

# MY YESTERYEARS

by

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To write a complete history of one's life, it should begin with the lives of the parents and grandparents if possible. As there is very little material about my grandparents for me to search through, that part of my history will be sparse. All my forebears were born in Germany. I am indebted to Johannes W. F. Topf, the husband of my cousin Fransika Kroh, who compiled a genealogy of my mother's family. My brother, Ernest Dieterich had hoped he could delve into the past, but he did not live long enough to do so. A copy of the genealogy has been sent to his son Ernest Johnson Dieterich. My son, Arthur Sinning and my daughter, Pearl Brandau, each have a copy.

It may be proper to start with the history of my father's family which I have been compiling with the help of my cousin, Gerda Schwanebeck, and of the daughter of another cousin, Mrs. Clarence Gess. Reading old letters of my mother, studying pictures in the old family album and snapshots of long ago and other information as it turned up has also helped.

My father was Gustav Adolf Dieterich. His grandfathers were Carl Dieterich on his father's side and Ludwig Grewatz on his mother's side. His father was William Dieterich and his mother was Henrietta Grewatz. Three uncles on his father's side were Theodor, Carl, and Emil. Four uncles on his mother's side were Heinrich, Friederich, August, and Ludwig. The uncle Ludwig lived in Chicago, Ill. The 3 aunts on his mother's side lived in the United States. They were Mrs. Schauer, Mrs. Brose in Indiana, and Mrs. Fuss in Grand Island, Nebraska. The ones who remained in Germany lived at Klein, Buden, Prussia. They were carpenters, farmers, and some had government jobs. My father had 4 brothers, Julius, Herman, Carl and Reinhold, and 3 sisters Augusta, Emma and Alma. I shall write more about each one and their families as they influenced my life from time to time.

My father was born on November 22, 1861 in Posen, Germany which is near the Polish border. All young men in Germany at a certain age were required to serve in the army. He was a Marine and a very strong young man. His brother Herman and sister Augusta came to the United States earlier and I do not know what year they, or he, or the others came. His father died in Germany and his mother and the younger children were the last ones to emigrate. They lived in Dubuque, Iowa, and she was married to Samuel Kitzmann, They had a daughter, Ida, who was a retarded and helpless child and died at about 11 years of age.

My mother, Lizette Kroh, was born on Sept. 21, 1860 at Ober Ramstadt, near Dormstadt in Hessen, Germany. Her father's name was Johannes Kroh and her mother was Marie Emich. She was the youngest of 5 children, Ernest, Wilhelm, Heinrich, Elizabeth and Lizette, all born in Ober Hamstadt. The family moved from there to Busenborn when she was a baby.

I shall copy a few lines from one of her letters written about 1932: "Travel was slow at that time, partly by train and the rest by post, a sort of carriage drawn by horses which seated about 8-10 passengers and their baggage. The place we moved to is Busenborn. My father bought a flour mill and some land. He was a miller, he made flour and other grain products. It was a picturesque place. The mill was driven by water power, a mountain stream of clear water furnished the power. The house and mill were surrounded by fruit trees and meadows. My father died at the age of 49

years, then my mother and the two oldest brothers carried on the business, the oldest, Ernest, at the home place, and Wilhelm for the government at a big place at Mainz at Rheinhessen, near France, where flour was milled to make bread for the soldiers.” My mother was reared by an aunt who was very strict. I do not know her name. Nor do I know anything else of her years in Gennany.

Her sister Elizabeth, who was married to Stephan Bingel, had come to Dubuque, Iowa and lived in a house in the eastern part of Dubuque, Iowa on 15th Street in what was then called “the flats” because it was a low place about 6 blocks west of the Mississippi River. Mother probably lived with her for awhile.

She worked as a maid for some rich families, one I remember her speaking of was the McKnights. One morning years later, I was with her on a Saturday morning at the city market and we met Jessie McKnight. Mother introduced me as her “little daughter” and she was so happy to see Jessie again. I have often marveled at the difficulties of learning a new language, new customs and becoming acclimated to a new county and how soon these immigrants adjusted to everything.

Whether my father came to Dubuque about the same time or later, I do not know, but when his mother came, she also lived down in “the Flats.” So my parents must have met sometime down there. They were Lutherans and were married, on October 10, 1836 by the pastor, Rev. Lutz of the St. John’s Lutheran Church at 15th and White St. Dubuque, Iowa.

I was born on August 15, 1887. The first home I remember was somewhere on Eagle Point. There were steep streets for I used to go down a long flight of steps from the house to the street. A neighbor, Mr. Weisheit would take me by the hand and help me along to a grocery store when he went shopping. The grocer always had a piece of candy for me. Perhaps that was why I was always ready to go grocery shopping with our friend. He soon found out that I didn’t like lemon drops at that time, but tastes do change, for now I enjoy them. My brother Ernest was born there too.

Another thing I never forget was a dream I had in that house. I dreamed that I had lost a little lamb and hunted all over the room for it that night, even under the bed, but I couldn’t find my little white lamb. Then I awoke and realized I had only been dreaming. Many years later when we lived at the manse of the Eden Presbyterian Church near Rudd, Iowa we had ewes to help keep the weeds and grass down in the pasture. I had told Henry about my dream, so when the first lamb was born, he told me he had found my lamb, and so I finally had my little white lamb!

My father was a day laborer and worked at various kinds of jobs, on the Milwaukee railroad trucks going north out of Dubuque, in rock quarries digging limestone, doing carpenter work, etc. His older brother Herman was a carpenter, and he helped build the first and only house we owned on Leibwitz St. The lot was bought from Herman Busemann who owned a section of lots known as the Busemann Addition in the furthest Northwest somsr of Dubuque at that tise. Our house was on the very last west lot. There were no close neighbors, no streets made, no sidewalks—all was native grass and weeds all around.

The house was small, built in 1891 of pine lumber. It had 3 rooms downstairs, a living room, a dining room and a kitchen with a small porch on the east side of it. The windows were on the south and east sides except one in the kitchen on the west. It was a 2-story house but for several years only the first story was completed, I found a list of the lumber used and the price was \$418 with the labor extra. My father borrowed the money to buy the lot and lumber, and at wages of \$1 a day at that time it took a long time to pay off the debt and taxes.

There was a large space for a garden and by working it after his working day of 10 hours was done, my father got it ready to plant. I remember cherry trees, a few apple trees, some currant bushes, and asparagus bed (made as they did in Germany, with plants set down deep in a trench) a

grape arbor and a vegetable plot. In a folder I found a list of the names and prices of fruit trees my father bought from an agent for the New England Nurseries, Rochester, N.Y., a G.A. Eichmann. There were 5 apple trees, 1 crab-apple, 2 cherry, 1 plum—all 9 trees for \$6.00 and 2 grape vines free. Later on he also ordered 6 blackberry bushes. After the trees and bushes bore fruit there were cherries to pit, apples to peel and currants to stem for a few pies, but mostly for sauce janes and jellies.

All of us children were always busy with all kinds of jobs around the house, for Carl, Hattie, Emma and Walter joined our family in the following years. There was no inside plumbing and our water supply came from a cistern near the kitchen and water had to be pumped by hand into a pail and carried inside. There was only an iron cook stove in the kitchen and wood was bought by the cord to cook and also to heat the house. Sometimes that had to be chopped to fit into the stove. There was a small shed in the back of the house to store the wood. A partition was built for a few hens to supply the eggs during the summer. In the cold of the winter they did not lay. It really was primitive compared to conditions now.

There were few luxuries. In what free time we had, we made our own entertainment. We made kites from papers, rag dolls, made houseplans from fallen leaves and played house in them with sticks, stones, and broken dishes. We picked wild flowers, violets, butter and eggs (a wild snapdragon) pasque flowers which grew in the prairie back of our house.

My mother baked all our bread. On Saturdays she baked coffee cakes as a special treat for Sunday meals, seldom cake, pie or cookies. She also sewed all of our clothing, summer underwear, sheets, pillow cases, aprons and my father's work shirts. We had one good dress each season which we called our "Sunday Dress" because we seldom wore it except on Sundays. All were sewn on her first and only "New Home" sewing machine which was bought in 1889 for a total of \$42 at \$5 in 8 semi-monthly payments. We had nutritious, substantial food to eat, plain clothes to wear and we never felt we were poor, nor envied others if they had more. And we all learned to work, save and make do or do without! More people would be happier now if they learned these lessons too.

In September of 1893 when I was 6 years old, I started to school. My mother took me and my brother Ernest, who was 4 years old, along. He wanted to start school also, and was so disappointed when he was told by the teacher that he had to wait 2 more years before he could go. Mother had taken along 2 apples for us to eat at recess. She had handed them to me and on the way Ernest complained that I would have 2 apples and he had none! This sounds a bit different when said in German, as that was the only language any of us talked then. My first months were difficult ones, because I could not converse with most of the other children. Luckily, my first teacher, Miss Erma Buetell, was also of German descent and she understood my dilemma and was kind and helpful to start me out on the right track.

We lived up on the hill about four or more blocks from Jackson School which was down in the valley south on West Locust St. There was a long flight of steps, broken up into about 5 sections with short level stretches between, which led to the bottom. These we would run and hop down every no-mine and climb back every afternoon until I was through the 6th grade. Along the sides were bannisters to hold on and not fall off onto the big rocks, weeds or clumps of bushes and tree saplings that grew among the rocks and ledges. In winter these steps were covered with snow and often packed hard from the many pairs of feet that ran down them from Seminary, Woodward, Harold and Leibwitz Streets. I could jump the smaller stretches in one leap!

In the school yard was a very large boulder which had a somewhat level top. At recess we often sat on it and cracked walnuts we had taken along. It was also the place around which we had

programs on special days. We stood on the center of that huge rock to recite our poems or readings, I remember how timid I was, yet how proud, when I could speak before the Civil War Veterans who were our guests on Decoration Day (as it was called then) in May. They looked so stately and dignified to me in their dark blue uniforms and caps trimmed in gold braid. Some with gray hair looked very old to me.

I did make a few friendships in Jackson School, the most intimate one was Lydia Wirth. She lived on West Locust St. west of the steps leading down from Seminary St. We were just chums in school and never visited in each other's homes. We always played together and walked home after school as far as the bottom of "the steps." She called me Wee because my name Louise sounded like Loo-wee-ze.

There were twin girls in school, Ethel and Edna, I can't recall their last names. They were real pretty with light long curls which I thought were so special, me with a long braid in the back of my head. And I had never seen twins before. Two boys I remember were named Meltzer Cole and I-Meltzer Cushing; perhaps they were cousins.

In the evenings I used to play with my neighbor kids, mostly under the light on the corner until my dad called me home at bedtime. At first there were no electric street lights, only a six-sided lantern on the west corner of our street. It was on a large pole above the reach of a child or man. At dusk a lamplighter drove up and with a torch lit the wick in the lantern. I presume kerosene was the fuel used. It was a rather dim light shining through thick glass which was sometimes smoke smudged, but they served their purpose. In the morning he came to turn off the light.

As I meditated on this one day, I thought we too are lights in this world and we are lit from Christ who is the Light of the World. Our lights should shine brightly too, so others can find their way through this life if we show the way to Christ through our words and our deeds. As the lights were extinguished when the sun shone brightly, so ours will be too when Christ calls us home. Then there will be no need for any other lights there.

Always on washdays when my sisters were small, I had to stay home from school to take care of them so my mother could do that big laundry for six or more of us. There were no automatics nor any power-driven wash machines at our house all those years, and every piece had to be washed in a wash tub on a wash board in the kitchen. The white clothes were boiled in a huge copper kettle on the stove, then rinsed and blued, wrung out by hand and hung out to dry outdoors on a line. In winter that was a cold job as the pieces of clothing froze stiff when it hung there. All the water used for the job was pumped, carried indoors, heated on the wood stove, and carried out doors after the washing was finished. So on those days I missed out on my school lessons.

One time at spelling I was called to spell the word "people". As I had been absent the day before, I spelled it as it sounded to me "pepel". That caused laughter in the room, but after that I am sure I never spelled "people" wrong again! I especially liked arithmetic, but once on a test of 10 problems, which I finished in a big hurry, handed in my paper and thought sure I'd get a perfect grade, I had 2 wrong, so my grade was only 80! That taught me to be more careful and not to be so cock-sure again.

The day after wash day was ironing day which was also a long and tedious job—no electric irons or permanent press clothes then. The irons were really iron with a handle on top. It had to be held with a thick cloth holder to prevent burning the hand. Irons (we had 3) were heated on the wood stove. Dresses, petticoats, aprons and men's shirts were starched and had to be ironed smooth and glossy. The starch helped to keep them clean longer, as they had to be worn a week without a change or the big wash could never be done in one day!

The dresses and petticoats were often trinned with ruffles, tucks, laces or embroidery and that meant even more exacting ironing. They weren't skimpy, but fully gathered and not knee-length, but always covered the knees. And the fashion in the early 1890's was that skirts for women over 18 must be nearly touching the floor, What a waste of time, energy, strength and endurance that was to sew, wash and iron those garments!

Before my sisters Hattie and Emma were born, my father and my mother (I helped too) lathed the walls upstairs of our little house, put in several partitions for three rooms, plastered the walls and ceilings and finished the rooms.

We also got a stove to set in the living room. I think they called it a "base Burner." It had ising-glass windows in front where the red coals flickered and glowed. A sliding fancy nickel metal dome on the top was over a flat iron place where a kettle with water was placed at night. The water kept the room moist and was warm in the mornings to hurry up the coffee, which was always boiled about 5 minutes. The door with the little ising-glass windows was where the coal was spread from a coal shuttle onto the glowing coals at night and mornings. (The soft coal was bought from P. E. Strelau Coal & Lumber Co. for \$4 a ton in January 1892) To get a little heat to the new upstairs bedrooms, fancy iron vents were placed in the ceilings of the dining and living rooms. They had slides in them that could be opened and shut to regulate the heat to the bedrooms.

There was a small space near the chimney which my father made into a china closet with glass doors so mother had a nice place to keep her better dishes and the silver-plated cutlery which we could afford to buy at that time. He also removed the door into the living room and some of the wall for a large opening. On the top he made a fancy wooden cut-work section. All was enameled white and we thought we were very rich.

I'll have to go back a few years to tell of the new houses built after we moved there. The Muellers lived in the first one. They had a large family, the only one I remember was Max. Then a family named Toll built next to our lot. They were also Gemans, the oldest daughter Martha became one of my early friends. She had a brother Fred and there may have been other children later. They moved to Indiana and I wrote to Martha for awhile but later lost track of them. When Toll's house was being built, the carpenters ate their lunch, brought in large flat tin pails, on the west side of the house and they often called me over (for I wasn't going to school yet) and shared some of their lunch with me.

My grandmother and her son Reinhold, my father's youngest brother, had the next house built east of Muellers. Then came Froebel's, Bergs, across the street was Bergmanns, my Uncle Carl's (another brother of my father's) a vacant lot and another house on the corner lot that belonged to Meintz.

Before all these houses were built, the street was made. I had just started school and one day I came home and the grass (where I had always picked my dear little yellow and white butter and eggs flowers) was all plowed up in deep furrows. I really felt sad for days about that. The street was covered with gravel. For a long time the sidewalks along our street were wooden ones, about 5 or 4 feet wide. A few box elder trees were planted along the curbing.

Behind our house on the north were no houses, just a bare native prairie hill sloping on one side north and the other west. I remember we picked violets, fall asters and spring pasque flowers. Dandelions also grew there and some flowering weeds. We made chains from the stems of dandelions and put the flowers under our chins to see if we liked butter (if it showed yellow from the reflection we did) We always wanted it held close up.

There were small holes all over the hillsides where lead prospectors had dug for lead (or galena as it was also called) years before. In one especially nice one my brother Ernest and I had

fixed up a house and called it our kitchen. We shaped shelves on one long side and all the nice pieces of broken china or glass or pretty colored or shaped stones we could find that neighbors had thrown out, we put on our little earthen shelves. Many a pleasant hour we spent there.

On one of the opposite hills were some wild raspberries growing in some of those "mineral holes" as we called them. I recall one time my cousin Willie Beyer, son of Richard and Augusta Beyer, was over at our house. They had a house on Harold Street about 3 blocks from where we lived. He, my brother Ernest and I went over these hills one morning unbeknownst to my mother. We had taken a cup along to put the berries in that we picked. It took a while and my mother became worried when we didn't answer when she called. She searched for us, and as we were coming up the last hill she saw us. We felt so proud of the cupful of berries we wanted to give her. But she was not at all pleased, because we really had caused her anxiety and a lot of unnecessary walking in the heat of the day to hunt for us. I doubt if we ever went after wild berries on those hills again. There was also a nice bed of wild strawberries down in the valley and their flavor was really special.

Winters seemed to be colder and more blizzardy in those years. The city was not built up very much on those northwest hills and snow blew a long ways from the northwest on strong icy winds. One winter stands out especially in my memory. My father had been working in a limestone quarry all summer. One day in middle September when I came home from school I was told that my father had an accident in the stone quarry and had a broken knee. After it was set, my mother cared for him through all those following months. How she managed to feed, clothe, and keep us warm without my father's wages for such a long time, I'll never know. For he was helpless all the while and she had to care for him too.

We two older children knew there could be no Christmas tree, presents or goodies that year. But some of my father's family and a brother-in-law remembered us. Uncle George Wimmer and his cousin William Wimmer had a sausage shop at that time. They brought over a large willow woven wash basket. Maybe my mother's old one was worn out. In it were many kinds of sausages from his shop. There were weiners, ring bologna, head cheese, liver sausage, summer sausage and knockwurst. The women relatives had bought material for a comforter and had made it. It was also in that large wash basket. They brought it in just before Christmas. What a joy that was for all of us, and how good all those kinds of sausages tasted and how welcome that comforter was for my parents. Never did sausages taste as good as that did to me, for we had had no meat for a long time. I always liked weiners especially. Being winter-time all the sausage kept real well without refrigeration (which we didn't have anyway). Very few people could afford an ice-box for which ice had to be bought during the summer.

Another winter's evening I remember was when I was about 16 or 17 years of age and working in the printing shop on 17th and West Locust St. A blizzard had been raging that afternoon. At 6 o'clock I started home from work; no walks anywhere had been shoveled; the snow had blown in drifts and I struggled along for the half mile or more along the streets and up the hill toward my home. The drift in front of our house (about a half block long) was very deep and packed hard and I had to work hard to make any headway against the strong wind and the blowing, biting cold snow flakes. I could see the lights in the windows of our house and was almost exhausted from shouting and struggling until I finally reached the kitchen door and almost fell in, all covered with snow and very cold, hungry and weak. I realized then how and why people sometimes were lost or frozen in blizzards.

For the 7th and 8th grades I had to attend the Prescott School which was then on 13th and Clay St. (later Central Ave.) over a mile from my home. Here I met many new pupils and teachers.

The principal was Prof. Tom Irish, a tall, heavy-set, elderly, prejudiced Catholic man with a graying beard, balding head and a very stern strict disposition. Some earlier student friends had told me what a "mean" man he was, so I really feared him. It seemed he didn't like Jews and Protestants very well and to one Jewish girl he was very unfriendly and rude. Many times she cried as a result of his treatment and quit school before she finished the 8th grade. I thought she was a real nice girl and felt real sorry for her.

During part of my 8th grade I was absent with the flu for ten days just at the time that they were starting to teach Algebra. I missed that and never really understood it or got the hang of it. How I passed the exams, I'll never know, but I was third in the class of around twenty when we graduated.

A William Allison, a grandson of another William Allison who was an Iowa Senator, was the valedictorian. He gave the main speech at our graduation service, but I had to give the salutatorian speech. I chose "Iowa" as my subject. My cousin Arthur Beyer helped me find material for it at the library. Our colors were lavender and cream and my mother made a white Swiss Dress with small lavender flowers and trimmed with lace to wear on graduation day. We had a picnic in the park afterwards. I had souvenirs of the day, a wooden picnic plate with the names of all my classmates on it, a napkin, my diploma tied with lavender and cream ribbons and my speech. Some time later, they and other special letters were destroyed so I can't remember after all these years what I said in that speech nor who all my other classmates were.

Before we could join church we had to spend one year attending German School and Confirmation instruction which were held on the second floor of the Luther League building. These were the educational and social rooms of St. John's Lutheran Church on 15th and White St. In German School Marie Paulus was my pal; She sat with me in the same seat and we were confirmed the same year. I think she clerked in Roshek's store for years and spent her retirement years in Bethany home. She never married and her mother was a widow when Mary was my friend.

Mr. Carl Fritz was our German teacher who taught all grades, singing, German writing, (script) grammar, spelling, etc. Then I thought what a waste of time, but when I worked in a printing office I was glad I had that training. And in my later years my little knowledge of reading and writing the German language came in real handy,

As I am writing about my German and Confirmations lessons, I am reminded of the recesses. Two blocks north was St. Mary's Catholic Church and school. From the very founding of the city, German immigrants of both the Catholic and Lutheran faith settled in Dubuque. There had been strife between the adherents of these faiths already in the homeland, and the immigrants carried the same feeling along with them to America. The boys of St. Mary's school would taunt the boys of St. John's school, coming over at recess or before and after school hours. Sometimes both factions got pretty rough, threw sticks and rocks at each other and used harsh and foul language, too. I am glad that by this time there is a congenial feeling between all denominations of Christians, as it should be. We all believe in the same God, the same Savior, the same commandments and the same hope of an eternal life in the same heaven. If all Christians would unite and work as one body, they would be stronger to fight and conquer the evils of the world.

After the German classes were over for the day, we met with the pastor, the Rev. Lutz, who explained the German Lutheran catechism to us. We had to learn much of it and Scripture verses. In the spring on Palm Sunday I was confirmed, and admitted to the church and partook of communion for the first time. It was a solemn service for me and I was devoutly serious about my religion. My mother made my first long, black dress (it was the custom to wear black on that day)

and I had my first green-house white rose pinned on. My Aunt Alma, my father's sister had held me at my baptism, and so she was my Godmother. My full name was Louise Alma Dieterich. She gave me a German Song Book encribed with my name in gold, as my confirmation gift.

During all my school years, we had to furnish our own study books, and my other Baptism sponsor, my Uncle Richard Beyer, who had older children, always gave me the hand-me-down school-books for my birthday in August. He always called me his "little Sweetheart." From him I received a small dainty cup and saucer for my first birthday and another larger set on my 15th birthday. I still have both of them and do cherish them and my song book greatly.

My pal during my growing-up years was my cousin, Minnie Beyer, the youngest child of my Uncle Richard Beyer. She was a very pretty girl with light hair and a sweet singing voice. I would stop at her house on Sunday mornings and we would go to Sunday School together. Often on Sunday afternoons we would visit together either at her house or mine and have supper together. Her mother, Augusta my father's oldest sister, baked the best coffee cakes, and those and Trenkle's special good weiners were always served for supper there.

One Sunday afternoon our whole family was there for supper. Hattie was less than 4 years old. She wandered off and wasn't missed for awhile, but when we could not find her, a searching party went over all the neighborhood, but no sign of Hattie! We were ready to notify the police when she showed up with Lena Beyer. Lena was returning home from her duties as a maid when she saw Hattie walking along the iron fence in front of the house of a wealthy fsmily. She would not tell anyone who asked her, her name, but when Lena Beyer came along, she was happy to go home with her. What a relief for all the family, friends and relatives who had been so worried.

I have forgotten the name of the wealthy family Lena worked for, but she had Minnie and I corae to see her on some Sunday afternoons when she had to be alone. Then Lena often would make the tastiest smoothest chocolate fudge—and how Minnie and I always relished it.

Like all families, we too had the usual children's diseases, colds, measles, chicken Pox, croup, etc. The only vaccinations available in those days were for small pox and we had those, mine on my left arm swelled up and was sore for quite awhile and left a deep scar. My brother Ernest was very sick with what the doctor called membranous croup, and Hattie had mastoids on her ear and was in the hospital a week. My mother had a kidney disease a few months after Hattie was born and could not nurse her. Martha Beyer helped us through those months, cooking, washing and caring for us. A wet nurse (Mrs. Meints) nursed Hattie along with her own little baby,

My father at that time worked at the Farley, Loetscher Co, which made window frames, doors, etc. He left at 6 in the morning and returned at 6 in the evening and we had our dinners when he got home. Mother always made the meals and I took care of the babies. I would carry Walter over to a place in a neighboring pasture and he would sit and play in the grass and evening sunshine. It was in September of 1901 when he became ill with what the doctor called bowel inflammation. He got sicker and sicker, and very thin and pale, so I sat near him in his cradle. I noticed his weak cry and saw his agony and called to my nother. She sent ne to the store about 4 blocks away on Seminary st. to telephone on the only telephone around there for the doctor and the minister, but he died before either got there. My father came just before he died.

That was the first death in our immediate family and a real tragedy for me, because I took care of little Walter all his short life and I loved him dearly. The undertaker prepared his body and laid it in the little white casket and put a large white ribbon bow on our front door. I remember one of our neighbors, Lizzie McKenzie, brought a pretty bouquet of white fragrant sweet allysum flowers, and to this day they remind me of deep sorrow in the death of my tiny brother Walter. I still have one of his dresses and the silver cup his godfather, Reinhold Dieterich, gave him on his

first birthday. From our home, my father and mother held the little casket on their laps to the cemetery (St. John's Lutheran Cemetery).

That was my first brush with death. Since then, my dear parents, my brothers Ernest and Carl and my sisters, Emma and Hattie have passed on, leaving me the only one left of my immediate family.

During my growing-up years we always had a large garden and raised many kinds of vegetables, and I learned to plant, weed, hoe, and harvest them. Having the fresh, home-grown vegetables to eat all spring, summer and fall, kept our family healthy, besides they were a saving on the grocery bill. Some late afternoons or early evenings we had to pull enough green onions to make from 20 to 30 bunches, clean them and dry them. The next morning one of us left at 6 o'clock with our father carrying the large basket of onions to deliver them to our grocer, a Mr. Merkes on Clay St., for his customers.

In half of our garden plot there were about five or more cherry trees, some early Richmond and some Montmorency varieties to fruit over a longer time. They also had to be picked, mostly by the older children after school hours. And in the evenings we pitted those which had not been ordered or sold. Mother canned them the next day or made jam. We also had currants and once some gooseberries. These made the jelly for our bread. No one cared especially for the gooseberries, so they were removed from the garden later. But I still enjoy a good gooseberry pie! A few raspberry bushes served for fresh raspberry desserts during their season.

The summer after I graduated from school, a family on Seminary St., the Schultz's, who had many large cherry trees, hired my brother Ernest and me to help pick their cherries. We started at about 6 in the morning, ate lunch at home, and came back to pick again until 6 in the evening. Ernest was not too keen on picking so he did not stay that long. When evening came, the cherries were measured in peck measures. When Mr. Schultz measured, he measured even measures, but Mrs. Schultz always measured heaped up. I imagine the pecks were all leveled out when the customers bought them. I received 5¢ for each peck I picked, level or heaped up. I was not able to move the ladder up in the trees, but Mr. Schultz did as soon as I had a side picked clean. When the cherry crop was over, I got to pick currants, for which I also received 5¢ a peck. Then came the red raspberries. I don't remember what I got for picking then, or how they sold.

It was quite hot that summer and I was pretty well tanned on face, neck, hands and arms. I had earned \$5 that summer on my very first paying job! I never ate a single cherry, currant or berry as I felt they all belonged to the grower. During the raspberry season, Mrs. Schultz made juice from some of the smaller fruit and sometimes on real hot, sweaty afternoons, she served me a glass of cold water and raspberry juice. That really was a delicious treat! So even with hard work, there can be enjoyable moments and kind, considerate employers.

There was always a central market around the block where the City Hall was. Farmers would bring their seasonal vegetables, fruits, chickens, rabbits, eggs, flowers, cheese, water-cress, jellies, baked goods and in winter frozen meats very early on Saturday mornings and occasionally some other day of the week. 'By noon almost all their wagons and tables along the sidewalk were empty.

Usually some fishermen had stands too, and on Friday mornings they would have large catfish, perch, etc. on sale. My father was very fond of fish (perhaps he lived nearer fishing ports than my mother did, whose favorite food was *not* fish). One of us older children would go with our father when he left for work at 6 o'clock on fish-day with a large basket to a fish stand, and Dad would pick out a large fish of his choice. It would be wrapped up and placed in our basket and we carried it home and then we left for school. Mother's job was to clean and prepare it. Sometimes

the fish would be baked, but more often she cut it in pieces, cooked it and to part of the liquid she added a few sliced onions, some mixed spices, salt and a bit of sugar. Then she heated it to boiling and cooled it on a hanging shelf in the basement. That was a real treat for my Dad..

I recall a few other market day incidents. When we were quite small and my grandmother lived on the corner east of us, she had a cow, which she staked out on the hill behind her barn. It then was all native prairie and no one else used the pasture. Grandma used lots of the milk, made butter of the cream, and let some milk sour for cottage cheese, other kinds of cheeses, and clabbered milk. She made some cottage cheese, drained of all its whey, into round balls with salt and caraway seed in them, set then in a warm, dry place and they formed into good cheeses. Usually when my mother had to get something from the market, perhaps once a month or so, she let Ernest and me stay with grandma. She always would have a bowl of clabbered milk in her pantry and served it to us with sugar and cinnamon sprinkled over the top with the cream still on it. How delicious we both thought it was. Even now I would surely like a dish of that unpasteurized, cream-topped clabbered milk!

Usually on Fridays our grocer, Mr. Merkes, would drive up in his buggy or small wagon to take our grocery order. There would be coffee, sugar, salt, yeast, flour, perhaps spices like cinnamon for the weekly Saturday coffee-cakes, cornstarch for an occasional pudding, etc. to order. The next Friday he delivered it. There was always a small bag of free candy, at least one piece for each one of us kids. That was the only candy we received except the treat box at church on Christmas eve, or a few pieces the folks bought to hang on our Christmas tree with its ornaments and strings of popped popcorn. Before we raided fruit to make jellies, we occasionally bought jelly in wooden pails—grape, strawberry or raspberry flavored. It had an artificial flavor and tasted much like scarcely sweetened gelatine stuff.

After I had been going to school several years, when Mother went shopping on Saturday mornings, I would have to do some chores and watch the rest of the children. I had to clean all the shelves in the pantry closet, wash the jelly dish, salt and peppers, sugar bowl or anything else that needed cleaning. put down clean paper and arrange everything neatly in place. If the cook stove was cold, it had to be blackened with some kind of paste polish and rubbed until it shone, and any nickel metal on it polished shiny, too. There were steel knives, forks and spoons with wooden handles to be polished with wood ashes from the stove, before the days of silver polish, then washed again. And later I scrubbed the wooden kitchen floor with soap and water, down on my hands and knees. It was often a problem to keep the last baby from crawling into the spot I was scrubbing. My brother Ernest one time solved the problem by nailing down the clothing the baby was wearing to the floor. We were always sure to get the floor all scrubbed and the baby released before mother returned.

In the cold winters we wore long black stockings, Ernest and I each had to knit a pair. At least mother started the ribbed top and we finished that and the length in plain knitting to the foot part. Mother then finished the rest. That is all the knitting I ever did or learned to do. My mother also taught me how to crochet, which I enjoyed doing. My biggest project was yards and yards of insertion and matching lace, each two inches wide, that I crocheted for the ruffles on my cotton underpants and underskirt for my confirmation outfit. I used No. 12 spool thread, usually used for sewing clothes. It must have taken many, many spools of that thin thread.

I also did a lot of embroidery work, initialed and embroidered towels, pillow cases, scarves, tablecloths, etc. for my first home and for friends and relatives. My mother was neat and exacting and my work had to pass her inspection. I learned to do drawn-work from my Aunt Anna Dieterich, the wife of my father's brother Herman. She knew all the fancy designs and made lots and lots of

linens with drawn-work. My first adventure in drawn-work was a set of doilies of real linen for a parlor table that my father had made. It was a square table made of oak wood with curved legs and a smaller shelf below. He had access to scraps of various woods he used when he worked in the factory. These he used to make intricate inlays in the top of the table. On it was the large, illustrated family Bible.

The next big items were a pair of scrim window curtains with drawn-work insertions in the sides and bottom, and also shorter ones for the glass door in the living room as a birthday gift for my mother one year. At that time, I was working at the printing office, but I would get up real early every morning and work at it, or on evenings and any free time I could. Sometimes I would spend an evening with one of my friends, Julia Preitauer and smuggle one of the curtains along and work at her home on it. My mother never caught me at it and she was so surprised and overcome with the gift, she cried. Those curtains hung on their rods in our living room many years, and my mother even used the better upper halves after the lower halves were burned or faded by the summer heat and sunshine.

Mother taught herself how to sew by following the directions on the patterns. She made all our children's clothing, pillows, bed sheets, hand towels, cotton underwear, baby clothes, diapers, etc. She taught me, but I was never a very efficient sewer—I guess it was not too fascinating for me. But I did do some sewing for my sisters Hattie and Emma during the months I was home before my marriage when I also sewed my housedresses, linens, bedding and such. Later, after we bought our sewing machine from Sears, Roebuck and Co., I made all the baby clothes and other clothes for my children Arthur and Pearl. But I never tried coats, suits or good dresses! I was afraid to tackle anything that difficult. Besides I had plenty of other duties then, and I much preferred working in the garden with vegetables and flowers.

My brother, Ernest, who was 2 years younger than me, had a short paper route. Henry Trout, who lived east on Seminary St. carried the Telegraph Herald newspaper each evening after school to the subscribers on his street as far as the grocery store on the corner of Harold and Seminary. There my brother took on the route to the west end of the street, probably about seven blocks.

In winter, when it got dark earlier and was cold and snowy, I would go along with him. At one home where Mrs. Kettler, an elderly widow lived with her grown son, she asked to have the paper taken into her kitchen. This we gladly did. Often she would be making the evening meal to have it ready when her son came home from work. One cold, snowy evening, when she answered the door and we handed her the folded paper, she told us to step inside. She gave each of us a warm potato pancake, which she had sprinkled with sugar and rolled up so we could eat it easily as we walked on westward. How we enjoyed it and how delicious it was to two small but hungry and chilly youngsters. Those good memories I've carried along for over eighty years,

There was a long stretch where there were no houses at all until we came almost to the end of the street there what was then known to us as the "Sisters' House" was located. We carried one in for the Sisters and one for the janitor. It is now Clarke College, a college for girls. The building has been remodeled and another larger, modern building erected across the street. The street also has been renamed to Clarke Drive. We carried the papers as long as Henry Trout had the route. Ernest received 10¢ a week as his wage. It was the first money he earned.

Because we couldn't save much money after paying to raise six children, pay medical debts and taxes etc., and there were two boys following who would need a further education, I had to start to work. Not too many girls at that time did go on to High School and College. As it happened, soon after my confirmation in 1902 my cousin, Martha Beyer, who was working at the

then German Presbyterian Press on 17th and West Locust St. was resigning to marry Mr. Jacob Welty. She recommended me for her position at the printing office. So a job was in sight for me, and I started at once. My hours were from 6 to 12 and 1 to 6 with Saturday afternoons off. For two months my wages were \$2 a week. If my work was approved, I would get \$2.50 a week after that. It must have been satisfactory for I stayed on until a few months before May 1, 1912 when I got married.

The shop had two rooms, one was the office and in the other type was set by hand and locked into forms. These were hauled by a Mr. Sinhold downtown to another large printing office where they were printed. The small pieces of lead type were in boxes according to the letters of the alphabet and there were also some signs, punctuation marks, etc. These cases were tilted and we sat on high stools and set each letter into lines in what were called sticks, with lead flat pieces between the lines. There was one 25 watt electric light bulb above each case»

I had never seen the inside of a printing shop before, so it all was strange to me, but I was game to try and do my best. A weekly paper called "Der Presbyterianer" a monthly "Der Sabbat Schul Freund" and a year book "Der Kalender" were set up there. We folded and stitched the papers as they came back from the printer, addressed them and mailed them. The subscribers were members of the German Presbyterian congregations of the Middle-western states. I don't know the number of subscribers. There was also a small press on which small pamphlets, programs, etc. could be printed—it was powered by a foot treadle. After several years a large printing press was installed, also one type-setting machine operated by two girls. It was run by electricity as was the press. There were several sizes and features of type, all were of lead, and handling them for hours a day made our hands black and smudgy. We had to wear cotton aprons with bibs to protect our dresses and extra sleeves with elastic at the tops and wrists to protect our arms. The lead rub-off also caused excema and I had that too for awhile on my face.

Two older girls besides me were the workers, our boss was Rev. Bernard Bracker. The oldest girl was Pauline Figge, daughter of a Presbyterian minister. She later married Rev. Sigmund Manus, also a Presbyterian minister. The other girl was Bertha Litscher, who married Rev. Henry Adix, a Lutheran minister. After they left, Julia Preitauer and Alma Dieterich, my cousin (the daughter of my father's brother Carl) joined the force. Julia stayed on some years after I left and Alma worked in several other offices. A Miss Loetscher and a Millie Kliebenstein, and a sweet little hunch-backed girl named Elsie Bluecher helped out in rush times. There were a few others whose names I can not recall.

The German Presbyterian Theological College and Seminary at that time was at the lot across the street north of the First Presbyterian Church. In the early 1900's there were few students, around 17 or so, all young men who were preparing for the ministry. Most of them came from the German congregations of the Synod of the West—many from farm families. The school was partly financed by tuitions but more by gifts from individuals and churches. The building was of brick in the architecture of that time and had no modern facilities.

The students had formed a club and bought produce and groceries and prepared their own meals for a while. Later they boarded for their meals with a widow, Mrs. Moell on Ellis St., which was only about two blocks from the printing shop. In the office at the beginning of each semester were the books, materials, etc, the students would need, and so they came in to buy them. When Rev. Bracker had to be away, one of us girls would have to wait on the students, usually two or three came in together. We soon learned to know them and size them up. They would have been surprised at the names we gave them.

The teachers at the Seminary were Dr. Jacob Conzett, Dr. Nicholas Steffens, Dr. William Ruston and later Dr. Daniel Grieder, Rev. A. C. Kroesche, William Laube and Frederick Urback. I remember these men very well. Dr. William Ruston was a rather small, polite and trim New Englander. He and his wife lived on Bluff St. about two blocks from the printing shop. They had one son, who drowned while at a Sunday School picnic. Soon afterwards the wife became an invalid and Dr. Ruston cared for her in a most affectionate and patient way. I always regarded him as a really true, sincere Christian man, who lived his Christianity throughout his whole life. I revered him and his articles that I had to set up for printing were an inspiration to me. I am grateful for having known him.

The teachers often came into the office with manuscripts for the papers, calendar or the Minutes of the Synod which we had to set up in type, all in the German language. That was when my year's schooling at St. John's helped me to decipher the sometimes almost unreadable writing of the professors. I also learned much from the articles about the doctrine and activities of the Presbyterian Church and its organization. This was also helpful to me when I became a Presbyterian minister's wife.

After several years as manager of the printing office, Rev. Bracker's health failed and he resigned and decided to try preaching again, but he had to give that up also. He was replaced by Rev. E. J. Boell, a middle-aged pastor of a church, and he had to learn how to run a printing shop. Sometimes, though reluctantly, he would have to ask for my advice. He soon became efficient in his new duties and served many years as manager.

Among the students who came to the college in 1902 was Otto Frerking from Marion, South Dakota, He and my cousin, Clara Dieterich, Alma's sister, became good friends. A year later Henry A. Sinning from Lennox South Dakota attended also, and one day Otto introduced us and we started a friendship. He came into the office occasionally for supplies and we went to social activities at the First Presbyterian Church, which most of the students attended. He taught a boy's Sunday School class there (two boys I remember were in his class were Edward Schneller and Edwin Loetscher) School lasted from September to the end of April for the summer vacation. During that time we corresponded. Before he left on vacation in 1907 we were engaged. I always liked pearls, so he gave me an engagement ring centered with a pearl.

One of the hardest decisions I ever had in my life was to choose whether to leave the Lutheran Church and pledge to become the wife of a Presbyterian minister. I had promised at my confirmation to always remain a Lutheran, and it troubled me to break that vow. It took much meditation and praying before I could decide. Finally I was at peace with God and myself, and made the decision as I did.

Henry worked the summer of 1907 for a carpenter in Lennox, building homes there for a school principal and a lawyer. At that time, he was not sure whether he would continue studying for the ministry, but before the vacation was over he decided to. So for three more years he studied at the Seminary.

He had taken some lessons on a home organ while he was still at home. In Dubuque he took further lessons from the music teacher, Dr. Paul Walz, and was able to play the pipe organ in the chapel of the new Seminary. It had been built on one of the hills in Dubuque, and it became the nucleus of several other educational buildings. Dr. C. M. Steffens, the son of the early professor of the seminary Dr. Nicolas Steffens, was the president of the college and seminary and gathered many contributions from business and professional men and other wealthy people to build the new seminary. It was dedicated in 1912.

Henry had to use all German books for his text books through college and seminary. Being of the Low-German descent, it was as difficult as any foreign language. In public school at home he learned the English language, so it would have been easier to use that in his studies. He did study hard and he and Benjamin Marek were almost tied for valedictorian of his graduation class. Rev. Marek, a Bohemian, had just a percent of a point higher than Henry. Henry was also a member of the school's band, played the clarinet, and sang in the church and school choirs. He also played left quarter on the football team and he enjoyed playing baseball.

During his last years in Seminary we always spent Sunday afternoons and evenings together. He took me to operas at the Opera House in Dubuque, to plays at the Seminary, to football games, etc. Also we went ice skating on the ice harbor way down on First St. on the Mississippi River, sometimes in very cold weather. There was a shelter building where we put on and took off our skates and warmed up and rested a bit. Then we again walked over a mile back to my home. There was no other way to get there than by walking. Street cars ran only on very few down town streets and only certain hours in the evening. After he took me home, he still had to walk back to the Seminary. What *Love* won't do!

I remember a Sunday afternoon in winter when he hired a horse and buggy from the livery barn on West Locust St. and we drove miles and miles out in the country over hilly, snowy roads. In Spring we occasionally walked over the hills back of the folk's house to see the patches of spring flowers, hear the many wild birds sing and enjoy the fresh spring air. We often met other people out there enjoying these things too. In Autumn we'd walk to city parks to see the colored leaves or walk in the fallen ones. These may seem like simple and plain things, but to us they were precious hours and relaxing ones after days of work and study.

Sometimes my pal, Minnie Beyer and her boy friend, Carl Wiederanders, who later became a Lutheran minister, would spend Sunday afternoons together with us. There was a piano in Minnie's home and Henry played "The Shepherd's Evening Prayer", "My Rosary", some classical pieces and some current popular songs and Minnie and he would sing them. Minnie had a sweet soprano voice which went well with Henry's tenor.

He sang first tenor, Rev. Henry Needing, one of his best friends in college and seminary sang second tenor, another friend Robert Niebruegge, first bass and Henry's cousin, Henry P. Sinning second bass in a quartet that often sang at church functions and at many funerals in churches in and near Dubuque. They all became ministers and moved away, so that quartette was no more.

Among some of the other graduates were Robert Ahrens, and his brothers. Henry and Edward Ahrens. They were sons of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ahrens, Sr. of Rudd, Iowa. Robert became a missionary to India, where he and his wife Lizetta labored many years. Edward and his wife served in the Presbyterian ministry in Kansas. Henry married Lottie Proett, a sister of Rev. Anton proett, also a graduate of Dubuque. A group of the fellow students were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Christ Loetscher, where Lottie worked, to a shower for her. Henry was also invited and he told how each student had to rip open a flour sack and hem it for a dish towel, and how some struggled to find the end of the thread that would start the ripping. The hssasiing was probably much worse and I doubt if any was completely finished.

At that time I never dreamed that some day Henry and I would be serving their hone church. the Eden Church near Rudd, Iowa, and that our daughter Pearl would have as one of her dearest friends, Evelyn, the daughter of Henry and Lottie Ahrens, and also as friends her sister, Esther and brother, Edward. And that Esther would be our choir director. Isn't it wonderful how God leads us through our lives into many varied and pleasant experiences!

The last years at seminary were busy ones for Henry. He preached as a student preacher at a small, newly-formed church near Bismark, North Dakota during the summer of 1910 and had taught German school. He told me it was at that time a barren prairie, no trees except small ones along the creek. He boarded with the Molendorp family who had a small son and a daughter. He told also of going to the river with Mr. Molendorp to cut some wood for fuel on a Saturday, They took guns along in case they saw some game on the way. A covey of prairie chickens flew up and they shot several of them. That was good eating after having salted herring for many previous meals. There he learned what it would be like to serve a very young church.

The next summer he was at Rushmore, Minnesota, which was a larger church. We later attended one of their anniversaries and met some of the members who had been small children when he was a sort of "intern" preacher, maybe he was licensed but not ordained.

During his last term he had to pass many tests in the seminary and before Presbytery and he passed all of them well. He also had to practice-preach a sermon at Westminster, the largest Presbyterian Church in Dubuque. I was also a listener, His text was "I am the way, the truth and the Life". I was nervous, but he did a good job and many people told him so.

Before commencement time the graduating students were often asked by vacant churches to visit them and preach a trial sermon as a candidate. Henry had such an opportunity at two churches, one was the Buffalo Grove church near Lexington, Nebraska, and the other the Eden church near Rudd, Iowa. Both were rural churches. At the Rudd church, Harm Jans also was a candidate. They chose him because he was more fluent in the German language and all of its services were then in that language. Henry candidated at the Buffalo Grove church and received an unanimous call on the first vote. He accepted this call. It was over 500 miles, by rail, from Dubuque. I had never been that far West, nor seen such a level country and I couldn't picture such a place. But I trusted Henry's decision and it turned out to be our first happy home.

The commencement exercises were held at 7:50 p.m., April 24, 1912 in Westminster Church, Dubuque, Iowa. I still have a copy of the invitation sent out by the class, and I'll copy part of it. The members were Otto Preking, J. Edward Healey, Harm Jans, Benjamin Marek, Henry A. Schmitt, and Henry A. Sinning. The officers were Harm Jans, President; H. A. Schmitt, Secretary; and H. A. Sinning, Treasurer. Their motto was II Timothy 2:15, Class colors were old gold and black, class flower was the dandelion. (Because dandelions close at night, they used yellow roses that evening) A double quartette consisted of Clara Dieterich, Christina Arduer, Henry Noeding, Oscar Boell, Verena Schneller, Alma Zimmerman, Wm. Schildler and L. Rubenstein—Prof. Paul Walz, accompanist. Clara Dieterich presented an Soprano solo and Karl P. Wettstein a baritone solo. There was also a horn quartette, consisting of C. Rabenberg, D. Middents, E. Bolt and L. Rubenstein. Rev. E. C. Walters gave the invocation, Dr. D. Grieder the benediction. Benjamin liiarek's oration was "Ich Dien" (I Serve); Henry's was "The International Peacemaker". Dr. John F. Carson of Brooklyn, N. Y. gave the address and Dr. C. M. Steffens, President of the school, presented the diplomas. Shortly afterwards, at one of the sessions of the George Presbytery, Henry was ordained as a Minister of the Gospel, of the Presbyterian Church.

The last year had also been a busy one for me. Neither my father nor my mother were in good health and they advised me to resign from my job a few months early, so that I could help mother sew clothes etc. for my sisters Hattie and Emma, and also for my clothes and household linens. Our dressmaker came for several days and made ray white fine cotton wedding dress and a medium brown silk party dress. Some friends and relatives had a shower for me.

Henry had seen the manse of the Buffalo Grove Church, near Lexington, Nebraska, so we spent many evenings choosing furniture etc, that we would need to start housekeeping. We

borrowed \$285 from his father, Ailert Sinning, and ordered it from Sears Roebuck, Chicago, Ill. and we planned our wedding date, guests and dinner.

At that time, my brother Ernest was attending the University of Iowa at Iowa City—probably was in his sophomore year. He had worked hard several earlier summers and had used his wages for the tuition. I also loaned him some money I had saved from my work at the printing shop. I had paid my parents a given part of my wages weekly and what I didn't need to spend, I saved. Ernest paid back his debt to me and I banked it then and it has earned interest all these years. Carl may have still been in high school or working, I don't recall. Hattie and Emma were still in school.

We chose May 1, 1912, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon as our wedding day. It had rained during the night before, but the sun was shining by 7 o'clock that morning. It was a warm, clear day of sunshine and at night there was a full moon. Dad's cherry trees were in full bloom, a beautiful sight and fragrant blooms covered the trees and the bees were busy gathering pollen and honey.

Rev. B. Bracker, my boss at the printing office, performed the marriage rites. He used the thoughts in his talk to us that a three-fold cord, is not easily broken and if God is the third partner in our marriage, our vows would hold. This was proved, as we were able to observe our 65th anniversary about 4 weeks before Henry died.

My sisters and I had decorated the southeast corner of our living room with an arch of white ribbons and 5 large white bells, and we said our vows under that arch. We had no attendants. Henry's friend and music teacher, Dr. Paul Waltz played the wedding music on the piano we had rented. I wore my new long white dress and veil and had a pretty bouquet of white rosebuds, lilies of the valley and streamers of green foliage and small white ribbon bows. After the ceremony we were driven down town and had our pictures taken at the Preitauer Studio. My cousin, Emma Bingel, helped, me get ready and she got the last kiss from Henry before he was a married man,

It was a simple home wedding with only family and close friends present. Those present beside my father and mother were my grandmother (Mrs. Kitzman) Henry's parents, Rev. Bracker, Henry's cousin Rev. and Mrs. H. P. Sinning, my cousin, Emma Bingel, my friends, Julia Preitauer, Laura Lorenzen and Frieda Hagen, Henry's friends Henry Needing and Karl Wettstone, my brothers Ernest and Carl and my sisters Hattie and Emma. Later my little cousin Edwin Wagner came. He was the son of my father's sister Alma. She was my godmother and after my confirmation I was godmother to her son Edwin. He came with a nice gift and we had him in the group as we took pictures later in the afternoon. Paul Walz had another engagement and could not stay for the reception, dinner, or pictures. We were sorry about that. My pal and very best friend, Minnie Beyer was not there and I missed her. She had married. Rev. Carl Wiederanders and was living in Hecka, North Dakota.

The wedding dinner was served at about 5 o'clock and the menu was: roast veal, mashed potatoes, gravy, peas, a banana-pineapple salad, consisting of a 1½ inch piece of banana topped with a marischino cherry on a slice of pineapple, dark and light wedding cake, ice cream, coffee and wine. Because in Germany wine was always served at weddings, we did so especially to please my grandmother. The groom's cake was a fruit cake, and the bride's cake was a white one. Henry had to cut his and I mine and whoever got through first was declared to be the boss of the family. Henry cut through his before I did mine! My aunt, Augusta Beyer, helped my mother bake our cakes.

Early in the evening, the smaller children of the neighborhood came to charivari us and were served cake and candy. Later the members of the band from the Seminary came with their

instruments and serenaded us. We served them cake also. Finally a large group of noisy young people from West Locust St. came, but they had to be dispersed because they were very unruly and rowdy.

There was room to sleep all of the out-of-town guests since my brothers and sisters slept a few nights with some friends. Henry's parents left by train the next day. Henry and I had to pack up all our belongings, a light green carpet (a gift from my parents) some dishes and jellies mother gave us, other gifts etc. and send them by freight to our new home.

Rev. Henry P. Sinning, Henry's cousin, had been married the year before we were and they and their infant son, Carl lived near Waukon, Iowa, where he served a rural Presbyterian Church. They had invited us to spend our first Sunday with them. So we left Dubuque on Saturday afternoon, bidding our family and friends good-bye for we didn't know when we would see them again. It was too late for us to get to the Milwaukee depot way down town, carrying our 2 large suitcases. So we ran almost all the way down our street, Hempstead St. and Couler Ave. and down another street to another depot of the Milwaukee Railroad and just made it, all tired out.

After we called on a few of Henry's friends at Waukon, we left again on the Milwaukee for Lennox, S. Dakota. There we spent a few weeks with his parents and younger sister, Fanny, and brothers, Fred, Tom, and George, and his married sisters Maggie and Reka and his brother Harry and their families. There were many other relatives, maternal grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, friends, and Henry's former pastor to call on.

They always served tea and cookies or cake everywhere we called—afternoons at 5, evenings and 8 and coffee in the mornings at 10 o'clock. The tea was a very black kind and made *extra* strong. I wasn't used to lunches of tea or coffee and cookies every day, so I used to get headaches until I learned that you had to turn your teacup upside down if you didn't want any more, or they'd keep filling it up again and again. Some served sugar and real cream in their drinks. Some of the older Low Germans (Eastfriesans) used rock candy to sweeten their tea. You put the rock candy on your saucer, poured part of your tea over it. let it sweeten a little while you visited with some one a bit, then drink it. That was a slow process and it took many cups of hot tea to use up a chunk of rock candy! After I got on to not accepting any more tea, I didn't have as many headaches, and I could crunch up my rock candy in my mouth as some others did, too. Lots of new ideas, ways and customs I found I had to learn in the various places I would live in the next 65 years of my married life.

Again came the time to say goodbye to everyone. And again we were on the westward bound train. I do not know when we were transferred to the Union Pacific, probably at Omaha, Nebraska, for the last stretch of our trip to our new home and our work. Before we returned on our first vacation, one of Henry's sisters, Fanny, only 17 years of age, died. So already a change had come, and many more came through the years.

As we parted from our parents, I wonder what thoughts went through their minds. Henry was the first one of his family to leave and live so far away. I, as the oldest and the first one of my family to marry, left for a place neither one of them had ever seen. And it was over 500 miles from home, out on the prairie country of the southern part of Nebraska, to start a new home and a new kind of work. Henry and I had known each other for 9 years, had been engaged for 5 years, so my folks had had a good chance to get well-acquainted with him. They had no objection to our marriage and entrusted my future years to him.

It was late afternoon when we boarded the train in one state, South Dakota, rode all night with the click, click of the wheels on the rails in our ears. We awoke early the next morning in

another state, Nebraska, to behold the spring beauty of the western prairie. As that day wore on, we experienced a regular windy, dusty day of a dry year, ending with a cool, calm evening.