

During My Lifetime

Gretchen Wiss Sinon

During My Lifetime

by Gretchen Wiss Sinon

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Preface

This book was started by Margarethe Wiss Sinon (Gretchen) when she was seventy eight years old. She started at the prodding of Suzanne Sayer, her granddaughter. Gretchen knew she could not write well, so she enrolled in the New School in New York City, studying writing under Hayes B. Jacobs for many years. After passing in her two to four page episodes for corrections, she would put them in a drawer, unorganized. The papers, when found, were not dated, nor in order. That is why for example, there are two beginnings to her trip west.

As years went on, she slowed down, passing in fewer and fewer papers, but continued to drive in to New York City to attend Hayes B. Jacobs' classes. She always sat in the front row of the class.

I just came across a letter from Hayes Jacobs, parts of which I'll include here.

Written Dec. 1986

"I know that Mrs. Sinon has not been up to the arduous task of writing for some time now, but it has continued to be a pleasure to have her in class. She's never failed to be attentive, and has continued to participate in class discussions...I've never had a more gracious or hard-working student. Her fellow students have appreciated her presence, too: she's been a model for them, and I think they've felt privileged to be around such a hardy survivor.

I feel that I too have gained from my association with her...I have felt flattered that she considered someone 26 years her junior could have anything to teach her!"

When I started this task, I really wanted to put her writings in order. However, I have found some interesting things she wrote, though not for class. For instance, in Frederick's baby book I found her description of Armistice Day. Also in going through all her papers, there were things she wrote but later did not include in a final article. I have tried to incorporate these gems if at all possible... Perhaps some things seem a little jerky and hopefully that may be an explanation.

I would like to thank Kathy Merrigan Abel who helped edit and was very supportive. Suzanne Sayer for inspiring Gretchen to write. To the Publisher, Town & Country Reprintgraphics, of Concord, NH for being so helpful and patient. Ruth King for help with the final editing.

This has been a wonderful experience for me to put this all together so read and enjoy!

*M.L. Sayer
daughter*

Letter of introduction by Gretchen Sinon

I was born in Newark, N.J., June 1, 1893. I attended private schools until the 5th grade when I went to the Newark public schools. At that time, Newark schools were very good, and Barringer High, from which I graduated in 1911, had an excellent college preparatory course.

I entered Wellesley College with two other girls from Barringer. Our preparation was so good we all sailed through freshman year while others were flunking out. I was graduated from Wellesley in 1915, married in 1917 and had a son and three daughters. I have five grandchildren and three great grandchildren (as of June, 1978) (eight great grand—children as of 1993)

It was primarily because of the insistence of my adult grandchildren that I decided to write something which I think of as Changes During My Life—Tho I'd like to think of a more colorful title.

"You really ought to write a book," said my granddaughter, Suzanne Sayer, several years ago. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that I had material that would be of interest to many people. So—

I have never written anything for publication. The longest manuscript I've ever written was a report for Mr. Krakow, International Relations Chairman of the American Red Cross. In 1965 he gave me a letter of introduction to the Red Cross Society in Africa with the understanding that I would report my findings to him. (*The trip with Rebecca Reyher, Chapter 21.*)

In 1912, and again in 1915, my mother and I, and the man I later married, Frederick W. Sinon, drove across the continent by automobile. I've been from Alaska to Mexico in the west, from Vancouver across Canada to Quebec and from Quebec to Florida, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Bermuda, St. Thomas and St. John. I was caught in Germany during World War One, and have since been on both East and West Germany. On a North Cape cruise we stopped in Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Russia, Latvia, and Estonia. I have been to Holland, spent quite a lot of time in Belgium, France, and the Philippines. I also know Switzerland quite well.

I have also been to Greece, Turkey, Liechtenstein, and Luxembourg, to Egypt, Israel, Syria, Lebanon, and Jordan. To Japan, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Thailand, India, Ceylon and Singapore. In Africa, I spent a month in South Africa and three months with various amounts of time in Rhodesia, Malawe, Zambia, Tanzania, Zanzibar, Kenya, Nigeria, Sudan, Liberia, Sierra Leone and Senegal.

The above preface was a combination of her twice writing a one page "Letter of introduction" to her teacher, Hayes Jacobs, in different years.

🐾 Table of contents 🐾

Gretchen's Relatives	7
Chapter 1 Earliest Memories	21
Chapter 2 The Fourth of July	23
Chapter 3 Father's Horse	25
Chapter 4 Haines Falls	27
Chapter 5 Automobiles	31
Chapter 6 Trip to Cobleskill, NY	35
Chapter 7 Niagara Falls	37
Chapter 8 Introducing Frederick Sinon	39
Chapter 9 Early Trips Across the Country ...	41
Chapter 10 Early Movies	55
Chapter 11 Wellesley College	57
Chapter 12 A Summer I'll Never Forget	63
Chapter 13 Letter From Germany	65
Chapter 14 Summer after Graduation	67
Chapter 15 Katherine Lee Bates	69
Chapter 16 Hooverizing	75
Chapter 17 Early Married Years	77
Chapter 18 Letter From Switzerland.....	85
Chapter 19 A Bit of Music	87
Chapter 20 Rebecca Rehyer	91
Chapter 21 Red Cross Report-Africa	97
Chapter 22 Dean Starr's Inversion	99
Chapter 23 Hold-Up	101
Chapter 24 My Ninetieth Birthday.....	103
Gretchen's Descendents	104

Gretchen's Father & Relatives



My father, Louis T. Wiss seated on left . I don't know who the other man is. Date, probably in the 1890's.





Frederick C.J. Wiss
1858-1931



Charlotte Lang
1865-1959



Mary Wiss was the sister of Louis T. Wiss

F.C.J. was the brother of Louis T. Wiss. He married Charlotte Lang. They were the parents of Robert Wiss, Norman Wiss and Florence Wiss (m. Taylor)

Gretchen's Mother & Relatives



Fanny Enders Baker
1862-1948



Fanny Baker (Wiss)
Mother of Gretchen



Fanny B. Wiss
Louis T. Wiss
on their wedding trip

This was written by Fanny Baker, mother of Gretchen

... I have no idea where she obtained this information.

The Baker Family

One line traces back to Fargallud-156 King of Ireland, another line to Robert the Bruce of Scotland, and a third to Edward 1st of England.

The name is spelled Bakes, Bakeman, Bakewell, Bekere and is interchangeable with Baxter. The family history dates back 20 centuries or beyond the conquest. Records

of the family are found in the Heraldic Visitation of Essex 1634. "The Chronicles of the Kings of England" was written by Sir Richard Baker. Henry Baker (poet 1703 or 8) and Sir Samuel Baker, explorer are among the best known members of the Bakers.

Francis Baker, his wife and three children came over in the "Planter" from Norwich England in 1625. In 1630,

came Ed. Baker who settled in North Ampton, Mass.

Reubin Baker's name is on the Revolutionary muster roll in the Mass. Archives and Remember Baker was with Ethan Allen at the capture of Ticonderoga.

There are 34 Baker Coats of arms in Barkers Peerage

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One of these may be Fred L. Baker who married Sarah Baker whose maiden name was BAKER.



*Sarah Baker
Sadie Baker-mother of Cortland & Clare Baker. She was
born Baker & married Fred L. Baker*



*Fanny's cousin
Mary Baker*



*Mary Baker married David Wilson
1865-1934
I was named after Tanta May, Fanny's sister*



*Matilda Foote Baker
Sister of Fanny*



*1861 Lizzy Baker
Lizzy Baker married Croyden Carr
Sister*



Eliza Halsey Losey

Fannie Baker Wiss's grandmother

This is a copy of an original painting done in 1817.

Eliza was born about 1801. She was married to Israel Canfield Losey June 17, 1824. They had five children, Ann E., Matilda F., Jacob Jr., Rose A. and Frederick C.

Matilda married Cortland R. Baker March 6, 1856. They had four children: Frederick Losey Baker, Matilda Foote Baker, Fannie E. Baker and Mary Louise Baker. Fannie was the mother of Gretchen Wiss Sinon.



These are grandparents of Gretchen

Cortland Radley Baker 1821-1866, Matilda Foote Losey Baker 1826-1882

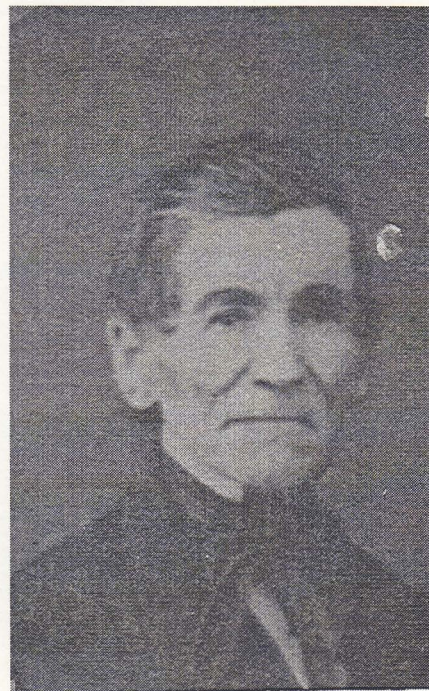
The Child is Caroline Baker, his child by his first marriage. Carolyn later married a Vanderbilt.



Not sure who these two are.



Mary A. Radley 1800-1885



Henry Baker 1796-1885

Fred W. Sinon's Family

(Gretchen married Fred)

SINON HOMESTEAD

ON THE UPLAND SWEEP of hills not far from East Albany, on rolling lands which barely a century ago were hard-wrung from the wilderness that again is re-claiming it, stands the

From this hill above the farmstead that William and his son, John, pioneered, the view runs northward toward Irasburg Village, over the easier, fertile bottomlands of the Black River valley, that others had settled on many years before the Sinons arrived in the region.

William and his wife, Mary, came by ox cart in 1860 with three-year-old John, when the northern Vermont hill country still was virgin wilderness. From Middlebury College they had been able to lease 73 acres of woodland.

William built a log cabin on the knoll, and slowly, painfully he cleared the land with an ax and cross-cut saw. They planted vegetables, at first between the stumps, made soap from the wood ashes. In time they could add a few cows to provide milk and butter to sell in the villages, in the valleys below.

Photograph by Mack M. Derick

During these brutally hard times, in their first six years, three more children were born. At the age of twenty-two, John took over the care of the younger ones and the management of the growing farm.

Here John married and raised eight children of his own. Somehow, in the years that followed, he managed to feed and clothe them, and to provide for each a college or other higher education.

When John Sinon died in 1922, his son Frank took over the homestead, and in time had three children of his own. His son John now farms not far distant from the homestead.

The struggle to keep on farming had been given up by the time Frank died in 1968 and the cattle had been sold off. Now Frank's sisters who live in nearby Barton, own the old Sinon homestead. It and a nearby lodge are rented summers to friends who return each year.

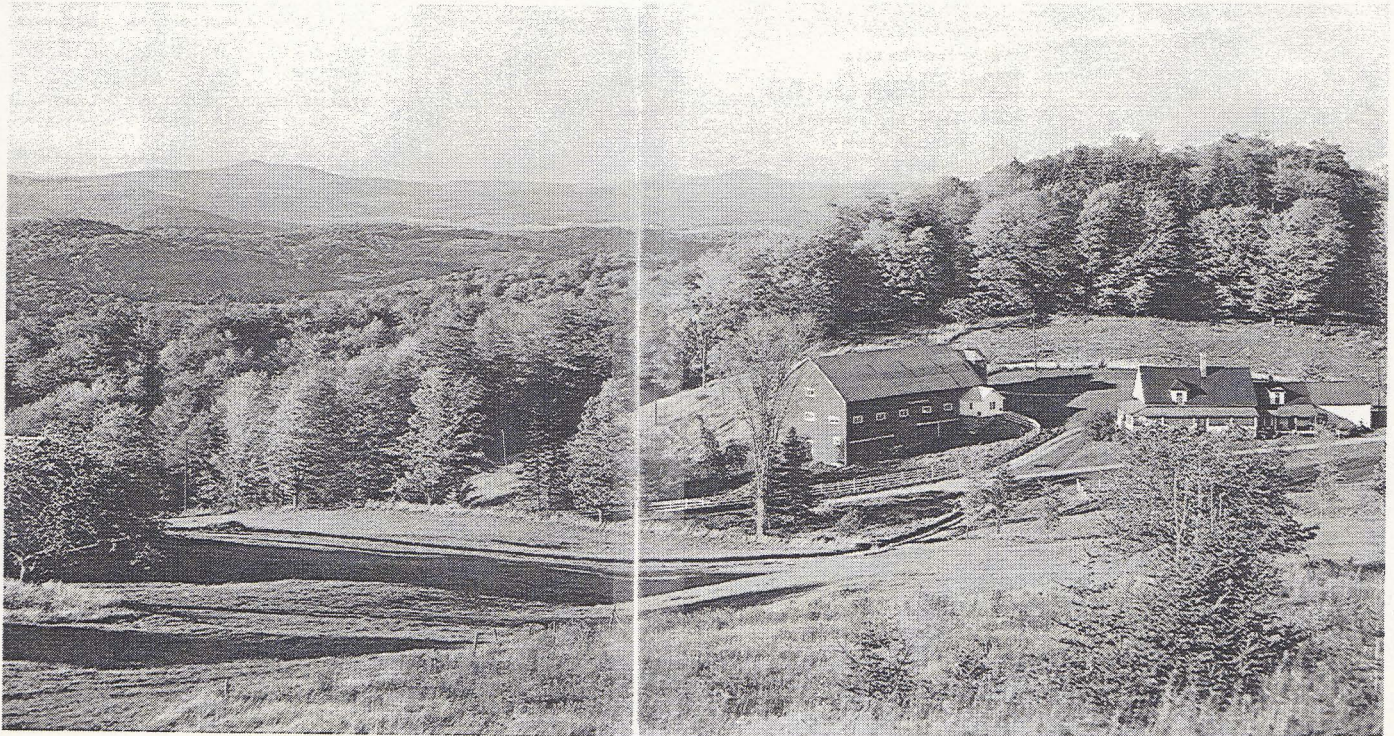
Like the Sinon place, many others in this northern hill country have stopped farming and stand idle. Some let go years ago and have gone back to woods. Others hold on longer, and their hard-won meadows and pastures still are defined, but are overgrown with brush and goldenrod.

Summer people and others who work in Orleans or Barton are buying some of

the old places, but never again will one likely see mowed fields and cows at pasture.

The Sinon family still holds the old place and the Middlebury College lease, which was its beginning. Treasured by them also is the old chest which Mary Sinon brought from Ireland in 1840, and the worn cradle in which son John slept back in Vergennes and then in the Albany wilderness.

Treasured most of all, though, are the memories of Sinon parents and grandparents who gave so selflessly of their lives to make in this wilderness a home and a future for their children. ☪



Anne Mulaney Sinon



John Tunney Sinon

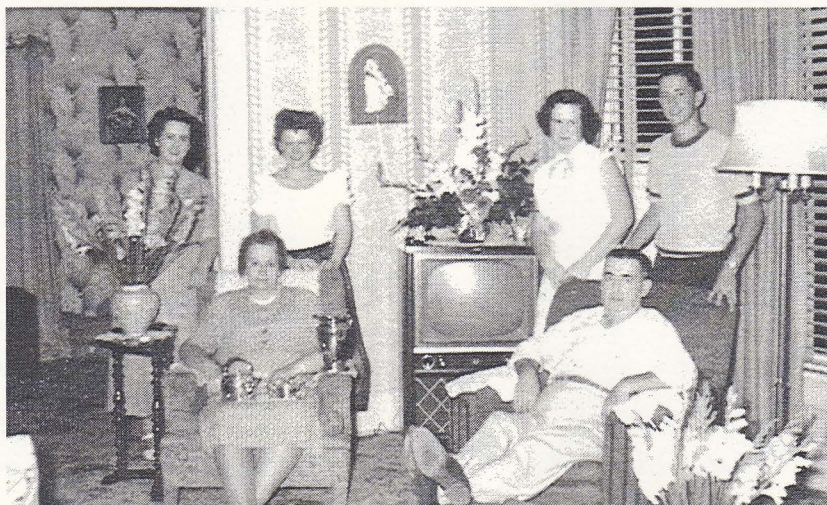
Father and Mother of Fred Sinon



The whole Sinon Clan about 1918
Top row: Elizabeth, Fred, Mamie, Bertha
Bottom row: Frank, Kate, Mother Anne, Father William, Margaret, John



Years later: Fred, Margaret, John, Kate, Elizabeth, Bertha, Frank



Flannery Family



*This is one of the results of a trip west mentioned in Chapter 9.
Wedding of Bertha Sinon and Leo Flannery.
Next result was the wedding of Frank Sinon and Agnes Flannery some time later.*

The Father and Mother of Margarethe Wiss Sinon



Louis T. Wiss
1860-1908



Fanny Enders Baker
1862-1948



Friends of Fanny and Louis.
Fanny bottom center - Louis on right.



Margarethe Wiss Sinon, also known as Gretchen. This photo was taken in Maine by grand-daughter Shirley Cononi, about the time Gretchen was writing.

❁ CHAPTER 1 ❁

Earliest Memories



Jacob Wiss
1817-1880

Soon after I was born, (June 1, 1893) my father, Louis T. Wiss, and my mother, Fanny Baker Wiss, moved to a house on Bank Street, Newark, N.J. just above High Street, next to where the Babies Hospital used to stand. My brother, Jerome B. Wiss, was born in the Baker Street house on Dec. 6, 1896. We lived there until 1901. That house, and everything around it has vanished, and has become part of the Rutgers-Newark campus.

My grandfather on my father's side, Jacob Wiss, came to the U.S.A. from Soloturn, Switzerland, in 1848. My grandmother, Maria Kaiser, came from Germany. They met and married in Newark, N.J. He started a small business manufacturing knives and later scissors and shears. They lived upstairs over his forge shop on Bank Street. A large dog on a treadmill provided the power for grinding and sharpening. My uncle, Fred Wiss, Jacob's eldest son, had to leave school when he was only seventeen because of Jacob's failing health. My father, Louis, was able to finish high school but joined Fred in business when he was eighteen. Between them, they enlarged Jacob's business, bought land on Littleton Avenue, and built a small factory. Thus started what became J. Wiss & Sons Co., the largest factory of its kind in the United States.



Marie Kaiser
1827-1880

It was in the Bank Street house I saw the first picture which made a lasting impression on me. It was on a calendar, I believe, but I do remember it vividly because it haunted and disturbed me. It showed a ship in flames with "bombs bursting in air" all around it. I can't say it was the *Maine* but it was undoubtedly during the Spanish-American War in 1898, the year I became five.

The slogan "Remember the Maine to hell with Spain" was familiar to me when I came across it recently. I have a vague recollection of a parade during that period with soldiers and marching bands playing martial music. This was viewed from the Wiss Building on Main Street, Newark, N.J. It must have been the parade to celebrate the United States victory in that war. It may not have been a war of conquest, but as a result of our victory in the Spanish-American war, the U.S. acquired Guam, the Philippines, and Puerto Rico. "Remember the Maine" was used to enlist troops and sell the war to the American people. It was as famous a slogan as "He kept us out of war" which was used to help reelect Woodrow Wilson in 1916.

I have a very distinct recollection of the first time I saw an automobile- probably because of the flurry it caused. I was with my Aunt Matilda- called "Tanta Till" by her nieces and nephews. We were in a trolley car on our way to downtown Newark, when someone, probably the motorman, said excitedly, "Here comes a horseless carriage." Everyone looked out the windows trying to see it. After it passed, Tanta Till sniffed and said: "I don't know why anyone would want to ride in a smelly thing like that." I was about five or six years old when this happened so the year was probably 1898 or 1899.



Tanta Till

Father used to read us the "funnies" in the Sunday paper. Grandpa and Buster Brown were among the early comics he read to us. Mother approved of those two but not the Katzenjammer Kids which ran in those times and continued for years.

Mother had a dressmaker, or seamstress who came to the house and made our clothes from patterns. We had a simple Singer sewing machine. Jerome my brother had a Buster Brown suit which Mother bought.

I don't recall being taught the alphabet, but I know I knew it very early. My paternal grandmother came to

America from Germany and my grandfather from the German speaking part of Switzerland in 1848. My father had learned German at home. My mother and aunts thought it would be fine for him to talk German to me. Father knew that the language he spoke in the Wiss Factory, where many of the employees were German speaking, was not good German, so he refused to speak it to me.

I went to a kindergarten a few blocks from home. Fraulein Von der Heide gave me a few lessons in both the German alphabet and in learning to write German script. (I cannot understand why some modern systems do not advocate learning the alphabet)

The summer of 1900, when I was seven years old, Tanta Till took me to Cobleskill. We boarded one of the popular Albany night boats in New York City. We had a picnic supper on deck and I enjoyed sleeping on the top berth in our small stateroom, which had a built in bowl with running water marked "Nonpotable." To get drinking water one pushed a bell and when a steward responded to the ring, one asked for a pitcher of ice water and gave him 10 cents when he returned with it. One had a choice of putting on a wrapper and going to the ladies room or using a large china pottie. One could go to the dining room for breakfast aboard. Tanta Till, who had a job at the Prudential Insurance Company in Newark and earned her own living, considered this extravagant, so we went to a not too good restaurant near the dock when we landed in Albany. It was a pleasant first experience as a traveler.

Although the telephone had been patented by Alexander Graham Bell in 1876 it did not come into general use until after 1894 when Bell's original patent expired. I was about six years old (1901) when we got our first telephone. Mother was delighted, not because she could talk to family and friends. She couldn't because few had phones, but because, as she said, "Its wonderful, I don't have to walk to the stores to do my shopping. If I don't feel like it, I can telephone."

🐾 CHAPTER 2 🐾

The Fourth of July

The 4th of July celebrations of today (1979) are a far cry from those of my childhood. For me and my friends, the 4th was the most exciting day of the year next to Christmas. What we did to celebrate the holiday far outweighed what it commemorated.

Our family usually spent July and August in Woodbridge, NJ, with the Gus Campbells, parents of a boy about my age, and a girl about the same age as my brother. Experience had taught the adults that if they wanted any sleep after 4 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, they should make sure no firecrackers or torpedoes were in the hands of the children. We were forbidden to get up before 6:30, by which time we were getting noisy and "raring" to go.

Fourth of July torpedoes, which were about the size of bonbons, were made of small pieces of reddish, pinkish paper similar to tissue paper. The papers must have been glued shut after they had been filled with some sort of broken up hard material on top of the percussion cap, like the caps in toy pistols my brother and Charles Campbell had on the 4th.

In any case, when the torpedoes were thrown with sufficient force against the hard surface of a flagstone sidewalk, they exploded with a loud bang. I wasn't strong enough to make them explode. Very often they just broke into pieces, and the stuffing fell out, so I was always glad when father appeared.

"Here's a pack of firecrackers and a piece of punk for each of you," he would announce. "I'll light the punk in a minute, but don't any of you light any firecrackers until I say so."

Punk, which is brown and hard, burns very slowly and is lighted only at the end so a stick of punk the size of a pencil could be used for several hours to light firecrackers.

"Now remember," father would say, "be sure you throw your firecracker away from you the minute the wick begins to burn, and be sure you don't throw them toward anyone else. Always look around before you light one. If the firecracker doesn't explode right away, don't pick it up for a good long time. Sometimes the wicks are slow, and it could go off in your hand."

With Father keeping an eye on us, we children had the thrill of lighting our own firecrackers, and we never had an accident. However, on July 5th the newspapers across the country were full of accounts of injuries, burns, loss of sight, and even deaths due to the careless handling of explosives. I suppose part to the thrill of the day was the fact that we knew there was danger.

The towns in our area celebrated the Fourth in various ways. There was a large vacant lot next to the Campbells' house that was used as a baseball field by Woodbridge High School. Here, on the Fourth, there was usually a baseball game between Woodbridge and a neighboring town. There were patriotic speeches that were impossible to hear unless one was standing near the speaker. There were no microphones in those days.

We always had a good midday meal on the Fourth, much like a Sunday dinner, with chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, and possibly fresh peas. We could count on homemade chocolate layer cake, and home frozen ice cream for desert. We children tried to be around when the dasher was removed from the freezer, so we could get any ice cream that had stuck to it. (A dasher is the wooden insert in the container which goes around, stirring the contents until it is frozen.)

For supper we had sandwiches made of homemade bread, with milk and strawberries, or other fruit for dessert. If we wanted a drink during the day, there was homemade lemonade kept alongside a large hunk of ice in the metal-lined compartment of the ice box, which stood in the back entry between the back door and the kitchen. Two or three times a week, an ice man would arrive with his wagon, drawn by a team of horses. He would weigh, cut, and deliver the number of pounds ordered.

Almost every town of any size had a Fourth of July parade. Although I don't remember much about the Woodbridge parade, I distinctly remember seeing several parades over the years from a second story window over the Wiss Jewelry Store on Broad Street in Newark. These parades were unforgettable, because of the contrast between the two participating groups. "The Veterans of the Spanish American War" (1898) marched briskly to the martial music of their bands,

but the Veterans of the Civil War (1860-1865), who in the north called themselves the Grand Army of the Republic, were quite different.

Young as I was, I felt like crying when I saw them. Some rode in open carriages, and as the years went by, there were fewer of them. It is to the G.A.R.*, that we owe our Memorial Day, which they established to preserve the memory of their fallen comrades.

*(Grand Army of the Republic)

🐾 CHAPTER 3 🐾

Father's Horse

Father had a horse, a mare named Floris, which he kept in a livery stable in Newark most of the year. When the weather was good, and when he had time, we went for drives in an open buggy out into the suburbs. Years later, after I was married and lived in Maplewood, when I would drive an automobile down South Orange Ave. to Newark, the thought would come to me "Father used to drive us out here with a horse and buggy."

In the summer, Floris was driven to a farm on the outskirts of Woodbridge where we (and Floris) boarded with the Campbells. There was a privately owned race track nearby. Father, in a sulky, used to race Floris and sometimes won! Mother was very nervous and unhappy when father raced, as there were accidents occasionally though I don't remember seeing any.

One summer, father bought what he called a small buckboard, (though it looked nothing like the picture of a buckboard in the Webster's Dictionary.) He also bought a billy goat with a bad disposition. I don't know much about the disposition of goats in general, or maybe our Billy was unusually ornery, but in any case, he was, to put it mildly, not exactly a suitable gift for small children.

Father would hitch up the goat. His original plan, I believe, was that we children, Charles Campbell and I, could drive it around. Father had fun with it, I believe, and with lots of adult help, we did drive it as far as the race track on a non-racing day and had our picture taken. We had that picture for years.

🐾 CHAPTER 4 🐾

Haines Falls

Mother, Jerome and I spent one summer at Haines Falls, NY, in the Catskill mountains. I think I was seven at that time.

My actual recollections of how we got there begin when we reached a spot several miles from our destination. Here a goodly number of large, horse-drawn vehicles were assembled. Each vehicle was marked with the name of a resort hotel. The driver of each vehicle had a list of the names of people he was to transport. When the driver located a passenger, he would ask him about his baggage and make arrangements for it to be put in a baggage van to be delivered later.

As I recall, there were two large, expensive hotels, as well as quite a number of good smaller ones located in nearby mountains.

The vehicle which took us to the Haines Falls house was pulled by four horses. It had a top, but open sides, and seating capacity for at least ten people. The road seemed to be all uphill, with some extremely steep climbs. These climbs were difficult on the horses, and they sweated profusely.

Before going up the steepest grades, the driver would stop and suggest it would lighten the load for the horses if those who felt up to it would walk. Several people, including my skinny little self, walked short distances up very steep inclines.

It was on this trip that I first came to know what everyone called "thank-you-ma'ams," and realized their usefulness. According to Merrimam Webster , a "thank-you ma'am" is "a bump or depression in a



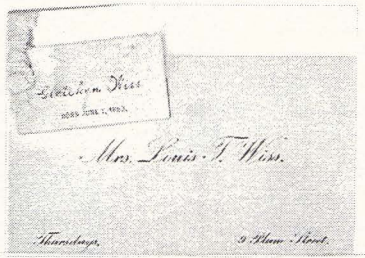
*Eliker Baker, Anne Miller, Henry Baker - 1797-1885
Baker's Aunt & two Uncles on her father's side. Uncle Elli was cousin Mary Bakers father.
Aunt Anne lived in Westfield.*

road. It may cause a person driving over it to nod his head." Though they may have been built to keep dirt roads on steep hills from washing out, the "thank-you-ma'ams" had another very useful function. They provided stopping places where the driver could let the rear wheels rest against the "thank-you-ma'am" they had just gone over, and so give the panting horses temporary relief from the weight of the load, which otherwise would have dragged on them.

As for our times at Haines Falls, I remember playing in a field near the hotel on gray boulders, which had pale green lichen on them. I was taken to the falls fairly frequently. Unlike any falls I know anything about, the water could be turned on or off. When it was on, the falls were beautiful to look at, but when it was off, there was only a trickle of water. If one got permission, it was possible to climb around below the main drop without getting very wet. I enjoyed both experiences.

I remember being the youngest in a group to go on a long, guided hike. My mother's uncle, Elihu Baker, who was nearly eighty at the time, was the oldest. We left soon after breakfast. We followed mountain trails, mostly through woods, occasionally coming out into a clearing. I recall one truly spectacular view with the Hudson River in the background, far below where we stood. We returned to our lodging in time for a late lunch.

There were various entertainments at night, but since my bedtime was 8 o'clock, I don't know what my elders did for amusement. However I distinctly remember one Sunday afternoon when a Mrs. Custer, I now know she was the widow of General George Armstrong Custer, told about the battle in which her husband was killed by Indians in Wyoming, in 1876.



Gretchen's Birth Announcement



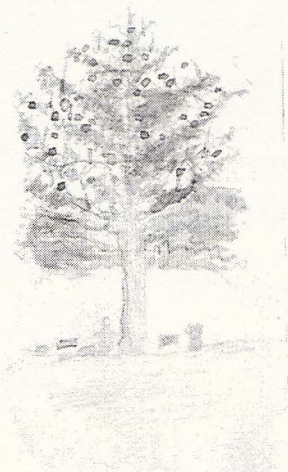
*Miss Lauters School 1902
Jerome with sailors outfit
Gretchen with bow*



*circa 1900
Tin type of Gretchen & Jerome*



*Pretty clever we thought
David Wilson & Gretchen*



Margarethe drew this little tree



*Louis T. Wiss 1898 -1899
Jerome and Gretchen*



*Haynes Falls 1901
Gretchen and Jerome - middle right*



*Haynes Falls
Gretchen middle
with De Camp Sisters*



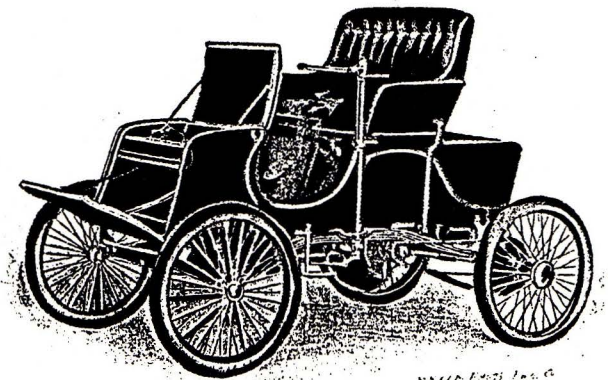
Gretchen (see star)

Chapter 5

Automobiles

There were very few motor driven vehicles in the city of Newark where we lived, or as a matter of fact, in any city anywhere. Several years before that time some cars looked like "Horseless carriages." They had acquired a name of their own, a name which described their most essential characteristic, Automobile, which plainly means self-moving.

When I was about nine years old, I came home from school one day with my best friend, Benice. Just then a green automobile with red wheels drove up and stopped in front of our house. Mother came out, greeted the salesperson and got into the car. When she saw me, she said, "You're just in time. Father called and said he wanted me to take a drive in this car. Get in and Benice can come too if she wants."



The sales person drove us around and on the way home there was a hill, which the car managed without any difficulty, but we soon found out that steep hills were to be avoided.

Steam propelled cars which were clumsy and bulky had an advantage when it came to steep grades. If a steam car had difficulty, it would stop, get up enough steam to make the grade.

There were also electric cars which were good but because batteries ran out after short distances and had to be replaced, they were not practical for anything but city driving.

My father bought his first automobile in 1902 when I was nine years old. It was a 1902 one cylinder Knox, and cost about \$1,700. It was named after Harry A. Knox, of Springfield, Massachusetts who designed it. It looked like a two passenger car but had a seat that let down in the front which turned it into a four passenger vehicle. It had no top and no windshield, and instead of a steering wheel it had what I thought of as a steering rod, but which was called a tiller. Attached to the tiller were two short levers, one of which regulated the spark, and the other the flow of gas. It had two oil lamps which shed some light around the car, but very little on the road ahead. It also served to warn pedestrians of its approach at night. I remember how thrilled father was when he was able to buy acetylene lamps to replace the oil ones, but even with them, night driving was not advisable.

My father bought this first Knox and before he died at age forty-eight, he had bought two Packards and we had gone as far as Niagara Falls on roads built for horses.

To start the Knox, father first advanced the spark lever and then put the gas lever where it would feed what he judged to be the proper amount of gas. Then he went to the front of the car, bent almost to the ground, grasped the crank handle and gave it a quick turn. This was ticklish business because the handle tended to spring back when pressure was removed, and while father never actually broke his arm he hurt it a couple of times. As soon as the motor coughed and showed signs of starting, father would leap back, retard the spark, and regulate the gas.

Father and mother got into their seat by means of a small step on one side. My brother and I sat on the drop seat in front, and though it doesn't seem to have occurred to anyone else in the family that there was anything dangerous about that unprotected seat, I personally had one fear about sitting there. Quite frequently dogs barked and jumped at the car. When this happened I was afraid that one of them might jump high enough to bite my feet, or even land in my lap. A friend said to me, "Anyone who did that to his children today would be put in jail"-meaning having to sit unprotected in that front seat.

Not only were dogs excited by automobiles, but children also reacted to these comparatively rare vehicles. We were greeted with yells of "Git a horse" in some neighborhoods. Once a boy threw a stick, big enough to hurt had it hit any of us. That was too much for father. He stopped the car, picked up the stick which had landed at his feet, and before the boy realized what was happening, he was over father's knee being paddled by the stick he had thrown at us.

The danger of a front end collision seems not to have occurred to any member of the family probably because of the few cars on the road. There were mostly horse drawn vehicles which were not capable of high speeds.

There was too much discomfort riding in my father's car for me to enjoy it after the novelty wore off. In summer we had to sit on hot seats with the sun beating down on us. For winter driving, Father had fur coats made for Jerome and me, especially to sit in the unprotected front let-down seat, but even with those coats and a blanket we were not too warm.

Before cars, we'd never see the Campbells but after father got a car, we'd often ride fifteen miles to see our friends, the Campbells, on a Sunday afternoon, stay for lunch and a short visit before we had to get back before dark.

Most worrisome reactions to the early automobiles, however, came from horses. Some horses were frightened beyond control at the sight of a self moving vehicle emitting explosive noises coming towards them on a narrow road. Some reared up on their hind legs or tried to back up. Not infrequently they ran away.

During one of our early outings in the Knox, the road on which we were travelling emerged from some woods into a clearing about the size of a football field. There were no houses or people in sight, except for a man driving toward us in an open buggy.

We saw at once that his horse was badly frightened by our car. Father, who had a way with horses and had owned one until he bought the Knox, stopped the car. He got out and offered to lead the horse by. The driver, whipping his horse savagely to force him to pass us, refused Father's help. The poor animal, in pain from the whipping, and terrorized by the car, finally bolted past us. The horse was still running wildly with the buggy swaying behind when they disappeared into the woods from which we had just come.

Not long after this, father received a summons to appear in court. The charge was reckless driving, which

the plaintiff claimed had caused his horse to run away, his buggy to be smashed and had landed him in the hospital.

Father and mother considered taking my brother and me to the court hearing as witnesses. We both remembered what had happened and felt it was very unfair that father should be blamed, since the driver of the horse had refused his help. They discussed whether minors would be allowed to testify, and, if so, whether the judge might not be inclined to think we would say what we had been told to say. Also a clever lawyer might be able to confuse us. In the end, we were not taken to court but left at home to go to school.

I don't remember whether father, who was usually very much on the ball, got a lawyer to represent him, but it probably would not have made much difference in the decision. The driver of the horse produced two phony witnesses, who claimed they had seen what happened, and backed up his false statements. Moreover, there was still a general feeling in 1902 that the roads were built for horses- which certainly was true- and the automobile was regarded by many as an "intruder." In any case, the decision went against my father, and the incident cost him a lot of money.

That one cylinder changed our lives. We lived in a house on the corner of Johnson Avenue and Alpine Streets in the Clinton Hill section of Newark which at that time was one of the better sections of Newark. Adjoining our property in the back, there was a vacant lot where Jerome and I and our friends used to play. Sometimes, on cold fall days we built bonfires and roasted potatoes. Father bought this property and had a garage built on it to house the Knox.

He had a rectangle pit dug below the floor level in the garage where he could lie on his back and work under part of the car. He was never happier than when so occupied. Mother did not share this enthusiasm. "Do you have to get so dirty," she would ask sometimes when he would come through the back door with face, hands and overalls smeared with oil and grease.

One day I happened to be in the yard between the house and the garage when Father came staggering out of the garage and barely made it to the house where he collapsed. He had had the garage door closed and the motor running, trying to find out what was causing a noise he didn't like. He was almost overcome by carbon monoxide gas.

Mother did, however, enjoy our outings. On hot summer evenings we would go for a drive to cool off. First father explored the surrounding suburbs. Then we

began to drive longer distances and to stay overnight on weekends in places where he had heard there was an Inn.

One such place was in Newburgh, New York at what in those days was called a "swell hotel" (I think it was called The Palatine.) I didn't like staying at that kind of place because we arrived dusty and dirty, even though the whole family wore caps. I felt everyone was looking at us, which may well have been the case.



*Around 1903
Typical Outfit for Motorists*

The New Jersey Automobile Association was started in Newark, NJ in 1902. Father was one of the founders and was Vice President of its first board of Directors. Incidentally, Father was called "Citizen Fix-It" by a group of his friends who used to meet occasionally.

These men, along with other car owners all over the country, were convinced of the superiority of the infant automobile over the horse, as a means of transportation. They also felt "the urge to prove it to the still dubious public."

This desire to acquaint people with the reality of the automobile resulted in what the New Jersey Automobile Club called "runs." In New York State, somewhat longer runs were called Glidden Tours, named for the man who organized and sponsored them.

My personal experience was with the less ambitious "runs." On a Saturday or Sunday, twenty to thirty cars would assemble at a designated spot. Each would be given a number and handed directions as to the route they were all to travel. They were started one at a time, according to their number, a minute or possibly two minutes apart. It was not a race. They were all supposed to cover the course in the given length of time passing check points at certain intervals. A puncture or an overheated motor or any delay counted a certain number of points against the car.

These runs may have been modelled on the well known Glidden Tours but ours lasted only a day. Somehow, lunch at a hotel was arranged at mid point without too much disruption of the schedules. I remember once the lunch was at a hotel in Hackettstown.

"The first of the famed Glidden Tours, the 870 mile 1905 tour began in New York City, travelled to Bretton Woods via Hartford, Boston, and the White Mountains. It ended 11 days later, of the 34 starters, 27 finished." (The above quote is from a book in the Montclair Library, lost as Gretchen did not record it.)



Joe, Fanny, Mrs. Simpson. Joe worked for Mrs. Wiss for many years.



Early 1920's

🐾 CHAPTER 6 🐾

Trip to Cobleskill, New York

"How would you like to drive to Cobleskill to see May and Dave?" Father asked mother one night at dinner, several months after he bought the Knox car.

"Oh Lou, do you think we could? I'd love to go there and see May."

"I've talked to Fred-(Father's brother)- about it," father answered, "and he says he can get along without me for a week or so, and if I don't think it's too far, to go."



Mary Louise Baker
1865-1934

May was mother's youngest sister (my Tanta May) and Dave was her husband. Cobleskill was a smallish town about forty-five miles west of Albany, NY where they lived. Father had talked to his brother, Fred, about his plan, before mentioning it to mother.

Fred and my father Louis were co-owners of J. Wiss and Son, Newark, N.J. factory, where high quality scissors and shears were manufactured. Father just wanted to be sure he would be able to take some time away from work.

"When you write Fan, (mother's name was Fanny) ask Dave to send information about the towns we should go through after we leave Albany, and to tell us anything he can find out about the conditions of the roads. Tell him we don't want to cross any mountains if it

can be avoided. I know the roads between here and Newburgh and I'll see if I can find out what they are like from there to Albany."

One day after mother had a reply from Uncle Dave, and father had assembled what road information he could gather, mother packed a lunch and we set out on our adventure.

All went well until the later part of the afternoon when suddenly the engine stopped. Father investigated and found that a vital part had broken.

Fortunately we were almost directly in front of a prosperous looking farm house.

Father went to the door and explained to the pleasant woman who came to the door what had happened and asked if he might use her phone.

She said she didn't have a phone, but insisted that we get out of the car and come in, and said when the farm hands finished milking she would have someone hitch up and drive father into town where he could find a telephone. She added that she would give us supper and that we were welcome to spend the night.

Her name was Mrs. Little. She and mother became good friends and corresponded for years afterwards. We spent not one but four nights with her, while father was trying unsuccessfully to get a replacement for the broken part. Finally, in desperation, he removed the part and took it with him in a rig supplied by Mrs. Little, to the local blacksmith and between them, they forged a new part which he installed and we started again for Cobleskill.

As you can see, there were not many people traveling in those days and parts to cars were not available. They had a nice visit with the farmer's wife and I believe she would not take any money for the days they spent as she enjoyed the unexpected visit. But they had to stop again before they reached Cobleskill.

It was dusk when we drove into a town called Central Bridge.

"This is certainly a one horse town, Fan, but I'm afraid we're going to have to spend the night here." said fa-

ther, as we approached a cluster of nondescript buildings dominated by a saloon.

"But it can't be very much farther to Cobleskill." said mother, who plainly didn't like the place.

"Our acetylene lamps are much better than the oil lamps were, but it's another ten miles, and I don't want to drive after dark on a road I don't know."

The only accommodations available in Central Bridge were two connecting rooms over a noisy saloon. About the time I woke up the next morning, Mother, who had not slept much, heard some men swearing and using foul language outside, under our windows.

"Lou, I wish you would go down there and tell them your wife and children are upstairs, and ask them please not to use that kind of language."

I am not sure whether father followed these instructions exactly, but he did go out, and did say something, and the swearing almost stopped. In any case, we got out of there as soon as possible, which meant no breakfast for hungry skinny little me until we were safely at Tanta May's in Cobleskill.

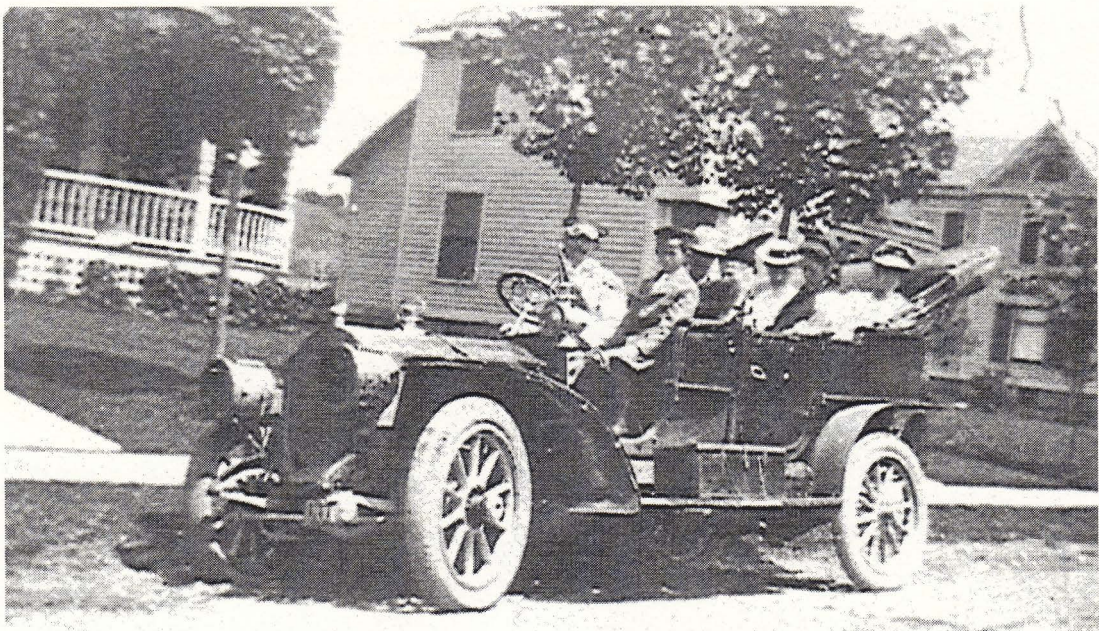
I do not remember how long father kept our one cyl-

inder Knox (car) probably not much more than a year, as all incidents happened approximately within that period of time.

Father's next car was a Packard, followed by a second Packard, before his sudden death of a heart attack in 1908, at the age of forty eight.

I am unable to recall much about those early Packards, except that unlike the Knox, father and mother sat in the front, and my brother, Jerome and I sat in the back. Packards had a steering wheel instead of a tiller, and although we never put the top up in case of rain, both Packards had a top. I don't think our first Packard had a windshield, but I think the second one did.

It sometimes took many attempts to start the motor. This was pretty strenuous for father, and it wasn't long before starting the car became a cooperative venture. Father carefully explained to mother, my brother, and me, what to do. So one of us usually sat in the car and followed his shouted directions. (In those days one had to hand-crank to start a car.)



🐾 CHAPTER 7 🐾

Trip to Niagara Falls

One day in 1906, when I was thirteen years old, father said to mother at dinner, "How would you like to drive to Erie (Pa.) to see Bob and Gussie?" (They were his sister and her husband.)

"Fine," said mother, "if you don't think it's too long a trip." Father agreed that it would be a much longer trip than any we had taken, but added, "I really have two things in mind. I've been studying maps and directions in the Blue Book, and I think it would be too bad to be as far west as Erie, Pa. and not take an extra's day run and go to Niagara Falls."

That really sold the trip to mother. At that time, Niagara Falls was not only the mecca for honeymooners, but a place just about everyone we knew hoped to see some day.

After a relatively uneventful trip to Erie and our visit there, we started for Niagara Falls.

Uncle Bob had advised us to spend the night someplace an hour or so outside of Niagara. In the morning we could take the road above the Niagara River and see the swift current and boiling rapids. Then, we would arrive in plenty of time to take the trip on the river directly below the falls on a smallish steamer ap-

propriately named The Maid of the Mist. We followed his advice. As we boarded the boat, we were all fitted with raincoats and rain scarfs to help keep dry.

After the ride, we viewed the falls in a leisurely fashion from both the American and Canadian sides. A guide told us of a man who had walked a tightrope over the falls, and another who had won a wager by going over it in a barrel, landing safely below with only minor injuries. By the time the tour was over, we were beginning to feel hungry. We were delighted, therefore, when a vendor with a small push-cart approached us.

He poured some batter from a container onto a charcoal grill, which cooked something resembling a squarish pancake. This he rolled up into a cone. He then uncovered a freezer and scooped up a generous dip of ice cream, which he put into the freshly made cone. He handed it to mother.

None of us had ever seen or heard of an ice cream cone before, and I doubt whether any of us ever again had one so delicious. We each had two, and our enjoyment apparently attracted others, as quite a number of people were waiting their turns before we left.

🐾 CHAPTER 8 🐾

Introducing Frederick Sinon

After father's death in January 1908, mother was never without a car and some one to drive it for her. I'm sure the idea of driving an automobile herself never occurred to her, as in those days cars were apt to break down. They needed a mechanically minded man who didn't mind getting dirty, tinkering with the motor, or fixing a flat tire and pumping it up, with a hand pump. I don't remember ever seeing a woman driver at that time.

Woodbridge, which in 1911 was still a pleasant small town, was almost a second home for our family, as the Gus Campbells, who had been father and mother's best friends as far back as I can remember, lived there. We called them Uncle Gus and Tanta Bert. They had a boy named Charles, about my age, and a girl named Marguerite, around Jerome's age.

It was to the Campbells in Woodbridge that we drove in our one cylinder Knox almost every Sunday after father bought it in 1902, and it was to the Campbells that Mother, Jerome and I went as boarders in the Spring of 1908, after father's death, because mother was so lonesome. The Campbell's backyard and the backyard of Mr. Arness were separated by a fence with a gate between.

One day in the spring of 1911 when mother, Jerome and I were in Woodbridge, Marguerite said to me: "You ought to see the good looking chauffeur Mr. Arness has. All the girls are crazy about him. Let's walk through the Arness's yard to Main Street and maybe we will see him."

We did and that is when I first met the man whom I married six years later!

Mother had had several chauffeurs, we pronounced them "showfurs" before Fred Sinon came to drive for her. He was practically adopted by her and made one of the family. He came to live with us the year I left home for college. From the start, I resented him very much but wait and see.

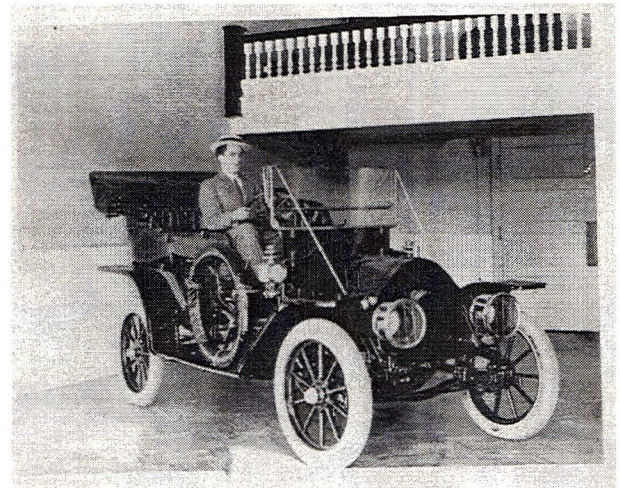
Fred was born on July 27th, 1889 on a farm in northern Vermont. He went to a one room school house (*in East Albany*) which had one teacher for all eight grades. The school had a large wood burning stove in the middle of the room, and in zero weather, the children

who sat near it roasted, while those who sat farthest shivered.

After primary school, Fred worked for his board and keep in the nearby town of Barton, while attending Barton Academy from which he was graduated.

Then he went to New York City and lived with his Uncle Will and Aunt Kate so he could get a better paying job than he could find in a rural community, and could send more money home to help with the expenses of his two brothers and five sisters.

Fred's first job was a bellboy in the Hotel Astor, which at that time, (1908) was a popular place for transients. Although this may seem like a rather meaningless occupation, it was a broadening and eye opening experience for a country boy whose lifelong interest was people. He liked people, and I don't know anyone who didn't like him.



Frederick W. Sinon 1909

His next job was salesman at the New York Packard Agency. After a time there, they recommended him to a Mr. Arness of Woodbridge, NJ who had bought a Packard with the understanding that the company would send him someone capable of both driving and maintaining the car.

After Fred came to live with us in the Fall of 1911, and mother had someone whom she could trust to drive her car, she began to think about seeing more of the United States.

❀ CHAPTER 9 ❀

Trips Across the Country

(This was the start of the first trip-probably 1912. I also found the next bit which we must assume was the start of the 1916 trip.)

Jerome was going on a trip to Europe with the athletic director of the Newark Academy in the summer of 1912, and mother decided it would be interesting if she, Fred and I, drove across the continent to California.

This had been done by several adventurous men, and mother knew the roads had improved some since 1907 when we traveled with father. However, according to the Dictionary of American History, vol. VI, page 156, "In 1908 there was not a single mile of concrete in the entire United States and only 650 miles of macadam.*"

Mother, of course, had no such nation wide figure to go by, and no way of knowing how much actual road improvement there had been in so vast a country, though by that time we were familiar with the Blue Book, which was really a marvelous guide book for motorists. Mother apparently didn't realize that the trip coast to coast would undoubtedly present some difficulties. She thought it would be a good idea to look for someone who might be planning a similar trip.

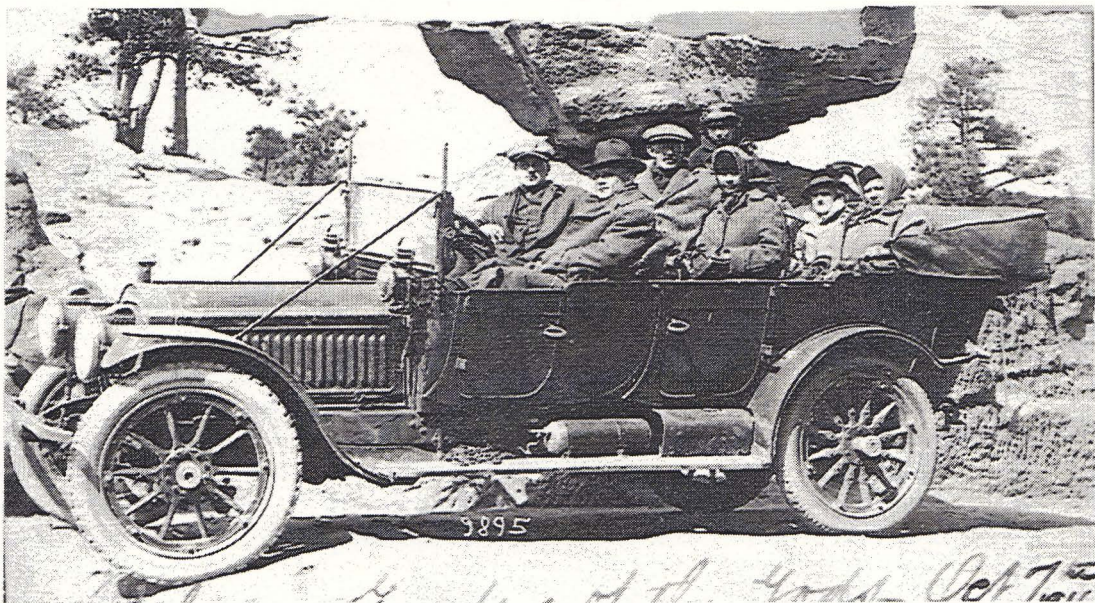
The New Jersey Automobile Club knew of no one, but suggested that the NY Club might, and they did.

That someone was Al Jolson, who had been in a circus minstrel show, and vaudeville performer, and had become famous nation wide for his rendition of the song Mammy, which he sang with black makeup on his face.

When I looked up Al Jolson recently in the Fifth Ave. Library, they told me I could find a folder account of him at the Lincoln Center so I gather he was more of a celebrity than I had realized.

Our trip of 1912 was before what might be called the days of radio, but both mother and I had heard of Al Jolson. However, the fact that he was a celebrity did not stop mother. She told Fred to find out when he was going, and to see if we could not arrange to go at the same time.

From his experience at Hotel Astor, Fred realized that Al Jolson's speed, both literally and figuratively, was not mother's. Though he loathed the assignment, he did find out when Jolson was leaving, and where he would be spending the first night.



* A macadam road was made of small crushed stone compacted into a solid mass and was much superior to a dirt road as it was not nearly so dusty and never got muddy.

I don't remember where that was, but I do recall we left on the same day, and stayed at the same hotel as Jolson that first night. Fred went to Jolson's suite where Jolson and a couple of pals were entertaining or being entertained by some girls.

The next morning, Jolson left before we did. Fred's brief encounters were the only near contact we had with Jolson. He reached Chicago a couple of days ahead of us and reached San Francisco in two weeks while it took us a month!

A few days after we started on a trip across country, a car with a Massachusetts license plate drove up in front of us and a man got out. He and Fred went into the hotel and later came out together.

"This is Victor Hoyt," said Fred. "He and his wife are driving to California. What would you think of our traveling together?"

"We certainly could try it," said mother. "There are so many long lonely stretches and if something went wrong with one car, the other could go for help." So try it we did and it worked out beautifully. Fred was delighted to have another man.

Mother and I liked Edith Hoyt. Edith whose age was half way between mother's and mine, was a joy to be with. Victor was a different matter. But Fred could get along with anyone so it proved to be a good decision. We travelled all the way to San Francisco together.

The Packard Motor Agency in San Francisco offered mother the same amount of money she paid for the car if she would sell it to them. Packards were only manufactured in the east and dealers had to pay a man's expenses to travel east to get a Packard and then gas and other expenses to get back it to California.

(There were two trips west in those early days, but I cannot tell from her writings what came when so the trips are a combination: one in 1912 and one of 1916.)

"It's an ill wind that blows no good," said mother, when she realized we would be crossing the continent on our own.

"We may not have another car traveling with us, but now we can go where we want to go, and do what we want to do, and we don't have to rush."

"I'll telephone Mr. Bob of the NY Packard agency, who as you know, is very interested in our plans, and tell him we will be taking the trip just about as he helped me to plan it. I'll ask him to contact the Packard agencies in some of the cities on our route, and ask their

managers to hold mail addressed to us in their care until we call for it. I think Packard has agencies in Chicago, Des Moines, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, Reno, and San Francisco.

"If he alerts these agencies, and we send their addresses home, people will be able to reach us, and we will be able to get advice on local road conditions, and also suggestions about what to see and do in each place."



Augusta (Gussie) Wiss



R.B. Sinclair - 1859-1944

"What I'd like to do first, is to spend at least a day in Erie, N.Y. with Gussie and Bob, (Gussie was Fanny's sister). Another day in Battle Creek, MI. with Mamie Bliss's daughter, Hazel Finley. Neither place is on the direct route Mr. Bob suggested but neither is too far out of the way to give up the things I'd like to do."

Soon after we arrived in Erie, Aunt Gussie asked me if I were interested in Woman's Suffrage.

"Indeed I am. Why do you ask?"

"Some of the women in town are working for suffrage. A grandstand has been put up, and there will be a parade and speeches day after tomorrow. Mrs. Flemming, a woman I know, is running things and if you want me to, I'll telephone her and ask if she could use another volunteer."

After Aunt Gussie had phoned suffrage headquarters, she said, "Mrs. Flemming says for you to come over, she is sure she can find something for you to do."

"Can you drive a car?" asked Mrs. Flemming when finally she found a moment to speak to me. "Mr. Smith said we may use his Electric in the parade if we can find a woman to drive it."

"I've learned how to drive," I told her, "But I'm not an experienced driver, and I've never even been in an Electric."

"That's all right. Electrics are simple to handle. There's a man who can show you, and you can practice with it today."

I would have liked to explain my lack of driving experience further, but Mrs. Flemming was already absorbed with other business, so when Mr. Smith appeared, I went out to the Electric with him.

Mr. Smith told me to sit in the drivers seat of the small black car. He sat next to me, and explained how to start and stop it, how to increase speed, how to apply the brakes. Then he had me drive it around the block a couple of times, after which he said: "You'll be all right," and left me. I drove it around by myself until I felt comfortable with it and then went back to Aunt Gussie's and announced I was going to drive a car in the parade.

The day of the parade, I was on hand early. The little black Electric had a few red, white, and blue decorations, and a couple of VOTE FOR WOMEN placards on it. I sat in it for a long time waiting to be assigned my place, which turned out to be the very last car in the parade.

Mother could never tell the story of that parade without laughing. There were apparently a number of decorated floats, and just when people thought the parade was over and began to leave, I came along in the little black Electric as sort of an anti-climax. My ego was deflated when Mother laughed at me and the little Electric, but not for long.

How many people drive in a parade the very first time they drive alone?

The day after the suffrage parade, we left Erie and started for Battle Creek, Michigan, by way of Cleveland, Ohio.

Cleveland is a port city on the southwestern shore of Lake Erie, and according to the New Columbia Encyclopedia, "Its central location between the coal and oil fields of Pennsylvania and Minnesota iron mines, spurred its industrialization."

Today there are many cities in the USA with beautiful residential suburbs, but in 1912, I had never seen anything to compare with Cleveland's famous Euclid Avenue, known as Millionaires Row. It runs for miles past mansions owned by what were called "the industrial barons of the city."

After leaving Cleveland, we continued along the lake shore to Toledo, another thriving port city in Ohio, which is situated at the western end of Lake Erie. From Toledo, we telephoned to Hazel Finley, the daughter of Mother's good friend, Mamie Bliss, that we expected to arrive in Battle Creek the following afternoon.

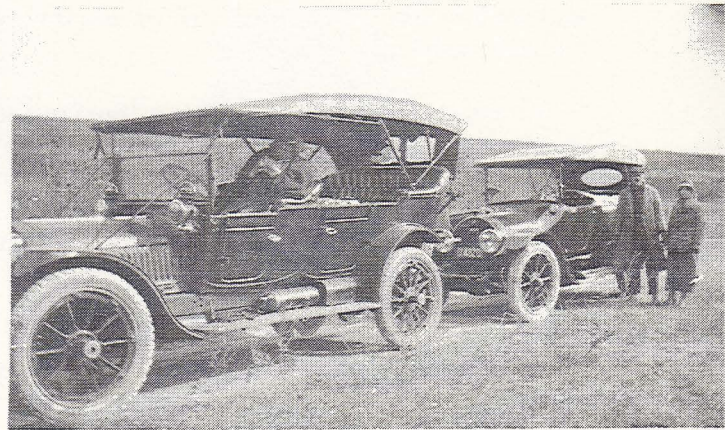
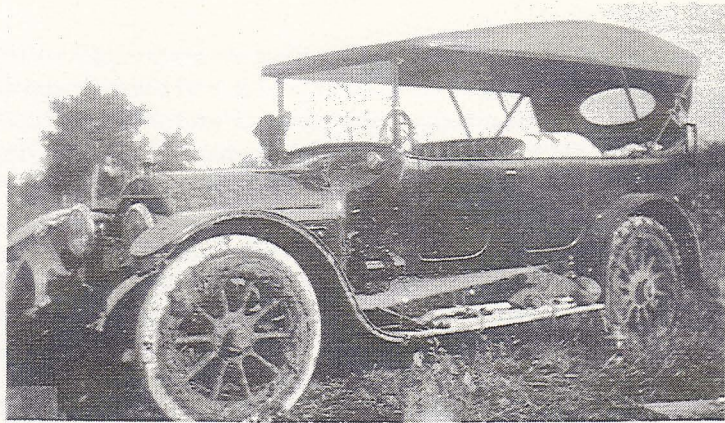
"Am I glad to see you," exclaimed Hazel when we rang her bell. "It seems like ages since I've seen anyone from home. I've made sleeping arrangements for you nearby, and we are going out for a Chinese dinner tonight." (My first Chinese meal.)

The following day Roland took Fred to town with him, and Hazel took Mother and me to see the Battle Creek Sanatorium.

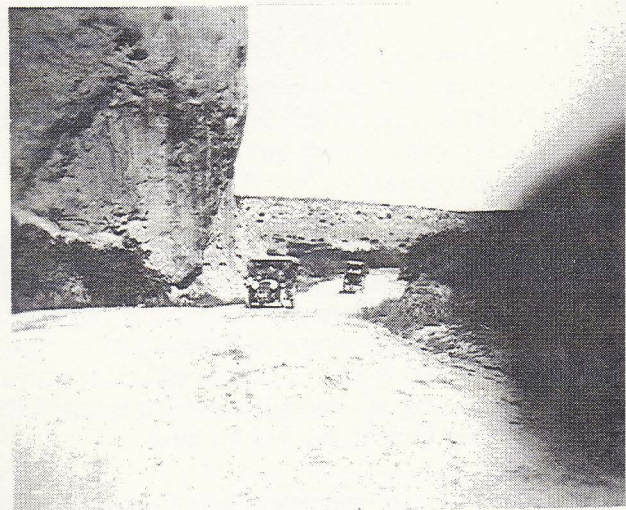
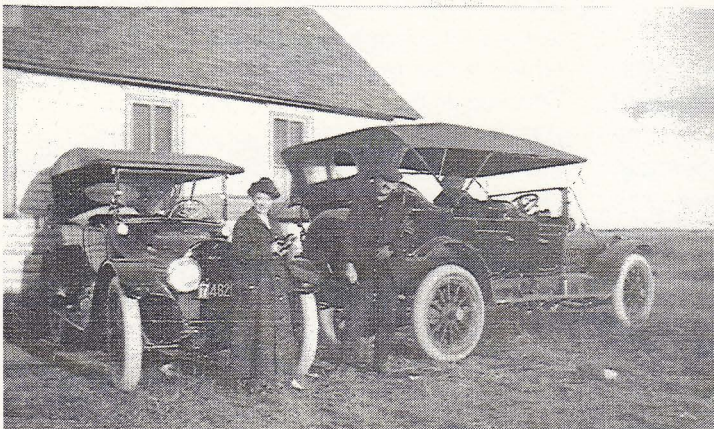
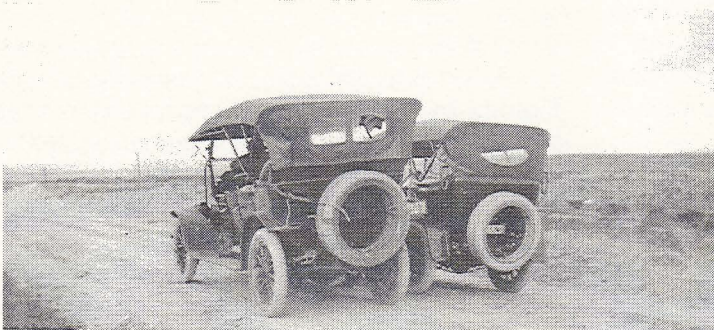
It was started as a medical boarding house by Seventh Day Adventists, under the direction of Dr. John Harvey Kellogg. In the beginning, it specialized in a vegetarian diet, but when it opened its restaurant to the public, to vary that diet, Dr. Kellogg invented some eighty grain and nut food products, and flaked breakfast foods. His younger brother, K. Kellogg, and C.W. Post, who originally worked for Kelloggs, took the idea and developed these products for worldwide sale.

After C.W. Post left Kelloggs, he developed Postum, a warm cereal drink, and started Post Products Factory, which is the manufacturing plant of Posts Products Division of General Food Corp.

After we had seen the development of Shredded Wheat biscuit every step of the way from raw grain to the nicely packaged product, which some of us still buy and eat, Hazel, Mother and I went to the Sanitarian restaurant. It was open to the public, and had a "not bad" health food lunch, which ended with a dessert made of—guess what?—dressed up Shredded Wheat biscuit.



Original pictures of trips west taken with Brownie Camera mentioned by Gretchen.



From Battle Creek we drove to Chicago, arriving there during one of the worst hot spells I ever remember. Someone had suggested that we stay at the Congress Hotel, which was luxury class and comparatively new in 1912.

The prices for first class hotels at that time were by our present (1978) standards unbelievably low. There is no mention on the Congress Hotel in the Automobile Blue Book for 1915, which is the only Blue Book I have been able to locate, but the 1915 rates for the Blackstone Hotel, which was probably Chicago's best known first class hotel, are listed as follows:

Single rooms with lavatory	\$ 2.50 & up
Single rooms with bath	\$ 3.50 & up
Large double rooms with bath	\$ 5.00 & up
Parlor, reception hall bedroom and bath	\$10.00 & up

By way of comparison, I have before me two New York hotel bills, one for the Gotham, a fine but far from new hotel, located at Fifth Ave. at 55th St., dated Oct. 16, 1978:

Room	\$46.00
Room tax	\$ 3.68
Other tax	<u>\$ 1.00</u>
Total	\$50.68

I have never forgotten the Congress Hotel. It had something I hadn't ever heard of, which made it possible to get away from the oppressive heat, at least during mealtimes. It had an air conditioned dining room! This was quite a number of years before air conditioning became a must in good hotels.

Because the dining room was the only comfortable spot during the heat, and the food was delicious, our visit to the stockyards was almost a calamity for me. That trip took away my appetite, and left me with a guilty feeling—well suppressed after a few days, I'm ashamed to say— about eating meat.

What upset me at the stockyards was the wholesale slaughter of pigs. In one area, the live pigs were hanging, heads up, from a moving cable, which carried them past a man with a large sharp knife. As each pig came opposite him, the man cut the main blood vessel in its neck. The animals lost consciousness immediately, and were probably dead a few seconds later, but it was horrible to look at.

For many years after that, whenever I heard Chicago mentioned, two memories came to me almost simultaneously, the revolting one of the slaughter house, and the pleasing one of the air conditioned dining room of the Congress Hotel. I particularly remember eating

fresh pineapple served on beautiful china, and garnished with dark green grape leaves.

The day before we left the Congress Hotel, Mother inquired whether it would be possible to order some sandwiches, which we could pick up the following morning about eight thirty when we paid our hotel bill. The answer was yes.

Since the sandwiches were good, and there was practically always a good grocery store, even in small towns along the way, where we could get root beer, moxie, or sarsaparilla, (Coco Cola was unheard of in 1912) we began to ask at places where we had breakfast, if we liked them, to make sandwiches for us to take along. This saved time and was better than taking a chance that we would be near a decent restaurant at lunchtime.

Sometimes, however, we bought a loaf of bread, and a can of sardines or a piece of store cheese for lunch, but more often, we had crackers and cheese and molasses cookies and fruit, if we could get it. Sometimes we could get an ice cream cone at a drug store.

We had a picnic kit with enamel cups, saucers and plates, but we seldom bothered to use them as it meant an extra piece of luggage to be carried in wherever we stayed at night, and inconvenient, extra washing up. I don't remember whether there were paper napkins at that time, but I think we just used clean handkerchiefs, which we washed out at night, and spread soaking wet on the side of the bath tub to dry. When removed in the morning, they looked as though they had been ironed.

Mother and I each carried a cake of soap in a covered soap container. I had a small box of doll clothespins and a ball of heavy cotton cord which I tied between chairs or other pieces of furniture, to hang up laundry to dry, when we stayed any place more than one night.

In a good city hotel like the Congress, if we stayed a couple of days it was possible to have laundry done.

The day after we left the Congress Hotel, while we were travelling across Illinois, it began to cloud up.

"It looks to me as though we are running into a thunderstorm," said Mother.

"I've been thinking the same thing," said Fred. "We better stop and put up the top."

Putting up the top was a job none of us enjoyed. There was an indentation in the back of the car where the

folded covered top, called the tonneau top, was stored. First its dusty outside covering had to be removed, and the side curtains, which were folded flat inside it, were taken out. Then the tonneau top, which had joints on both sides, had to be opened up by grasping it firmly, and pulling it toward the windshield. At intervals along the inside of the top, there were small metal projections, which had a broad and narrow side, and could be turned. The eyelets of the side panels fit over the projections, which were then turned in a way that locked the panels at the top. They were locked in the same manner at the bottom, so they could not blow (flap) when it was windy. The panels had ising glass (mica) windows in them. They were transparent and let the light in, but did not give a clear view when looking out.

This was called a one man's top. Fred certainly did all the lifting and directions, but I helped in the buttoning on of the sides.

On the afternoon of our last day in Illinois the thunderstorm, which we had seen brewing, hit us soon after we got the top up and the side curtains on the car. We didn't get wet, though a little rain seeped in, but the road was a muddy mess.

"I think we better stop at the first town we come to, and take our chances on whatever kind of accommodations we can get," said Fred. "We're getting close to Iowa, and the manager of the Packard agency in Chicago warned me about the gumbo roads in Iowa after a rain."

"What's gumbo?" I asked.

"It's a waxy kind of mud, which sticks to the wheels and makes roads just about impassable for an automobile after a hard rain."

I don't remember the name of the town where we stopped, but I'll never forget the hotel, because of its unusually long, steep flight of steps to the bedroom floor, and the freight elevator, which was the only alternative to walking up.

The steps did not worry me, but about a year before our trip, Mother had slipped on a small rug on the newly laid hardwood floor in her bedroom, and fractured a kneecap. The knee was not properly set, and left Mother with a limp and unable to go up and down stairs normally. *(Her Mother was a Christian Scientist and had not allowed the Dr. to set it properly. The result was that she had a stiff knee the rest of her life.)*

"These steps are going to be very hard for me," said Mother to the proprietor. "I have a bad knee."

"I'll be glad to take you up and down in the freight elevator, if you don't mind riding in it," he answered.

He must think she is stuck up, I thought. Why should she mind riding in a freight elevator? I soon found out.

Mother got in with our bags, and I started for the steps. Suddenly there was a Gaud-awful noise from the elevator.

Something's gone wrong, I thought. It sounded as though the elevator was going at a terrific speed, and I expected at any moment to hear it hit the top.



I dashed up the stairs and raced to where the noise was coming from. The racket went on and on and on, but there was no crash. Finally the noise stopped and the proprietor, in a matter of fact manner, helped Mother get off.

Mother was much amused by the incident. The proprietor took Mother down in the freight elevator for supper, up after supper, and down again with the bags for breakfast.

As we drove off, Mother remarked, "That's one place I'll always remember. I never thought of myself as freight before."

Soon after we started, we left the mud behind, and realized the storm had been local.

I was thrilled later in the day when we crossed the Mississippi.

(The name means Father of Waters) I remember from primary school days, that with its tributaries, the Mississippi is the longest river on the north American continent, and ranks with the Nile and the Amazon as one of the three longest rivers in the world.

"I learned something long ago in a geography class," I said, "which makes it easy to remember how to spell Mississippi. Have you ever heard this? M- I- crooked letter, crooked letter, I- crooked letter, crooked letter, I- hump back, hump back I?"

We crossed the river from Rock Island, Illinois, to Davenport, Iowa, and were conscious almost immediately after leaving the city limits, that Iowa farms were very different from those we were accustomed to in the east.

Because the land in Iowa is mostly level or gently rolling, the farmers, instead of having to adjust to the idiosyncrasies of the topography, were able to lay out fields and roads efficiently. Their farms are not geared to produce enough to feed their families with a little left over to sell for cash. These large farms, which have very fertile soil, are planned and run as a business would be run. (*As compared to the farms in Vt where Fred had come from.*)

The land is divided into four mile square plots of six hundred and forty acres each, and the farms, which in general are either square or rectangular, are made up of a given number of plots. The roads are straight, and mark the boundary lines of plots. There is a road, however, every mile within the square plot, so that the plot itself is broken up into sixteen square lots, and each lot is a square mile. From the air, the land must resemble an almost endless checkerboard.

Of course I did not know these details on our first trip west, but I did realize that there was an unusual feeling of precision and prosperity about these farms. The substantial houses were set well back from roads, and usually surrounded by tall shade trees.

Every farm, in addition to a large barn, had something that was new to me—a tall rounded tower called a silo, into which, I was told, the finely chopped corn stalks were dumped in the fall. They were compressed to remove the air, and stored for about a month. This caused fermentation, and produced a succulent food called silage, which was rich in vitamin A and an excellent addition to hay and grain as a winter food for livestock.

We crossed the Missouri river from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to Omaha, Nebraska. I can't remember whether it was by bridge or ferry. Relatives in Iowa tell me either way was possible in 1912.

The altitude around Omaha is between eight hundred and nine hundred feet. The land rises, imperceptibly but steadily, as one travels west across Nebraska until in the extreme west where it meets Wyoming. The elevation is about five thousand four hundred feet.

"It didn't take long to get from Omaha out into the country again," Fred commented, as we started our days journey, and added, "They have large fields of corn here, like in Iowa."

"Have you noticed the wheat fields?" I asked a little later. "When the wind blows across these big fields, they look like a sea of golden waves."

There were fields of other grains too, and a variety of vegetables in the eastern part of Nebraska, but my most vivid memories are of the western part of the state, where we traveled for a couple of hundred miles along what was marked on the map as the Platte River.

There was, to be sure, a very wide boulder-strewn river bed. "But where is the river?" I asked. We asked this same question of the proprietor of the small hotel where we spent the night.

His reply was, "There is hardly ever much water in the Platte in summer. It becomes what we call an arroyo, a dry river bed, but in the spring, when ice and snow melt, the Platte turns into a rushing river."

Since I know nothing of the geography of the region, it took me many years, a summer in Colorado, and a visit to Wyoming, to realize that the North Platte begins on the eastern slope of the Continental Divide in Wyoming, and that the source of the South Platte is

near the Continental Divide on the Eastern slope of the Rockies in Colorado. They join near the town of North Platte, Neb. and the river valley they form has been a natural east-west route across most of Nebraska since early days.

We crossed the border from Nebraska into Wyoming, a small town named Pine Bluff, where we spent the night.

This action had momentous consequences for the Sinon family, as it eventually resulted in the marriage of Fred's youngest sister, Bertha, as well as that of Frank, his youngest brother.

We had found a couple of rooms with running water and a toilet over a garage where we could spend the night. While Fred was getting our bags, I looked around my room, which had small signs near the door, advertising local businesses.

"Look at this," I said when Fred brought in my bag, and I pointed to the name Sinon on one of the signs. "Do you think it could be a relative?"

"It probably is," he answered with interest. "Some of my grandfather's relatives went west, and our family lost track of them. I'm going out and see what I can find out."

Fred first went to a nearby saloon, and when he told his name, and what he wanted, someone offered to find the local Sinon for him. In no time, Fred returned to our room, accompanied by a man who had the Sinon build—tall, with broad shoulders. From the back they could have been brothers.

There was definitely a relationship, but they needed further help to work it out exactly. This John Sinon—(Fred's father's name was also John, though they had a different middle initial,) told Fred of other relatives, some in Cheyenne, and one in Iowa who had been a Sinon before she was married. He suggested that we should really try to be in Cheyenne for Frontier Days, which was one of the early and best known of rodeos.

The Frontier Days rodeo was to take place at about the time we planned to be starting our return trip, so we told him we would plan to stop in Cheyenne then, and also plan to see the relative in Iowa if he could give us her address.

From Pine Bluffs in the southeastern corner of Wyoming, we traveled southwest towards Greeley, Colorado, with Denver as our objective.

Somewhere along the way, I became conscious of what



Wyoming
Fred Sinon with "Found" Relatives



I first thought was a bank of clouds, which stretched north and south as far as I could see in both directions. However, unlike clouds, the contours didn't change, and the more we went in a westerly direction, the more of what I began to realize what we saw could only be mountains, standing out against the horizon.

As if to answer my thoughts, Fred said, "I think what we see in the distance against the sky is the Rocky Mountains."

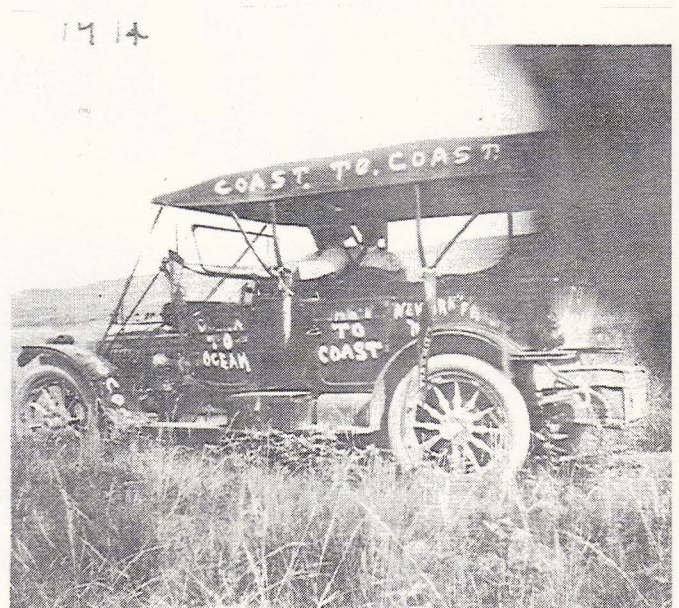
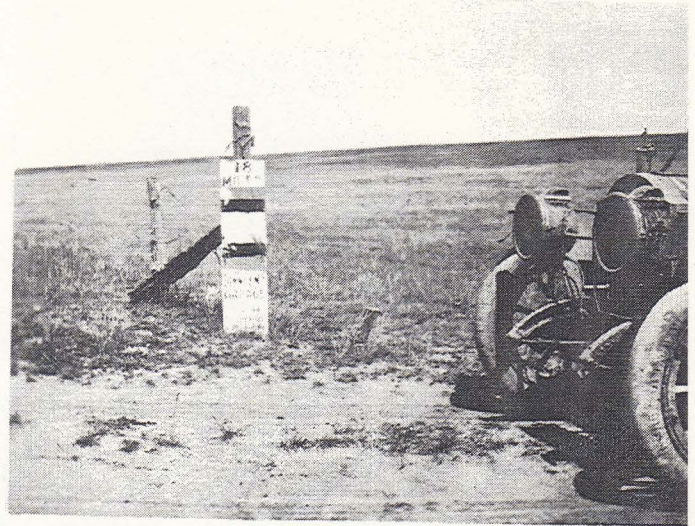
After days of travel across the prairies, the great plains,



This is Gumbo, as described in trips west.



Fred Sinon, Gretchen's mother Fanny B. Wiss
& Gretchen Wiss



Early Road Conditions

and the gradual imperceptible rise of the land in Nebraska, the approach to the Rocky Mountains, some peaks of which are snow-capped the year round, is a spectacular, unforgettable experience.

When we arrived in Denver, we checked in at the Brown Palace Hotel for the night. I telephoned my college friend, Lucy Gallup, who had visited us during Christmas vacation. At that time, she had invited us to stay at her house while in Denver.

Lucy was delighted to hear that we had arrived, and said that she and her father would drive over before noon the next day and show us the way to her house, where we were welcome to stay as long as we wanted.

Our hotel rooms were very hot that night, almost as hot as they had been in Chicago. That surprised me, as I thought the altitude would make a difference. After breakfast in the hotel dining room, where the temperature was comfortable, I stepped out to look around, and was surprised again.

It was not only cool, but almost cold in the shade. I got into conversation with a woman who came out of the hotel, and also appeared to be just looking around. When I asked her if her room had been hot during the night, she seemed surprised and said no, it had been cool. My room, it turned out, was on the opposite side of the hotel, where the sun beat down in the afternoon, but hers did not get the afternoon sun.

That led me to a belief that subsequent summers proved to be usually true. In general, in the Rockies, the air is cool, but the sun can be very hot. To be comfortable, all one needs to do when there is even a little air stirring, is to step out of the sun into the shade. That is true to some extent elsewhere, but not to the degree it is when one is near snow-capped mountains.

We didn't know until we arrived at Lucy's that her mother had died shortly after she got home from college. Her older sister, Mamie, a very capable, wholesome person probably in late twenties, was running the house for her father, Lucy and her brother John, who was Fred's age.

The whole family joined in doing everything possible to make us feel welcome. Mamie assured us that rather than being ill-timed, our visit came just when they needed something to start them thinking about other people again.

Lucy's father's part in the hospitality, in addition to providing us free room and board, was to drive us around the nearby extensive scenic region of the Rockies, situated on the Continental Divide. (This area,

with its snow-capped peaks, was taken over in 1916 by the National Park Service, a bureau of the United States Department of the Interior, and became officially known then as the Rocky Mountain National Park.)

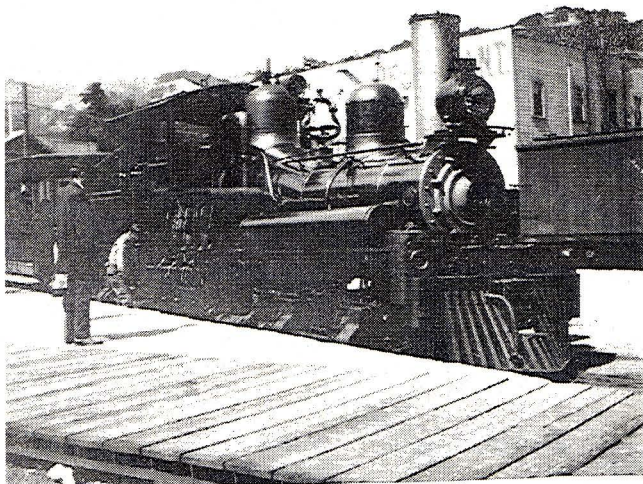
Mr. Gallup walked with a slight limp, and had what today we would call an artificial limb, but what was called by those around him, a wooden leg. His car had been specially built for him so that he could use his hands instead of his feet to regulate the gas and apply the brake, as well as to steer.

The scenery in the Rockies was magnificent. I had never seen anything like the zig-zag ascents and descents, or the extended panorama from the heights. Nor had I gone around hairpin turns on a narrow road that clung to cliffs with sheer drop of hundreds of feet on the side, with a driver so eager that his passengers miss nothing, that he sometimes took his hands off the steering wheel to point out various peaks by name, and tell us what was where.

When we talked over our plans with the Gallup family, they were unanimous in recommending that we see Yellowstone Park.

"There is nothing like it in this country, and while there are other places like Iceland and New Zealand that have hot springs, there is nothing in the world that can match Yellowstone's geysers," said Mr. Gallup. "If you want me to, I'll make arrangements for you to go by train since it's a good five hundred miles from Denver, and the roads between here and Yellowstone probably aren't good."

Mr. Gallup made the arrangements. Mother, Fred and



Train we took from Denver to Yellowstone park.

I arrived in Gardiner, Montana by train about five o'clock one evening. The train was met there by coaches, which drove us a short distance to the Yellowstone Hotel in Wyoming, just inside the entrance to the Park, where we spent the night.

The following morning we were assigned to an 11-passenger Concord Coach drawn by four horses. The driver and one, or sometimes two passengers, sat on a seat on top of the coach. The other passengers sat inside. The same passengers travelled in the same coach each day for the five day trip, so one became pretty well acquainted with one's fellow passengers. I still remember two sisters from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, whose southern accents fascinated the rest of us, and a Mrs. Sears, who was about Mother's age and with whom Mother kept in touch for a number of years.

I have a couple of pictures of our group, which I took with my first camera, a Kodak Brownie, which cost a dollar. The pictures show my fellow passengers waiting outside a hotel to get into our coach. The women wore fairly good-sized hats, tied on with veils, and we all had long skirts, which barely cleared the ground. Fred wore a straw hat with a wide brim in one picture, while the other men wore felt hats. Mother and Mrs. Sears were protected by long linen coats, called Dusters. I had one too, which was just as well, as our coach was one of six which traveled together each day. Unless our coach happened to lead, which I think happened only once, there was a lot of dust even though the drivers kept a reasonable distance between coaches.

Our five-day trip through the Park, according to an

answer to my recent letter to the National Park Service, "Cost approximately \$50.00 in 1912." From the same source, I learned that the "use of the automobile to any extent in Yellowstone began in 1915, and by 1916 it was apparent that either the automobile or the horse drawn coaches would have to go, and of course the auto won in the end." Private automobiles were not allowed in the Park in 1912.

Certainly many more people can see the wonders of the Park travelling through it in their own cars, but most of the quiet beauty of the place is gone. In fact, when Fred and I took a our daughter, Mary Lou, through the park in 1937, I could have wept. The crowds made me think of Coney Island. However, I do have the happy unspoiled memories from that first trip.

It was a comparatively short drive from the Yellowstone hotel to Mammoth Hot Springs, where there was a large attractive hotel at which we had lunch, and spent our second night in the Park. Since Mother could get a good general view from the Mammoth Springs hotel of the many-colored terraces formed by the overflow from the large mineral springs in front of the hotel, she didn't attempt to walk, but Fred and I set out on foot to explore.

"This place is unbelievable," said Fred. "Those terraces look as though they had been painted."

"I suppose in a way, they have been—by nature," I said.

Yellowstone is one of the world's largest wild life sanc-



Yellowstone Park - Fred Sinon and Fanny B. Wiss

tuaries. It was known to the Indians, who told the trappers about it. The stories sounded so fantastic that for a while they were not believed.

There are about ten thousand hot springs, and two hundred geysers in Yellowstone. Authorized by Congress in 1872, it was the first of our National parks and the largest.

Much of our coach travel each day in Yellowstone, from one point of outstanding interest to another, was through forests of tall, straight lodge pole pine and douglas fir, where we saw elk, deer, and bear.

On one occasion our driver pointed and said, "Look at those rocks high up on the mountain to our left. There are Rocky Mountain sheep up there."

We looked, and saw several heavy-built animals with large curled horns.

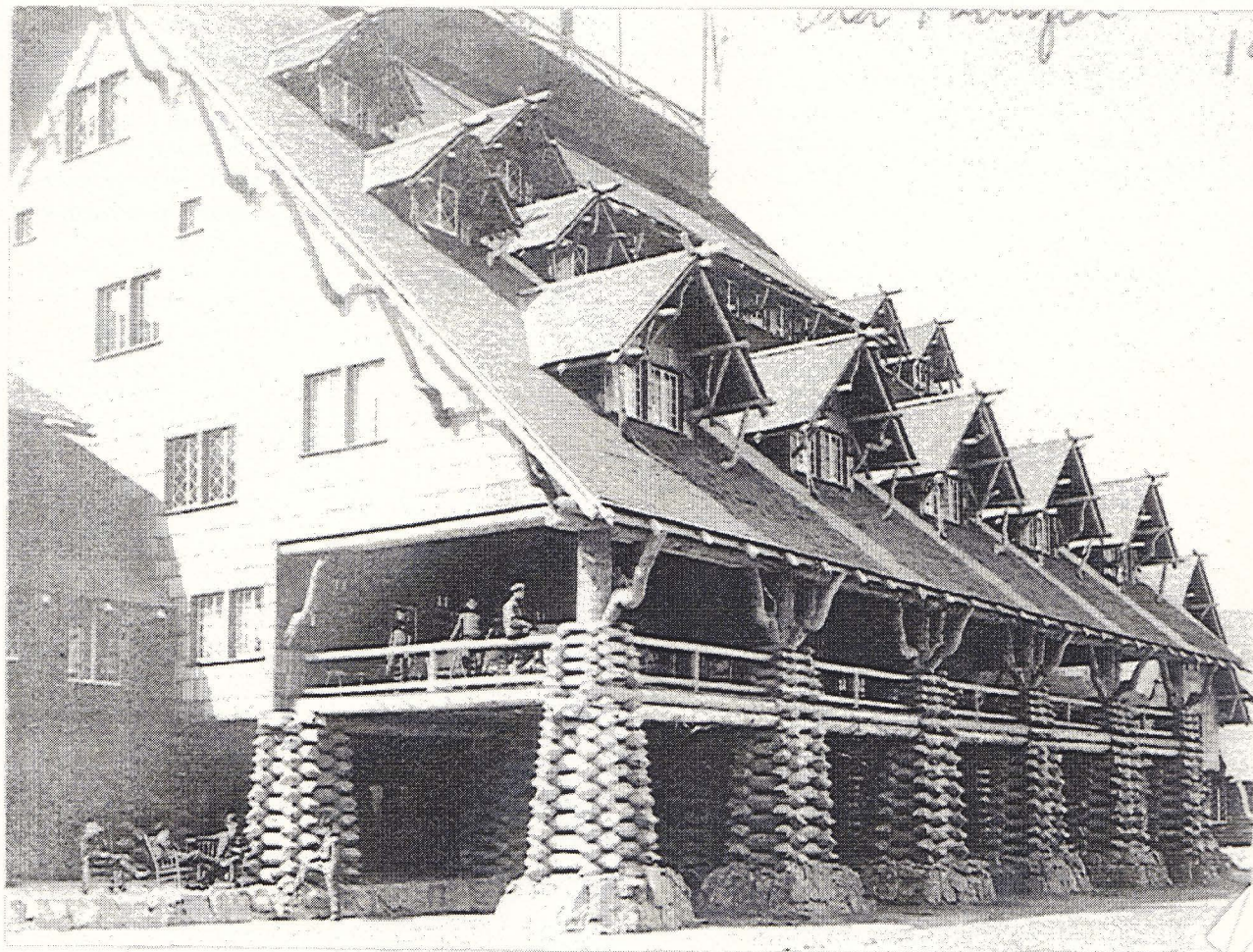
"Don't be fooled by their looks." said the driver. "They

are unbelievably swift and sure-footed on even the rockiest crags."

Although all of Yellowstone Park is of volcanic origin, it has meadowlands with a great variety of plants and flowers, mostly unknown to me. If I remember correctly, Indian Paintbrush, which is orange-colored, was one of the most common flowers.

We spent our third night in the park at Old Faithful Inn, named of course after the nearby Old Faithful geyser, which got its name from the fact that it could be counted on to erupt fairly regularly every sixty four minutes and send a jet of water a hundred feet or more into the air. The Old Faithful Inn was built from logs from the surrounding forest and is, I believe, the largest rustic hotel in the United States. After dinner, a park ranger gave a short history of the Park.

On our fourth day in the Park coaches made an early



Old Faithful Inn

start from Old Faithful Inn and headed toward Yellowstone Lake, where we had lunch at the Lake Hotel.

We were given time to walk around a bit, and were directed to a place on the shore of the lake in front of the hotel. There, we were told, it was possible to catch a fish in the crystal clear water, and without moving from the spot, cook the fish in a hot spring a few feet away.

Yellowstone is the largest lake in North America at an altitude well over seven thousand feet, and a very beautiful lake it is. It is fed by the Yellowstone river, which, with its tributaries, is one of the major rivers that flow into the Columbia or Snake rivers and so into the Pacific Ocean.

After lunch we continued our leisurely way through

the quiet beauty of the Park, and in the late afternoon arrived at Canyon Hotel. Of the hotels in Yellowstone, all of which were good, I liked the Canyon best. In fact I fell in love with it. I don't remember much about the outside, but the entire inside was light colored, beautifully grained, highly polished wood.

From Yellowstone, we returned by train to Denver where we picked up our car at the Gallops. We went north west and crossed the Continental Divide by way of the Berthould pass into Estes Park. There we stopped for gas and to have the engine checked. I walked across the road, climbed a bank and found myself in an enchanting wooded area where I found a blue gentian.

(This last paragraph was done from inked notes and so far I have not found any further papers on the trip west or return.)

🐾 CHAPTER 10 🐾

Early Movies

"Why don't you and Fred go to the movies?" was a question Mother was very apt to ask if we were spending the night in a fair sized town and had finished dinner early. After she had been sitting in the car all day, mother's bad leg, the one that had had the knee cap broken, was usually somewhat swollen. She preferred staying in her room where she could elevate it. She knew Fred and I liked to explore our surroundings or go to a movie.

By 1912, not only the cities, but just about every country town of any size had a movie house, or a hall with a screen and piano, where movies were shown. The piano and the man or woman who played it were a vital part of the silent movies.

Since the actors did not speak, printed captions were necessary in addition to facial expressions, gestures and somewhat exaggerated action to get the story across. It was the musical accompaniment that suggested and emphasized the emotions involved. I really marvel when I look back, and realize how well those unseen and unsung pianists did their crucial job.

The first moving picture I ever saw was at the end of some kind of Sunday school entertainment in Newark, when I was about nine years old so the year would have been 1902. It lasted only a few minutes and didn't have anything that would be called a plot. It showed several people chasing someone who was trying to run away from them. The interest lay not so much in what the actors were doing, as in the fact that they were moving.

In 1903, a man named Edwin Porter made the first movie film that told a story. It was called "The Great Train Robbery." It lasted eleven minutes, and showed the robbery, the pursuit of the robber, and his capture.

Early movies were made in Fort Lee, N.J. partly because it was near New York where a study was being made by Edison of the practicability of moving pictures, and partly because there were various backgrounds available. The first movies were shot out of doors in bright sunshine, and Fort Lee at that time had fields and farms and the Palisades, which were used to portray mountains.

🐾 CHAPTER 11 🐾

Wellesley College

I loved Wellesley College from the time of my first short visit there, which I think was in the spring of 1909, when I was fifteen.

My cousin, Florence Wiss, five years older than I, graduated from Wellesley in 1910. Mother talked to Florence about the possibility of my going to Wellesley when I finished Newark High School. Florence suggested that Mother bring me up and let me see the college.

I'm hazy about the details of the visit, but far from hazy about what it did to me. I had never heard the words or music of Alma Mater at that time, but I certainly got the spirit it expresses. (I've gathered since there are some who sing it with tongue in cheek.)

To Alma Mater, Wellesley's daughters,
All together join and sing
Thro' all her wealth of wood and waters,
Let your happy voices ring.
In every changing mood we love her
Love her tow'rs and woods and lake,
Oh' changeful sky, bend blue above her!
Wake, ye birds, your chorus wake!
We'll sing her praises now and ever,
Blessed fount of truth and love
Our heart's devotion, may it never
Faithless or unworthy prove,
We'll give our lives and hopes to serve her,
Humblest, highest, noblest all;
A stainless name we will preserve her,
Answer to her ev'ry call.

As I remember it, mother dropped me off at College Hall, probably after an early supper at the Wellesley Inn (which though smaller, was in the same location as it is today.)

College Hall was a tremendous, impressive building situated on high ground above Lake Waban. Being the original building, it contained not only the administrative office and the department offices of various disciplines, but also a library, a large auditorium, a lecture hall, recitation rooms, a faculty parlor, a Browning room, which housed a famous "Browning collection," a spacious dining hall and about two hundred rooms for faculty and students.

Florence, who was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, was also attractive- not a bit of a "greasy grind." She took me to rehearsal of the Mandolin Club, of which she was a member, and then we went to her room, where she and her friends spent a good part of the evening discussing what courses they planned to elect for the following year, and which members of the faculty they liked best, and why.

I may be a sentimental old woman, but to this day Wellesley holds a very special place in my heart and mind, because I know that my life has been fuller because of my time there.

I think the happiest year of my life was freshman year at Wellesley. I roomed with a friend whom I had known all my life, and with whom I was most congenial. What brought me the most happiness tho was the fact that I was independent for the first time in my life. I could not understand why some of my classmates were so delighted when their family members came to visit. I rather resented a visit by my mother. All I wanted was to be left alone to enjoy college and my new found freedoms and interests.

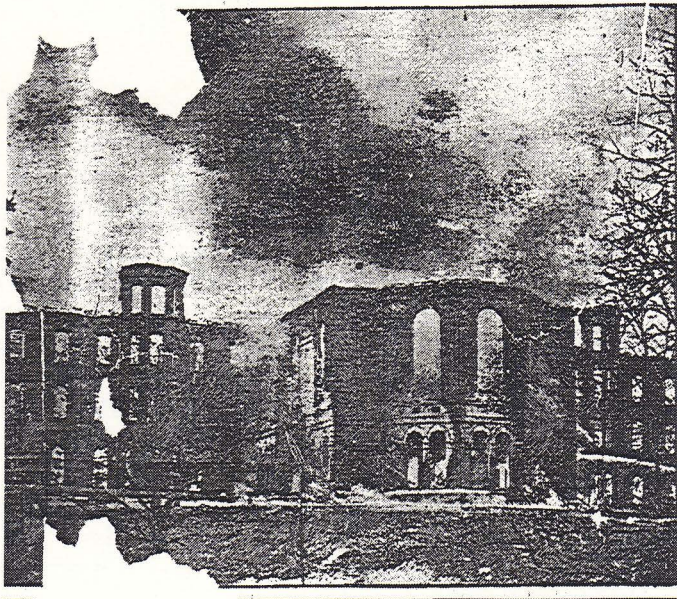
It was not until I was married and spent five or six weeks on a farm in northern Vermont with my husband's family-(five sisters and two brothers and a not too well educated but intelligent and devoted mother and father) that I realized what a loving, affectionate family life could mean.

One of the earliest recollections of my days at Wellesley College is of the physical examination required of all freshmen. We each received a notice to report at a specified time to the Physical Education Department.

When I got there for my appointment, I was told to undress and was handed a sheet to wrap around myself while I waited. I was given a thorough going over and at the end was shown the silhouette made of my figure. It was a bad blow to my ego.

I, who had always been a tomboy, who climbed ropes to the high ceiling of the new gymnasium at Newark High School, discovered what had never before been noticed, that undressed I had a poor figure. When they told me to stand up straight, my instinctive response

OF COLLEGE HALL, ESLEY, BURNING TO GROUND



GIRLS MARCH OUT OF BURNING BUILDING

Continued From the First Page.

The fire meant to them. Sentimentally it was the greatest disaster which could happen to those students. At the brave student could do after they arrived was to pour a few streams of water upon the flames, and these did not seem to affect them noticeably. The flames swept through the entire length of the top floor within a short time and then dropped down floor by floor until they reached the cellar. When the roof fell in it carried the lower floors with it, sending a great eruption of burning embers and sparks high in the air, and when these fell back upon the campus the spectators were forced to flee to escape being scorched by them.

Firemen Drove Out the Women.

Soon after the firemen reached the scene they commanded the girls and others, who were risking their lives in rushing through the building in the effort to save property and things valued for their historic or sentimental associations, to leave the building and to remain outside and at a safe distance from the burning building. It was constantly feared the walls might fall and in so doing bring a disaster more serious than the property loss.

When the fire was first discovered the temperature was low, for it was a cold morning. A heavy bank of fog hung low over the campus, almost shutting out the view of the flames, from those who were within a few hundred rods of the burning building. A great pall of smoke was also borne down upon the earth by the heavy atmosphere, and it so filled the air that it was almost suffocating to the spectators.

When the fire was at its height and the flames were reaching their fiercest, a "roll call" was held, and it was much surprised excitement. Immediately another roll call was given, and she was soon found to be safe and unharmed.

She had remained in the office very late last night at her work, and becoming very exhausted, she decided to make herself comfortable there until morning. When it was discovered that she was not at her home it was remembered that she had spent the night in the Administration Building, and this started the fears for her safety. She was found, however, and explained the cause of her absence.

lecture room since the new chapel was built, and a telephone exchange. The second floor was given over to classrooms, the third to recitation rooms, the fourth to the dormitory where the girls slept, and the fifth to the various laboratories and to rooms for the storage of trunks.

Story of the Men Employed.

William R. Martineau, who was given the credit of telephoning the fire alarm to Headquarters, was quoted as saying that he heard a shrill shriek about 1:40 p. m. and the next instant a girl came down the stairs from the geology room, where the fire appeared to have had its origin. Within an instant the fire gongs in the building were sounded and the excellent fire drill was started. It was estimated this morning that this girl discovered the fire and sounded the alarm on the fire gongs.

Martineau had just come out of the power station to make an investigation after noticing that the engine in the lower station was skipping, and he instantly saw the flames reaching up from the west end of the building to the roof. He said he had visited that section of the building less than three-quarters of an hour before in making his routine check that all was well, and at that time there was a fire in the building.

James Gallagher, who had been janitor of Columbus Hall for a number of years, was also one of the first to reach the burning building, and he ascertained that the girls were all out of the building in about two minutes after the fire gongs sounded, and soon were busy and earnestly at work endeavoring to rescue property from the flames, which the fire had not reached.

Some of them, he said, were in their bare feet, and yet not one of them stepped gingerly or trembled or uttered exclamations betraying their great unpopularity. They all moved in a more than two minutes.

Girl "Enjoyed Experience."

One of the girls, who declined to permit the use of her name, said: "Why, we just enjoyed the experience. Although our hearts were breaking at the spectacle of College Hall being devoured by flames, which were destroying all the things so dear to us which were contained within its walls.

The first sound of the fire gongs I huddled out of our beds, thinking it was a regular fire drill, and we tried to make the best of it. Hardly one among us realized it was a real case of fire and a call to retreat on our part, and we reached the campus in our partially robed condition, and we were that we could not return for our things, and then that instant saw the flames sweeping with great rapidity toward the west, and the end of the we were grief-stricken, and some of us were alarmed, and some of us that it might be a mild way of saying it.

We are extremely thankful that every escaped and that not a single case of the slightest injury is reported. It is hard to lose one's cherished personal effects, the souvenirs and mementoes of college life. But it is a lesson to us all to realize that sentimental associations are not to be taken into consideration when it comes to safety.

There will be another College other and bigger and finer and more modern building to take the place of the old one, as far as possible, in the hope of the generations to come. It is the graduates and present undergraduates will never forget the old chapel this morning the officers of the college held a meeting at the home of the president, and some and telegraph stations were listed there, and the work of the day was immediately taken up with a determination not to be daunted by the

land, on which many other structures have been erected since Mr Durant's death.

Loss Estimate of \$1,500,000 Conservative.

Officials of Wellesley College said that \$1,500,000 is a conservative estimate of the loss. One-third of this amount represented the valuation of the building alone.

"It cost \$1,000,000 to build and furnish College Hall, about 200 were students. They waited in line, while the fire by fire brigades and leaders to make certain that no one was left in any room, even after showers of sparks began to rain down rapidly. Of the others in the building about 50 were faculty members and were in the room, showed remarkable coolness and aided in the efficient working of the fire department's system of quickly emptying the building.

"That no life was lost and no one was injured was due to the admirable work of the girls and their fire brigade system. Of about 200 persons who occupied College Hall, about 200 were students. They waited in line, while the fire by fire brigades and leaders to make certain that no one was left in any room, even after showers of sparks began to rain down rapidly. Of the others in the building about 50 were faculty members and were in the room, showed remarkable coolness and aided in the efficient working of the fire department's system of quickly emptying the building.

Spring Recess Advanced 10 Days.

Academic work in Wellesley College was suspended today for an indefinite period. It is hoped to resume work on April 7, the date fixed before the opening of the academic year for the beginning of the Spring term. No definite date of reopening can be determined for several days, and perhaps not for several weeks.

This announcement was made to the students today in Houghton Memorial Chapel by Pres Ellen Fitz Pendleton today. She instructed the students, about 100 in all, to leave their trunks as quickly as possible, several hundred living within easy-reaching distance of Wellesley left for home today, and many more will go tomorrow.

College Hall would have closed for a Spring recess on March 17.

Records of the Dean Were Saved.

"Practically the only things which were saved in the administration building," said Miss Mary Caswell, secretary of the president, "were the records of the dean, Miss Alice Vinton Waite, the dean. These included the records of attendance and grading, without which the college would be greatly handicapped.

They were saved through the work of Miss Mary P. Smith, secretary of Dean Waite, and Edward C. Monaghan, janitor.

"So far as can be determined, the fire started on the fifth floor, and quickly spread to the fifth floor, the top and then worked downward.

"The fire started on the fifth floor, the top and then worked downward. The occupants of the building, which was the oldest and largest in Wellesley, there was no wind and the fact that the fire started near the upper floors left the lower stories free of smoke and most of the students could get out.

Townpeople came quickly to the aid of the students and offered to offer rooms and meals. It was possible to supply meals to most of the students in the main building can be cared on temporarily.

Aged Mrs Durant Saw Fire.

One of the spectators of the fire while the ruins were still blazing was Mrs Pauline A. Durant, the aged widow of the founder of Wellesley College. She was brought to the campus in a wheel chair and viewed the ruins from near the main library.

OCCUPANTS OF COLLEGE HALL

That it was a conservative estimate of the girls' fire brigade, and the girl in College Hall escaped unharmed, is asserted by every official in Wellesley College.

The leader of the fire brigade in the main building was Miss Muriel Arthur, 15, of Detroit, whose room was on the fourth floor. She was one of the first girls to aid in the rescue work.

Working under her were leaders of squads, who rounded up details of 20 girls apiece when the fire gongs were sounded. These passed only long enough to call the roll, and then marked their charges in fire order to the campus. On the upper floors, girls fell fast about the girls while they waited a few moments—many of them clad in little more than night clothing—to make certain that every student had left her room.

Inside of four minutes after the fire gong was rung, practically every girl was on her way out. A few moments' delay would have been fatal to most occupants of the two buildings, said those who were early on the scene.

Complete List of Occupants.

- Of the girls in College Hall many were New England students. The complete list is as follows:
Ann Abbott, Sioux City, S. D.
Florence Adams, 15, N. J.
P. Adams, 15, Hartford, Conn.
Edith Adams, 15, Brookline, Mass.
Ann Abbott, 15, Kenilworth, Ill.
Mary Adams, 15, Wollaston, Mass.
Armstrong, 15, Philadelphia, Pa.
15, Detroit, Mich.
15, Cambridge, Mass.
15, Wilmington, Del.
15, Lancaster, Pa.
15, Wollaston, Mass.

- Jean Farley, 15, S. Helen, 15, Field, N. H.
Edith Adams, 15, N. J.
Emma L. Pike, 15, Lucille S. Flagg, Eleanor P. Mearns, Marguerite A. M. Margaret Garrison, Madeleine C. Gibb, Y.
Mary K. Giles, Mary M. Gittin, Dorothy Good, Gladys Germa, Dorothy M. G. New England, N. Y.
Dorothy Gould, 16, Gladys Gould, 16, Sylvia S. Goulet, Gertrude L. Gove, Marion E. Grubb, Mildred L. Giff, Mary Grosver, Margaret M. G. Helen Hagema, Margaret H. H. Florence M. F. wood, Sophie C. J. Elizabeth H. F. C. N. Y.
Gladys B. Haast, Dorothea Havn, N. Y.
Helen D. Hayw, Lydia-Belle Hays, Margaret C. La, Helen J. Lunke, 15, N. Y.

- Tracy L. Adams, Ga. Ardy Luther, 14, Hingham, Mass.
Evelyn L. S. McCarroll, Owensboro, Ky.
Clarice McCarty, 15, Lancaster, N. H.
Natalie H. McCloskey, 15, Dorchester, Mass.
Mary C. McLeary, 15, Youngstown, O.
Charlotte C. Mahaffy, 16, Wilmington, Del.
Carolyn Mann, 14, Troy, N. Y.
Helen P. Herrick, 14, Chicago, Ill.
Calmia W. Howe, 15, New York, N. Y.
Dorothy G. Huggins, 15, Williamsport, Penn.
Helen Hutchcraft, 14, Paris, Ky.
Beatrice H. Hurd, 15, Albuquerque, N. M.
Florence J. Irvine, Paris, France.
Margaret N. Jackson, 14, Kansas City, Mo.
Jan W. Jellerson, 14, Montclair, N. J.
Laura J. Jennings, 16, Greenburg, Penn.

- Edwin Jefferson, 15, Martineau, La.
Helen M. Johnson, instructor in German, Martineau, La.
Hildegard Jones, 15, Mt Vernon, N. Y.
Albee M. Kauler, assistant superintendent, Somers, Conn.
Florence Keenan, 15, Ridgewood, N. Y.
Katherine M. Keener, 15, Read, Penn.
Alma Marks, 15, Connetquot, N. Y.
Christine Mathers, 14, Natick, Mass.
M. Helen Morton, 15, Calumet, Mich.
Caroline R. Miller, 14, Jeannette, Penn.
Helen G. Mitchell, 14, Lowell, Mass.
Virginia Mott, 14, Orange, N. J.
Mildred Moore, 14, Chicago, Ill.
Margaret E. Moorhouse, 15, Washington, D. C.
Marion R. Mulford, 14, Wayne, Penn.
Alice G. Mulligan, 14, Natick, Mass.
Mary R. Mylchreest, 16, Middletown, Conn.
Jane M. Newton, 16, Norwich, N. Y.
Edith Noera, 16, Waterbury, Conn.
Elsie W. Norton, 15, Granville, N. Y.
Margaret S. Norton, 15, Salisbury, Conn.
Mary H. Nye, assistant to registrar, Wellesley Hills.
Catherine Oakes, 15, Waban.

DESIRES FREIGHT STATION.

Boston & Worcester Street Railway After Marlboro Location.

MARLBORO, March 17.—At a meeting took place on a petition of the Boston & Worcester Street Railway for right to have a curve track on Mechanic st. so that a freight station could be located on the Fay estate.

E. P. Sheaw, general superintendent of the road, thought that it was for the best interests of the business men of the city to have such a station. R. H. Beaudry and E. E. Rice, chairman of the board, also favored the proposition that it would cause a depreciation of property in the neighborhood.

Alderman Archambeault moved that the petitioners be given leave to withdraw. Alderman Frye believed that the matter should be taken into consideration. He said that he was informed that freight cars would go up on the New Haven road, and that it would be a good idea to have competition. The Boston & Worcester already brings freight freight into the city, but has no terminal and blocks the street.

Mr. Sheaw decided to lay the matter on the table so that inquiry could be made and "perhaps another" to

Former Gardner said—

GARDNER, March 16.—(Word) colved in Gardner today from the death of Miss Hattie G. G. formerly of this town. She was 1 Springfield Sept. 2, 1880, but had practically all of her life in Ga. Miss Goodwin leaves a mother, a sister, Mrs George A. Beltspeake Gardner, and a brother, Henry W. G. win of Providence. The funeral takes place in that city Wednesday afternoon.

ITCHED SO, HE TORE HIS FLESH RESINOL CURED

Tortured For Three Weeks, But 1913—

Applications Did the Work.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 3, 1913— "All over my body I had a small pimples that itched so that I could not sleep at night until I tried most every thing that was supposed to give relief. I finally found Resinol Soap and it cured me." (Signed) A. J. Registrar's Office.

Resinol Soap is a small pimples that itched so that I could not sleep at night until I tried most every thing that was supposed to give relief. I finally found Resinol Soap and it cured me. (Signed) A. J. Registrar's Office.

Real Estate Advertising
Remember the Globe is
Real Estate Medium in
and.
ad the want pages today.

Boston Evening

XXV—NO 76.

BOSTON, TUESDAY EVENING, M

17.

SIX

S MARCH OUT OF BURNING BUILDING

Largest Wellesley College Hall Completely Ruined.



COLLEGE HALL, WELLESLEY.

Beside Sleeping Rooms For 350 It Held Administrative Offices.

Fire Started at End of Top Floor—Students Saved Law of Personal Belongings.

day's Globe. Real Estate
Sale, To Let or Wanted,
advice in the Globe.

**Motor
Truck Show
TODAY
TOMORROW
EVENING**

WELLESLEY, March 17—A shrill scream, which died with its echo, quickly followed by the ringing of the big fire gongs on every floor, gave a warning at 4:40 this morning to about 250 girl students, 50 of the faculty and 60 maids who were soundly sleeping, that College Hall, the administration building of Wellesley College, which stood on College Hill overlooking Lake Waban, was in flames.

Within two minutes every one of the girls and the members of the faculty, thanks to the high standard of efficiency of the fire drill, had marched in perfect order to safety on the campus.

Five hours later nothing but the walls of the oldest and most historic building of the college were standing as grim reminders of what it had been.

The loss is heavy, and is variously estimated. The Wellesley associates estimated the value of the building at \$500,000. The contents of the building were worth possibly \$1,000,000 additional, making a total loss of \$1,500,000, which is only partially covered by insurance. The college library, laboratories, dining room, many valuable paintings and statues and the effects of the students were destroyed.

Marvelous as it may seem, a son sustained as much as an injury coming from the fire.

Students Dismissed for
At 8:30 a m the girls chapel as usual, and at dismissed, to go to their arrangements for accommodations for various classes, for rooms, the dining room, of the college were out

and screamed. Evidently she recovered her composure and rang the fire gong. The emergency alarm which was sounded commanded the girls by the fire drill regulations to jump from their beds instantly, grab the first wrap they could find and immediately step to the corridor at their doors.

Squad Leaders Called Roll.

It is very evident that all did their moment they heard the gong morning and the instant they were the corridors of the five different the squad leaders, each having 20 under her command, quickly called roll and then, when the brigade gave the word to march, all marched decorously and in perfect order, as were only a play fire, to the campus. Illustrating that they obeyed the regulations of the fire drill to the letter, some of the girls were in their feet and many wore only their robes, covered by the wraps they picked up in leaving. They immediately to other dormitories they were taken in and a comfortable clothes, after which they their noble part in the rescue of personal effects.

Once they were outside College the girls saw the flames which were developing the west end of the building. Only seniors occupy rooms in this building and they are mature girls of excellent judgment steered nerves, and they established their right to this reputation this time by their wonderful coolness.

Girls in Line to Pass Property.
As soon as the girls were outside building they quickly formed in marching from the campus to the

STRIKES ROCKS NEAR HALIFAX

Steamer City of Sydney Reported In Dangerous Position.

Tug Takes Off 13 Passengers and a Part of

HALIFAX, N. S., March 17—The steamer City of Sydney, from New York for St. Johns, N. F., is on the rocks at Sambro, a few miles from here. She struck during a dense fog early today, and water in her stokehold put out the fires.

The tug Rosemary, was one of the first of the rescue fleet to reach the stranded steamer and immediately took off 13 passengers and part of the crew. The Rosemary reported that the Sydney was in a bad position and likely to become a total wreck.

The weather continued extremely thick during the forenoon and boats had difficulty in locating the steamer. Early reports said that the Sydney had grounded on Stag Rock which is at the southwest entrance to Halifax Harbor, and was in a dangerous position.

The City of Sydney is a steamer of 1500 tons and plies between New York, Halifax and St. Johns, N. F. She is believed to carry a crew of about 40. Capt McDonald is her commander.

Dangerous Ledges.

The Sambro Ledges have been the scene of many famous wrecks, and few vessels that have struck them have come off safely. The ledges extend out for nearly two miles from Sambro Head, on which there is a powerful light, a fog signal and wireless station.

The ledges are usually white with foam, as they bear the full sweep of the Atlantic, while the currents up and down the Nova Scotia coast swirl and eddy over the ragged rocks and spurs. Steamers from the southward usually give Sambro a wide berth, but many a vessel feeling her way in to the coast has been caught in the currents and brought up on the ledges.

The City of Sydney has been running regularly all winter between New York and St. Johns, N. F., calling at this port each way. Her portward trips have been fewer on account of the heavy cargo and eight or ten passengers.

The weather was thick, but not boisterous all the way up the coast, and the steamer made fair progress, arriving off the coast last evening.

Sea Puts Out Fires.

The fog was still dense, and Capt McDonald, believing that he was wide of Sambro Head, steered for the entrance to the harbor.

The Sydney

was to hollow my back ever more and stick out my buttocks which only made my posture worse. I really didn't know how to go about standing straight. Luckily my posture wasn't considered bad enough for me to be assigned to corrective gym.

In the fall of 1911 when I entered Wellesley, the college had long since outgrown its dormitory capacity. Seniors juniors, and sophomores were housed on campus in college dormitories, but the entire freshman class had to live in the village of Wellesley, known to students as "the Vill." There were three college-run dormitories, none of them very large, in the "Vill." The rest of the freshmen were scattered around the town in about fifty privately owned but college supervised houses. It was nearly a mile from "The Vill" to classes on campus. That meant about a four mile walk daily for us freshmen, up and back each morning and afternoon, and another two miles if there was something going on in the evening. Practically all of us wore flat heel waterproof leather shoes, laced halfway up our legs, officially known as ground grippers. When I wore them home for Christmas vacation, Mother exclaimed, "I hope you aren't going to wear those clodhoppers around here."



Gretchen at Wellesley College

The most memorable event of my four years at Wellesley, except for the college hall fire took place my freshman year, about a month after college began. On October 19th, 1911, Ellen Fitz Pendleton, a graduate of the class of 1886, was inaugurated President of Wellesley College.



Wellesley Girls 1913

The college chapel was not large enough to seat all the faculty and entire student body, plus all the distinguished guests, so each class was allowed a specific number of delegates at the ceremony. To my great joy, I was elected a freshman delegate.

However, to me, the most thrilling part of the inauguration was the academic procession. It formed at College Hall and marched from there to the chapel, between students who were lined up on both sides of the road. With the exception of the seniors, who wore caps and gowns over white dresses, the undergraduates were dressed in white. The members of the faculty, however, and the distinguished guests wore gowns and a great variety of colored hoods. The procession marched to a band, which played the majestic music of Land of Hope and Glory, from one of the famous Pomp and Circumstance Marches by Elgar. It made such an impression on me, that I used it as the recessional when I was married six years later.

The freshmen delegates, followed by the sophomore, junior, and seniors, led the march to the chapel where we stood on the steps. The entire academic procession then marched between us into the chapel followed by the senior, junior, and sophomore delegates. This meant we freshmen had the very back seats in the chapel, but that was all right with me. Being a freshman, I was more interested in what I saw than what the speeches were about.

President Pendleton, in her inauguration address, according to the book, Wellesley, Part of the American Story, "spoke upon the twofold function of the modern college, its training for citizenship and its preparation of the scholar."

At that point, I couldn't have been less interested in the "training for citizenship and its preparation of the scholar," but I was vitally interested in my fellow students and life at Wellesley.

Sophomore and junior years in college a course in Biblical criticism was required. I realized almost at once that Mrs. Eddy's interpretation of the Bible was completely unscientific. When I took the required philosophy course during my junior year, the underpinning of my religion was completely knocked out from under me. I realized that Christian Science, which I had considered "The Truth" was not "The Truth," even though healing resulted from it.

I had never heard of psychosomatic disease, and didn't realize that real physical disease could result from emotional causes, yet in spite of the fact-(this is all that I found.)

I found the following letter from Fanny Wiss to her daughter Gretchen, who was then at Wellesley College, Fanny wrote the following:)

"The blue suit of yours, I would like to send to Fred's younger sister. She is attending school at a town called Orleans, quite a good sized place where there's a large high school. Bertha is going there to prepare to be a teacher. She wrote to Fred to ask him for a new suit as she hasn't anything nice to wear and the other girls all have suits. I was going to ask you if I could send it to her from you. Seems to me where we know where it will be acceptable it's better than sending it to Red Cross who have so much sent to them."



Gretchen with classmates

🐾 CHAPTER 12 🐾

A Summer I'll never forget

My first trip to Europe was a ten day trip on the North German Lloyd and Hamburg American Line.

In the Spring of 1914, which was my junior year at Wellesley, I took Fraulein Margarethe Mueller's course on Goethe's Faust. Gounod's opera, Faust, (that uses Goethe's Faust as its libretto), was sung in Boston that spring. I went to hear it with Eleanor Hough, a senior who lived in my dormitory, and who was also taking Fraulein Mueller's course.

During that trip she told me that she and a friend, Ruth Holmes, were going to Hamburg, Germany that summer to stay a month with Fraulein Mueller's sister, Frau Struss. Frau Struss took boarders, girls who wanted to become more fluent in German. It was understood that Frau Struss would accept only girls who would take an hour of German with her five days a week, and who would promise to speak nothing but German while they were there. After a month with Frau Struss, Eleanor and her friend Ruth planned to travel around Germany.

"That sounds wonderful," I said. "I'd love to do something like that."

"Then why don't you join us?"

"I wouldn't want to butt in."

"We'd be glad to have you."

"Do you think Frau Struss would have room for me?"

"If you'd really like to go, why don't you write her and find out?"

"I think I will," I said. "I'll be twenty one by that time and will have my own money." (My father had died without a will, so his estate was divided automatically according to NJ laws. Jerome and I received our shares of the Wiss Factory at age twenty one, which gave us more independence than most young people had at that age.)

However, I did want my mother's thoughts on the subject, so I telephoned her that night, and was delighted when she said it sounded like a wonderful idea. She

thought we should start right away and find out all we could about the practical details.

One day the latter part of June 1914, Mother and Fred drove me, and my steamer trunk and suitcase to the large, covered Hamburg American Line pier in New York. It was one of the several piers that lined the east bank of the Hudson River in those days, which were used by European countries for their transatlantic passenger service. The United States had no luxury liners at that time, so most Americans going to Europe used the British, German, Dutch, Italian, or French lines.

All was confusion when we arrived at the pier, as seeing friends off for Europe was quite an event. Mother and I stood with my luggage while Fred found a place to park the car. Then he got a porter to take my suitcase to my stateroom, and check my trunk, which the porter said would be brought to the stateroom after the ship sailed.

Eleanor and Ruth, the girls with whom I was to travel, were already there. They had no friends to see them off, as they were from Washington. The small stateroom with suitcases, flowers and other bon voyage gifts and five people was impossible, so we joined the crowd that swarmed all over the ship trying to see as much of it as possible. Fortunately, some people remained in staterooms for farewell parties, where toasts were drunk to a good voyage. Some of the parties were quite noisy.

About twenty minutes before sailing time, there was a deafening blast from the ship's smokestacks, that made me jump. The stewards and other uniformed personnel began travelling all over the ship, opening stateroom doors to break up farewell parties, and announcing on deck through megaphones, "All ashore who are going ashore." A few minutes before the removal of the gang planks, and casting off of the heavy ropes which held the ship to the pier, there was another tremendous blast which stewards announced was the final call of "All ashore that's going ashore."

Came time to leave on the trip, mother with somewhat watery eyes kissed me good bye.

"Write me," said Fred, as he followed suit. (This was the first time he had kissed me!)

"Will you answer if I do?" I asked, knowing how he hated to write letters. I was remembering how mother had to stand over him and almost dictate to him to be sure he wrote his "Mom", whom he deeply loved, also being sure he enclosed his pay check which, at his request was made out to his mother.

"Yes, I will," he answered as he and mother headed for the nearest gangplank.

By this time the passengers lined the rails on the pier side of the ship, and shouted messages to their friends on the jam-packed pier. As the ship began to move slowly, the band aboard struck up a melodious German farewell folk song, and those who knew it joined in the song.

Handkerchiefs and small flags were waved until the ship was far out in the river.

After we were out of sight of land we returned to our stateroom to inspect it. In addition to the upper and lower bunk, our cabin had a good size cushioned seat, not much wider than the good sized boards used in old New England houses.

We decided that Eleanor, who weighed the most should have the lower berth, that I, who was a good climber would have the upper. Ruth who was the smallest, would sleep on the cushioned seat which was made up at night as a bed.

The room steward suggested we find the deck steward to pick out and pay for deck chairs. Eleanor's father, who was knowledgeable about ships, had already

paid for three chairs on what was considered the most desirable side, and in the center of the ship so the motion was minimal.

In the dining room, we were assigned to the table presided over by the ship's doctor, who it developed, did not enjoy our efforts to use our school German. After we were seated, I thought a while and said something to him in my best school German. He answered in English and then announced that English would be spoken at meals thereafter.

I remember the morning baths, in a cubby hole of a room, in deep tubs of hot salt water, where ordinary soap was completely ineffective. The soap provided by the stewardess was not much better. I also remember the almost sheet sized bath towels with our names on them, also provided by the stewardess.

As I remember the stateroom, it had a small closet with hangers, a built in chest with good sized drawers, and the top, with indentations for a jug of drinking water, and a small bowl with running salt water for washing, NOT drinking.

We were introduced to shuffle board, (which to the best of my knowledge, has been played on passenger ships from time immemorial) and also to gambling on "horses." There was a small wooden race track, with numbers. The stewards, who had charge of the track had wooden horses with numbers. Dice was thrown to see how far each horse would move. The passengers would bet on their favorite numbered horse and odds were figured out, and the winners won a few dollars.

The band played for dancing several evenings. We made it over alright, but OH the trip back. To come later.

🐾 CHAPTER 13 🐾

Letter From Germany

This is a letter from Gretchen Wiss to her mother Fanny B. Wiss written:

Mittleweg 115
Hamburg, Germany

July 4, 1914 (*This was just before World War I broke out in August*)

Dear Mother,

I hardly know where to begin there is so much to tell so much that I shall have to leave most of it out. I love it here. Besides Eleanor and Ruth, there is a Bryn Mawr 1915 girl, stylish and attractive whom I like very much. Then there are two young Englishmen living here but we see them only at dinner or more usually after dinner for they come home late. One has lived in Germany for three years and the other six months so they speak German quite fluently. I can understand practically anything and can make myself understood but only in a hesitating fashion. I think in German and it is really bad for me to write many English letters because it destroys the German atmosphere.

To continue- The house is a beautiful roomy place in a very beautiful portion of the city though it doesn't seem like a city. The people wear very queer clothes. Frau Struss is great, full of life and fun and is a very satisfying sort of person. We call her grossmutter but she isn't as old as Fraulein Mueller. Herr Struss is also very nice but a little harder to know.

There are no operas, or really good plays during the summer, but we are going to the theater tonight.

It has been quite hot so that we haven't done very much outside but it has been very comfortable in the house.

We get up when the spirit moves us. It usually moves me about nine o'clock. Breakfast, (oatmeal, coffee, jelly, and rolls) is on the table. Frau Struss has two very attractive little brass arrangements with a small flame under them, which keeps the oatmeal warm and the coffee hot. We help ourselves and then put the things on a dumb-waiter. I go down to the kitchen and tell the cook that I want a Weich gekocktes Ei (soft boiled

egg) By the time I have finished the oatmeal, it has arrived on the dumb-waiter. Everything is informal.

After breakfast I read or study for my letter which comes at eleven and lasts until twelve o'clock. In the afternoon we do anything we want. We have been shopping once, and I usually end up by lying down before dinner, which comes promptly at 6:30. For the evening we walk or sit around and talk or read- it is light enough to read until quarter past nine.

One evening we took one of the little lake steamers and took a ride way up the Alster where it is very narrow- There are canals and small streams emptying into it and beautiful old residents of a castle type of architecture on both sides.

Makes me think of what I have read about Venice. We were gone for an hour and a half and the trip cost thirty pfennings (between seven & eight cents!) We got a large bunch of sweet peas for fifteen cents.

The clothes people wear, except for shirt waists, are the queerest looking things I ever hope to see in a civilized country. The girls wear colored skating caps, and sailors caps and any kind of hat at all. People stare at us wherever we go. Our clothes brand us as foreigners.

I think that Berlin is different, it is newer and more modern in every way, but Hamburg is certainly provincial. The Alster is only about eight minutes walk from the house. The Alster swarms with canoes, row boats and even sail boats, Everyone goes out on it at night. The front of Fahr House, there is a band. Lots of people come to listen to the music. You can also get things to eat there.

I haven't heard a word from you yet but Frau Struss says the mail frequently comes in bunches.

I love it here. I have a little room all to myself with nice old fashioned furniture.

Love,
Gretchen

🐾 CHAPTER 14 🐾

Summer after Graduating

In the spring of 1915, the year I graduated from Wellesley, I was admitted to the infirmary with what Dr. Raymond diagnosed as grippe. During the week I was in bed, I had such a bad toothache that she gave me medication for the pain, and said "Go see Dr. Brown as soon as you are able to walk. He is a very good dentist and has an office within easy walking distance."

The toothache didn't return nor did my strength. It was evident that I was not up to the confusion of dormitory life, nor of walking to classes, so Dr. Raymond decided I better remain in the infirmary.

"Ask your roommate to bring your books here," she said, "so you can study for exams. I think by the time exams start, you will be strong enough to take them, but you need lots of rest and quiet that you can't get in a dormitory."

I lived in the infirmary, but took my exams with my classmates. Mother and Fred came up for graduation. I was able to sit with my class, and receive my diploma along with the others. I was touched by Fred's thoughtfulness, and was glad he was there.

Mrs. Johnson, the school nurse who gave me massages, suggested that it might be a good idea if I went to a girls camp where she had a summer job. Dr. Raymond agreed, but suggested that I go see a dentist whom she first recommended.

"How have you been?" he asked as I walked into his office.

"Not very well," I answered. "I've had the grippe and I had a very bad toothache a couple of weeks ago, but it hasn't bothered since."

"Open your mouth," he said. "The reason it hasn't bothered you is because the abscess that caused the pain broke, and the pus is now draining into your system. I will have to pull the tooth and be sure I get all the dead roots out. You will have to come every day for a while so that I can treat it, and to be sure that it heals from the bottom."

"College is closing for the summer and all the students will be leaving in a day or so, and I'm not sure how long the infirmary will stay open."

"Don't worry, we will work something out," he said.

All the girls had left for home but the infirmary was to have some work done on it and they said I could stay a few days. If it hadn't been for Fraulein Muller, head of the German Dept. whom I knew quite well (we had returned from Germany together after the beginning of WW1) I wouldn't have had anyone to talk to. I used to drop in on her and she had me lie on the couch in her living room while she played the piano, or did whatever she had to do.

Dr. Brown was very nice to me, and even took me home for dinner with his wife one evening.

I regained my strength slowly at first. When Dr. Brown heard where I was going to camp he said, "It's not far from Lebanon, N.H. I know a very good dentist there. I'll talk to him about you and I think if you can arrange to see him a couple of times a week for a few weeks, you can go to camp."

It worked out very well and soon I was at camp where I got a new lease on life— and a new name. I became "GEE Whiz" to the whole camp- as I signed something as G. Wiss.



🐾 CHAPTER 15 🐾

Katherine Lee Bates

How many among the millions of us who sing *America the Beautiful*, and are currently using *America the Beautiful* stamps, know the name of the woman who wrote the poem, and how she came to do so, or know the story of the literally hundreds of musical settings to which it has been adopted, or that have been composed for it.

Very few, I suspect, unless they have been residents of Massachusetts, where she was born and lived all her life, or unless they have attended Wellesley college, from which she was graduated, and where she headed the Department of English Literature for many years, or unless they are members of the National Federation of Music Clubs, which in 1926 sponsored a contest for an original music setting for the poem.

Katherine Lee Bates, who wrote the poem, was born in Falmouth, MA. in 1859, the youngest of five children of William and Cornelia Bates. Her father, who died a month after she was born, was a Congregationalist Minister. Her mother, at a time when very few women had a college education, was a graduate of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. Though the family had little money, Katherine grew up in an atmosphere where love and learning were important. Her paternal grandfather was Joshua Bates, who worked

his way through Harvard, graduating in 1800, and became president of Middlebury College at an early age (1818). Her maternal grandfather, Samuel Lee, though a farmer and manufacturer of pewter ware, enjoyed reading Shakespeare.

Writing came easily to Katherine, according to her niece, Dorothy Burgess, who in her biography, *Dream and Deed The Story of Katherine Lee Bates* (1952, University of Oklahoma Press) wrote "On both sides of her family, uncles and aunts poured out sermons, articles, lectures, and poetry as naturally as they talked."

When Katherine was twelve, the family moved from Falmouth to Needham. As a schoolgirl, she and her friends climbed over the scaffolding of the huge building that overlooked Lake Waban, a mile or so from her home. That building was later to become College Hall, the center of life at Wellesley College. (It was destroyed by fire in 1914, see newspaper reports.)

In 1874, after Katherine was graduated from Wellesley High School, the Bates family moved again, this time to Newtonville, where Katherine was able to go to the Newton High School. There she could get more advanced courses, apparently not available at Wellesley High School, to prepare herself for college.

It was her brother, Arthur, who made college financially possible for her. By the time she was academically prepared, his yearly salary had become \$1,200, and he felt he could spare the \$250 a year necessary for her tuition. (Money was worth something in those days!) She was already writing poems and stories for her school paper, and she felt she would in time be able to repay him.

Katherine became a member of the class of 1880, the second class to be graduated from Wellesley College, and was elected its "Perpetual President."

After Katherine was graduated from Wellesley, her first position was at Natick High School, a few miles from Wellesley, where she taught Latin, Algebra, and English. The following fall she taught at Dana Hall, a girls preparatory school in Wellesley where she remained until 1885, when she was offered a position as instructor at Wellesley College, either in Greek, or English Literature. She chose English Literature, and advanced steadily, becoming head of the department in 1891.

In 1893, she was asked to lecture at a summer session of Colorado College. On her way to Colorado, she stopped at Chicago to visit the family of a friend, and while there spent a day at the World's Columbian Exhibition where, according to Dorothy Burgess, the "gleaming white buildings made a deep impression on her."

When she arrived in Colorado Springs, she found herself in a broad beautiful, unspoiled green valley surrounded by majestic mountains. She was with a congenial group, one of whom was Woodrow Wilson. She joined a group that drove to the top of Pikes Peak in a prairie wagon. She later wrote, "Our sojourn on the peak remained in my memory hardly more than one ecstatic gaze. It was then and there, as I was looking out over the sea-like expanse of fertile country spreading away so far under those ample skies, that the opening of the hymn floated into my mind."

Though Miss Bates wrote the poem America the Beautiful in the summer of 1893, it was not until 1895 that she sent it to the Congregationalist, which published it on July 4th of that year. After considering "the criticisms and suggestions" that came to her from all over the nation she rewrote some sections, and the new version, essentially as we know it today, was published in the Boston Evening Transcript of November 19, 1904.

Over sixty original settings, some of them by distinguished musicians, have been written for the poem, which thus suffers from an embarrassment of riches.

It was associated with no one tune. The original setting which had won the widest acceptance was that of the former municipal organist of Portland, Maine, Will Macfarlane (sold by Cressey and Allen, 534 Congress St., Portland, Me.) His tune is played on the city chimes of Springfield, MA. He made it the theme of a spirited march, America the Beautiful, and arranged for band music. In an octavo published by Oliver Ditson Company are four settings, one by Clarence G. Hamilton, professor of music at Wellesley. Both of these settings have found favor with choruses and made their way into various hymnals. This octavo also carries settings by William Arms Fisher, musical editor of the Boston house of Ditson. Other tunes have had strong followings are those of celebrated composer, Charles S. Brown, John Stainer, J.A. Demuth, and Herbert G. Peabody of Fitchburg, MA. Words have been fitted to various old tunes, such as those of "Auld Lang Syne", "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls", "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," and "O Mother Dear Jerusalem."

To the tune "Materna" by Samuel A. Ward, in many hymnals and well known throughout the country, America the Beautiful is presently most often sung.

Samuel A. Ward (1848-1903) who composed the music known as Materna to which Miss Bates refers, was born and lived all his life in Newark, NJ where he ran a retail music store, founded and directed a men's choir known as the Orpheus Club, and was organist for a time at Grace Episcopal Church on Broad St. Newark. He wrote the Materna music for a hymn known as O Mother Dear Jerusalem, which was published originally in the Episcopal hymnal.

Ward never knew of the use of his music, Materna, with the Bates poem. Permission to use Materna was asked of his widow in 1910 by Clarence A. Barbour of the YWCA press in NYC, and again by President Kenyon Butterfield of the Massachusetts Agriculture College in Amherst (which later became the U. Mass). The Materna version spread more rapidly than the other settings possibly because not one but two sources were spreading it. One of the sources was the Y.M.C.A. which was operating in Europe during WWI and introduced it to the American troops overseas. According to the Newark Sunday Call, March 25, 1934 the song was widely sung abroad in the American Encampments and gained great popularity. Thus it spread all across the country, as troops returned home.

That Katherine was patriotic goes without saying, but her patriotism was not the "My country, right or wrong" variety. If she felt the prevailing American point of view was wrong, she said so, not in a critical manner, but in a way that led people to see for them-

America, the Beautiful

(Tune — "Materna")

KATHERINE LEE BATES

SAMUEL A. WARD

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For pur-ple mountain
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress A thor-ough fare for
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-ros proved In lib-er-at-ing strife, Who more than self their
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees beyond the years Thine al-a-bas-ter

maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain, A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God
free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness, A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God
coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life, A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May
cit-ies gleam Undimmed by hu-man tears, A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God

shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.
mend thine ev'ry flaw, Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law.
God thy gold re-fine Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev'ry gain di-vine.
shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.

America the Beautiful

KATHERINE LEE BATES

CLARENCE G. HAMILTON

1 O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,

For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain! A-mer-i-ca! A-

mer-i-ca! God send His grace on thee And crown thy good with broth-er-hood, From sea to

shi-ning sea. And crown thy good with broth-er-hood, From sea to shi-ning sea!

2. O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat,
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law.

3. O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And ev'ry gain divine.

4. O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,

8. *Final Tableau and Hymn. (School.)

O Beautiful for Spacious Skies.

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

WILLIAM W. SLEEPER.

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-ros proved In lib-er-a-tion strife,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years

For pur-ple mountain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life.
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Undimmed by hu-man tears!

A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-ry flaw,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with bro-ther-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-ry gain di-vine!
And crown thy good with bro-ther-hood From sea to shin-ing sea! A-MEN.

33

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9. Benediction. (Leader.)

8

selves. She was a pacifist, and lent her support to the entry of our country into the first World War largely because she felt the war would end sooner if we helped. She was keenly aware of the suffering that was brought, not only to innocent human beings but to animals as well. She picked up an item she had apparently read somewhere that stated: "Thus far 80,000 horses have been shipped from the United States to European belligerents," and wrote the following, which she called:

The horses

What was our share in the sinning
that we must share the doom?
Sweet was our life's beginning
On the spicy meadow bloom,
With children' hands to pet us
And kindly tones to call.
Today the red spurs fret us

Against the bayonet wall.
What have we done, our masters
that you sold us into hell?
Our terrors and disasters
have filled your pockets well.

You feast on our starvation;
Your laughter is our groan.
Have horses then no nation
No country of their own?
What are we, we your horses
So loyal where we serve,
Fashioned of noble forces
All sensitive with nerve?
Torn, agonized, we wallow
On the blood-mired sod,
And still the shiploads follow
Have horses no God?
Have horses then no nation
No country of their own?
What are we, we your horses
So loyal where we serve,
Fashioned of noble forces
All sensitive with nerve?
Torn, agonized, we wallow
On the blood-mired sod,
And still the shiploads follow
Have horses no God?

She also wrote a poem she called Only Mules headed by the following quotation: "The submarine was quite within its rights in sinking the cargo of the Armenian—which had aboard, 1422 mules valued at \$191,400."

Although I did not know Miss Bates personally, we did have a mutual friend, Fraulein Margarethe Mueller, who was head of the German Department at

Wellesley College. Fraulein Mueller, as well as two other students and I were caught in Hamburg, Germany in 1914 at the beginning of World War One. We were at the home of Fraulein Mueller's sister, Frau Struss. She took boarders, college girls who wanted to improve their German. When Germany declared war on August first, Fraulein Mueller, who was traveling around Germany, got herself, as fast as she could, to her sisters house, and there we stayed.

We had reservations for our return to the United States on German boats, but no German passenger boats sailed, as they were afraid of being sunk by submarines. Fraulein Mueller and I stayed in Hamburg, until we were able to get berths in a provisional cabin in the hold of a Dutch Ship which sailed from Rotterdam. After a nine and half day stormy Atlantic crossing, on a ship with three times the number of passengers it was built to carry, Fraulein and I developed a friendship which lasted until her death in 1934. And as a result, she talked to me more freely than a professor normally would talk to a student.

(It was on this trip home that bunks were shared twenty four hours a day.)

**NEWARK GIRL IN
FIGHT WITH RATS
ABOARD STEAMER**

Miss Gretchen Wiss Has Exciting Experience on Trip from Abroad.

Although Miss Gretchen Wiss, of 83 Johnson avenue, who returned yesterday from a trip to Europe, did not get into the war zone, her experiences on the way home were, to say the least, somewhat uncomfortable. Miss Wiss was in Hamburg all summer, where her tour was held up by the state of war which existed.

Finally, in order to reach home in time to attend college, the young woman was compelled to take a second-class passage to this country and sailed from Rotterdam, Holland, on the steamship Nieuw Amsterdam, of the Holland-American line. Before sailing, Miss Wiss says she was assured that although she traveled second class she would receive as good treatment as those who had been lucky enough to secure first cabins.

All the way over, however, the young woman said, they were poorly accommodated, and often in the night the second class passengers had to leave their berths and fight the rats that scurried all over the vessel. Miss Wiss asserts that, outside of these experiences, she has felt no ill results of the trip.

Among the other passengers returning in the Nieuw Amsterdam were Mr. and Mrs. Emil Meyer, of 68 Ross-street, Belleville; Miss Charles



Fraulein Mueller

When Fraulein Mueller and I arrived at Wellesley a week after classes had begun, she found that as a result of anti-German feelings, enrollment in German classes had shrunk to such an extent that of the normal nine courses offered, only three were being given. Many students dropped German and avoided everything German. Beethoven, Bach, and Brahms were not played during the war.

Fraulein Mueller told me that the only member of the faculty who understood her plight and was friendly and sympathetic to her was Katherine Lee Bates. While Katherine Bates was very patriotic, she tried to understand and listened to Fraulein Mueller and continued to be her friend.

Wellesley College has a Bates Dormitory. The town of Wellesley has a Bates Junior High School. The Fenway in Boston has a small granite memorial with a verse of America the Beautiful engraved on it. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has a Bates Museum. The Federal Government in 1980 issued three stamps with some of the lines from the Poem. There was a Liberty ship named for her.

But Miss Bates enduring memorial is the hymn America the Beautiful, which I feel sure will be sung as long as our country lives.



Gretchen Wiss 18 years old



Gretchen Wiss - about 14 years old



*Wedding - Gretchen
June 1, 1917*

Miss Marguerite Wiss, daughter of Mrs. Louis T. Wiss, of 83 Johnson avenue, and Frederick W. Sinon, son of John T. Sinon, of Barton, Vt., were married on Monday evening in the Washington. The Rev. Dr. Henry R. Rose, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Jerome E. Wiss, was attended by Miss Benice Barnett as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were the Misses Marlon Loeke, of Walden, Mass.; Marion Hendricks, of New York, both classmates of the bride at Wellesley College; Edna Heyden and Madeline Joroleman, of this city. Homer Daniels, of New York, was best man, and the ushers were J. Robert Wiss and Norman F. Wiss, cousins of the bride; Dr. William Denton Taylor, Thomas Barclay, of this city; Percy Cowles, of New York, and Stanley Potter, of Woodbridge. Mr. and Mrs. Sinon left on an extended automobile trip through Vermont and will return about the middle of July to spend the summer with Mrs. Wiss at Atlantic Highlands. After October 15 they will be "at home" in their new home at 23 Girard place, Maplewood.

❀ CHAPTER 16 ❀

Hooverizing

President Herbert Hoover was born in 1874 of Quaker parents. He worked his way through Stanford University in 1895 and became a mining engineer in Asia and Africa. Before 1914 Hoover had successfully managed several business enterprises on four continents.

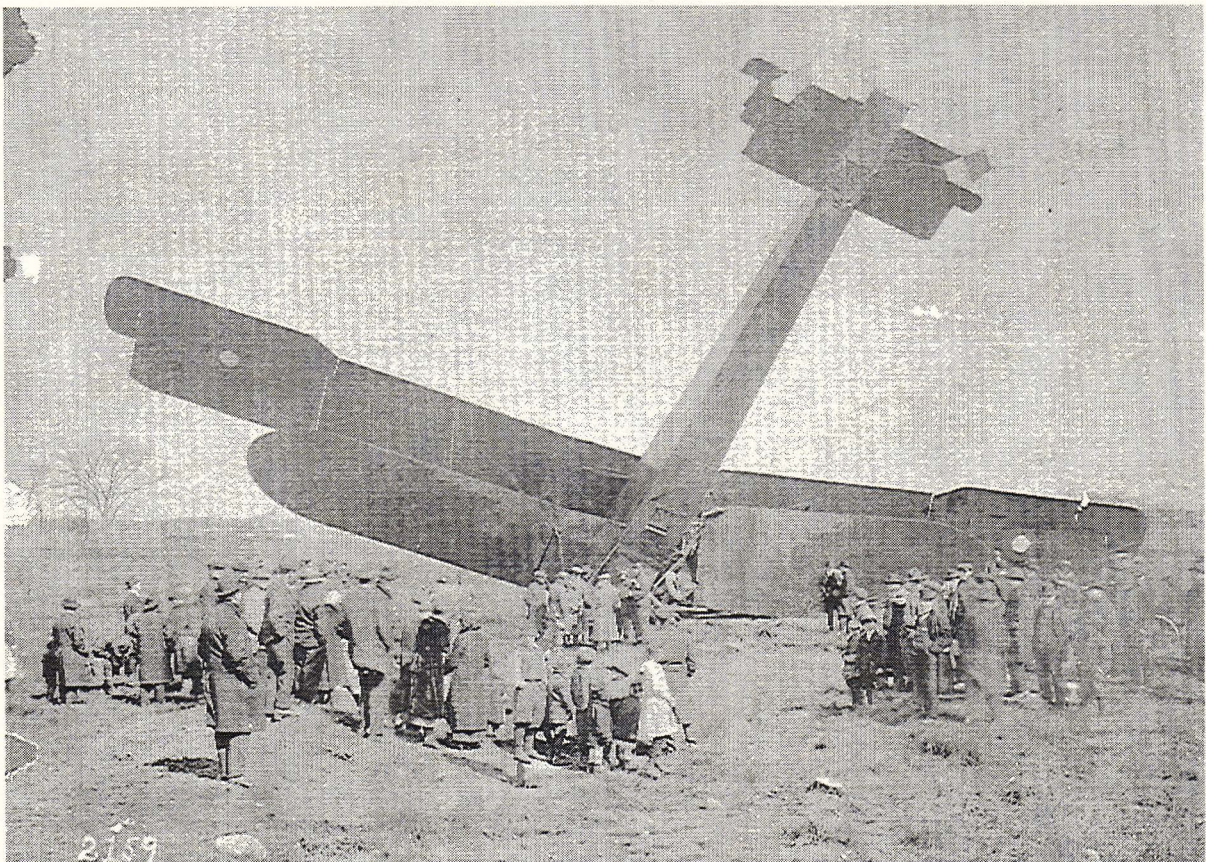
At the outbreak of WW1 he efficiently directed Belgium relief and in 1917, he was called to Washington by President Woodrow Wilson to serve as Food Administrator. We were not rationed during WW1 but we "Hooverized" which meant we signed a pledge promising to use meat, fat, flour and sugar sparingly so that our fighting men overseas could have those things.

I was a bride at that time and as I had learned from mothers cook how to make good bread, I had grown up on home made bread. I decided to have one final fling the day I signed the "Pledge."

It was in the Fall and too cold for the bread to rise over night in the kitchen. So after preparing the dough in the bread mixer, I took it down to the cellar, and put it on a chair close to the banked furnace, having the metal top on but not covering the opening, as bread needs a bit of air when rising.

The next morning when I went down to look at it, it had risen beautifully, but there was a live mouse trapped by the sticky dough, and there were many mouse droppings in the dough .

(Note- Mom did not write more that I can find but I remember her telling me she called her mother to see if it could be saved. Her mother, in no uncertain terms, "Throw it out." She said, " But mother"— "THROW IT OUT."— To Gretchen it seemed a waste but she reluctantly did get rid of it.)



This photo shows the very early type planes which were built and tested where Fred Simon worked during World War I early 1918.

🐾 CHAPTER 17 🐾

Early Married Years

Before marriage, I lived at 83 Johnson Ave. Newark. After Fred and I were married, we lived at 28 Girard Place, Maplewood, almost opposite Helen and Art DeGroff. That is where Frederick and Mary DeGroff ate the gardeners lunch. It is also where Frederick ran after Mary with a hoe, and when asked why, he replied, "I'm just being Mr. McGregor you see."



Frederick William Sinon, Jr.

On November 11, 1918, I took Frederick down town to see the celebration the day the armistice was signed. He wore a little white corduroy coat and cap & I bought him a red, white, and blue rosette & stuck it in his cap. He held a little flag in his hand & was quite a patriotic little figure until he fell asleep in spite of the jubilee. I only wished he had been old enough to remember that wonderful day. After more than four years fighting, sinking of boats, starvation for millions and rations for all, anxiety for friends and relatives, and the daily causality list, the thought of peace was almost too much.

People lost all restraint. I saw quite a dignified looking old lady standing on the curb with the tears running down her cheeks, waving a rattle frantically & shouting "Hurrah". Someone appeared with a coronet and began playing The Star Spangled Banner. The

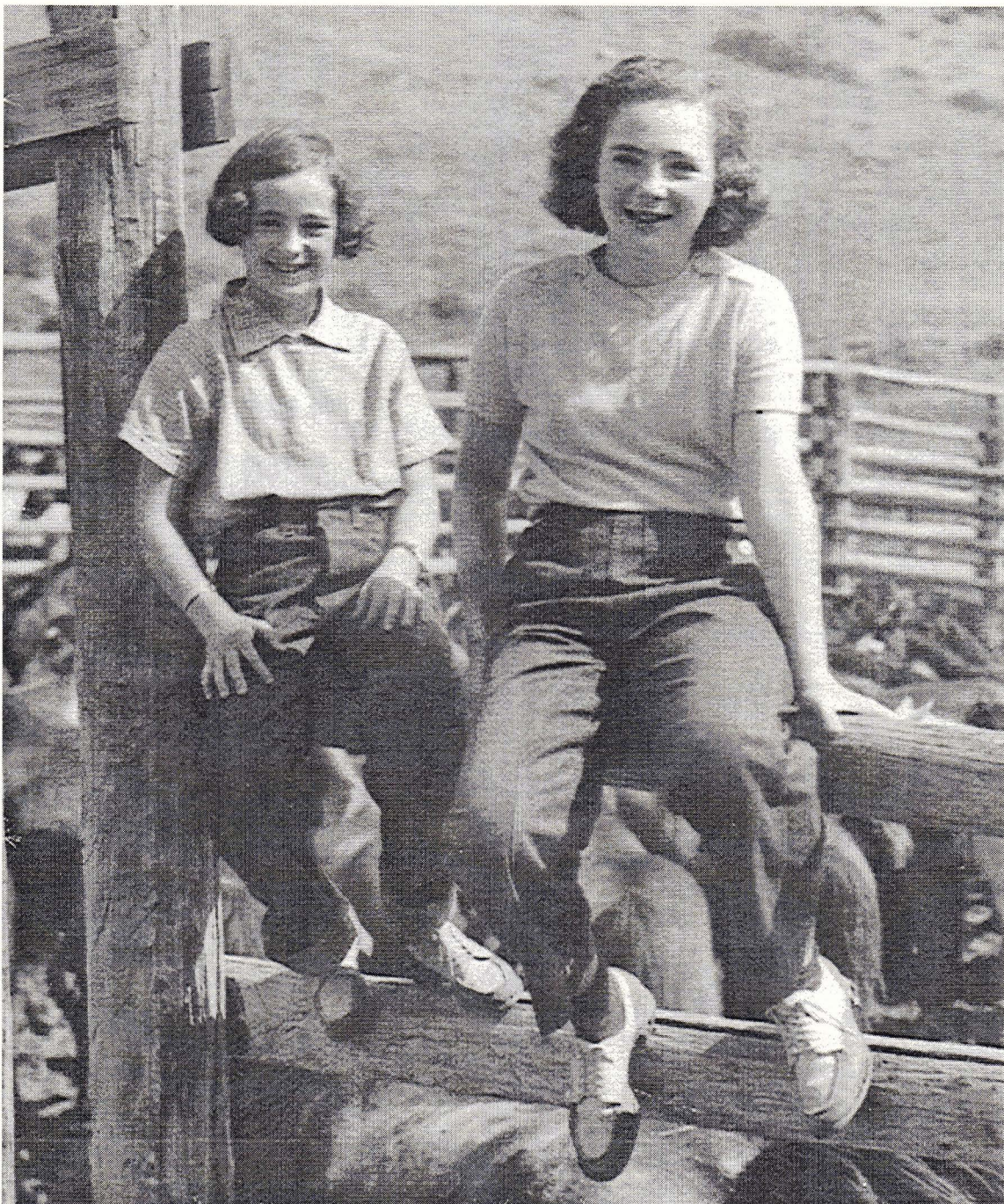
crowd joined in singing, at least many as could, for the tears choked up many. Clerks left stores and all business stopped except the sale of flags. It was a jubilation, rich and poor, saint and sinner. It was just wonderful because one had the feeling that it was not only America, but that in every city, town, and hamlet all over the world people were celebrating in the same way.

Frederick's first traveling experience was when we left Lock Arbour, NJ July 4, 1919 and took him to see Grandpa and Grandma Sinon on the farm in Vermont.

We carried a folding crib and an ice box for milk besides a small bather brush and a suit case for each of us in the back of the car. It was a broiling hot afternoon when we left. We stayed overnight at Johnson Ave, Newark and left there at 7:30 am the following morning. It was too hot to sleep and we put up at five o'clock. We stayed at Tanta May's in Cobleskill over that night and the next day. The following morning we left there and made Barre, Vt. where I had difficulty fixing milk in the hotel kitchen. We left Barre the following morning and arrived at the farm for dinner. Fred had a good time but was afraid of the animals at first. We left the farm after a twelve day stay and made Glens Falls the first night. The next night we were on the Albany Night boat, and the next day we reached home.

(When I read this part to a friend, she said why did it take so long, as today it takes barely eight hours to drive that far. In those days there were no interstates and all roads ran through main streets of every town. Also the autos were not capable of speeds over forty or maximum fifty miles per hour if one could find roads that would allow one to drive that fast.)

Ruth was born in October 1924 so we were in Allenhurst the summers of 1925, and 1926. Edith was born November 1926. We were not allowed in the Allenhurst pool without a bathing suit which had a skirt well below the knees, and a one piece wool (?) undergarment. There were no exposed navels. One weekend, we had a friend over who tried to go in the pool in a one piece bathing suit. (One of her friends was not allowed in the pool because she didn't have stockings) *(She did not say more).*



Edith & Ruth Sinon

Probably one of the greatest changes during my lifetime was the change of the value of the dollar in terms of what it will buy today (1978) compared with what it could buy when I was a child. Bread was five cents a loaf, two cents for a letter mailed and one cent for a postcard.

There have been big improvements in pens. The first fountain pen I owned was a Waterman pen. The upper end of the barrel had to be unscrewed and then the barrel was filled by dipping a medicine dropper into a bottle of ink and hand-filling the barrel.

I first heard a radio after I was married-(1917). It had crystals and ear phones. One had to keep very quiet in the room when someone tried to listen.

My first flight on a commercial air plane was when I took Frederick to Culver Military School in Indiana. (1933) Planes had about thirty passengers.

I first saw TV after Ruth was married. (1947) (The days of "Milty") It was an event to go to someone's house who had a TV in those early days.

Paul Merrigan informed me that Fred, (Ruth's brother) bought a TV kit and built their television set on kitchen table. It took him about thirty hours over several weeks, as he would go over to their house to work on it after he finished work at the Wiss factory.



Fanny B. Wiss with Sinons on left - Mary Lou, Ruth, Fred, Edith, Wisses on right - Grace, Jean, Cornelia, Nancy



Fred & Gretchen Sinon with Mary Lou, Ruth & Fred



Shirley holding little Gretchen, Mary Lou, Gretchen



Jerome Wiss and Gretchen



Gretchen was a Red Cross Driver during WWII



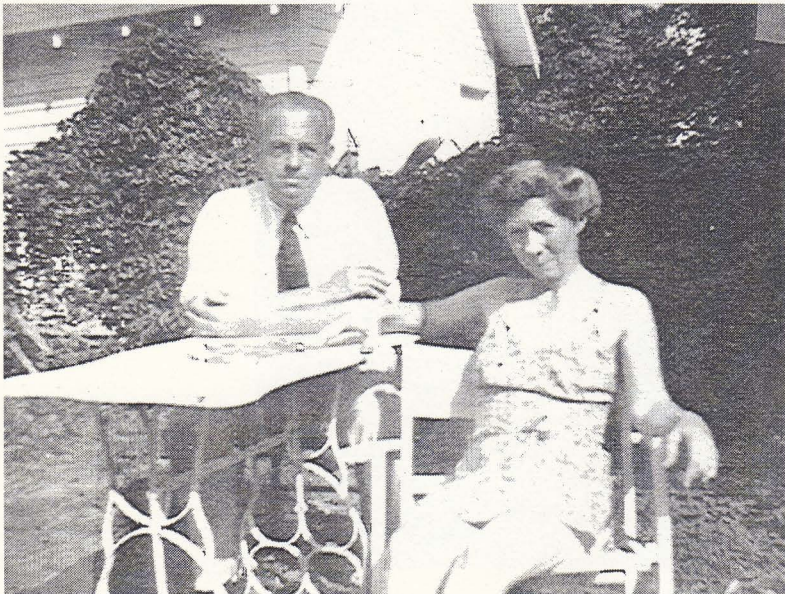
Fred and Gretchen Sinon



Gretchen on trip to Egypt 1962



*Taiwan 1963
Gretchen, Suzanne Sayer
Mary Lou Sayer, Shirley Sayer*



Fred & Gretchen Sinon, Florida



*Amsterdam 1971.
Gretchen & Mary Lou Sayer*

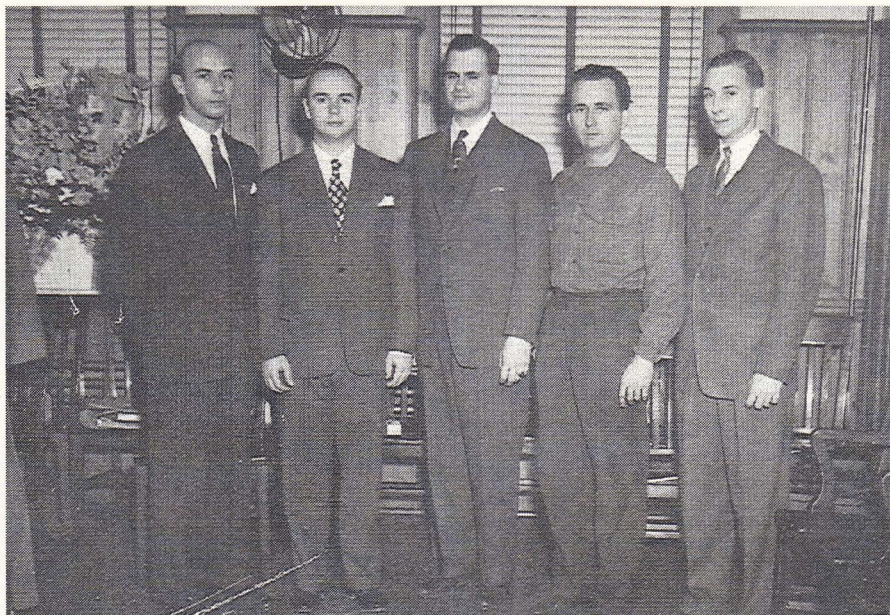
100th Anniversary of J. Wiss & Sons, Inc.



Top Row: William Taylor, Norman Wiss, Kenneth Wiss, Frederick Wiss, Richard Wiss

Middle Row: Mary Louise Sayer, Frederick W. Sinon, Jr., Master Mechanic Thorber, Frederick W. Sinon, Florence Taylor, Mrs. Norman (Mildred) Wiss, Mrs. Robert (Laura) Wiss, Lena Ruth Foster, Ruth Wiss Ward

Bottom Row: Gretchen Wiss Sinon, Norman Wiss, Mrs. F.C.J. (Lottie) Wiss, Robert Wiss, Jerome Wiss



Great great grandsons of Jacob Wiss

Kenneth Wiss

Frederick Wiss

Richard Wiss

Frederick Sinon

Norman Wiss



*Maine 1978
Faith Jackson, Gretchen, Rebecca Reyher, Suzanne Sayer*



Gretchen in NH



Gretchen's Total



Gretchen on rocker

🐾 CHAPTER 18 🐾

Letter - Relatives in Switzerland

Letter written by Gretchen Simon -July-Aug. 1961 while on a trip to Switzerland. She starts:

"Please save this letter as I may not have time to write in my travel book."

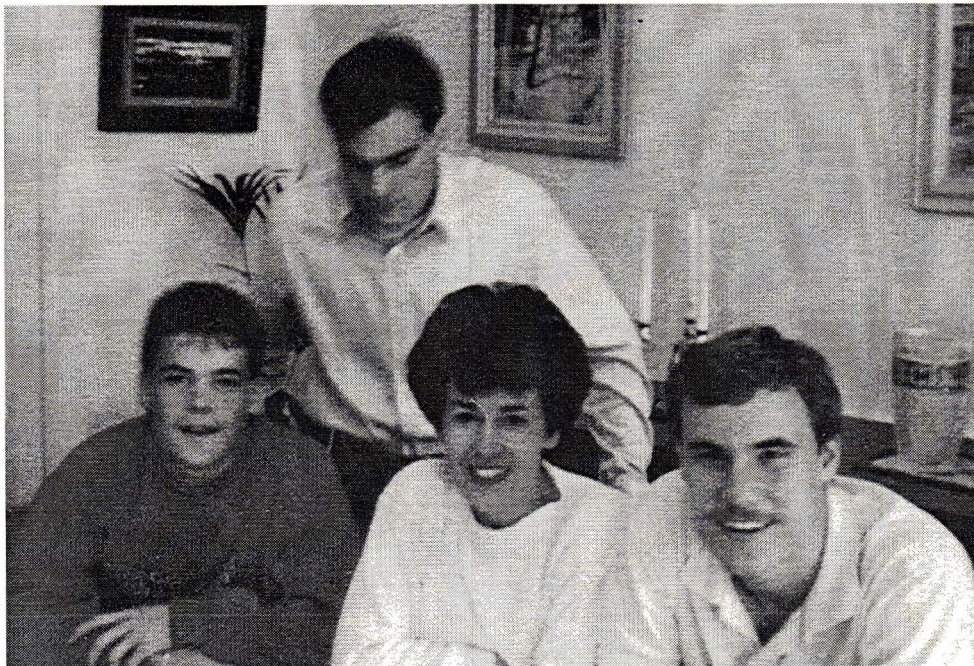
I was late in starting for Solothurn. As a result, it was twelve o'clock when I reached the Wyss house. Elsa Wyss has a nose something like mine!

Herr Stockles, the man from Neuendorf, who had compiled the Wyss Genealogy, was in Solothurn and could be seen at 12:30. After a quick lunch they had for me, we dashed off to some kind of a Catholic parish house. Herr Stockle was a very agreeable young man about forty five. I sensed our presence was not altogether welcome for some reason. After introductions, I showed Herr Stockle the genealogy I had made from his original, filling in descendants of Jacob, in which he was most interested. I presented him with a red leather case which contained two pair scissors and pinking shears. He was most pleased as his wife sews. We all shook hands several times and with many Aufwiedersehens he departed swiftly. It developed

that he was on a five day religious retreat, during which he was supposed to keep silent, but because of the visit of "the lady from America" whom he otherwise would not have seen, the ban had been lifted and he had been granted a few moments with me. We therefore departed swiftly and silently.

I went with Elsa to the "Rosegy," a very large tract of land sold by my great grandfather Christian to the Canton of Solothurn and used to build a Mental Hospital. Uncle Fred speaks in his dairy of 1926 of driving past the old and new Rosegy. (Our branch of the family are known as the "Roseggers.")

Elsa was not content to drive past it. On the strength of a visit by "the lady from America", who was the great granddaughter of the man from whom the property had been bought, and who had wanted to see it, Elsa had phoned and had made arrangements to see the third and most modern building. It is said to be the most up to date facility of its kind in Switzerland. I have never seen anything to equal it. It was completely modern, beautifully equipped and run and staffed with kind people.



After the Rosegg visit of an hour and a quarter, Elsa took me to the Cathedral in which she plays the organ, and then we dashed off to the Friedhof Cemetery which she wanted to show me, as it is supposed to be one of the nicest in Switzerland. After dashing in and out of the Freidhof (the word means court of peace) we headed for Neuendorf where my great grandfather, Christian, had lived, after he was married and before moving to Solothurn. It appears the house is not as it was when Christian lived there. It had burned to the first floor about eighty years ago.

After a short ride, we parked in another farmer's yard, and then walked to see an orchard of young cherry trees, community owned. By paying seven Swiss francs a year per tree, anyone desiring to could have the fruit from the trees he rented!

Before I forget it, Christian Wiss came from a town called Fuhlenback, which is not far from Neuendorf.

It was too late to go there. I returned the Stockle family to their modest home in Neuendorf. Elsa got out some raspberry syrup and with a charged water made a delicious drink. She also got out some old record books and what Freddie Wiss said is true. The name appears in the early records as WISS, not as WYSS, as it is now spelled in Switzerland.

I had tried to do too much. The rich food, and hurrying around so much really made me somewhat ill, but it was a lot of fun and worth the effort. I hope next time, and I hope there will be a next time, I'd like to clear up some questions.

The old oak chiffonnier-(the oak dresser, now in Concord, NH) belonged to Jacob. It is very well made and was brought over from Switzerland. The chair with needlepoint done by Fanny B. Wiss was also brought over by Jacob and should stay in the immediate family.

CHAPTER 19

A Bit of Music

Gretchen studied music while the children were in school. She could not play a piano very well so she took lessons. While working with her teacher, she decided to write music to the words of a poem which was written by a cousin of Fred Simon's, Clare Richard Powell.

UP IN OLD VERMONT

By Clare Richard Powell

There's a place where green clad mountains
Rise to kiss the blue-eyed skies,
Where the sweet arbutus blossoms
And the stately pine trees rise,
Where the speckled trout are hiding
In deep pools by shaded nooks
And there's odor of the sweet grass
And a singing of the brooks;
Where the wild deer just at dawning
Proudly stand among the brakes
And the sun peeps in each morning
On the hidden tree fringed lakes,
Where the sunset loves to linger
O'er the rugged rock-bound peaks
And the moonlight smiles on waters
That the landlocked salmon seeks;
Where the purple haze of autumn
Hovers round the maple trees
As the flaming leaves seem waiting
For the requiem of the breeze,
Where God spreads His great white mantle
And Jack Frost his paint brush takes
When the air is crisp and healthy
In a land of frozen lakes.
There's a place where life is wholesome
And the hearts are big and warm,
Where you find an honest hand-clasp
In life's sunshine and its storm,
There's a place where if heart hungry
You will never vainly want,
Where there's simple, homely comfort
And it's up in old Vermont.

Words by
Clare Richard Powell

Music by
Margarethe W. Simon

Op. Spirito M.M. 120 J

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with the lyrics: 'There's a place where green clad mountains rise to kiss the blue-eyed skies, where the sweet arbutus blossoms and the stately pine trees rise, where the speckled trout are hiding in deep pools by shaded nooks and there's odor of the sweet grass and a singing of the brooks; where the wild deer just at dawning proudly stand among the brakes and the sun peeps in each morning on the hidden tree fringed lakes, where the sunset loves to linger o'er the rugged rock-bound peaks and the moonlight smiles on waters that the landlocked salmon seeks; where the purple haze of autumn hovers round the maple trees as the flaming leaves seem waiting for the requiem of the breeze, where God spreads His great white mantle and Jack Frost his paint brush takes when the air is crisp and healthy in a land of frozen lakes.' The second system continues the lyrics: 'There's a place where life is wholesome and the hearts are big and warm, where you find an honest hand-clasp in life's sunshine and its storm, there's a place where if heart hungry you will never vainly want, where there's simple, homely comfort and it's up in old Vermont.' The score includes a piano introduction and a piano accompaniment. The copyright notice at the bottom reads 'Copyright 1938 by Margarethe W. Simon'.

There's a place where green clad
mountains rise to kiss the blue-eyed skies, where the sweet arbutus blossoms and the
stately pine trees rise, where the speckled trout are hiding in deep pools by shaded
nooks, and there's odor of the sweet grass and a singing of the brooks.
where the wild deer just at dawning proudly stand among the brakes and the sun peeps in each morning
on the hidden tree fringed lakes, where the sunset loves to linger o'er the rugged rock-bound peaks
and the moonlight smiles on waters that the landlocked salmon seeks;
where the purple haze of autumn hovers round the maple trees as the flaming leaves seem waiting
for the requiem of the breeze, where God spreads His great white mantle and Jack Frost his paint brush
takes when the air is crisp and healthy in a land of frozen lakes.
There's a place where life is wholesome and the hearts are big and warm,
where you find an honest hand-clasp in life's sunshine and its storm,
there's a place where if heart hungry you will never vainly want,
where there's simple, homely comfort and it's up in old Vermont.

Copyright 1938 by Margarethe W. Simon

She liked her music for this poem so much, she decided to write words for her Adult School in Maplewood, NJ. So these are the words to the music.

There's a place where we old adults
 Feel a young ambition rise,
 Where we walk with steps more spring-y
 With a new light in our eyes,
 Where we meet our friends and neighbors
 Learning what they most desire,
 But they wear a different aspect
 With endeavor all a-fire.
 For 'tis here that some are learning
 How to navigate a ship,
 How to paint, or write a story,
 Or a Ji-u Jitsu grip:
 Some go in for public speaking
 Others learn to harmonize,
 And with ninety high grade courses,
 It seems easy to grow wise.
 There's a place which holds our interest
 With its staff of teachers fine,
 Where the best minds on all subjects
 Come to meet with yours and mine.
 It's a place there's been good work done,
 May our ardor never cool,
 For our towns may well be proud of
 Such a splendid ADULT SCHOOL.

Words and music by Margarethe W Sinon

ADULT SCHOOL SONG

Words and music by
Margarethe W. Sinon
Musicianship 2

There's a
 For 'tis
 There's a

place where we old adults feel a young ambition rise, here we
 walk with steps more spring-y with a new light in our eyes, here we
 meet our friends and neighbors learning what they most desire, but they
 wear a different aspect with endeavor all a-fire.

For 'tis here that some are learning how to navigate a ship, how to
 paint, or write a story, or a Ji-u Jitsu grip: Some go in for public
 speaking others learn to harmonize, and with ninety high grade
 courses, it seems easy to grow wise.

There's a place which holds our interest with its staff of teachers
 fine, where the best minds on all subjects come to meet with yours
 and mine. It's a place there's been good work done, may our ardor
 never cool, for our towns may well be proud of such a splendid
 ADULT SCHOOL.

❀ CHAPTER 20 ❀

Rebecca Reyher

Without the friend whom I shall attempt to sketch, I would not have begun to attend classes some fifteen years ago in the Human Relations Dept. of the New School, in NY. I had never heard of the New School, when Mrs. Reyher gave a series of lectures on South America, in Maplewood, NJ where I lived. I had been taking evening courses from the time the adult school had been started by the alert principal of our Junior High School. I happened to take the class with Mrs. Reyher in 1962, when she gave lectures on South Africa.

I was fascinated by both her and her subject, and by her presentation of the history and problems of South Africa, which was settled at about the same time as our country was settled. I asked her, at the end of the course, if she planned at any time to go to South Africa again, if she would consider letting me accompany her. She replied she wasn't planning a trip just then, but certainly planned to go again, and suggested that if I took the course she was going to give at The New School it would give us a chance to become better acquainted. The course was on Marriage Around The World— Monogamy, Polygamy, and Polyandry.

She also suggested that I might be interested in reading Zulu Woman, a book she had written about Christina, a native Zulu who worked for missionaries, had been baptized a Christian, and then married and became the first wife of a Zulu chief, who later had about thirty more wives. Christina had told her the story of her life over a period of weeks through an interpreter. I found the book in the Maplewood Library and became even more interested in Mrs. Reyher, and in Africa.

I took the course and the one she gave on the history of New York City and others on Africa, and I found out she knew as much about the early days of the Woman's Suffrage Movement as about Africa. She had

worked with Alice Paul and Mabel Vernon in The Woman's Party for woman's suffrage, had campaigned actively, had marched in parades and spoken on street corners from the age of seventeen until the month before her daughter was born, when she was twenty.

Another book she wrote was called The Fon and His Hundred Wives. This was laid in the Belgium Congo and described her amazing visit of several weeks to the Fon's domain and her interviews with him and some of his not a hundred but still many wives. He admired her red nail polish and she sent him some on her return to America.

One of her books, which was at one time in just about every library in the United States, was a children's book called My Mother Is The Most Beautiful Woman In The World. The story is about a little girl in the Ukraine who went to sleep in the field while her mother was helping in the harvesting of the village wheat field. When the little girl woke up there was no one in sight. When she was found by strangers and asked to tell what her mother looked like, her reply was, although her mother was very plain, "My Mother Is The Most Beautiful Woman In The World."

It is with Becky that I took the trip which is in the next chapter.

I found no more written about Becky by Gretchen but would like to add a few words written by her daughter, Faith Jackson written in her Eulogy.

"...From the time she was sixteen and walked into Belmont House to join the Woman's Party, until she was eighty two and gave her last speech at Bryn Mawr Commencement, she never stopped. She traveled the world, writing her books, taught, and lectured on human rights, suffrage, and peace... 'If I were twenty five years younger,' she told me recently, 'I would be on the barricades against nuclear war.'



Gretchen and Rebecca Reyher departing for Trip to Africa

Back From Africa Tour

Red Cross Aide From Maplewood Saw 13 Nations

By ELIZABETH FLANAGAN

Mrs. Margarethe Sinon, a many times world traveler who lives in Maplewood, has just returned from a four-month trip to 13 African nations, where she "for a change, was people-seeing instead of sight-seeing."

The people she was watching and listening to were officials and volunteers of the Red Cross. A member of the Red Cross Chapter of the Oranges and Maplewood, Mrs. Sinon was an ambassador without portfolio for the national organization.

Early on the trip, she found her Red Cross experience on the local transportation committee invaluable. "In the Union of South Africa," she recalled, "I drove a car on the left side of the road" with a

right hand drive and a left hand shift. But I've learned in the Red Cross to become versatile and adaptable over the years. I've driven a truck and a trailer and I'll try just about anything."

Last week, at her home in 11 Mountain View Ter., it was hard to picture the delicate, white-haired widow, behind the wheel of a truck.

Countries Reflected

Mrs. Sinon talked enthusiastically about the Red Cross in Africa. She said many chapters, reflecting their country's transition from colonialism to independence, are "poor, small and understaffed."

"But it's important to realize," she quickly added, "that in countries where there are practically no organized chari-

ties or social welfare services, the importance of the Red Cross, even with its limited resources, cannot be underestimated."

In Africa, Mrs. Sinon said, the Red Cross places its major emphasis on health and operates many of its programs under the local ministry of health. Chapters provide health education for adults and children, staff baby clinics, first aid and nutrition centers.

"The first-aid instruction is considered so valuable," she said, "that some factory workers who have taken the course get higher salaries."

In Nigeria and Ethiopia, the Red Cross operates a free ambulance service and stands by at sports events, much like our local rescue squads.

Major Problem

The absence in most emerging countries of a middle class with money and time to contribute is understandably the organization's major obstacle. But in most countries, she said, the Red Cross has survived the transition from colonialism to independence. In Kenya, for example, a native woman has recently replaced a British woman as national director.

In some countries, the transition has hurt Red Cross recruitment drives, where it is felt the organization is a remnant of colonialism. For example in Malawi (formerly part of Rhodesia), both the Red Cross and Boy Scouts are trying to overcome a certain stigma attached to membership.

In countries where there is appalling and widespread poverty, fund-raising takes many forms: In Capetown, where prosperous chapters are administered by Europeans, six young "public relations girls" canvass the management of factories for membership dues. The girls are given salaries and commissions.

In Ethiopia, there is a national lottery. That country's chapter also gets funds from renting 10 apartments in the new headquarters which was built in Addis Ababa on land donated by Emperor Haile Selassie who, Mrs. Sinon noted, has taken a personal interest in the organization. Crown Prince Asfa Woassen is president of the national Red Cross there.

Other chapters raise funds through a series of small projects — cake sales, bazaars — much like church social groups in this country.

Mrs. Sinon said she received a cordial welcome in all of the countries she visited, all of them English speaking, most of them former British colonies on the East Coast. She traveled with Mrs. Rebecca Reyher of New York, who did research for a book on the modern women of Africa.

Mrs. Sinon said her trip convinced her that the Red Cross transcends national politics. "This was particularly evident in Ghana," she said. "All of the newspapers headlined anti-Western, anti-imperialist slogans. But I had very cordial talks with Ghanaian Red Cross officials because we met to discuss universal problems, not politics."



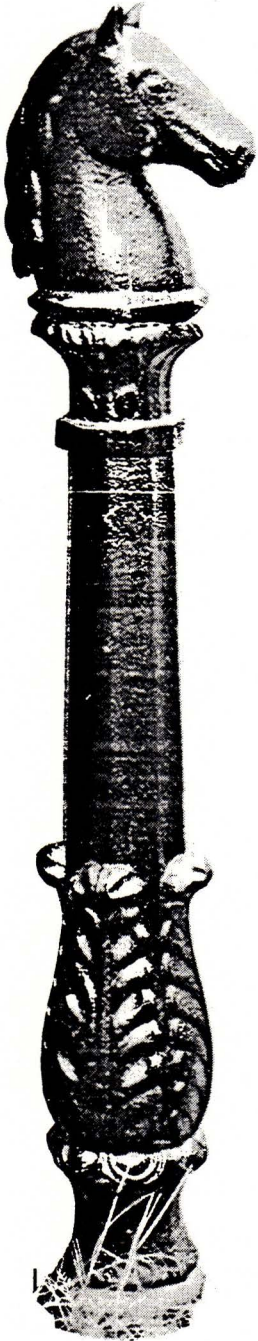
REVIEWS TOUR—Mrs. Margarethe Sinon of Maplewood traces route of trip to Red Cross units in Africa.

Premiere Exhibition

The Sinon-Reyher Collection of Africana/Americana

October 18 - November 9, 1978

Sundays through Thursdays 1-5:00 p.m.



HOW THE COLLECTION CAME INTO BEING . . .

As a young woman in the 1920's, already a leader in the American effort to secure civil and political rights for women, REBECCA HOURWICH REYHER travelled to Africa, even then still somewhat of a "dark continent". Her compassionate nature, her well-honed social conscience, and her journalistic skill made her a receptive interpreter of all that she saw and felt about a continent just emerging into the 20th century. Many articles and two books, *ZULU WOMAN* and *THE FON AND HIS HUNDRED WIVES*, came out of this experience.

Darkly beautiful, vivacious, and articulate, Mrs. Reyher quickly won favor among both the native peoples and the white residents. African homes from the simplest hut to the compounds of tribal kings were generously opened to her and she became the confidante of many black people. She was equally well received by government officials and by the clergy of various faiths. She was fortunate in having as friend and advisor Dr. Charles T. Loram, Native Affairs Commissioner of South Africa.

This young American woman of much charm and intelligence quite naturally became the recipient of many unusual gifts. Her appreciation of the cultural history of south and west Africa and her instinctive love for the beauty and artistic skill of the native people led to her acquiring many artifacts that reflect the every day way of life of the common man and woman in Africa. Thus, without conscious awareness of making a "collection", Rebecca Reyher, over the course of this first six-month visit and five subsequent ones to the continent, began to bring together for her own enjoyment and in memory of her African experiences the varied and fascinating objects which make up the African component of the Collection. The viewer is encouraged to see these art and artifacts as Rebecca Reyher sees them: reflections, exquisite in their simplicity, that speak eloquently of life as it once was in Africa. Mrs. Reyher is hopeful that this unique gift which she and Mrs. Sinon have made to Westbrook College will form a "seed collection" and that subsequent gifts may be made to it.

The co-ordinate part of the Collection, equal in value to the African pieces, centers on Americana and on a small collection of European glass, china and lusterware representative of household items brought to this country

and handed down with love and pride from generation to generation. Many of the fine pieces were collected by Mrs. Reyher in New England, particularly in Maine, and in New York and Pennsylvania. Here again, the viewer may detect the collector's devotion to objects that simply yet beautifully express a way of life, an appreciation of ware that is useful, yet aesthetically appealing. Stars of the Americana collection are the rare tavern sign; the original Duncan Phyfe sofa, and the unusual American primitive rug.

MARGARETHE SINON, GENEROUS BENEFACTOR AND FRIEND

The Sinon-Reyher Collection would not have come into being without the participation of Margarethe Sinon (Mrs. Frederick Sinon) of East Orange, New Jersey, a long-time friend and collaborator of Rebecca Hourwich Reyher. The two friends, in fact, made a trip together to Africa in the 1960's during which time Mrs. Reyher interviewed 122 leading African women from 13 countries. Inspired by her friend's extraordinary life experiences and by her gift for interpreting the Africa she came to know, Mrs. Sinon has given generously of her support and encouragement to the development of the Collection and to its eventual presentation to Westbrook College. We are profoundly grateful to these two American women who, through their affection for the State of Maine, elected to give the Collection to a Maine College.

IRMA STERN, PAINTER OF SOUTH AFRICA

Irma Stern (1894-1966), descendent of German-Jewish settlers in South Africa, is memorialized in the Irma Stern Museum, an institution administered by the University of Cape Town. A vibrant, strong-willed and gifted artist, she is considered today among the foremost South African painters of the 20th century. In 1924 Rebecca Reyher opened the first major exhibit of Irma Stern's work in South Africa, predicting that she would achieve fame for the originality and quality of her work. This view was argued by critics of the time and Miss Stern's work ridiculed. But time has been on Mrs. Reyher's side. In 1964 a South African art critic wrote of her, ". . . few will deny that she is, and always has been our most important, most influential and most prolific painter."

Her work is represented in the Collection by two oils. One of them is a portrait painted in 1925 of Rebecca Hourwich Reyher.

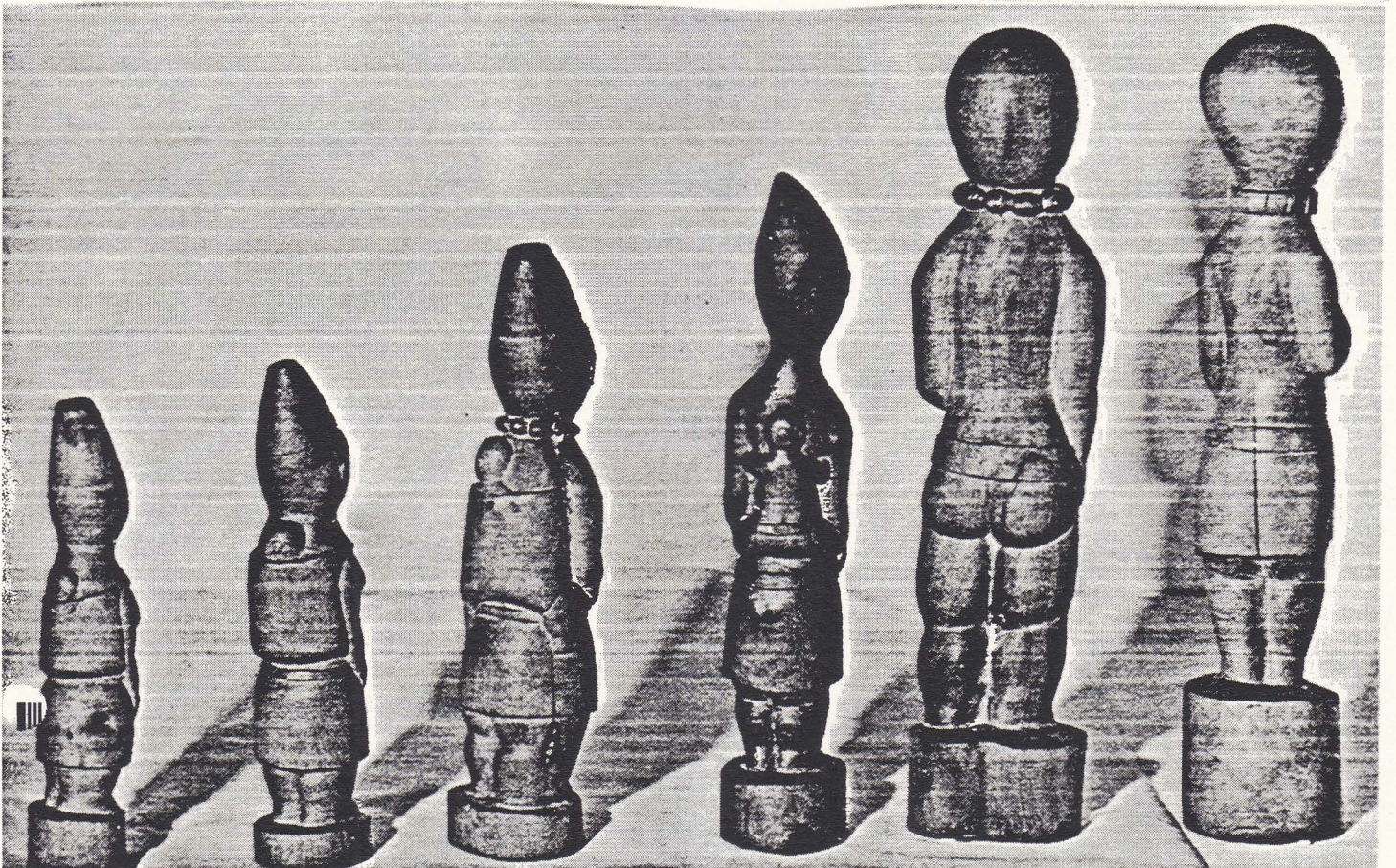
Americana

The Sinon-Reyher Collection

Africana

*Alexander Hall Gallery
Westbrook College
Portland, Maine*

Zulu battle board—a rendition of oral history



❁ CHAPTER 21 ❁

Red Cross Report - Africa

This is a summary of the report given to the Red Cross by Gretchen about her official visit to twelve African countries between February and June, 1965.

The countries we, (Rebecca Reyher and I), visited, with the exception of Ethiopia, were all English speaking by those who had any education. Most countries had been British colonies, and the Red Cross were branches of the British Red Cross until the countries achieved independence.

Great emphasis was placed throughout Africa on First Aid. In countries where doctors are scarce, distances great, transportation facilities poor, and the knowledge of even the rudiments of hygiene lacking, this training is invaluable.

Junior Red Cross is also stressed in most all the Red Cross Societies in Africa. The Red Cross is well aware that "the youth of today is the citizen of tomorrow."

The work accomplished does little more than scratch the surface. In most countries there is little or no organized charity or government social welfare. Organizations like the Red Cross and the Y are helping to carry the load and pointing the way, thus their importance becomes evident.

The first country we visited was South Africa where we stayed almost a month. I drove a Volkswagen with a right-hand drive, a left hand floor shift, and traffic drove on the left side of the road. I drove over seventeen hundred miles and was so grateful for the training afforded me by the Motor Corps. (Transportation-that is.)

South Africa is a modern industrial prosperous country with a population around sixteen million, about one fifth of them are "Europeans" (that is white), who are in complete control of the government. The four fifths are "non-Europeans" (that is colored,- Asians and Africans), who have no voice in government.

One thing which impressed me was that in some cities, the Red Cross gives a combination First Aid-Accident Prevention Course for factory workers. Holders of this type First Aid certificate receive better pay than other workers.

In Johannesburg I met with a Mrs. Dorothy Spring, a woman of great vision. In an effort to combat delinquency she has started young peoples recreation groups and discussion groups which attract large numbers of teenagers. She also stresses personal hygiene, first aid, and home nursing, and shows them there is a great need for humanitarian idealism in the work of the Red Cross.

From Johannesburg we flew to Salisbury, Rhodesia. The Society in this delightful little city seemed to me a smaller edition of what I had seen in South Africa. It is doing the same type work with all European staff. (I might note that instead of the ratio of four Africans to one European as was the case in S Africa, the ratio here is eighteen Africans to one European.)

From Salisbury, we flew to Lusaka, Zambia. Zambia, which was formerly Northern Rhodesia, had been in-



*Mrs. Arnim & Mrs. Scarrione with
Gretchen & Rebecca Reyher*

dependent less than six months. The Government is run by Africans but the Red Cross Society is still predominantly British. In a bus, I met a person who told me the attitude here is: "You teach me your job so I can take it over."

We next went to Blantyre, Malawi. The Red Cross there is having a difficult time since independence, (July 6, 1964) because having been run by the British, it has a stigma of Colonialism attached to it.

From Malawi, we flew to Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania, where Miss Mary Kakaja, who went to college in the United States, told us the Society was operating in the red. They had had to call on Geneva for help. This was probably because so many British had left the country.

I also visited Moshi Headquarters, about four miles from Dar Es Salaam. We had a splendid view of Mt. Kilimanjaro. The most hopeful aspect of Tanzania trip was the Tanzanians seem to be making a real effort to make a non-racial society. This seems reflected in the Red Cross, which has African, Asian, and European personnel.

Next came Nairobi, Kenya. The staff there are a combination of Africans and Europeans. Lack of funds make work difficult so they cannot undertake all that they would like. It is difficult to find volunteers there. Here they have a number of Nutritional Centers where children suffering from malnutrition are fed a balanced meal. Their mothers are instructed in nutrition and hygiene.

On to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. In spite of the fact that Ethiopia has had a long history with ancient civilization, it is one of the poorer, more backward countries we saw. We met a Major Onni Niskanen, sent there thirteen years ago by the Swedish Red Cross. He has done a wonderful job organizing Addis Ababa. The Emperor gave land on which the new Red Cross building stands. The patronage of the Emperor at an International Festival in 1962, and the international community joined to raise funds to help sustain the Red Cross Society.

The society had a staff of ten paid workers and ambulance drivers. Free Ambulance service was provided twenty fours a day. I realized that Major Niskanen had built a foundation for future growth.

From Ethiopia, we flew to Khartoum in the Sudan. The Red Cross there is known as the Red Crescent as the country is predominantly Moslem. Offices were closed so we met no one there.

On to Nigeria where on May 8th in Lagos, they were celebrating World Red Cross Day with parades of neatly dressed Juniors. I visited headquarters and was most impressed with their training officer, Mr. Moses Iloh. He had gone to the U.S.A. on a grant to observe and study our methods. He returned to Nigeria full of ideas, enthusiasm and a warm friendliness for the United States.

I asked him what he thought of the gift boxes sent by our Juniors. He said the articles sent are useful, but to make a real impact, the number of boxes would have to be in the thousands, as fifty per cent of Nigeria's five million population is under fifteen years of age. One soccer ball would serve a whole school he suggested.

We spent several days in Ibadan, ninety miles north. The main function of Red Cross there is a baby clinic, twice a week, run by an American Volunteer who is a trained nurse. They would appreciate drugs such as anti-malaria pills etc. to help immunize babies.

Next stop was Accra, Ghana where lack of funds hampered the Red Cross. They have no car and only one land rover ambulance, which is giving out. It has to cover the whole country which is twice as large as New York State. This car was obtained during a famine and drought with funds donated by India and The Peoples Republic of China! (It says so on the side of the car.)

From Ghana, we flew to Monrovia, Liberia, which was colonized by freed slaves from the U.S.A. Their flag resembles ours with red and white stripes (eleven), and one star on a blue background. There is an extremely well educated elite, while most of the country as a whole is still largely illiterate. The president of the Red Cross is the widow of the former President, Charles King. Mrs. King is a tireless worker, and because of her, the Red Cross has much prestige.

The last country on this trip was Sierra Leone. This is a poor Society lacking funds. The African Secretary, Mrs. Gladys Brandon, is proudest of their baby clinic, which is held every morning Monday through Friday. On those days there are also lectures for mothers.

I have tried to give my impressions but what I've told is only part of the story. The exchange of the juniors of different countries is more than an exchange of people and gifts. It has international significance in that it awakens a friendly interest in the youth of one country to those of other quite different place. The two way cooperation leads to non-political cooperation and better understanding and perhaps a broader humanitarian point of view.

❁ CHAPTER 22 ❁

DEAN STARR

Dean Starr was a minister in Summit, N.J... Gretchen went to his Unitarian-Universalist Church for many years. She thought he was wonderful. He is the minister who spoke so eloquently at her funeral service. Luckily, he had moved from NJ to Concord, NH so was available. He had visited her several times while she resided with Mary Lou in NH. As a result of the service he had for her, I finally ended up a Unitarian. (Thankfully)

Gretchen was so impressed with one of Dean Starr's sermons that she sent copies of it to all cabinet members, all Senators, all congressmen, all governors of all the states, all her friends and relatives. Due to her efforts, it was inserted in the Congressional Record by the Hon. Henry Helstoski of NJ on May 19, 1971. I have included only the introduction to the eight page sermon.

THE INVERSION OF THE AMERICAN DREAM

Deane Starr

February 28, 1971

Introduction

The United States had been engaged in a war in Indochina for a full decade. The president's recent "state of the world" message indicated that we will be pursuing that war indefinitely. Therefore this address is an address of lament and grief, an expression of heartbreak because we are participating in the devouring of our own species. We have become cannibals on a scale unimaginable to the innocent savages of any previous era.

Thirty centuries ago a Hebrew prophet lamented that the Canaanites were sacrificing their sons and daughters on the alters of false gods. The creative power of religion was perverted into a devouring force, consuming sacred human life. And the destroyers were actually those who had created the life in the first place. Brahma and Shive expressing themselves through human action!

We no longer justify our acts of destruction in the name of religion, but we continue to sacrifice our own sons to the false gods of national pride, national aggrandizement, national "glory." Were I to erect an alter and sacrifice my son for religious purposes, you would be horrified and revolted. I would be incarcerated as a madman. Yet in the name of liberty, we daily sacrifice not only our own flesh and blood, but the hapless people of Southeast Asia.

How long, O Lord, how long!

Some of the people who replied to Gretchen after receiving the sermon of Dean Starr's Inversion of the American Dream:

THE WHITE HOUSE

John A. Scali - Special Consultant to the President

6 Cabinet Members including:

Erickson, Peter - Ass't Sec. Defence
Laird, Melvin - Sec. of Defence
Leslie, John - Dir. Dept. Labor
Link, Louis - Chief, Public Relations- Dept. State
Richardson, Elliot - Sec. Health, Education & Welfare
Romney, George - Sec. Housing & Urban Development

9 United Nations Members including:

U Thant- Sec. General U.N. by Mrs. M Mitchell
Bush, George- U.S Rep to U.N.
Crowe, Sir Colin- United Kingdom by personal ass't
Migliuolo, Giovanni- Mission of Italy by Charge' d' Affaires
Castillo-Valdes, RWafael- Permanent mission de Guatemala
El-Zayyat, Mohamed- Permanent Representative United Arab Republic
Bellizzi, A. - Malta Mission
Thompson, P.A.- Guyana Mission
Al-Hadad, Ahmed- Yemen Arab Republic Charge d' Affaires.

32 Senators including:

Alan Cranston	Charles Percy
Edmund S. Muske	Birch Bayh
Lauton Childs	Harrison Williams
Daniel K. Inouya	Clifford Case
Hubert H. Humphrey	Edward M. Kennedy
Walter Mondale	Strom Thurmond
Adlai Stevenson	George McGovern

14 Governors including:

George Wallace
Reubin Askew
Jimmy Carter

🐾 CHAPTER 23 🐾

Holdup

"I'm not going to hurt you if you do what I tell you," said the young black man who suddenly appeared outside the car window I had just opened preparatory to backing out of my garage, behind the apartment building.

"All I want is your money," he continued.

I opened my bag that was on the front seat next to me, took out my change purse and handed him two five dollar bills. "I have another ten," I said, fumbling with the zipper on the inside compartment of the pocket-book.

"Give me the bag," he ordered.

I handed it to him through the open window. He transferred the contents of the purse to his pocket, found the ten dollar bill, and after making sure there was no more money, handed back the bag.

"You stay here in the car for five minutes," he commanded. "If you get out before, I'll come back and you will be sorry."

I counted to sixty as slowly as I could manage in my upset state of mind, and then, feeling reasonably certain he was not standing around, I backed the car out and drove to the back entrance of the apartment. I left it and proceeded to the apartment of one of the owners where I called the police.

The police don't want me to go out without notifying them!

The End.

(ed. note) Of course this was written in East Orange, NJ about 1984-1985. It was shortly after this that Fred and I helped her move to my house in Concord, N.H..

When she went out to the car once, it wouldn't start so she called for service, thinking it was a dead battery. When the service man came, he said, "Lady you don't have a battery!" This was the second of four events. The third was when the back window of the car was broken into, the steering wheel was torn apart but the perpetrator could not move the car.

Another time, she had just cashed a check at her bank at closing time for the day. She crossed the street to her car, carrying quite a sum of money. A young bum grabbed her purse, which she had over her arm, pulling it off and bruising her whole forearm. She yelled, "stop thief," running after him, but he did get away.

She went back to the bank and banged on the doors. Someone finally opened the door for her and when she told her story, they let her in and called for the police. This had happened before, so the police watched the bank, parking in an unmarked car, and lo, I believe they did catch someone trying to do the same thing to someone else. Thereafter, mother did use the drive-up window!

🐾 CHAPTER 24 🐾

My Ninetieth Birthday

About three months before my ninetieth birthday, my niece, Nancy Drury, suggested a family reunion to celebrate the occasion. As nothing bothers me more, at this period of life than confusion, I was glad to be able to tell her that though I appreciated her thought, I had already accepted an invitation from my best friend, Becky Reyher, who lives in NYC, for my daughter and me to have dinner with her at the restaurant, known as Windows on the World, on the one hundred seventh floor of one of the Trade Centers twin towers in downtown Manhattan.

Mary Lou came down from her farm near Concord, NH the day before my birthday, to be sure to be on hand. We picked up Becky about one o'clock and were able to park only a block away from the restaurant. As neither Becky or I see very well, Mary Lou gave each of us an arm, and piloted us to a seat in the restaurant. We had a window table and looked down on the city spread below us. We were so high that airplanes flew below us. We chose a buffet lunch that was excellent. Altogether, it was my most unusual birthday dinner.

Mary Lou drove us back to my apartment, and we had a couple of hours to rest before we went to a party supper given for me by one of my friends in the building. There were eight of us there. We had a homemade cake and choice of beverages, alcoholic and non-alcoholic. Altogether, it was a very happy ninetieth.

The End.

* She was in her ninetieth year when she wrote this.

My recall is that we had a terrible time parking. We finally found a place on the other side from the right tower. We had to walk through both towers to get to the right elevator. When we got there, Becky had to tip the head waiter, the one who took us to our table, and the waiter who told us where the buffet was. Here were two lovely ladies who couldn't really appreciate the view as neither of them had good eyesight. The food was average.

When we finished, we went to the ladies' room where Becky again had to tip heavily. I must say Becky really outdid herself trying to make Mom's day. We again had to get back to where we left the car, a long walk with two dependent ladies. We then took Becky back to her apartment before going home to NJ.

This is the last paper Gretchen handed in to her teacher, Hayes Jacobs, at the New School. She did continue to attend class but due to age and poor eyesight, did no more writing.

She did revise some of her writings time and again but never got to finish or put her writings all together.

Just before her death, she fell and broke her hip. It was set at the Concord Hospital. She had been given drugs to relieve the pain. One time when I went to visit her, she (high on drugs) insisted that she and Hayes Jacobs collaborate to publish her Katherine Lee Bates article. Her writings were on her mind, even in her last days. Gretchen tried to put down in writing all that she remembered of the "Good Old Days." I have tried to put this all together as a tribute to her.

To Gretchen, this was a labor of love.

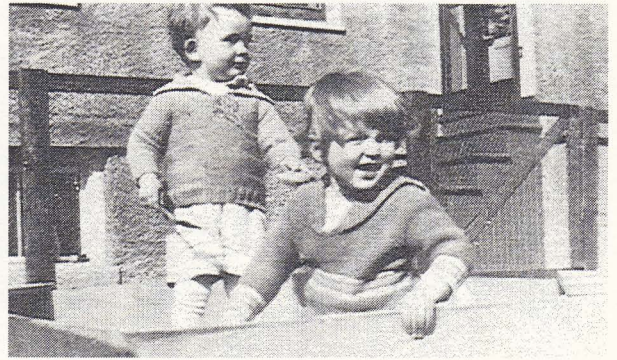
Gretchen's Descendants

- 1. Frederick William**
- 2. Mary Louise Sinon (Sayer)**
- 3. Ruth Elizabeth Sinon (Merrigan)**
- 4. Edith Sinon**

Frederick W. Sinon married Margaret Simonds



Frederick Sinon & Margaret Simonds



Fred & Mary



*Gail. Sy. Margie, Fred, Mrs. & Mr. H. Simonds,
Janet & Bud Hurd*



Gretchen, Suzanne, Fred & Margie

Mary Lou Sinon married Carl G. Sayer



*Mary Lou, Carl
Shirley & Suzanne*



*The Sayers
Carl's father & Mother, Suzanne & Shirley
Constance, Carl's sister*



Gretchen and Mary Lou



Mary Lou & Carl's Children

Suzanne Sayer



Suzanne Sayer -1988



Gretchen with Suzanne, who urged Gretchen to write her memories



Suzanne with Rachael Bloomfield



Suzanne & Mary Lou in Peru

Shirley Sayer Cononi



*The Cononi Family 1992
Peter, Mikie, Shirley, Mercedes, Theresa*



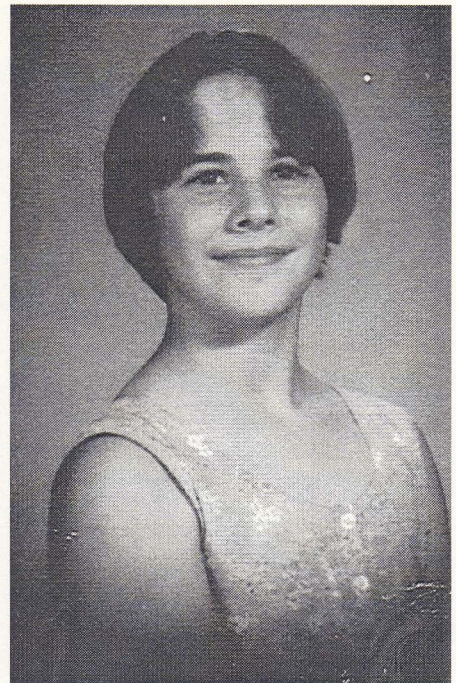
*Shirley Sayer Cononi
married Peter Cononi*



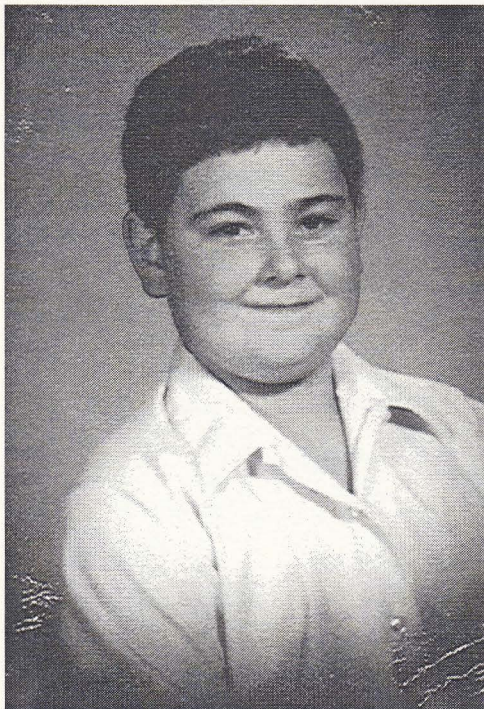
*The Cononis
Peter, Theresa, Mikie, Shirley, Vera & Mercedes*



*Gretchen Wiss Runge**



Theresa Cononi



Peter M. Cononi



Mercedes Cononi

*These are great grandchildren of Gretchen
* Gretchen's father is Matt Runge - first husband of Shirley*

Ruth Sinon married Paul Merrigan
Their children Paul F. Merrigan, Peter Merrigan, Kathy Merrigan



*Mary Lou Sayer
Ruth Merrigan*

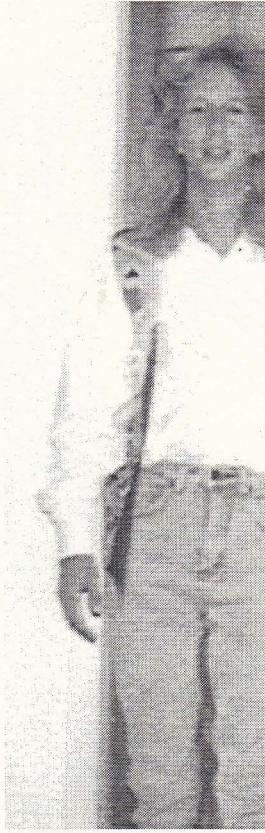


Ruth Sinon with her father Fred W. Sinon



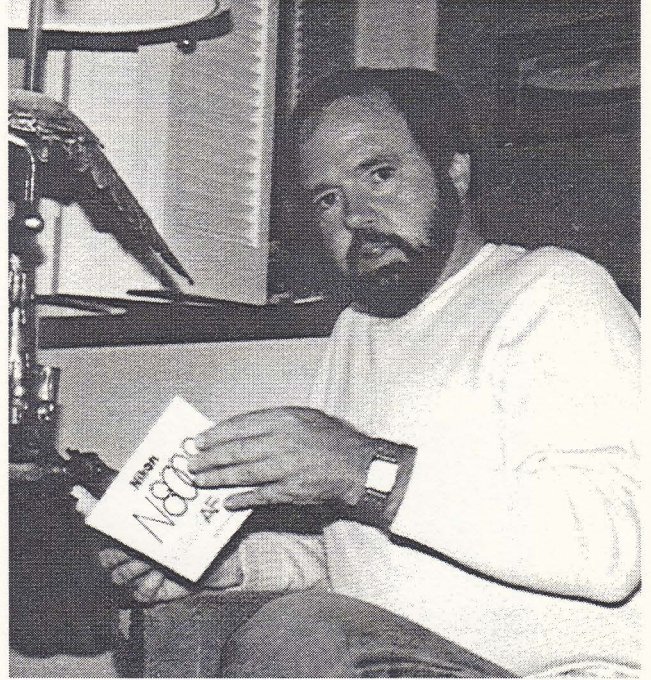
Mary Lou & Ruth with Suzanne & Paulie

Grandson Paul Merrigan married Lori Magnuson

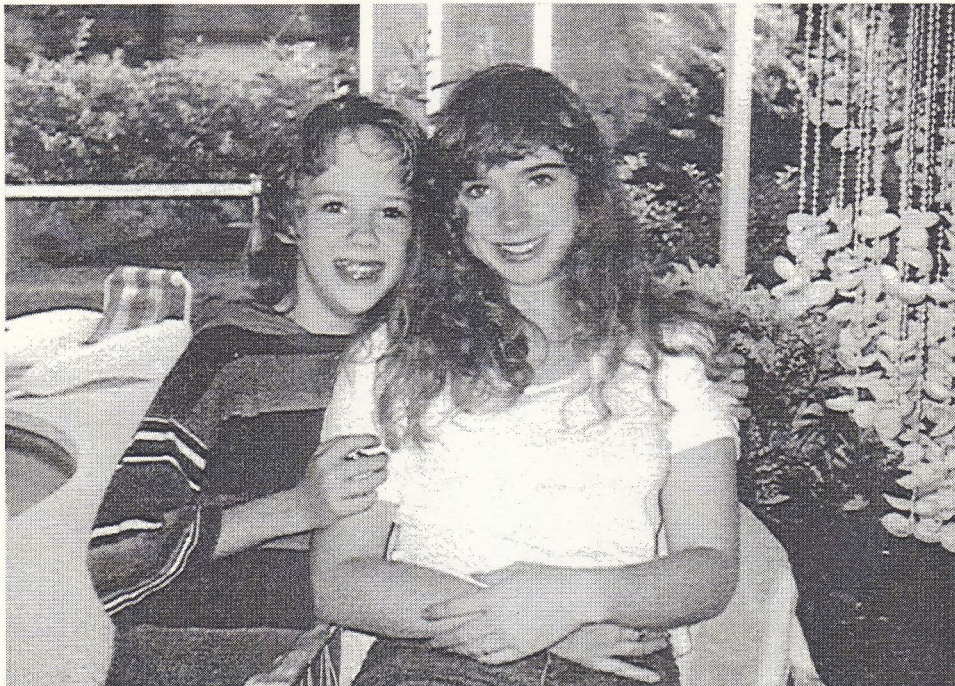


Lori Merrigan

Gretchen's grandson Paul married Lori Magnuson



Paul F. Merrigan

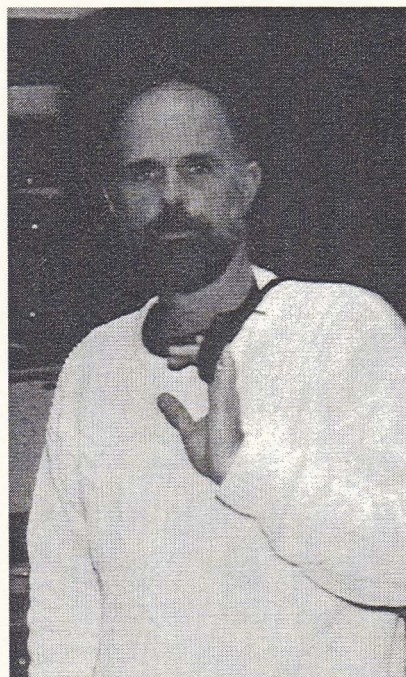


Gretchen's great grandchildren Bryan and Erin Merrigan

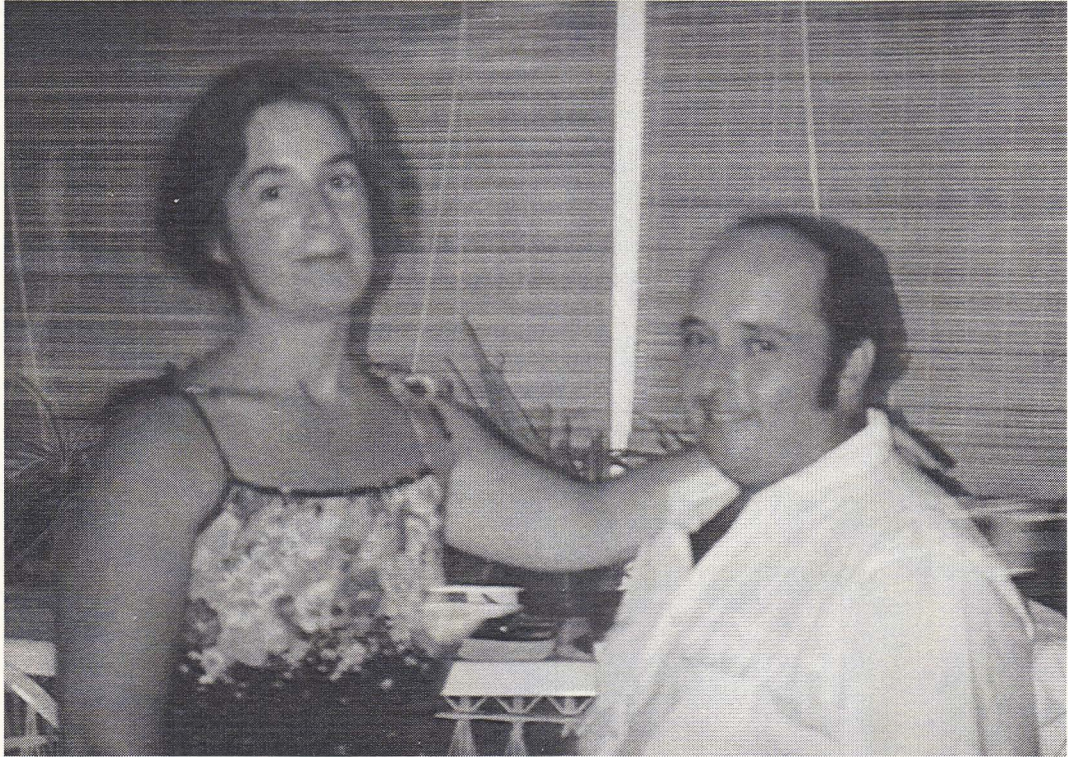
Grandson Peter Merrigan married Melinda Lewis



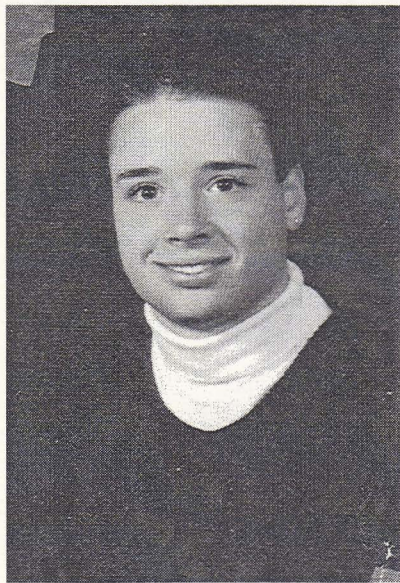
Peter & Melinda Merrigan



Granddaughter Katherine Merrigan



Katherine Merrigan & Scott Lord



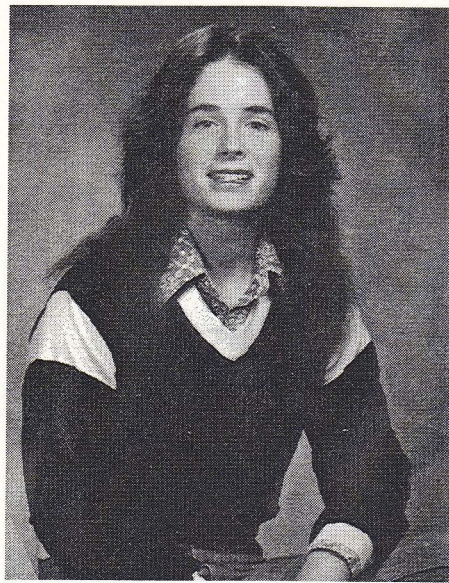
Travis Albright Abel



Emi Lou Abel

Kathy's Children

Kathy married Tony Albright, then Mark Abel. Above with friend Scott Lord.



Kathy Abel Merrigan



Painting of Paul H. Merrigan and Emi Lou Abel by Kathy

Merry Christmas to grandmothers

All I want for Christmas this year is for my grandmother, and all the rest of the grandmothers in the world, to have a really wonderful Christmas.

My grandmother is 94 years old. Nineteen years ago, when she was 75, she asked me if I wanted to go to Europe with her for the summer. Of course I would! Away we went! We made it to Newbury and had to turn around and go back to Goshen, because I had forgotten my raincoat. "That's all right, Kathy. Don't worry," she said. "We're not in any hurry."

What a great trip it was! There were so many places to go and things to see every day we were across the sea. We spent most of our vacation in France, but did have time to visit bits of Austria, Germany and Switzerland. My grandmother had been over there a

few times before, so we went to all the most interesting and "best" places at the right times.

The "best" places turned out to be ones that tourists weren't that familiar with. One was a bunker out in the middle of nowhere in dense country. She told me Hitler was known to have spent some time in it. I walked into the dug-out cave and immediately saw someone's personal war belongings on the dirt floor off to my right. WOW! You have to understand, we walked quite a way from the road, across a field and around a shrubby corner to get to this bunker. I remember hay of some sort all around. No one would have every known it was in there. There were no other footprints or signs of anyone having been there in a long, long time. It's never really hit me until now, just how far off the

beaten track we were. How in the world did my grandmother know the bunker was there? We got back into our rented car, and I remember thinking I would love to come back someday; but now I know, without a doubt, I'd never be able to find it.

Mont-Saint-Michel was interesting. It is a tourist attraction, but to get to the Gothic abbey, part of which was built in the 1200s, people walk up 500 huge stone steps. When we finally made it up those 500 cool, stone steps, we found that part closed for lunch. Guess what my 75-year-old grandmother said? "That's all right. We'll go down and have some lunch and then come back up. Don't worry; we're not in any hurry."

Now, I go visit my grandma, and she is just as beautiful as ever to

me. The only sad part is her eyes are useless these days. She used to read and write all the time. She finally quit driving herself to school when she was 90, because her vision became impaired. She finally stopped going to school when she was 92. Now I read to her, and she hears every word. If I get stuck on a word or pronounce one she can't readily find meaning for, she always says, "Spell it."

Then, we both guess what it could mean.

Don't tell her, but I have bought a pocket dictionary for us for Christmas. Her wonderful wisdom and strength have been a life-long gift to me.

A very merry Christmas to all the grandmothers in the world!

**Kathy Abel,
Goshen**

Kathy's letter about her grandmother, Gretchen

Edith Sinon



Gretchen & Edith Sinon



Edith Sinon & her father Fred Sinon



Gretchen & Edith



Gretchen at school -age 92!

