrated from Russia. Mother was also hospitable to our friends and would have them as house guests so that Grace and I had company. Eleanor Asmus, Grace's No. 7 school friend, often visited her aunt in Fairview; so Eleanor and her cousin Mildred Wheeler often spent their time with us. One girl would read aloud while the others sewed. "St. Elms", "The Hooser Schoolmaster" and such like were completed under the great apple tree. ----- One Sunday we all walked to Fairview for Sunday School and church. ----- In time we tired of this place also; thus dad, as we now called our father, rented cottages at Shorewood, sixteen miles east of Erie. The sugar maple groves were magnificent and went down to the stony beach. The creek was especially interesting because through its rippling waters bubbled natural gas, which could be ignited by a match. On days when the surface of the lake was smooth gas could be seen bubbling up through the just off shore waters. We cooked by gas from local gas wells and all night long flames as big as dish pans burned in the groves. Watching the Northern lights while we lay on auto robes on the beach, building great fires of driftwood and sitting around it singing such silly songs as "Oh the bear went over the mountain", or "He said that he loved her, but oh how he lied" was harmless evening fun. Here one of the fellow cottagers introduced me to birdwatching and I first noticed such beautiful creatures as cardinals, indigo buntings, kingfishers, cliff swallows and Kentucky redstarts, and their lichen covered nest. It was also a grand place to learn of wild flowers and about rocks and fossils. ----- Harry and Reuben would bring their friends and set up their

cots at the edge of the grove down by the lake. Beside the Red Cottage we pitched a small tent where Erie neighbor boys sometimes spent a week. One night I decided to sleep in the tent. This was the night of the day that Harry and cousin Herbert Peters went to Buffalo, N. Y. and Niagara Falls, expecting to spend the night there; but they got frightened so far from home and at two in the morning came into the tent; so I retired to the house. The train from Buffalo stopped five miles from Shorewood and the boys walked the country roads after midnight. ----- The year in which we rented the Elsinore, a pretty and comfortable cottage close to the shore, grandmother Goebel was with us. The sweet dear was in agony while we kids ran up and down the beach in wild winds and rainstorms. Storms on rather shallow Lake Erie can and always have been gruesomely beautiful and terrible, and often last three days and three nights. A stone's throw from the Elsinore was a stone to mark the grave of a lake sailor who had been washed ashore one stormy night. Sweet grandmother Goebel would pluck wildflowers and lay them on his resting place.

About a mile off shore was an excellent spot at which to catch rock bass. Reuben, who had been tutored in the art of hunting and fishing by our good family friend Fenner Fritz, often spent a late evening on the lake over the bass rocks. At times when he was especially pleased with his good luck he'd awaken one sleeper after another and while he threw the flash light onto his catch, we sleepy heads would voice our praise. Once when mamma sent Reuben into town to buy himself new sneakers and a few other camp necessities, he returned with new fishing tackle. Said that he didn't need new clothes anyway.

Much of our camp time was spent in reading especially books on geology (there were many marine fossils at Shorewood) and flora. ----- One of my breath taking emotional experiences of my young life came on a fine crystal clear autumn day when we climbed up to the bluff west of the creek valley. There on a wide rock ledge approximately fifteen feet below the top of the bluff was a small field of blooming blue fringed gentian. At times I can close my eyes and still

see the picture; green turf on the bluff, blue flowers with a white capped lake meeting a magnificent blue sky. ----- Dad thought some of building a cottage here. He was part owner of Shorewood while Lawyer Elmer Reed and Anton Gottfried were co-owners; but, decided on Lakeland just North of North Girard, Pa. In anticipation of a cottage of our own, we girls, plus grandmother Goebel and mamma, started on carpet balls. All our clothes were made at home or by a dressmaker and all the left over materials carefully tied up in bundles. We tackled two large burlap bagfulls of this stuff. In those days the carpet weavers got twenty-five cents per yard for yard wide carpet. One Saturday afternoon late that fall, great rolls of carpet were delivered and with them a bill for \$33.00. We had sewn up rags for more than one hundred yards. There was carpet for mamma, carpet for the not yet built cottage, carpet for Grace, Esther and me when we married.

Since grandmother Goebel spent a goodly number of her summers in Erie I must relate something which happened in 1915. This was the Millcreek flood. During the afternoon mamma and her three daughters, as was frequently their custom, sat in the sewing room plying their needles. It was raining heavily and the clouds were almost black like heavy snow clouds. By six o'clock the rain had ceased and Mr. MacClure our neighbors and father's chum came in while we were having supper. He was so excited that he rushed right into the dining room. "Henry", said he, "I hear that Millcreek is almost street level." Dad finished his supper (we always had our dinner at midday) in a trice. The moment they left I said: "Grossmammie, komm wir gehen auch zu Millcreek." From an open vestibule of the Erie County Milk Association building at 21st and State Sts. we watched the creek which was about three hundred feet eastward. We saw the water rise over the bridge and a working man cross over with the water reaching his knees. (The creek which ran due north and south divided the city into the east and the west sides.) A few moments later it again started to rain so grandmother and I decided that it would be well to go home.

31.

It was providential that we did. Minutes after we left, water was flooding the very vestibule into which we had stepped to be out of the drizzle and came with such force that it tore up the very cement pavement before the entrance. When we reached home the rest of the family was sitting on the porch. The house was dark, there was no electricity, there was no gas. We had lighting fixtures which were constructed so that either gas or electricity or both could be used. (however, it was only in the kitchen and the bathroom that the gas jets were ever used.) Dad came home about eleven and told how the women in the red light district, which was on the east bank of the creek, held lighted matches in second floor windows in the hope that policemen might see them and rescue them. But, it wasn't until the next morning that the horror could be estimated. ——— At five the next morning dad awakened the household with: "Get up, we're going out to see Millcreek." In contrast to the afternoon before, the morning was sunny and the sky bright blue, but under all this glory lay last night's destruction.beggaring description. On Old French Road of early French empire building days there was scarcely a house standing between 17th and 18th Sts. Entire store fronts were pushed in by the force of the water and the whole store jammed solid with debris; the water in the creek had receded to one foot or so in depth, but hundreds of automobiles filled the creek bed; pavements were torn up; bridges washed away and here and there was a policeman guarding an unidentified corpse, which he requested the persons passing by to gaze upon in the hope that someone might recognize the face. Over a hundred souls had perished because of what seemed to most of us like a good, good rain. After seeing as much as we who chose to see, we walked back to 234, improvised a red brick stove in the back yard and with heavy but never-the-less grateful hearts ate the simple meal, which our mother cooked over paper and small pieces of wood. After three days most, but not all of the city had gas and electricity again. ——— Another emotional experience, which I had with grandmother Goebel, was when I walked

her in her best black silk dress to the Erie City Hall so that she might register as an alien. After giving the required data grandmother signed her name. "My, what beautiful handwriting", said the clerk. Grandfather Goebel, who had died long before World War I, had never taken out citizenship papers. He said that he had sworn allegiance to the Kaiser and he did not see how he could withdraw that oath. But he often said, "For the sake of my children I am so glad that I came to America."

Across the back of our house was a wide porch entered by the kitchen door. While grandmother would be sitting in the hanging porch swing awaiting dinner, Reuben would come in, newspaper in hand, and whether the report was in favor of our side or the German side, he would always laughingly say, "Grossemammie, die Deutsche verlieren again." Whereupon she always gave a little cry, threw up her hands and asked "Do you mean that?"

At the beginning of World War I we were in Shorewood in the Elsinore and we sisters as well as grandmother Goebel were continuously knitting socks for the soldiers. This summer Harry was an inspector at the Erie Breakshoe (armaments). Reuben worked for Dr. Kelly on a near-by farm and the Shorewood women all helped Dr. Kelly pick cherries and berries. It was about the close of the war that dad started the house at Lakeland. He designed it, had lumber cut to his specifications, took two local carpenters and directed them. Mamma wanted the Hauschen named San Souci. I suggested "Lazy Daisy", but mamma said that it would apply to no one but me. (The cottage remained unnamed.) However, I did contribute two coats of paint on the living room furniture anyway. Mamma, who had extended her flower bed at 23 1/2 W. 20th until it included ninety percent of the back yard, now designed a garden at Lakeland. One section was tacked at a time with the result that the whole effect was like the English gardens where one walks from one garden room into another. This garden led into participation in flower shows and into delightful friendships with other assiduous gardeners and membership to

her in her best black silk dress to the Erie City Hall so that she might register as an alien. After giving the required data grandmother signed her name. "My, what beautiful handwriting", said the clerk. Grandfather Goebel, who had died long before World War I, had never taken out citizenship papers. He said that he had sworn allegiance to the Kaiser and he did not see how he could withdraw that oath. But he often said, "For the sake of my children I am so glad that I came to America."

Across the back of our house was a wide porch entered by the kitchen door. While grandmother would be sitting in the hanging porch swing awaiting dinner, Reuben would come in, newspaper in hand, and whether the report was in favor of our side or the German side, he would always laughingly say, "Grossemammie, die Deutsche verlieren again." Whereupon she always gave a little cry, threw up her hands and asked "Do you mean that?"

At the beginning of World War I we were in Shorewood in the Elsinore and we sisters as well as grandmother Goebel were continuously knitting socks for the soldiers. This summer Harry was an inspector at the Erie Breakshoe (armaments). Reuben worked for Dr. Kelly on a near-by farm and the Shorewood women all helped Dr. Kelly pick cherries and berries. It was about the close of the war that dad started the house at Lakeland. He designed it, had lumber cut to his specifications, took two local carpenters and directed them. Mamma wanted the Hauschen named San Souci. I suggested "Lazy Daisy", but mamma said that it would apply to no one but me. (The cottage remained unnamed.) However, I did contribute two coats of paint on the living room furniture anyway. Mamma, who had extended her flower bed at 23 $\frac{1}{4}$ W. 20th until it included ninety percent of the back yard, now designed a garden at Lakeland. One section was tackled at a time with the result that the whole effect was like the English gardens where one walks from one garden room into another. This garden led into participation in flower shows and into delightful friendships with other assiduous gardeners and membership to

Erie's first garden club of which Mrs. Downing was a charter member.

The building of the big fireplace was fun. Each time one of us went to the beach for a swim or walk, a stone was selected. It was granite and had come down from the Arctic during the ice age and through the long journey had been well rounded. It was in variations of blue, grey and red.

At times when the lake was calm I would take my Swanson canoe and paddle very close to the shore while mamma walked along the beach selecting right sized stones from the beach or from under the water. The stones were put into the canoe and then we paddled back. In the building of the fireplace each stone was cracked in to pieces and the flat surface placed roomward. Herman, my husband and I, as well as Grace and Esther spent our honeymoon at the cottage. My children were brought there for two week long summer vacations. It was the second summer after our marriage when we were there that mamma sat on the couch beside Herman and cried bitterly. Said she had noone to talk to since I was married.

This place was also a pleasant one at which Grace and I could entertain the "club" (girls only) which constituted one of our few social outlets. One summer several of the club girls, who were in poor health, were given permission to pitch their tent on the grounds. It was during this summer that the ex-President William Taft's grandchildren were vacationing at the Culbertson cottage, which was to the left of ours but on the heavily wooded lakebank quite close to the water's edge. (William Taft, Jr. had married Elaine Culbertson of North Girard.) During the morning very little sun reached the northward facing the lake bank and it was then that the Taft grandchildren played in my parent's sunny and truly extensive and beautiful flower garden on the bluff.

But I must say a bit more of life in Erie. A few paragraphs should be devoted to our other holidays. The summer after moving to 234 W. 20thSt. papa celebrated Memorial Day by taking Grace and me to Waldamere on the street car (trolley.) Mamma was indisposed and stayed at home with little Harry.

So far as I can recall this was the second time that Grace and I had a trolley ride and we thrilled to our toe-tips. Later Decoration Day afternoons were spent with No. 7 School school children, who marched in body from the school to the Erie Cemetary, sang patriotic songs from a wooden platform erected there and then went about with bouquets of white snow balls and lilacs which were placed on graves bearing small American flags.

On a very cold evening early in December, papa initiated Christmas preparations by making a big batch of springeles. In those days there were no electric mixers. Since the dough had to be beaten for at least one half hour they were truly a man's job. Hartsborn was used instead of baking powder for leaven. This also gave the springeles a slightly shiny surface. All we children crowded around our father to watch and to help. We greased the tins ever so lightly, sprinkled anise seeds on the tins and when the cookies were place on them, marched to the icy third floor where they remained until mamma baked them the next day. When cooled they were packed away in stone crocks. Because we were children of German extraction we placed large, thin Dresden soup plates out for Christkindel. Next morning found them goody filled on the sheet on the floor where stood the ceiling high Christmas tree. Frequently the tip had to be cut off, but the scar was hidden by the "Gates Ajar", a card board, cotton batting covered and gold paint and gold tinsel creation with a beautiful aggel emerging from behind the golden gates. There were also a lovely American flag and other beautifully executed cotton batting and tinsel pieces, which had been made under Uncle Bill Peter's direction and Aunt Pauline and mamma's assistance. Of course there were Christmas balls, but in the midst of all this elegance there frequently hung a string of popcorn or a colored paper chain. Papa was much too cautious to burn candles, and electric lights for Christmas use had not yet been invented. Our chicken dinner was relished and our few gifts greatly enjoyed. The Christmas before Esther was born, Grace and I received beautifully dressed twelve inch dolls. Mine had a double breasted coat made of a black and

white pin checked woolen, with six pearl buttons and hand made button holes.

At five in the afternoon, scrubbed and in our Sunday best, the entire family repaired to the lovely pseudo Gothic church for the Sunday School Christmas program. On the platform of this German Baptist Church was an immense hemlock and under it a box of candy, an orange and a present for every church school child. The children, who had attended regularly, and memorized the fifty two Bible verses for the year received more expensive gifts than those less diligent. Every child took part in some capacity and I still have a beautiful mental picture of my three and a half year old sister, Esther, in her rose satin lace trimmed dress. Even though she had only recently recovered from a very long illness, she, too, spoke her piece from the platform. Every word of the program was in German as were the carols. To the singing of "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht", our sexton, Mr. Schillinger, lighted the Christmas tree candles from a tape at the end of a tremendously long bamboo pole. For the remainder of the evening he stood by ready to snuff out any sputtering light. There was never any real trouble. Most other church lights were out. This tree was to me a bit of heaven come to earth, a small foretaste of that place.

Our New Year's celebration started with watch night in the Sunday School room. The three hours from nine to twelve passed quickly in song, prayer (we did not kneel for prayer in church but always at prayer meetings) and testimony or the statement of a New Year's resolution. One humorous note would occur when a visiting Bruder Haenoff prayed a very long, long prayer, prayed it all over again a second time and started on the third round. Then one of our men, who had an excellent voice and could start a hymn, interrupted him by doing so. Watch nights have been tremendously missed since I left Erie and that little church. They were blessed evenings.

Before we were sixteen and not old enough to go caroling, we five youngsters spent much of the remainder of the night celebrating. On getting

home mamma put sweetmeats on the dining room table and retired. We children and dad in all earnest played checkers, nine men Morris, Flinch or parchesi until exhausted. While we all slept soundly on the first day of the year, mamma was in the kitchen preparing New Year's dinner. When we were old enough to go caroling Grace and I had great fun. In the clear, cold snow covered town we tramped from house to house and awakened slumbers with appropriate hymns. Frequently we were invited in for cookies and a warm up. Before scattering, the group sometimes came to our house for oyster stew. Dad was always up and wide awake, only too willing to participate in the games. One New Year's day it was 7 a.m. before the last caroler left 234.

From an early age Grace and I were identically dressed; red dotted swiss dresses, red slippers, white stockings and white hair bows; red, white and blue checkered gingham trimmed in multiple yards of white tape, or MacDonald plaid worsted. When we were in our teens we deviated a bit, her dress would be pale blue, mine pale green. ----- The boys were also dressed much alike and were the first children whom I ever knew to wear ankle length white socks with their black oxfords. Mamma had been in Philadelphia and seen this trend. One of Harry and Reuben's great pleasure as small boys was baseball. The neighborhood team took itself quite seriously for once when mamma made her sons grey cotton flannel suits with quilted knickers and short sleeves like regular athletes. Harry came home with a request from the others: Would mamma make suits for all the boys?

I have always felt that in practical ways ~~my~~ father was most wise in bringing up his boys. He permitted them to spend hours and days about the shop. This was not a great lift for my mother but taught the boys "shop ways" which were of great value when they set up business. Furthermore, my father never curtailed any expressed initiative. I can still hear my mother remonstrating when the boys cut lawns or sold the "Post" at the Union train station, "Henry, what will people think?" And, my father's reply: "A boy must be taught to make m

money otherwise when he's a man not even his wife will want him."

When I came home after three years of college and wanted to sell and educational book during the summer, there was a flat "no". When once I made a skirt for a neighbor for pay, there was his disapproval. There was one standard for the boys and one for the girls. When Grace and I were at school in Cleveland, she at Kindergarten Training School on East 96th St., and I at Flora Mather College, Western Reserve University, and wrote home for money, dad, (as mother told me) would sit right down and write a check; but if the boys asked for money when they were in Wharton School (University of Pennsylvania) he'd begin grumbling "What in the world do those fellows do with all that money?" If the boys had had the Hudson out and he discovered a small scratch or other mark it was "What do those boys do with this car anyway?" Once when Grace backed into a curb and blew out a tire, not a word of reprimand was heard. When she was once slow in putting on the brakes and cracked the gates at the 19th and Sassafras Nickle Plate Railroad crossing, about all my father said was: "She drives pretty good for a little girl."

In retrospect, I feel that I was very reasonable in my request for things, on the other hand I can think of one time when my father expressed even slight disapproval of a purchase. Harry, Grace and I had had a trip to Philadelphia and the shore. Uncle Bill Peters took us sightseeing to the penitentiary. Among the prisoner made articles for sale was a wooden jewel box which I purchased. Our trunk was a huge one, much too heavy to be carried up stairs, so it was brought into the house through a rear door into the dining room. Here it was unpacked. The jewel box was on the dining table. Dad picked it up and asked the price. "Three and a half dollars", I replied. "Well," said he, "so that is where my money goes." On getting home we had handed back to him whatever change was left from the trip. Was I spoiled?

Now I'll say something of my school life. I was a slow learner, but I always had many interests and to study a pleasure. Year in, year out, Grace, my sister, and Katrina Glass, my life long friend and I walked to and from Central High School together. Grace shared some of her time with Erma Gebhardt and Eleanor Asmus. In the four secondary school years I attended one football game and no dances. In my senior year, 1911, had an hilarious afternoon halloween party. Much cider and pumpkin pie was left over. We boys and girls from the chemistry class took these refreshments to the chem lab and put them away in our cabinets. The next morning more than one student had to drain his glass beaker or flask of cider before starting the new experiment. The day we made laughing gas was a great one too. Mr. Chamberlain, our teacher left the room, when he returned our heads were all out the windows.

One football game and no dances with men applied to my years in college also. In Cleveland my life was by no means gay, nevertheless these years were what I have always termed some of the best of my life. I was bid to a National Sorority but declined because I could not honestly agree to be a sister to girls whom I did not like whole heartedly. However, I was one of a grand group of non-sorority girls, who had wonderful week-ends at Gates Mills, Ohio, and who there entertained some of the Mather College professors. An Anna Burgess, the richest spinster in Cleveland and a Guilford House counsel member, permitted us to use her exquisitely furnished village cottage and made provision for us to have our meals at the Gates Mills Hunt Club. Teresa del Costillo, Miss Burgess' adopted daughter, was co-hostess. She lived at Guilford House as did the other girls. Some of these girls remained life long friends, as did two other class mates. They were Frieda Yelgerhouse and Kathryn Brode. I did go to a few fraternity picnics and mixed evening parties, but not many. Once my sister Esther came up for a week-end to get a glimpse of college life, and one Thanksgiving vacation my mother had to come to Cleveland to care for me. Early that week I had been in a field hockey game (I was a miserable player) in which one of

the wildly enthusiastic team brought her stick down on my right hand thumb. The Doctor refused me permission to go home.

I enjoyed living in a great city. There were fine stores, a great city library, the Cleveland orchestra, lectures at the Cleveland Art School, and the wonderful experience of watching the construction of the Cleveland Art Museum in Wade Park. (It went up directly across from the hockey field.) The museum had it's opening on the eve before my last final examination. But I got permission to go and stayed until closing at eleven, then came home, studied for the psychology exam and got an A.

Mother and dad came up for commencement. Harry and Reuben drove them to Cleveland, but the boys drove home alone. That was preferable to commencement exercises for two teenagers.

My first two years of teaching were spent in the small community of Union City, twenty-six miles from Erie, by the P & E Railroad. The wholesome youngsters were from farms and the village. They appreciated whatever I did for their good and we had great fun on hikes, picnics, hayrides, and when I chaperoned at out of town girls' basket ball games. But, it was strenuous work with seven classes and five preparations: German I and II, English IV, Biology and Latin I. (My eternal apology to the kids whom I attempted to teach Latin.) Among the students I made a life long friend in Evelyn Hughs, whose grandfather was first editor of "The Ladies Home Journal". After I left Union City she occasionally came for a week-end at Shorewood. When I left Union City the youngsters presented me with silver serving spoons -- thought I was leaving to be married. At this school my pay was sixty dollars a month, and please remember World War I was on.

At Gridley Junior High School in Erie (Captain Gridley of the Commander Dewey fleet in Manila, was an Erie man.) My teaching roster included three subjects: English, Girl's Science, and Biology. The pppls, who came from the most affluent families in town were more sophisticated; but, I was fond

of them and they of me. A Doctor's son told me that he had learned a great deal in the Biology class; a pretty little girl asked for my blouse pattern, so that her mother could make her one like it. We had fun in the girl's Science class making baking powder and fireless cookers. And one boy's mother told me, "You know, the boys all like you. I think that I attributed my success as a disciplinarian to two facts: I made friends with the youngsters out of school, and I followed the advice my brother Harry gave me when he knew that I had chosen to teach. It was, "Never get mad, kids love to see the teacher angry," and "If you threaten to do something, do it, even if it half kills you."

About this time someone came into our lives in Erie which determined my fate. Otto Jules Gatter, the son of Matilda Mahnke Gatter, for whom mamma had been bridesmaid, came to Erie to work for the Lowe Lithographing Co. After World War 1 he was waiting for conditions in Europe to settle so that he and three other Academy of Fine Arts scholarship students could travel profitable and safely in Europe. Otto Gatter was a man of the world and it was beneficial for Grace and me, as well as pleasant for mamma, to have companionship with someone of broader experiences. The following summer I paid Aunt Louise a long visit, met Herman and his family and became engaged to be married. We were married on August 5th, 1922 (the next summer.) The wedding ceremony was performed in my parent's living room by the Rev. Reinhardt Robert Kubsch, a very good family friend, and the Pastor of the German Baptist Church. Reuben and Esther were our attendants. Frieda Yelgerhouse and Katrina Blass were the two non-family present. After the very simple ceremony we had an excellent chicken dinner which mamma had prepared. Herman sang Celestes Aieda while Katrina accompanied him. Harry drove while we took Katrina and Frieda home, and then took us to the cottage where the ringing of hidden alarm clocks punctuated the night. Herman, who was most fun loving, appreciated this greatly.

I was thirty years old when I was married and happy to undertake the

management of a home and a family. We lived with Mother Gatter in Lawndale (corner of Hasbrook and Robins Aves. in Philadelphia.) while we went house hunting. This was a difficult time in which to find a home for newly married World War 1 veterans had bought up or rented almost everything available. However, since my father had given us \$2,000.00 for our wedding present, we made a down payment on 812 Glenside Ave. in Wyncote, Perma., and stayed in Lawndale while the house was being completed. In the meanwhile the twins were born prematurely at 3:00 and 3:30 on the morning of March 24th, 1923. The evening before Mother Gatter had gone to hear Herman sing at Saint Martins in Oak Lane. It was late when they came in, my doctor could nowhere be found and by the time Mother Gatter's doctor came it was too late to move me. Herman, 4-1/2# came first; his sister Sonia, 4-1/4# came one half hour later. Dr. Roper said that they might live until morning; when they did he said: "Well, they might live for a week." My mother arrived from Erie on Sunday morning. The two mothers devoted their full time caring for the children and me. It was a great strain on both of them; but had the children been born in a hospital, they'd have been immediately put into incubators and in all probability had their eyes burned by the over amount of oxygen which was then used in incubators. For this the twins and their parents should be eternally grateful. God was with us.

When the children were seven weeks old (it was the first Saturday in May, 1923) we moved to 812 Glenside Ave., Wyncote, Pa. When I arrived the house was cleaned, the carpets down and furniture placed. Friends were in the kitchen unpacking china and I started to care for my lambskins alone. Becoming a mother had a paramount effect on me. For the first time in my life I felt akin to all womankind and realized what countless generations of women had experienced and contributed before me. The years that followed were filled with a mixture of anxiety and keen happiness. After a few weeks Herman began to pick up normally and was a strapping baby at one year, while Sonia, who

had pyloric spasms and weighed twelve pounds at twelve months. She walked at eighteen months, her brother walked at thirteen months.

I enjoyed our beautiful home and many an afternoon danced to victrola music with a child in my arms. Herman and I both loved gardens and together produced what Aunt Mattie said was the loveliest small one she had ever seen. During World War 2, when many neighbors had vegetable plots in the field to the rear, I had one too, (about 25 x 80 ft.) I not only grew radishes, lettuce, onions, green peas, beans, corn, sweet and white potatoes, tomatoes and celery; but, I refreshed my spirit with work in the soil and God's blessed sunshine. I have always said that this garden saved my sanity. After all I had two sons in the service and though I never for one moment worried that they be wayward, I realized that they were exposed to physical danger. Carl, as a Dental technician at Corona Hospital, California, was constantly exposed to the two thousand tubercular patients, and Henry Herman in communication in Western China, could hear the Japanese guns.

When Eaneas Gillespie was at 812 with us, he and Herman built a wonderful out-of-door fireplace. On this Pop, as the children now called their father, cooked the best of hamburgers for our garden suppers. Lettuce, corn and tomatoes came from the garden, German potato salad and gingerbread from the kitchen. Many of our guests, such as Holy Apostles Choir, Frankfort American Legion Post Glee Club, and relatives were city people, who enjoyed eating under the trees; besides, it was a most economical way to entertain.

Within the house there was always music. Sonia loved her piano. After her six months in bed which followed her mastoid operation, the Doctor permitted her to be carried downstairs. She asked to be taken to the piano. "When I found that I could still play the piano", she said, "I knew that I'd get better." Herman, her twin brother, played the violin, and once on a very clear cold day when my neighbor was waiting for a bus which stopped in front of our house, she heard Sonia yell at her brother whom she was accompanying, "You didn't dot that eight note." Carl was like his darling mother with little understanding of tone.

He'd go to sleep when taken to Sonia's recitals. The neighbors all knew when H.L.G. came home at night. He'd start singing in the garage and sing as he walked to the house. When we were having a party he would sometimes come in shortly before the guests' arrival, a time when there were still a hundred small tasks to be done; and, in his anticipation of a good time, go right to the piano and play and sing "full throat". There were some voice lessons and many a rehearsal in our living room. Before a P.T.A. meeting at Thomas Williams, or a Palm Sunday Musical at All Hallows, or an evening musical at the church parish house I'd have one or several, sometimes five or six participants at the house for dinner. I loved it all, and to a large degree lived Herman's life. When the Frankfort Legoin Glee Club came after a Sunday night church concert, I'd have ham and potato salad for as many as sixty. Then music and laughter filled 812. Even at Herman's viewing, which I had in our home, the Consistory Choir (Masonic) sang the very songs in which he had been directing them for many years. Herman not only had a golden throat and an inimitable high tenor voice, but a brilliant personality. It sparkled, it blinked like many colored lights on a Christmas tree; it was often a great light and always illuminated every one in its radius with the result that he was a very popular entertainer and most welcome guest. Through Herman I not only got to know numerous interesting, talented and distinguished people, but we were frequently entertained by them. Herman's personality was in many respects the direct opposite of mine. I, who was naturally studious, much too serious, and an introvert, was greatly helped by him. As my dear friend Frieda Van Yelgerhouse Deardorff once said, "Elsie, you bloomed after you married Herman."

During the war years it was Sonia who helped keep the home interesting and Pop happy. She was attending the University of Pennsylvania, where her future husband, John Andrew Hoover, was studying as a naval aviation student. With other young girls she spent many a Friday evening at the Salvation Army U.S.O. "Sonia," I said, "don't ever bring home one of those British soldiers,

bring home two or three." She took me at my word, for some Sundays we'd have as many as five Britishers at our dinner table. I'd get up at 7:30 o'clock to begin preparations for dinner, which was readied by two o'clock when Pop got home from church, where he was tenor soloist (Holy Apostles and the Mediator in West Philadelphia). He'd sit at the head of the table and thoroughly enjoy himself while he piled up the plates of these young fellows. At one Sunday dinner one of the British sailors was so hungry for fresh food that he ate five medium sized potatoes. After dinner the men would go down to the basement rumpus room and play pinochle.

Both Herman and Carl managed to go to college for one year before getting into the service. Herman was selected for army communications and was sent to Ohio University where he met Patricia Walsh; whom he married on March 11th, 1943. When Patricia's engagement ring, which had been sent from Philadelphia arrived by mail, Herman and other men were in quarantine on the third floor of one of the mens dormitories. That evening when Patty came to talk from the ground to her lover on the third, he tossed the ring out the window to her. Life was informal and unconventional during the war years.

Early in the year 1943, Patricia and her mother paid us a week-end visit. My sister Esther gave Patricia a beautiful shower party at which Patricia received many engagement gifts and became acquainted with the many Gatters. Then on March 11th, the very day that Carl left Wyncote to begin training at Great Lakes Naval Station in Chicago, Herman and Patricia were married in the dear little Episcopal Church in Athens, Ohio, and had their wedding reception in the Phi Mu House. Phyllis Walsh, dad and I had a pleasant time while we travelled to and from Athens. At that time, Colonel P.T. Walsh, who was Pay Master for the Caribbean area during World War 2, was stationed in Panama. Herman and I met Patricia's two sisters at the wedding; but, it was not until after peace had been declared that we next met Patricia's father. It's so fortunate when family relationships are pleasant.

From Athens, Herman went on to Neosho, Missouri, where Patty joined him after finishing the school semester. Patricia finished her senior year by correspondence, and several courses at Temple University.

Herman's overseas duty took him to Kum Ming, a very primitive and backward province of Western China. Here the people were so poor that by night they stole the flour and water paste which the U. S. soldiers used to mend their decoys. After the U. S. men discovered the thieves they graciously added salt to the paste. At times Herman would ask permission to drive the Burma Road to India. This was the very road Marco Polo travelled. For him the journey was much slower but safer in some ways. In places this road was so narrow that two cars could not pass; one or the other had to back up until a wider section was reached. In Western China, and on this very road, there stood a Protestant Episcopal Church over which Bishop Tsu resided. One Sunday when Herman went in for worship he picked up a prayer book on the flyleaf of which was printed: Presented by the Protestant Episcopal Female Prayer Book Society of Philadelphia. Bishop Tsu had to flee China when the Communists took over. He is now active in the diocese of Pennsylvania. Herman came home on December 23rd, 1946. The day before, Sonia and John Hoover had been married in All Hallows Church, Wyncote, by the Rev. Frederick Halsey, and Dr. John Bomberger of Holy Apostles and the Mediator. Sonia was in her senior year at the University of Pennsylvania; and, John, who was in the Naval Air Force, still had a few months of duty at Chapel Hill (Duke University in North Carolina)

Sonia received her B.S. from the School of Education in June; and the following Sept. 29th (my father's natal day) John Andrew Hoover was born.

The snow on Sonia's wedding day was so deep we wondered if more than a dozen guests could arrive for the 2 o'clock service. But, the church was filled. What Bonwitt and Teller called India rose was an appropriate color for the season. Sonia's white dress had a train, otherwise, it was identical in design

to those of her maids. Her beautiful lace veil was a gift from her great aunt, Louise Goebel Lauber.

But, the war though nearing an end was not over. Shoes were procurable by government coupons only. Many brides wore white bedroom slippers. However in our costume box was a pair of white satin evening sandals which Sonia had worn to Junior High parties. Repeated applications of cleaner fluid and whitener must have had the desired effect for more than one guest asked: "Where did Sonia get such nice slippers?" Insertion and a bias ruffle transformed an old white taffeta slip into a wedding petticoat. She was a bride who wore two somethings that were old. The groom and his men were handsome in their dark blue naval Air Force uniforms. In the church parish house there was high tea. It wasn't difficult to procure appropriate sandwiches; but where were we to get a brides cake? After endless hours of telephoning, I got the promise of a cake provided the butter and the sugar were provided. Sonia's father, who had a masterful way with trades people, procured these. The serving women overlooked fifteen pounds of fruit cake, so there was no groom's cake. Nevertheless, in spite of the war we had good coffee aplenty. Aunt Louise Lauber and Mrs. Edwin Deverell poured from the long table and aunt Flora Gatter Hohagen cut the cake. My good friend, Mrs. W. E. Parent, lent me her handsome silver trays and services, so all was gay and festive despite the fact that the cloud of war had not been completely lifted.

Carl -- just what shall I say about Carl? Carl really wanted to get into the Navy and see the world. He managed to hold up his arches which had been flattened at birth and passed the physical. His I.Q. was but one point lower than the top I.Q. in his company. For two years he was a corpsman at Corona Hospital in California, where he served as dental technician much of the time. Corona was an excellent place from which to get to western points of interest. With most of these he became well acquainted. He got himself a west coast release and for three months hitch-hiked (he stayed in uniform)

back and forth across the United States while he feasted with "his seeing eyes". On getting home he pitched right in and helped to refurbish both the inside and the outside of a house (812) that had been badly neglected because of our shortages. However, Carl was a much changed young man. He had seen much of the grim and hopeless, as well as the beautiful, and had also been converted to God. Leading souls to Christ was now his ruling passion and still is. He is a man who is giving his time and money so that others may have life in abundance.

Carl graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1949. He continued at Penn and took his master's degree in history and had the best examination of the year. His sixth year of college was spent in the School of Education at Temple University. But in spite of his intellectual pursuits and his intense participation in Christian Social work, Carl never let down his love for art and Colonial architecture; so that his recent summers have been most definitely to his liking while he guides through and lectures to those who visit Independence National Park in Philadelphia. The paneling, which he procured from the Lardener mansion, Lynnefield in Holmesburg for \$5.00 when he was sixteen, will grace the Chippendale room in the William Penn Memorial now being built in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.