Dating Dorothy

Allen Colburn introduced me to the young woman who became my wife. Allen was chairman of Chemical Engineering, the liveliest, most imaginative, highest paid (as a result of an outside salary subsidy), and most widely renowned member of the Delaware faculty. By the fall of 1944 he had assembled a professional staff and a small group of graduate students to work on research projects he secured from private business and government agencies.

I was then an instructor in history, rejected by the draft because of my history of bleeding problems (diagnosed as thrombocytopaenic purpura). In **1943**, when Jack McDowell, the alumni secretary, entered the navy, I agreed to take on his work, part-time, in addition to my responsibilities to the history department. I would, for the time being, give up research on my doctoral dissertation.

My part-time duties consisted of keeping in touch with alumni (but not alumnae), conducting an annual fund campaign (which volunteers from the alumni body would direct), and producing four issues a year of The University News, the alumni magazine.

Allen Colburn, ever alert to publicize his department and the work it was doing, asked me to write an article on this subject, promising to buy offprints that he could circulate privately. It was in the course of preparing this article that I met Dorothy and Katheryne Levis.

Allen had established the custom of breaking off work in mid-afternoon to serve tea in his laboratory. His graduate students and professional staff would prepare the refreshments and the event became so well known on campus that other people sometimes dropped in. Allen invited me one day to talk with him about the story I was writing. He bosted to me of his latest distinguished scholarly acquisition, a refugee chemist named Kurt Wohl. "Call him a chemical engineer," Allen requested. Then he added, "And I want you to meet two young women, twins, who have just joined us from North Carolina."

Later, he sent me, with other possible illustrations for my article, a snapshot of the two girls that I used in the magazine. I remembered the event clearly; they did not.

Dating Dorothy

But I soon heard more, much more, of the Levis twins. In **1944-1945** by great good luck I shared an office in Hullihen Hall (University Hall it was called then) with Dick McCormick. Dick and I had been acquainted since September **1940**, when we met in the office of Professor Roy F. Nichols in Bennet Hall of the University of Pennsylvania. We were both to be employed that year as graduate teaching assistants in an American History course taught by Nichols and Professor Arthur C. Bining.

After I left Pennsylvania in the winter of **1942** to become a history instructor at the University of Delaware, Dick continued there for one more term before leaving for a job writing military history for the Quartermaster's Corps of the Army. (Like me he had been rejected by a draft board on medical grounds, though I never knew precisely why.)

When Professor James Barkley, already over-age, retired at Delaware in **1944**, Roy Nichols recommended Dick as his replacement. I was surprised to hear that Dick, with whom I had kept up an acquaintance since leaving Penn, was coming to Delaware, and all the more so to have him as my office mate.

I commuted to Newark from my parents' home in Wilmington, as I had always done in the past whether to Newark or Philadelphia. Dick, however, took a small faculty apartment (a large bedroom and a shared bath) in Brown Hall, and before long he was telling me stories of the Levis twins, who ate at the same table. Though they were working in chemistry under Professor Elizabeth Dyer, they and their projects were under the general supervision of Allen Colburn, who had raised the money for them – from the Armstrong Cork Company (of Lancaster) and from Gustav Landt, an industrialist with a factory near Philadelphia, who was, in a sense, bribed by Colburn by being invited to give a graduate course.

The twins' preparation seemed somewhat weak when they were thrown into courses like thermodynamics with chemical engineers, who had a more technological background. Dick told me how some of the men were, a bit condescendingly, offering to help the sisters until the results came back from their first tests, on which the twins did better than the men.

Dick was amused, also impressed. More and more frequently I heard from him about the twins, but I was still surprised when he proposed that I come down to Newark on a Sunday evening to play bridge with them. I knew Dick at Penn as an enthusiastic

poker player but I had never known him to show any interest in bridge. I had once or twice played poker with Dick and other friends in Philadelphia, but I didn't care for the game, possibly because I didn't like to gamble, even for small amounts. On the other hand, I liked bridge, especially duplicate bridge, and had played frequently during my last two years in college and during the following three years while I taught at Newark High School.

So I accepted Dick's invitation and took the bus to Newark one Sunday night in December to play bridge with the Levis twins in his apartment. We cut cards for partners, and as a result I played with Dorothy and Dick with Katheryne. Despite my greater experience, they beat us. (Dick may not have played much bridge, but he has good card sense.) So when we played again, a week or two later, Dorothy and I had to play together to get revenge, which we did.

At about this time Dick and I decided to invite the twins to a play at the Playhouse, a theatre in the Du Pont Building in Wilmington. (Possibly it was The Watch on the Rhine, with Montgomery Clift, but my memory of it is weak.) Dick brought the twins to Wilmington on a B & O train, and I met them in the Brandywine Room, a cocktail lounge adjoining the theatre.

I remember that they drank sherry and talked a lot, frequently interrupting each other in a way that we found charming, though we were accustomed on past double dates to do most of the talking ourselves. As proper young women of that day, they wore hats. Dorothy's was light colored, straw-like, with a band and a half veil. I liked it.

The occasions for our get-togethers became increasingly frequent in the new year. I can remember only isolated instances, not in proper sequence. Once, for instance, Dorothy came to see me in my office in the alumni building. She entered it through a door we never used, from a porch, pushing aside a settee that blocked it in my office.

On a memorable Friday Dick and I accompanied the twins to Philadelphia, where they had the excuse (in taking off from their lab work) of visiting some laboratories at the University of Pennsylvania. In the afternoon we took them to the matinee concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra in the Academy of Music. We couldn't get four seats together, and so had to settle for two pairs of seats. It is noteworthy that we had not yet separated definitely into two couples (except at bridge), for I sat by Dorothy for half of the concert

and by Katheryne for the other half, switching at intermission. I think the orchestra played a tone poem by Richard Strauss and that possibly William Smith conducted.

After the Concert, we asked the twins, "Would you like to go to the Bellevue-Stratford bar (which was nearby) and talk for a while before we take a train home, or would you like to see something of old Philadelphia – Independence Hall, Christ Church, Elfreth's Alley, Benjamin Franklin's grave?"

"Oh," they answered, with no hesitation, "we'd like to see something of old Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin's grave, Independence Hall, and so forth."

We were surprised, and pleased. The girls we'd taken out before, however intelligent, would have been glad to relax in a bar after the concert. Did the twins set us up, knowing we'd enjoy being guides? I still don't know. They were – and are – remarkably energetic and they are inquisitive tourists, wanting to see what is to be seen.

On these evenings, as we left the twins at their dormitory (Warner Hall), Dick and I ever more frequently said to each other, "Remarkable girls!"

Dick saw them more often than I did – at three meals a day. But on a few occasions I was alone with the twins – without Dick. Once I remember being with them in the women's faculty club in the basement of Warner Hall. I was playing on the piano, playing tunes from my well-loved Gilbert and Sullivan operas, when the lights went out. The resourceful twins found candles and stood at either end of the piano keyboard, so I could continue playing – and probably singing very low. Most friends, I thought to myself, would have welcomed an excuse to get me away from the piano.

I remember another evening when they were in Wilmington, spending the nightat the YWCA on King Street before taking a train to some industrial installation in New Jersey. I recall taking them to a Chinese restaurant on Shipley Street before leaving them at the door of the Y.

One evening I stayed in Newark late in order to watch a women's basketball game between faculty and undergraduates. The twins played on the faculty team, and several of us formed a rooting section for them. Jaime Carvajal, a Columbian from Cali, who was here to study technical developments, wrote cheers for us in Spanish. After the game we took the twins to the Deer Park Hotel, where they later clamed to have drunk beer for the first time.

Dating Dorothy

Late in March the twins invited Dick and me to their parents' home in Baltimore. After we accepted we discovered we would be in Baltimore on Maryland Day – which seemed an auspicious occasion for historians like us. I was surprised and flattered when Dorothy asked me whether I would like to have calf's liver for breakfast.

She had learned about my peculiar dietary requirements. My mother tried everything that was suggested as a possible cure or treatment for my bleeding disease. It was said that calf's liver or beef liver would build up the blood; therefore, I was forced to eat it six days a week. (I had Sundays off.)

I hated liver from the first, and I never learned to like it any better by being required to eat it. Dr. Lewis Flinn backed my mother up in her insistence on this diet, but I think he was catching at straws and unwilling to discourage her hopes of doing some good – as by the raw eggs in orange juice (just the yolks) that she had my father bring me every morning when I first awoke.

I assured Dorothy I could get along very well for one weekend without liver, but that I appreciated her thoughtfulness. And indeed I did.

Our Baltimore weekend was near the end of March. In previous weeks we had frequently had the pleasure of hearing records of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, courtesy of Col. Daniel Moore Bates. Bates was a retired industrialist (he owned a textile factory at Yardley, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania) who was angry at the government for insisting he was too old for a place in the armed forces. A romantic and an enthusiast, he offered his services to President Hullihen at a dollar a year to teach a required mathematics course to the young army trainees who had been sent to the University of Delaware. In the winter of **1944-1945** he closed his house at Centerville, Delaware, and moved into a small faculty apartment across from Dick McCormick in Brown Hall on campus, while his wife went off to spend the cold months in a warmer climate.

Hearing of our enthusiasm for Gilbert and Sullivan, Col. Bates, who owned some complete recordings, brought a set now and then to campus and invited friends, including Dick and me – and, through us, the Levis twins – to hear them.

The critical part that Gilbert and Sullivan recordings played in my life did not, however, come from one of Col. Bates' musical evenings. It was, instead, the dean of the

Women's College, Marjorie Stuart Golder, who provided the opportunity for the most crucial decision of our lives.

Hearing of our enthusiasm for Gilbert and Sullivan, Dean Golder invited the four of us to her house on the evening of April 12 to hear some of her records. By this time the pairing of Dick and me with the twins had become established. It had begun when we cut cards for partners at bridge, and gradually this arrangement had been extended – at least to the point that when we walked with the girls I usually walked with Dorothy and Dick with Katheryne.

Thus, when we left Dean Golder's house at the corner of Park Place and South College Avenue on the evening of April 12 Dorothy and I started out together up the campus. I intended to get the bus to Wilmington on Main Street, but Dorothy had some reason for not stopping off at her room in Warner Hall but continuing on to Brown Laboratory, where she worked. She could enter through the rear basement door that led to the quarters of the Chemical Engineering Department. Perhaps she had an experiment underway that she wanted to check on; I don't know. I suppose Dick had walked Katheryne to Warner Hall and left her there, going on to his apartment.

Despite my great admiration for Dorothy and enjoyment of her company, I had been conscious through these hectic months of the almost nine years' difference in our ages. This consciousness was steadily growing fainter, however. Still, as we lingered no the steps descending to the chemical engineering labs I had no intention of proposing marriage. But I did.

If my boldness surprised me, Dorothy's immediate unhesitating response surprised me even more.

What is not surprising is that when I got to Main Street I found that the last bus to Wilmington had already departed. What to do? My first thought was the Deer Park Hotel, but when I asked for a room there it was too late; they were full. Then I remembered that my department chairman and good friend, Henry Clay Reed, customarily worked late into the night, so I walked up Quality Hill (the section of Main Street west of the Deer Park and the B & O tracks) to his home. A light in the front window, which was his library and office, showed that he was still up.

Dating Dorothy

The Reeds rented the first floor in a three-story building. Arthur Dunlap, professor of English, and his wife and daughter had the second floor, and the two families shared the third floor. I was welcome to sleep there, Clay Reed said, but first he invited me to take a chair in his study and began to tell me of the series of published New Jersey Archives he had recently received and was examining. His wife, Marion, emerged in a bathrobe from their bedroom just beyond the study. She looked closely and perceptively at this midnight visitor and interrupted her husband. "Clay," she said, "I don't think John is much interested in the New Jersey Archives just now."

How true that was! I explained and in due course was led off to bed. In the morning I had an early class, so Marion gave me breakfast quickly and I was off. After class, when I entered the office Dick and I shared, he was sitting there and looked at me questioningly. On my desk was my hat, which I had forgotten and left at the Reeds' house. What was troubling Dick was that he had seen Clay come into the office and leave my hat while I was in class. How did Reed get it, Dick was wondering, inasmuch as he had seen me leave Dean Golder's and, he thought, set out for my home in Wilmington the night before. Clay had left the hat without saying a word.

When I told my mother that evening or the next morning that I was going to get married, she said, "Which one?" She had heard a lot about the twins but not about either one in particular.

Things had indeed moved rapidly. I met the girls (I'm still speaking of the two of them together) in the fall, went out with them in December, and was engaged in April. The speed made my head spin.

My father had courted my mother for seven years (he would have used the term "went with her" rather than "courted her") before they were married. I believe he was held up by the fact that he was providing a home for his father and sister, but they were also delayed – this was after his father's death – by my mother's insistence that he first save enough money to buy a house (as they did in **1912** with the help of a mortgage from Uncle Harry, who built the house). I didn't expect to wait seven years to marry, but I did see two impediments to any fast action. First, I had no money except for some war bonds I was accumulating by a deduction from my pay check. I was making **$3600** a year, a satisfactory income then, but **$1200** of it was temporary , deriving from my part time job

as an alumni secretary, a job I wanted to resign as soon as possible. Since the war in Europe was nearly over, it seemed probable that the war in the Pacific would soon be winding down and that the absent alumni secretary would be returning from the armed service to his desk. I wanted to get back to work on my Ph.D., which was a matter I had put aside while filling two jobs.

And this was the second impediment to an early marriage. I had a dissertation to write to complete my graduate work. I needed the doctoral degree to solidify my position at the University of Delaware. I had passed the comprehensive examinations in January **1942** and had begun research on my dissertation after beginning to teach at Delaware the next month. But this all had to be set aside in **1943** when I agreed to fill in at the alumni office. I was eager to get back to this unfinished work soon.

I might have had a third concern about my health. When I was about eleven I was diagnosed as suffering from purpura. My nose bled frequently, and sometimes petichiae (tiny spots from subcutaneous leaks of blood from capillaries) showed up, especially on my lower legs. Bruises, which were, of course, hemorrhages, appeared at the least knock of my body, and sometimes they appeared without explanation.

In my senior year at high school I suffered a serious internal hemorrhage, probably from overexertion during a senior trip to Washington (where I climbed to the Capitol dome). I was rushed to the hospital, given three blood transfusions (directly from donors, the first being my mother), and kept in bed and then restricted to the house for much of the summer.

I had occasional scares two or three times while in college and was given additional transfusions, more in hope of stimulating the body's production of platelets than to replace lost blood. The last attack (petichiae, bruises, nose bleeds) occurred during my first term in graduate school at the University of Pennsylvania and forced me to stay home for two months.

Purpura was not painful and not hereditary. The problem rested on an insufficient supply of platelets (thrombocytes), particles which assisted in the coagulation of blood. The effect, the bleeding, was somewhat like that suffered by hemophiliacs, but hemophilia was hereditary and, as I understand it, involved platelets that were

physiologically defective. Removal of the spleen, which destroyed platelets, seemed to offer a cure, but a drastic one that was never suggested to me.

My doctor, Lewis Flinn, had told me that if I lived into my thirties, my disease would cease to be a problem – for unknown reasons. And this is what happened. I was married at thirty-one, and though petichiae once showed up – in the first year of my marriage – the bruises and bleeding did not occur. At last I could give up the special diet and weekly injections I had been getting for years.

Dorothy and I visited Dr. Flinn before our marriage to inquire whether there was any medical reason why we should not marry, but he saw none. As to my lack of money, that did not bother Dorothy. I had a steady job and she worked part-time for several years (after completing her **M.A.** in **1946**). Though strapped, we made enough to get along.

In the months of May and June I felt myself torpedoing, very happily, into an early marriage. The days that passed are a blur in my mind. Weekday mornings Dorothy and I met at the De Luxe, a restaurant on Main street, before beginning our work. We did many things, now forgotten, with Katheryne and Dick. Of course, we visited parents in Wilmington and Baltimore. Betty Dyer and Quaesita Drake, chemistry professors, had a shower for us in Newark, and Rita Krapf, mother of my friend Earl, who through his father was a distant cousin, had another shower in Wilmington. I recall a very happy party in Ardentown at the Tessmanns' (Mrs. Katharine Tessmann was my mother's sister); a surviving photograph shows the crowd of guests holding a mock wedding, with Theodore Bacher dressed as a bride.

When the crucial afternoon came on July **7**, **1945**, I recall that as I stood at the front of Grace Methodist Church, in Roland Park, Baltimore, I thought to myself how comforting it was to know that Dorothy Levis was the person who was about to walk up the aisle and join me. Her presence gave me confidence then, and ever after.

John A. Munroe
Spring of 1996

Tales of My Father

By John A. Munroe

A NOTE

Occasionally notes I was using were dated, in which case I repeated the dates, in brackets, after the information these notes contained. Scarce as these dates are, they do suggest that many of my father's tales were recounted when he was in his eighties. His precise memory of details, therefore, such as the price of sturgeon, may be questioned.

Tales of My Father

My father, Michael John Munroe, was a born storyteller. I understand that storytellers are not uncommon in Ireland and that they are highly respected. My father was Irish, but he never visited Ireland and as far as I know he had no one in his family to mimic in this regard.

For many years I listened to his stories, usually with rapt attention. I was an only child and my father was my great chum when I was a boy. I lived at my parents' home until I was thirty-one, and even afterward I lived only thirteen miles away, close enough to see him frequently. He lived to be ninety, and in his last decade I began making notes of many of the stories he told me, sometimes even as we talked over the phone, sometimes soon after I left his company.

When I was young, my father told me stories adjusted to my age. In putting me to bed at night he made up tales about a Little Bobby who was always getting lost. He caused his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Casey (there was also a sister named Mary), a good deal of trouble. Fortunately they had a resource they could turn to when all their own efforts to locate Bobby were unsuccessful. This resource was Detective Murphy. No matter where Bobby had wandered—the engine room of a ship, in the players' locker room at a baseball game, into the monkey house at a zoo—Detective Murphy was equal to the challenge. He always found Bobby.

Other tales were more factual. I heard many tales about the great prizefighter John L. Sullivan, of how he soaked his hands in brine to toughen them, of his courage in watching his own operation through a mirror as surgeons worked on him, of his 80-round bare-knuckle contest with Jake Kilrain on a raft in the Mississippi, of his final defeat by Gentleman Jim Corbett, a scientific boxer who danced around John L., avoiding the wild swings of the old hero who called "Come on and fight" when he was desperately and vainly trying to reach his challenger.

And when John L. came to Wilmington as the star in a traveling theatrical company my father was in the crowd of boys who followed his cab from the depot to the Clayton House, Wilmington's premier hotel. Here, when he left his cab and was about to enter

the hotel, he stopped, turned, took a handful of coins from his pocket, and threw them to the boys. Later, when he proceeded from the hotel to the Grand Opera House, he repeated the coin tossing. On the stage, in a starring role, the heroic John L. saved a distressed maiden, besieged in a cabin by a gang of ruffians, by slipping his arm into the place of a splintered bar that held the door shut against the effort of several men to break into the room where the girl cowered. But with John L. protecting her, she was safe and the cutthroats were foiled.

A few tales were about a bad boy, Culey Coyle. My father was innocently standing on a corner when a group of older boys, Coyle at their center, began to plan a burglary at a Chinese laundry nearby. They turned to my father, who was trying to inch away and told him he was to be their watchman. He was afraid to refuse outright, but as soon as they conducted him to his station and left him, he ran home as fast as he could—Culey wound up in jail, of course.

When he was a small boy, Dad and his friends called their pick-up baseball team the "Little Potatoes, Hard to Peel" or the "Little Tin Cans, Hard to Dent." With some bigger boys who had a boat, he went across the river to Penn's Grove for a frolic. When they got hungry, they took a watermelon from a farmer's field and cut it. Dad's share was mostly of the rind, but the boys told him it was the sweetest part.

On an occasion when a bigger boy wanted to fight him, Dad made a fist holding the middle finger so that the knuckle protruded. When they squared off, the big boy saw Dad's fists and protested that if the protruding knuckle struck him in the eye, he would be blinded. Dad knew he couldn't really keep his knuckle protruding if he struck a blow, but he didn't let on; he just kept his fists as he had them. The big boy said this was unfair and walked away, refusing to fight, which suited Dad fine.

Don't swing wildly in a fight, Dad advised; "a short jab carries more power." But I was not a fighter, I preferred to wrestle. It did prove useful that Dad showed me how to grab an adversary around the neck and throw him over my thrust-out hip. We boys wrestled a lot at recess as a form of play, without being angry at all.

Other stories chronicled the doings of the James boys—Jesse and his brother and their gang of Western desperadoes. I wonder where my father learned these tales. He spoke of dime novels, but also of plays he saw, some when he was quite young. At fifteen he would go to a theater called the Academy of Music, where a gallery seat cost ten cents. He didn't get uptown often then and he had no money to see *Uncle Tom's Cabin* when a traveling company brought that show to town. However, he got a job leading their bloodhounds in a street parade. He was outfitted in a red coat and given a free ticket when the parade was over. He tried often to get a job as a "supe" but was always turned down as too short.

Dad did not stay up late as a boy; he was too tired—and I suppose there was little artificial light. On cold days the children undressed downstairs in the kitchen and then ran upstairs to unheated bedrooms.

When my father was nine he spent much of his time on the marsh that lay between South Wilmington and the Delaware River, beside the Christina River. Christiana Avenue ran from this marsh to Lobdell's foundry on the Christina River. Though ashes were dumped on the roadway once a week, the water would wash over it in floods, and then people would walk along the railroad tracks, which were higher than the road. A German girl whose father had a farm about where the Memorial Bridge begins today walked to town along the tracks daily to attend Sacred Heart School, where German Catholics went.

Along Christiana Avenue there was one farm, kept by a man who raised tobacco. He had a tobacco barn and a solid board fence eight feet high around his ten acres, but he gave his farm up about the time my father was fourteen.

Many other fields were drained and used for pasture. Dad and other boys would drive cows out here (householders often kept a cow to have fresh milk) and then went swimming while the cows grazed. Hay was cut on some of the fields.

One day when swimming in the Christina, Dad came up from a dive underneath a barge. For a moment, panic struck him—as it struck me when I heard the yarn. It was dark and he couldn't see which way to go to get out from under—if he chose the wrong way the barge might be longer than he could hold his breath under water. Fortunately he chose the right way.

This story thrilled me when I heard it, even more than the tale of when Dad fell off a roof and broke his nose. The mark of that accident, a slightly crooked nose, he carried to the grave, but the story lacked the suspense of being caught under the barge.

Part way out Christiana Avenue was a sluice and bank, with water deep enough to float a rowboat. It was called the City Ditch and had been built by the city government—perhaps it was the city boundary, my father thought. Wild celery and other feed for game were sewn in the area by wealthy people to attract plovers and other birds that they shot.

My father trapped muskrats here and hunted opossums and coons. [May 22, 1961] When he caught muskrats, it was the pelt that was most valuable. He would be glad to get five cents for the meat, which he could only sell to a Negro. (White people downstate liked to eat muskrat, sometimes called marsh rabbit; I have eaten it at the Port Penn firehouse. But apparently the Wilmington Irish spurned it.)

Dad wouldn't eat possum either; it was too fat for his taste. But he caught possums easily on the marsh because they couldn't run fast. One day he and another boy tracked a possum to a willow tree, where it nested in a crotch. The other boy climbed the tree, stuck a piece of wood in the possum's mouth, grabbed his tail, and threw him to the ground where Dad waited. He charged at Dad, who hit him with an old piece of wood. The possum rolled over and played dead. Dad picked him up and put him inside his coat. He and his friend carried the possum under their coats to the Liberty firehouse (in South Wilmington). They would put a hand in his pouch every now and then to keep warm.

When they got to the Liberty, a man bought the possum from them and put the animal inside his coat to show him to someone. Soon he came running back yelling, "Take him off! Take him off!" The possum had stirred from his previously somnolent state, bit the man's suspenders, and was now hanging on.

Another winter day on the marsh, a man shot a duck that dropped in a pond about halfway down the road to Lobdell's. He tried to send a dog out to get the duck, but the dog wouldn't go. Finally he said to the kids, "If any of you get that duck, you can have it." Dad took off his pants and plunged right in the cold water. He got the duck, but when he got back to the shore, he was so cold he couldn't put his pants on. He just picked them up and ran home by the back way, pants in one hand and duck in the other.

Parenthetically, I should explain that "the Liberty" was the name of Volunteer Fire Company No. 9. I grew up knowing about the Liberty (of which my father in time became a member) and such rival companies as the Washington and the Wiccaco. Sometimes, I gathered, they spent more time directing their hoses over a building at each other than at the flames before them. I wore my father's uniform, the shirt and jacket anyway, as much of it as I could (there was also a very dressy visored helmet, made to be carried in parades rather than worn) to masquerade parties when I was big enough, and I knew the shout that didn't quite rhyme,

> "Liberty, Liberty, No. 9,
> Beats the Washie every time!"

"Lobdell's" also deserves a word of identification. It was a foundry on the Christina, just upstream from where the Marine Terminal was later built. Both my father and my grandfather worked there.

Raccoons, my father told me, were faster than possums on the ground and could be trained like a dog. A man trained two raccoons as pets and gave them to the zoo in Brandywine Park. Then he would go there early in the morning, let them out, and pet them. "But be careful; a raccoon can bite hard." [March 14, 1965]

There was marine life as well as possums and coons on the marsh. After a "blackberry storm" (a heavy rain in the spring), the river would overflow its banks into the South Wilmington marshes. Kids could wade in the flooded fields and catch fish in their hands. Big carp, eighteen inches long—leatherback or scaled—could be caught this way. Pike, too. Across Eleventh Street Bridge (another part of Wilmington, the Gander HIll area over the Brandywine), the people would get wheelbarrows to collect pike after a freshet on the Brandywine. Herring would come up Shellpot Creek and be caught by men standing on rocks so as not to get wet. They'd throw the fish ashore. It was near Todd's Cut (northeast of Wilmington), where the railroad shops (the Maryland Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad) were built that my father, as a boy, took part in this hand fishing on Shellpot Creek. [Apr. 11, 1962]

Another sport for the boys was eel fishing on the Christina. They would take a boat out on the river at night, where the Marine Terminal was to be built. From the boat they would drag a line that had a bobbin on the end and was studded with worms. Soon eels could be felt jerking the line. The boys would pull their line up gently until they saw their quarry at the top of the water, when quick action would tumble them into the boat.
[Apr. 11, 1963]

"We used to knit nets," Dad continued, talking of another adventure, "using umbrella wires for staves, with a brick to hold them down." A dead chicken would be lowered in such a net into a ditch in the marsh, like the City Ditch, and crabs would pile in. "We'd raise the net and bounce the crabs out on the grass. A boy would hold one with his shoe, or, if he was barefoot, with a stick until he could pick the crab up from behind and toss it in a peach basket."

There was a big marsh near Holloway Terrace called The Moors where a railroad trestle went over it, carrying trains headed for New Castle. Near it were good persimmon trees. For chestnuts, Dad told of taking the People's Railway (a trolley line) when he was older and courting my mother. The two of them, once taking mother's youngest sister, Pauline, would ride out the Brandywine, past Rising Sun, to the last station. They would collect chestnuts from the Du Pont grounds near Christ Church, where there would be five or six chestnut trees in a little grove. They would bring their lunch (this excursion had to be on a Sunday after church) in a flour bag, which was also useful for carrying the chestnuts home. The chestnut shells could easily be broken with a foot, sometimes even with the fingers.

Arrowheads were plentiful in South Wilmington. "Us kids," my father said, "would throw them at each other, skim them through the air. City kids would collect them in cigar boxes."

As a small boy my father watched men shoot snipes (game birds), but he never shot any himself. He never had a gun, though other kids had old muzzle loaders from the Civil War and bought powder and shot at Third and French. Men who worked in the shops had the barrels cut down to scatter the shot more.

The larger game birds were called jacksnipe and lived in the marshes like plovers and ducks. The hunter pushed through weeds, seeking them for food. Smaller snipe lived in the banks of quarries.

Hunters with guns would shoot through the ice on ponds in the winter. Their shot would stun fish, which could be pulled out when the ice was broken. The fish could be stunned by a hammer blow to the head and then quickly grabbed and tossed out. Yellow carp were in most of the ditches over Third Street Bridge.

On a cold winter day when he was eight, Dad would go out skating. He never had to buy skates, for he could always find a pair in the scrap heap at the rolling mill. There were no shoe skates then, only skates that locked onto heel and sole with a key. No boys he knew

bought skates, but they all had them. (On the other hand, Dad never had a bicycle and did not know how to ride one, though by holding a bike for me—a Christmas present when I was eleven—and running beside me on an open lot, he taught me how to ride.) Big crowds, he said, turned out for skating on the ditches, one of them a round pond near Third Street Bridge "down towards the glass house and the oil factory."

When skating, kids would stay up till ten o'clock. If at home, Dad fell asleep at eight. In summer when kids ran barefoot, he had to wash his feet and legs before he went to bed. He never washed inside the house until he moved to his sister Kate's (in 1910). In the morning he washed his face outside at the pump no matter how cold it was. He seldom had a cold. If his throat was sore, he would quit playing, run home, and drink some coal oil, which would cure him. (My brother-in-law tells me he too—a generation later—was given coal oil, with sugar, as a tonic for the croup.)

When gas lights were put in houses, there was no longer much use for coal oil, except in shops where lamps had to be kept lit around machinery so workmen could read the gauges. But until gas was piped into houses, people took oil cans to the corner store to fill them from a tank each store had outside. A wholesaler like my Uncle Harry Hurff (a great-uncle, really) would make regular visits, maybe on alternate days, to the stores to renew their supplies from a large tank on his wagon. To pull his wagon, where he sat up high in front, Uncle Harry had two horses. It was through his oil route that Uncle Harry met my great-aunt, Mary Dettling (for whom my mother was named), who helped my widowed great-grandmother run her little grocery store. [Jan. 28, 1962]

On the road to New Castle there were many truck farms, generally of twelve to fourteen acres. The farmers were usually Irish—Riley, Lynch, Kelly. The Kellys had a dairy farm rather than a truck farm—and when they retired they moved to Philadelphia, where their children had gone to school. The Lynches had a big farm, Eden Park, and had a sale when they moved away. A big hole on it, where Dad swam, came from the last explosion at the Garesches' powder mill. There was no other relic of this old mill. The parents of Dad's chum, Jimmy Dugan, had worked for the Garesches.

The Irish truck farmers raised corn, peas, beans, and squash. A farmer named Sutton would have his wagons busy going to King Street market, and he would send another wagon to sell to stores on Tuesdays and Fridays. His produce included spinach, kale, cabbage, cauliflower, onions, beets, tomatoes, potatoes, celery.

There were some German truck farmers like Simon. Most owned their own farms, but Lang, the butcher, owned Sutton's ten-acre farm and would dump slaughterhouse leavings, like guts, on the farm to make the soil fertile.

Sutton's wife was dressed up all the time. She was the boss and carried a big pocketbook. She hired four colored women in the field picking, and a white woman and white man in the field and house respectively. Two daughters worked on the farm; one married a Davis and one a Cochrane. Two or three boys thinned out onion sets and picked weeds at five cents a row.

According to Dad, there were three sorts of white people in the working class neighborhoods where he grew up—the Irish, the Germans, and those from "down home." Each thought the others didn't belong there. Occasionally they got into fights, especially at election time.

On one occasion three Butler boys, down-homers, came through the streets on election day singing "we can lick every Irish S.O.B." By 6 P.M., these three big fellows were hanging unconscious over a fence.

All whites over Third Street Bridge were Democrats, all Negroes Republicans. For elections, in the old days of Democratic control, many whites would be sworn in as constables, wearing a badge and carrying a potato masher. (Dad's father, Martin, was a constable one year.) Paid five dollars each when that was a large sum, they served their party by forming two lines of voters at the polls, one of whites and one of blacks. Then they let two whites enter the polling place for every black admitted. When time came to close the polls, all of the whites would have voted, but half of the blacks might still be in line. This system insured that the Democrats carried the Second Ward, but when the Republicans got control, they set up a second polling place in a black neighborhood.

On one occasion the Democrats got a big man named Duncan appointed an official at the polls, and he dipped his hand in ink, smearing it on the ballots of Negroes, thus disqualifying them. The Republicans found who was at fault and got Duncan expelled from the polls.

Most Negroes and many whites were paid for voting. One dollar or two dollars was the standard remuneration; never over two dollars.

The ballots were handed in a window. A man whose vote was bought had to hand in the ballot he brought (and not take a fresh one to mark) or he would get beaten. A voter who hesitated to answer when asked where he lived might be pushed away from the window and lose his vote.

Having good challengers at the polls was important for each party. A Democratic challenger once jumped in a window to keep it from being closed because he knew some Democrats were still on their way from work to vote. The police were called, and Sergeant Walsh, seven feet tall, threw the man across the street and closed the polls by himself.

My father's chum Doc Cannon once had a job on election day paying the Democratic poll workers, who were to get five dollars each. Doc gave them only three dollars apiece and kept the difference. When he held on to some of the money, the workers were angry and chased Doc down an alley, threatening to beat him up.

Once before Dad married he didn't get to the polls because he was off somewhere with my mother on election day. "Well," he explained to Cy Moran, a Democratic worker when he saw him, "this is one vote you didn't get, my vote. I was away."

"Don't you be too sure of that," answered Cy. "You voted. We didn't lose you."

Many of the Irish immigrants in Wilmington were employed at the Diamond State Rolling Mill, where they worked six days a week in shifts that started at 6 A.M. on Monday and continued day and night until noon on Saturday. The shifts were for eight hours, ending at 6 A.M., 2 P.M., and 10 P.M. (Did the work on Saturday stop at 2, instead of noon? Dad never clarified this point.) Laborers without special training worked twelve hours.

The Irish workers, if single, lived in boarding houses like one called the Hobnail Boarding House, kept by the sister of Dad's friend Mike Donlon, who had so many boarders she didn't know them all. Rolling mill workers wore hobnailed shoes and could be heard a square away walking on the brick pavement.

At some boarding houses the boarders slept in shifts. The older men went to bed early on Saturdays to be sure to have a place to sleep. Young men would stay up drinking in saloons; they would get drunk and not know where to sleep.

All kinds of iron were thrown in the furnace in the "puddle mills" (my father's term). The puddle miller was always a little short Irishman. ("I don't know where they got so many of them," said Dad.) His helper, called "the puddler's pup" (Dad pronounced the word in three syllables, "puddeler's"), was a big countryman, a "downhomer." The puddler got paid for any work he touched with his tongs. A laborer pushed iron around the yard, etc., all day for $1.20—ten cents an hour.

A thousand men would be working in the big Diamond State mill at night with only one boss to supervise them. The puddlers worked "on tonnage"—a kind of piece work, and though the mill made so much noise that people could not talk on their porches, they didn't complain, because the noise meant jobs.

Bob Tolmie told of having worked in an iron foundry in New York State where he made a remark about the danger to workmen of improper light. Some days men could not work safely for more than four hours. His boss asked him if he'd made this statement. He said he had. Who would get the day reduced, the boss asked, the workers? No, said Bob, the company would do it, for states would pass laws making companies completely responsible for injuries to men caused by insufficient light in the plant (as in the late afternoon). "Pick up your pay when you leave today," said the boss, "you're through!"

Industrial accidents were not rare. My grandfather lost his forefinger and part of his right hand (just its use, I suspect) when a car wheel fell on it. He could no longer work on car wheels, for he could not grip them. Lobdell's then gave him a job at the gate, a job newly created, and the city directory described him as a watchman.

His son Pat, a teenager, was given a job working on car wheels. But when a government order changed the form of car wheels and held up the manufacturing, young Pat Munroe and some others were fired. Pat got the notice with his pay check, and when he came home he declared that he and "Tater" Cochrane, a prizefighter, were going to Philadelphia to get work. "Stay here, Pat," his father said, "you'll get a job."

But he wouldn't, and he and Tater took off the next day (my father wasn't sure about the timing), not for Philadelphia, as they had said, but for Chicago. Pat was about sixteen then.

On another occasion I heard a different explanation of Pat's departure. We were out riding—my parents, Stephen, and I—when Stephen, then a boy, made a remark I considered disrespectful. Angered and feeling I needed to teach him a lesson I raised my hand to smack Stephen, who was sitting beside me in the front seat. "Don't do that, John," my father suddenly called out, "Stephen's too big to be hit. My father hit Pat and he left home."

Whether this was a reference to Pat's first or second departure, I don't know. After he first left home, Pat returned, spread out money he'd made on the table, and gave it to his mother. But after a time he left home again and did not return (or even write) for forty-five years.

My father held Pat in his mind as an admirable boy, vigorous, strong, and when Dad took a job at Lobdell's, he reminded men there of his brother. So they called him Pete, as a way of saying "young Pat" or "Petey." The nickname never made sense to me, but it clung to him. My mother was introduced to him as Pete, and so she always called him. So did her sisters, his fellow workmen at Lobdell's, and all of his friends. But not his own family. To them, to his sisters, Mary, Katie, and Sadie, and to their children, he was "Mike" or "Uncle Mike."

Before proceeding much farther, I will depend on my notes of Dad's stories for a few more words about the Diamond State rolling mill. Dad said that when he first remembers the Diamond State, George (Reddy) Todd was president—not related to the Todd from Wilmington who ran a shipyard in Brooklyn. The mill was large and kept busy, even through Cleveland's panic. It caught on fire, however, and after it burned down, a man was brought from Pittsburgh who rebuilt it and enlarged it, buying more land, and extending it down to A Street. The enlargement must have been behind the times, for it didn't do so well. After it burned down a second time, it was never rebuilt.

In its heyday, the Diamond State mill employed a large force of men. Galvanizing of nuts and bolts was done in just one corner; they were dropped in a solution and powder or gas rose in the air. The man in charge of galvanizing was a bearded Jew, brought from England, Dad heard. Only two or three men worked under him at galvanizing.

The pay office was at Third and French, where each week the firm began paying the men at 1 P.M. on Saturday. Each man was assigned to a window to get his pay—in cash, not a check. A great crowd would gather.

I had precipitated this discussion by asking Dad about Jethro Johnston McCullough, whom I had read of as a past owner of the Diamond State mill. Dad knew nothing of this connection, but he did remember the McCullough iron works, somewhere on Church Street or nearby. He was never inside this foundry, though he knew men who worked there.

In his recollections, my father recalled some, but not many, outings with members of his family, his brother Willie taking him to a swimming pool, his sister Maggie taking him to the Brandywine. He recalled that boys, himself included, went to the Liberty firehouse to get their hair cut when a man came there to clip the hair of the horses.

His memories of dentists were more painful. Dad told of going to a dentist named Honeywell, who assigned one of his students to pull Dad's tooth. The man put a hand on Dad's chest and pulled. Dad came out of the chair and on to the floor, but the student dentist got the tooth—or part of it. The tooth broke and he had to go back after the rest. Dr. Honeywell sat in an outer office with Dad's friend, Ant'ny May (Dad always pronounced the first name with just two syllables). When he heard Dad yell, Dr. Honeywell laughed and laughed. He was a big man with a large belly.

The next time Dad (now 21) had a bad toothache, he went to the American Dental Parlor, accompanied again by Ant'ny May, who lived next door or at least very close. When he got outside he told Ant'ny his tooth had stopped hurting, and they went down to Frank Thomas's saloon and had some beer. The toothache did not come back until the next day. Dad and Ant'ny returned to the American Dental Parlor. The dentist said he could pull the tooth out without hurting Dad, and he did, using a needle, the first time Dad had seen this instrument used.

Dad was so impressed that he went back and had a lot of teeth extracted and false ones made. The cost of the false set was $3.50.

Dad's mouth bled all night. After the extractions, he and Ant'ny went to Thomas's saloon, and Frank Thomas, who knew them well, gave Dad whiskey to wash his mouth out. Dad didn't drink whiskey, but each time he washed out his mouth, he inadvertently swallowed some and soon "got a load on" (in his words). Walking home, he couldn't wait for Ant'ny, a tall thin fellow who walked slow. Dad was three blocks ahead of Ant'ny when they got home.

Dad drank only beer but enjoyed the fellowship in, for example, Dutch Joe's saloon. On Saturday nights, before prohibition, free codfish balls were brought out on a plate and put on the bar, where the men drinking picked up the cold balls with their fingers and ate them. Dutch Joe Sperle's bar was on the west side of King Street (in Wilmington, of

course) between Fourth and Fifth. My mother's second cousin, Fred Kleitz, was a partner in the enterprise, I believe, but my father may not have known him then.

My father told me that a man could get a meal by going from one saloon to another, enjoying in each the free food the owner put out. If he specified what food was available, I unfortunately kept no record of it except in this one case of Dutch Joe's.

At school my father's main problem was spelling. At No. 14 school, over Third Street Bridge, his teacher, Kate Cannon, a "Bridger" herself, made him stay in at recess and study. He was angry because recess was when he shined. But he stayed in and studied and on the test he had only two words wrong. "Ye gods! That was as good as anybody did!"

It was Kate Cannon who told him something about himself once that he regarded as a compliment and often repeated. "You are not a bad boy, Michael," she said, "you're just mischievous." (He remembered the word as "mis-chee-vous.")

"In those days," he told me in January 1960, when he was eighty-one, teachers often whipped children. In the public schools each teacher had a rattan, and when a strong boy misbehaved, his teacher would open the door and call in other teachers to help her, particularly the burliest, strongest teachers. These young teachers would come in the room smiling, full of life, swinging their arms, eager to get a little workout.

The offender, called to the front of the room, would refuse to come, knowing what was in store for him. Then a strong teacher like Kate Cannon would go down the aisle to get him and haul him by the neck to the front of the room. One teacher would hold him and two or three others would beat him with their rattans on the backside. All the boys wore leather boots in winter, and this boy, stretched forward, would kick out with his feet. The teachers would back off, out of range of his boots, while they laid the blows on him

To escape punishment for misbehavior, Jamesie Serson ran away from school one day but had the misfortune to run into his father coming out of a saloon. Mr. Serson collared Jamesie (who couldn't run fast because he was crippled) and took him back to the schoolroom.

Mr. Serson was "half-lit" from his visit to the saloon, so he asked the teacher for her rattan and proceeded to whip his son in the front of the room before the students. He laid it hard on poor Jamesie, who alternated between crying and calling his father names, like "You drunken bum, stop beating me!" The teacher had to intervene and stop Mr. Serson.

My father left school abruptly—like Jamesie, but more successfully. He had transferred from public school to a parochial school, St. Mary's, on Church Street, after a priest came around asserting that Catholic boys should make this switch. At St. Mary's, where he was in the sixth grade, he got into a fight with Lefty Donohoe. They were in the back of the schoolroom, and Dad was on top of Lefty when the sister came down the aisle

carrying a whip. She whipped Dad over the shoulders, and as he got up, she whipped Lefty.

Dad ran to a side of the room, the sister in pursuit, and as she chased Dad, Lefty got away too. He jumped out one window, and Dad out another.

Two men loafing on a corner--one a sandy-haired young man who taught Sunday school—set out after the two boys. The man chasing Lefty caught him, for Lefty, though long-legged, was an awkward boy who couldn't run fast. Dad was never caught. Lefty was brought back to school by the man who caught him. The sister sent Lefty home and dispatched a note to his father, who took off from work the next day to visit the school and get Lefty readmitted.

No word came to Dad's father, and for a long time, perhaps a year, Dad let his father think he was still going to school, leaving home every morning at the appropriate time. His mother found out but protected him.

Dad got small jobs here and there, until a neighbor suggested he ask Jim Malloy to get him a job on the third shift at the Diamond State rolling mill. (At another time, Dad said it was Joe Feeney who got him a job in the mill.) He went to this man and was hired for bench work—which did not mean work at a bench. El Hamilton, who later worked with Dad at Lobdell's for decades, got the same kind of job at the rolling mill at the same time, and the two boys started in at work together.

Their job called on them to handle tubes of iron with tongs. The tubes, long and thin, shot down an incline to them and had to be picked up by tongs and switched to some other place, perhaps an oven. Behind the boys was a shield; sometimes they missed the iron and it hit this shield. Often this led to fights. There was a fight every night, but the fights were soon forgotten and friendships were resumed. [Jan. 31, 1961]

It doesn't seem to have been hard for a boy or young man to make some money. Dad always had some change in his pocket from such work as picking peas or catching muskrats. He could make $1.25 in a few hours "picking doggies," dog turds that were sold to the morocco leather shops.

Dad was learning to be a cooper at the barrel factory when a job opened at the glass house. Coopers made only $10 a week and glass blowers were better paid, so Dad changed jobs. He worked at the glass factory several years, but only as an apprentice at $6 a week. Every summer the glass factory would close for two months while it was too hot to work there. The fires were let go out, and the boys had to dip out the glass from the furnace so the furnace could be worked over (cleaned) in the summer.

All the men would take a vacation at this time. Some would have had part of their pay held back, so they could go hunting and fishing now. They might go down the river, not farther than Woodland Beach, where they could camp, leaving their wives and children in Wilmington.

Dad would look for a temporary job. In the summer of 1898, he was working on an ice cart as a helper or driver at $6 a week when his mother died. The route followed by the ice cart was between Front Street and Ninth and between Shipley Street and Tatnall. At the end of the run the boss got off with his books at Second and King, near the market house, and Dad took the cart to the stables.

Dad quit when his mother died, and his job was promptly given to another boy. Dad went to Lobdell's and got a job in the foundry as an apprentice molder at $3 a week. He had never meant to do this, for he knew what the foundry was like when his brother Pat had worked there.

Somehow I have overlooked a part-time job my father had when he was young. It was on a huckster's truck, for one of my notes reports that it was this job that brought him for the first time to Brandywine Village. But earlier, perhaps in the spring of 1888, when the schools had temporarily closed, his sister Maggie and some friends took him to Tatnall's woods on the Brandywine, where they had a little May party. But they didn't cross the stream.

As to sports in Dad's youth, one of his memories was of his brother Willie taking him swimming in a pool near the Brandywine, probably one that I remember, though I was never in it. It was within a wooden enclosure on the strip of land between the Brandywine and the west side race, just north of Washington Street bridge.

Although Dad's father ordinarily allowed no singing or dancing in their home (and once locked Katie out when she had not come home by 9:00—6:00 being when children were normally expected home), Dad does remember a party in the house when he was very little. The participants were mainly Maggie and her friends. This was the first occasion when Dad remembers seeing his oldest sister, Mary, there, for she had been living as a servant with the Lobdells and Allmonds for years. She got $3.50 a week from Mrs. Allmond (who was a Lobdell) as a child's nurse when Dad was 4 or 5. For a time she had worked with her Aunt Mary, and had made "big money" as a child's nurse with Jewish families in New York City.

Martin Munroe's strictness was not unique. One man went to a Liberty firehouse masquerade carrying a razor strop to punish his daughter if he found her there. Masqueraded, she went right by him, rubbing his face, and then went up the steps with Gus Roller; her father never recognized her.

A strop also appeared in another of Dad's tales. The kids who ran barefoot in summer had to wash before dinner or they might be whipped. Their mother never whipped them and, when necessary, she would get between her husband and the children to spare them.

Speaking of games he played as a boy, shinny had a prominent place, but I know little about it. I believe it resembled hockey but was played on the street. Every boy, Dad

said, had a shinny stick he had cut in the woods. Each stick was curved at one end and had a knob on it. The puck was also cut in the woods. [July 7, 1963]

Prisoner's base was another game Dad said he played. This was a game I liked to play with my friends on Monroe Place when I was about thirteen. I can remember only a few elements of the game. With chalk we marked off a large rectangle in the street, divided it in half, and then added a semi-circular line to form a base at each end. Two teams played, each defending a base to which its prisoners were confined. How a player was made a prisoner I don't remember, but the players sought to free their teammates who had been taken prisoner by darting across the median line and touching (and thus releasing) a prisoner without being touched by an enemy while on the wrong side of the line.

I have mentioned Dad's hunting and trapping but perhaps not the prices he got for his catch: ten to twenty cents for a muskrat, twenty-five cents for a possum, and fifty cents for a coon. The coon would put up a fight for its liberty, whereas the possum would play dead.

For lack of a boat, Dad could never go fishing on his own when shad and sturgeon came up the Delaware River to spawn, but with one of the Serson boys, who were neighbors "over the bridge," Dad got some experience shad fishing.

The Sersons were a big family; the boys included Jamesie, Dingy, Joey, Wormy, and Gus. The oldest of them had a store and took Dad fishing with him in his shad skiff off New Castle. His shad skiff was about eighteen feet long. (A sturgeon skiff would have been three feet longer.)

Skiffs were then as thick on the river as autos are now on the highway. The fishermen formed an organization to sell their catch. Dad didn't mention the price of shad (which were cheap when I remember shopping with my mother, because they were so bony), but he said sturgeon weighed from 250 to 300 pounds and were worth two hundred to three hundred dollars.

Seldom were more than two or three sturgeon caught. Dad has seen two or three lying on the wharf waiting for a man to skin them. When he came he first cut hand holds on the stomach and then skinned them right on the dirty wharf, where they were shipped on boats. (A lot of hauling was done then by boats.)

On Sundays fishing was not allowed, so men would mend their nets on the Green at New Castle. They would sit on stools, and the nets would be strung up in the air. The Serson girls would help with the mending. [Jan. 11, 1968]

Dad never mentioned playing basketball: probably he had no access to a court when he was the right age. But he liked the game and took me to see it when I was young. I think we went to the old Salesianum High School gym to see a semipro team representing

Wilmington play a team from another town, some Pennsylvania city, maybe Coatesville or Downingtown.

Dad told me of games at the old Pyle Cycle Academy on Tenth Street between Shipley and Orange, a site later occupied by the Du Pont Building. The teams that played there were not local, Dad said. He spoke of a strong center named Izzy Charleston and a team with short guards being beaten by a team with big guards from the University of Pennsylvania.

At the first game we saw together, probably in the Salesianum gym, a net was lowered around the playing floor to separate it from the few rows of seats for spectators—the "stands." Many times during the game, especially after a contest for possession of the ball, it was "centered" (tossed up by the referee) between two players. As a result, the game was slowed down, and there was more opportunity for short, agile men to play, men who could keep the ball away from the tall, less mobile players.

Dad did play football, though his football stories centered on one game played at Delaware College in Newark, in 1901. A quarrel of some sort had occurred between the college varsity and the junior varsity, or "scrubs," who refused to help the varsity prepare for a big game by scrimmaging with them.

To meet the emergency, Jesse Bronstein, who had worked at Lobdell's and now went to the college, persuaded some young Lobdell apprentices who played football under the name of Minquidale, to join with players from a team called Ex-High and go to Newark (their train fare paid) to scrimmage with the college team, led by Captain Jack Huxley (later a Wilmington lawyer).

Harry Lewis, who was fullback for the Orange A.C., and McClure, a halfback bigger than Lewis, were among the recruits from Wilmington. The college players had tried unsuccessfully to get these two to come there to play football. Jesse Bronstein played for the college team but wasn't much use because he had hurt an ankle or a knee. Big Sheldon, who lives now at the top of Penny Hill, Dad said, was also on this team, as were Johnny Hanley, who was short, and Al Zebley, Carol Hoffecker's grandfather, who lives at Eighteenth and Franklin Streets.

Dad weighed only 138 pounds and normally played halfback or fullback, but this day he was called on to play end, a position he'd never played before. It was the age of "guards back" and massed strength on offensive plays, so Dad played far out, intending to avoid getting hurt and let the blockers get by him.

The college crowd thought a trick play was being set. "Look how far out that end is!" they shouted. Dad said he'd have been farther out if possible; he'd have liked to have been across the street. His father was old and hobbled, just a watchman, so Dad's wages were needed to support their home.

The hero of the game, as Dad told of it, was his pal and fellow apprentice, Jimmy Dugan. He scored the only touchdown, rushing across the goal line with several tacklers clinging to him.

I heard this story not only from Dad, several times, but also from Mr. Dugan when I met him and his wife on the train from Philadelphia. Dugan was a notably upright man. For much of his life he was a "bookie" who took bets on horse races, an illegal profession, but he didn't smoke or drink or use bad language. After meeting downtown on the corner he and Dad would sometimes go to Govatos's store and have an ice cream soda or a similar treat. When the war came, Dad got him a job back in the foundry as a molder, his first profession.

The day after this scrimmage, my father said, he saw the Delaware College team beat Lebanon Valley College in a game played in Wilmington at Front and Union Streets, where there was an athletic field until the area was developed during the First World War.

I don't remember my father talking of playing baseball himself, but he was an enthusiastic spectator. When daylight saving time lengthened the daylight hours, especially in June and July, the Wilmington sandlots saw fierce competition among local teams, organized in leagues. When we lived on Market Street near Thirtieth, my father would take me to what came to be called Price's Run, especially to see a local team named for the area, Eastlake. The great local pitcher of the day was Hawk Hayes, but he was not on our team. After we moved to West Twentieth Street, our neighborhood diamond was in Brandywine Park, atop Monkey Hill, at Eighteenth and Van Buren. The home team was the De Molay Alumni and the star players included Jekel McDaniel, a catcher, and Clarence Lynn, a powerful outfielder. My friend James Hallett sold snowballs at these games. They were made of shaved ice (he had a big chunk on his express wagon) onto which he poured the flavoring a customer requested. "Hokey, pokey, snowballs!" was the vendor's cry.

Sometimes Dad and I went to another part of the city to see a crucial game in the annual contest for the league championship. The Kentmere Red Sox, with a star pitcher named Hughey Hageman, and a home field in Rockford Park, was often our team's main rival.

On some glorious occasions Dad took me to Philadelphia to see a big league game. By boat (on the Wilson Line—a 2½ hour trip) or by train (on the Pennsylvania Railroad), with trolley cars furnishing local transportation at both ends of our trip, we had a grand outing that my father seemed to enjoy as much as I did.

Once we went to Baker Bowl, where the Phillies played, but all other times it was to Shibe Park to see Connie Mack's Athletics and their chief rivals in the late 1920's, the New York Yankees (though once the Washington Senators was the visiting team).

I still recall how thrilled I was to see with my own eyes the heroes I had read about or heard about on the radio. (Remember, I could not see them on television as a boy could

today.) Here were Lou Gehrig, Jumping Joe Dugan, Earl Combs, and the great Babe Ruth on the Yankees, with such pitchers as Herb Pennock and Waite Hoyt. The Athletics included Jimmy Dykes, Bing Miller, Al Simmons, Mickey Cochrane, Jimmie Foxx, Lefty Grove, and George Earnshaw. Once, leaving the ballpark, our trolley was stopped by traffic, and right beside us we had the thrill of seeing Babe Ruth in an open roadster with his wife and, in a rumble seat, his step-daughter. To be so near the great man in person!

A good many of Dad's tales involved boxing. He spoke of such characters as Joe Goldstein, who fought professionally under the name of Patsy Flannigan—a very nice person, Dad said—and of Jim Taylor, a rougher man, whose father kept a club next to St. Mary's Church.

Boys whose fathers could afford it might take boxing lessons at such a so-called club. Dad would hang around (his term) in the hope the trainer would call him in to put on gloves with the boy being taught. The trainer would coach his student to make use of the ring knowledge he was learning, while Dad would try to use his "street smarts" to upset the trainer's plans for his boy.

Dad didn't speak, as far as I recall, of doing any wrestling, but he told me of seeing the sport. Fights, wrestling matches, and basketball, even a fair, were presented at such places as the North End Athletic Club on Eleventh Street and the Pyle Cycle Academy.

Later, after Dad's marriage, Uncle Charley (my mother's bachelor uncle) took Dad to the Playhouse to see a weekly wrestling show featuring such headliners as the great Strangler Lewis, who would take on any volunteer from the audience. Dad also mentioned seeing the Butcher Boy from Chicago, Hercules (a German who worked at the railroad shops), a reputed champion of Belgium, and Doc somebody from the University of Pennsylvania.

By my time, professional boxing was outlawed in Delaware, so my father and I could follow this sport only by the newspapers or the radio. We were quite excited by the much ballyhooed contests between Jack Dempsey and opponents who included Georges Carpentier (a Frenchman), Luis Angel Firpo (an Argentine), Tommy Gibbons (an American), and Gene Tunney (an ex-Marine who ended Dempsey's reign as heavyweight champion). The fact that Dempsey married a Wilmington film actress named Estelle Taylor probably increased the news of him available locally.

If there was any wrestling in Wilmington, I knew nothing of it. But thanks to my father, I could have named all the heavyweight champions back before Dempsey to the great John L. Sullivan.

In spite of the fact that he "hung out" with some pretty tough boys, Dad was proud of the fact that neither he nor any one else in his family was ever arrested.

He was careful in this regard, as witness one story he told me. Once Dad was in a gang of boys who were walking by the one-room rural Rose Hill School (south of Wilmington) when it was still in session and the children were reciting. Their shinny sticks were out in

the yard, where the boys with Dad began playing with them and raising a hullabaloo, further irritating the teacher by peering in the windows. She dispatched a child to the farmer across the road, and he soon sent Dad's gang off toward town.

In a mischievous spirit, these boys noticed new street lights that seemed to beckon boys to make them a target. As the boys began throwing stones, Dad started for home, knowing his father was a poor man who couldn't afford to pay for damages to keep his son out of jail. The boys were eventually arrested for breaking the street lights, and each of their fathers had to pay about $4.50—a much more significant sum then than now.

Similarly, Dad refused to go with the boys when they went down to the barrel factory to have fun. They entered the factory secretly, threw barrels around, and were very destructive. Arrested, they were fined almost $10 each.

Some time later a friend suggested Dad apply for a job opening at the barrel factory.

"What's your name?" he was asked.

"Mike Munroe."

"Don't you go around with those boys who broke into the factory?"

"Yes, I go around with them, but I didn't go with them then."

The question and the denial were repeated. He got the job.

In a way, the rolling mill and the good wages he knew were paid there spoiled Dad for other jobs, like the one in the barrel factory at $10 a week.

Pat was the wildest of the Munroes, but he was a good worker. Even when he was eight, he worked, carrying water for the men digging Lobdell's canal (a harbor for barges bringing ore and taking away heavy products).

Dad's mother got little rest. She had to wash clothes twice a week because they didn't have enough clothes to go a week without washing. In Dad's tales she is a rather obscure person, respected, almost revered, sympathetic to the children, seeking to soften her husband's rather tough and demanding attitude toward the children.

From his mother Dad heard tales of the tinkers in Ireland. They formed roving bands of rootless people living like gypsies, but unlike gypsies they were ethnically Irish, speaking the same language as the other Irish people. They sustained themselves by doing minor repair jobs, thus their name, and were felt to be untrustworthy. Dad's mother declared that her family was once missing a goose when they returned from church, but a tinker encampment behind a wall near their house reeked of the smell of roast goose, which the tinkers had killed and consumed rapidly to get away before the family came home.

[July 19, 1967]

When Bridget McCabe Munroe came to America to join her husband in 1876, she brought along her middle child, Willie, who was never strong, suffering in childhood from St. Vitus's dance.

Dad's father was very strict. He allowed no dancing or singing at home, and he couldn't stand anyone who wouldn't work. Willie couldn't work—or wouldn't—and consequently left home to live at a livery stable at Front and Tatnall streets, where he was useful for odd jobs. In 1906, he was listed as a driver in the city directory, and it may be he who is listed as a teamster in 1899.

Perhaps Willie was frequently at home until after his mother died in 1898. Dad remembered at least one story Willie told from his boyhood in Ireland.

There was, Willie said (according to Dad), a man called Uncle John who'd come in to town and wrote and read letters for illiterate people. He'd lend his buckled boots to shoeless boys in winter so they could slide on the ice. Boys wore heavy knitted stockings then but couldn't slide in them. Uncle John would sit in the crotch of a big split tree and tell boys stories if they'd give him a penny. For three pennies he could buy a pint of beer. [Jan. 13, 1968]

Perhaps a strange custom of his father's came from Ireland, like Willie's tale of Uncle John. His father, Dad recalled, frequently suffered from rheumatic cramps in his feet at night. When they were bad, he would call on his wife to turn his shoes around, where they lay on the floor. This done, the cramps would go away.

Martin Munroe's name (as Monroe) first appeared in a Wilmington city directory in 1877-78 as a laborer residing at 115 Tatnall Street. He was still at this address (though now listed as Munrow) in the next two directories, but in 1880-81, he is reported at 113 Washington Street, where he remains for several years, with his oldest child, Mary, being recognized at this address in 1886.

Mary and her brother Pat, both left in Ireland with relatives when Bridget came to America, finally made the ocean voyage to join their parents in the summer of 1879. Meanwhile the family had been enlarged by the birth, in Wilmington, of Maggie in April 1877. Soon there was Michael John, my father, born in 1879, and then, in a regular succession, Katie, in 1882, Sarah (Sadie) in 1884, and Marty, named for his father, in 1886.

My father said his parents intended to name him John, but on rushing him to St. Peter's Church for baptism on September 28 when only one day old (because he seemed so frail his survival was doubtful), the priest, Father Edward Taylor, suggested he be named for St. Michael in honor of his day. It must have been a good omen since the apparent weakling survived for ninety years.

The last child was the real weakling. Marty, Dad said, had "membrane's croup," for which there was no medicine. His parents steeped lime and held the boy over it. The lime cut out the infection but left Marty weak afterward. Dad had nothing but praise for his little brother, noting that the child was always dressed well. [March 14, 1965]

Dad's father, who had worked on railroad construction in the Midwest, was employed by a morocco leather shop when he first came to Wilmington. Without a trade he could follow here, he soon was employed at the Lobdell Car Wheel Company (as first noted in the 1882-83 city directory), where at one time he had a contract for breaking up old railroad car wheels so the metal could be used again. The directories usually listed him as "laborer," though later in his life (in 1898 and then consistently from 1904 on), after a crippling accident, the directories list him as "watchman."

The year 1888 was a notable one to my father because of some unusual events. He spoke of both a hurricane and a blizzard. Since he became only nine in September of this year, I think it possible he may have confused events or dates. The hurricane, he said, ripped the roof off one Wilmington factory. As to the blizzard, he gave more details. He stood at the window of his home on Tatnall Street and saw a big fire at West Street, where a snow train had hit a passenger train. He remembered seeing the Fame Hose (a fire company) go by on the way to the fire, with men instead of horses pulling the carriage through the snowstorm. [March 13, 1968]

Another notable event in 1888 was moving across Third Street Bridge over the Christina into an area sometimes called South Wilmington. The Munroes moved because Lobdell's moved from Front Street across the river. This company had been founded by Jonathan Bonney and Charles W. Bush in 1836, according to an article by W. Emerson Wilson in the Wilmington *Evening Journal* of May 13, 1968. At Bonney's death in 1838 his place was taken by his nephew, George G. Lobdell. After Bush died, Lobdell bought out his heirs and changed the name of the company to reflect the new ownership in 1867.

One of the first manufacturers of railroad car wheels in the nation, under Lobdell's leadership the company grew until it employed 750 men at the end of the nineteenth century. Its products then included large iron rolls for paper mills; the preparation of the molds and the pouring of the molten iron became, in time, the particular responsibility of my father and his longtime partner, Harry Fox. By strange coincidence, each of these men had a son who became a college professor.

Lobdell's was located near Front and Spring Streets when Dad first remembers the plant—with an upper foundry, as he called it, at Second and Pine (later bought by Hoopes' bolt and nut works). When Dad was born, the Munroes, he said, lived on Washinton Street between Lafayette Street (an alley) and Second Street. A colored family lived on Lafayette Street and cooked gingerbread, which tasted delicious. His sister Maggie took Dad up Lafayette Street in his first pants (previously he wore dresses), and an old Irish woman put two pennies in his pocket. (This was an Irish custom of which I have read in, I think, an autobiography of a man who lived on the Blasket Islands, off the Dingle Peninsula.)

By 1885, according to the directory for that year, the Munroes had moved to the same block (between First and Second) on Tatnall Street. Here an early playmate was Johnny Knotts, who lived next door (1886 Block Directory).

In the late 1880's, Lobdell's bought land along the Christina River (then written as Christiana and pronounced Christeen) just above where the Marine Terminal was eventually built. When a new foundry, with associated pattern shop, office, etc., was erected here, the Munroes moved too, to be nearer Dad's father's work.

They occupied one rented house after another, as the city directories show, going from 206 Heald Street to 1109 Lobdell Street and 4 New Castle Avenue before moving back to Heald Street in about 1904.

In those days South Wilmington was a distinctive neighborhood, a poor one but with a pride of its own. The boys, the "bridgers," often got into fights with city kids when they crossed the river: probably it was like crossing the tracks in towns divided by a railroad.

Two hacks (hackney coaches) brought residents from "over the bridge" to the city, especially women on shopping errands. Tom Porter ran one and Josh Pyle the other, Dad said. Later, Jim Philips built a hack and put the name Nancy Hanks (for a great race horse) on it. [1959]

Many—indeed most—of the names featured in Dad's stories came from the years (1888 to 1910) when his home was "over the bridge."

El and Stump Hamilton, for instance, dated from that time. I didn't know them, but all my life I heard their names, particularly El's. The Hamilton family had a well that was on the way to Lobdell's, and all the bridgers went there to drink the good water. Dad and his pal Joe Feeney used to walk out there at night. Across the street from the Hamiltons' house was a plate mill, but "the cyclone" lifted it up and carried it away. (I believe Dad told me of ducking down behind some railroad tracks and watching this cyclone in the distant sky.)

El Hamilton (his first name was Ellis) never could do tricks, but he kept trying. Once when they were loafing in front of Cad Conner's father's store, El tried to make a dime disappear up his sleeve by spinning it. It did disappear, for Dad felt it fall into his pocket. While El was searching for it, Dad walked into Conner's store, had a ten cent dish of ice cream (there were also five cent dishes) and came out, saying "My, ice cream certainly is good on a hot day!"

Suddenly El noticed him and had an inkling of the truth. "Hey," he yelled. "Where did you get a dime? How could you buy ice cream?"

(In those days, Dad explained, ten cents was a lot of money and dimes were hard for boys to come by.)

When El, who was rough and tough, quite unpolished, died, Dad went to the funeral home to pay his respects to the family. El's widow greeted Dad effusively. "Pete," she called out to him, "it's no time to be sad, it's a day for rejoicing. He went straight up there," and she gestured, "with the angels. He's not here; that's just his body. He's up there looking down at us. We ought to be happy."

Dad said, "And you led him there, I know."

"That's right, you know it, Pete! I led him there." [Oct. 28, 1967]

Dad was working on the ice cart when his mother died in the summer of 1898—a temporary job when the glass factory was closed. Then he went to Lobdell's and got a job in the foundry. He never meant, he said, to work in the foundry, for he knew what it was like. His brother Pat had worked there, so Dad could have gone there sooner.
[Oct. 28, 1962]

Dad often said to me when I was small, "Don't go in the foundry, son!" I was never tempted. But he served a seven-year apprenticeship and stayed at Lobdell's for over fifty years, 1898-1949.

He was a very good molder, I was told by Jim Watkins of Rose Hill, who had also learned his trade at Lobdell's. He was there when Dad poured his biggest roll, 54 inches long. There was an explosion and Watkins ran out of the foundry, blackened. As he gained safety he found Jimmy Dugan behind him. "How did you get out?" he asked Dug. "Right on your back," was the answer.

Despite the explosion, Dad stayed up on the scaffold and calmly finished pouring the molten iron. Old Mr. George Lobdell was there and just kept puffing his pipe.

"Your father was a great molder, the best," Watkins told me. [Apr. 3, 1970]

Dad showed me when I was a boy how he got off the scaffold fast when something went dangerously wrong. He would wrap his legs around the outside of a ladder and slide down without touching a rung. Of course, he also had to climb up a ladder to get in position to pour the iron.

He was very agile in my early years, though he grew fat as he aged. The muscles in his arms were very strong, developed by years of pounding sand in the molds he constructed to receive the iron. He could easily have knocked me down when he was in his eighties and I in my early fifties and taller than he by six or seven inches.

In 1961 when a teacher from St. Andrew's School stopped to interview my son Stephen, he and his grandfather, then eighty-two, were on the roof of my garage, where they had climbed to make some minor repair.

Dad did not always escape danger in the foundry. I recall that he once received some nasty burns from the hot iron. But the most serious accident occurred in the 1930s or early 1940s, when he was struck on the head by a cog wheel, which fell from a crane that ran on tracks in the ceiling.

It was a glancing blow or he would have been dead. He sustained a fractured skull and a concussion. He was carried to the first aid room unconscious, and as he came to, as Jim Watkins told me, "that funny little smile of his came on his face and his eyes lighted. 'I know that's that big Watkins boy,' he said, 'for I can see his shadow.' It was the first thing he had seen as his sight came back." [Apr. 3, 1970]

He was taken immediately to the Memorial Hospital, and after a period there he was brought home, confined at first to bed. I can't remember how long his recovery took, but eventually it was complete.

After his mother's death in August 1898, Dad's slow but steady progress through his long apprenticeship gradually made him a stabilizing influence in the Munroe household. His father, after all, had no trade he could rely upon in industrial America. In Ireland he had apparently been a farmer or herdsman, but here he was only a factory laborer, breaking up car wheels or doing other tasks for which he became less fit as he grew older.

Mary, the oldest of the children, married Reuben Brown, a tinsmith or roofer from Newark. They moved to Wilmington and lived just a few doors from the Munroes "over the bridge.".

The next three children in age had all left the house. Willie lived at a livery stable where he obtained occasional work as a driver, finally moving to a more settled position in the employ of an undertaker named Fisher.

Pat, after a quarrel with his father, had run away at sixteen. He was known to have gone to the West, but no one knew exactly where until he reappeared forty-five years later. He had been living in the Pittsburgh area, where he had a respectable situation—having recast himself as Frank Monroe, married, and raised four children.

The fate of Maggie, the first child born in America, remains a mystery to me. She moved to Philadelphia and apparently a career the family did not talk about. My cousin Sarah Brown thinks Maggie became the wife of a man named Jones who was Jewish, and that she died, childless, when still young. Sarah says my father went to her funeral in New Jersey. If so, it must have been before I was born or very early in my life, for I never heard a word of it. Since my father was thirty-four when I was born, and Maggie was two years older, it is likely that she died even before my father's marriage (when he was thirty-three).

The youngest child, Marty, apparently died before his mother, which means that only three Munroes were left at home with their father. Michael (my father) and his sisters Kate and Sadie. Kate soon married John Collins, a steady railroad worker, and moved to

her own home on the west side of Wilmington. Sadie remained as the housekeeper, and my father increasingly the man of the house, as his father's physical condition and age forced him to a minor role as a watchman at Lobdell's.

Dad remembered these years, however, as very happy ones. "Each year," he would tell me, "would be better than the year before." At least so he said, it had been for him—up until he married.

He meant no reflection on my mother by this comment. It was the memory of the carefree years he had enjoyed as a bachelor with good health, a job, a secure family home, and no serious concerns. He was basically a happy man, boyish even. He came home from work singing, or trying to (he had no voice), as he walked up the alley to enter by the back door (because he was dirty from his foundry work), headed for the bathroom, a tub bath, and a change of clothes before dinner.

On those occasions, and they were not rare, when I, a bleeder, was sick, I hated to face my father, to spoil his happiness. He would do anything to cheer me up. He turned a somersault once; another time he stood on his head to make me laugh. My mother would almost welcome sickness as a challenge to her, but Dad felt helpless.

This partly explains why he said his life constantly grew better until marriage. Marriage meant responsibilities, worries, primarily for his wife and son, and secondarily for finances, our home and its condition, his job.

In the years at the opening of the twentieth century, dancing and parties were the delights of Dad's life. His partner on many adventures was his next door neighbor, Doc Cannon, who was approximately of Dad's age.

These happy days bulked large in Dad's memory, and he sought to give me advice for situations I never met. "Be careful," he warned me, "not to let a girl give you her purse or pocketbook or anything else to hold for her while she goes to the powder room. If you take it, she has you captive; you aren't free to go off as you please."

I didn't go to dances as he did; at least not until I was out of college and graduate school; hardly before my early years on the faculty when I was a chaperone.

(This advice reminds me that Dad said, "When you work in a foundry and lose something, the first place to look is down at your feet." But, of course, I never worked in a foundry.)

Another word of advice was to avoid making a date with a girl who lived on the edge of the city. One night he had to take a girl home who lived in Henry Clay, a small group of houses on the Brandywine. When he started to his own home (across Third Street Bridge), the trolleys had stopped running.

Parties and dances sometimes kept Dad out so late that it was difficult to leave his bed when an alarm called out all the firemen in the middle of the night. The final straw came one night when he had been out late and had just settled in beside his sleeping father (they slept together in their small house) when the Liberty's hose wagon came clanging up the street (they lived near the firehouse), pausing before his house while the men on it called out, "Pete, Pete!"

Dad pretended he was asleep and didn't hear them, but his father woke up and nudged him, saying "Get up! There's a fire." But Dad had just got into bed and now played possum, pretending he was too deep in slumber to hear the firemen shouting outside, or his father in the bed beside him. Eventually, the firemen went off without him. This incident marked the end of his active days with the Liberty. The city soon replaced the volunteer companies with paid firemen. Though the only lasting memento of Dad's days as a fireman was his uniform and the stories he told me, I recall that he continued to pay yearly dues to a Volunteer Fireman's Relief Association, which had a clubhouse on East Fourteenth or Fifteenth Street. He visited it just once a year to pay his dues in cash.

In those pre-television, pre-radio, pre-phonograph days, young men and women often gathered around a piano to sing or dance. Even families of modest means had a piano in the living room (though my father's parents didn't). One party my father attended was dead because the young men and women were too shy and self-conscious to lead off in singing. Dad and another fellow decided this situation could not be allowed to last. So, though neither of them could sing, they went to the piano boldly and did the best they could. Their effort got people laughing. Soon some joined in, knowing they couldn't do worse than Dad and his friend. The whole party became alive, with everyone singing or talking or laughing.

Another of Dad's stories of party-going does not reflect well on him. One time in New Castle, Doc Cannon got a friend of his to invite them for a pork chop supper at the intermission of a dance, allowing opportunity also for sewing a ruffle on Mena Dettling's dress. Dad, still a bachelor, was squiring both my mother (Mary Dettling) and her stout older sister, Mena, and Dad had stepped on Mena's dress and tore it while showing her how to cut a corner. After the meal, the guests—Dad, the two Dettling girls, Doc Cannon, and the girl he'd brought from Wilmington—all went back to the dance, leaving the New Castle girl (a Gormley) to wash the dishes. (Her family kept a little store in the middle of the block, like the Dettling girls' grandmother's store in Wilmington.)

Dad and his friends had such a good time that they missed the last trolley to Wilmington at 2 A.M., and they had to wait until 5 A.M. for the next one. Fortunately, the hall was open, and so was a place where they could buy ice cream. "It was all right with Grandmother, since Mary and Mena were together." [Feb. 1964]

Dad told me so many stories of parties and dances and of pretty girls he took out that I asked him once, "Who was the prettiest girl you took out?"

"Oh, your mother was," he answered immediately. And I knew this was his honest opinion.

Dad told me several times the story of how they first met. It may have been as early as 1905. Dad and Doc Cannon went on a straw ride to the village of Christiana, because one of the Carrs, "an older brother of Jim who owns the taxis and the Grand Hotel," across from the Pennsylvania Railroad depot on Front Street, invited them. My mother, her sister Mena, Bessie Richardson, and other friends of hers were along. "They went to a hall—maybe the Odd Fellows'—and played a game, "In and Out the Window."

"A lot couldn't dance," Dingy Serson and John Carr among them. Dad and Doc Cannon were almost the only men who could—"maybe two more." Dad danced with my mother (it was the first time he met her), but most of the time was spent playing games; "climbing in and out of windows" was the only specific one Dad recalled.

It was a beginning. Their next encounter occurred when Mother, her sister Mena, and others, including "a red-headed girl," invited Dad and Doc Cannon around."

[Jan 22, 1968]

Dad was soon seeing Mother often. After a time, he was calling regularly on Wednesday nights, when they frequently went to a neighborhood dance at St. Mary's, and again on Saturday and Sunday. Sometimes he was asked by Mother's sisters, by Katie or Mena, to take them to a dance. He remembered a time when Katie came up to him outside the Owls' Club (perhaps at Fourth and Market on an upper floor) on a Friday night and got him to take her to a dance.

As Dad became a regular visitor in the Dettling home, he used to tease Mrs. Dettling (my grandmother). He told her how fast she ought to be able to clean the house, and in turn, she called him a prevaricator—a term he took delight in, as he did with a teacher's declaration that he was not bad but mischievous.

Once he persuaded my grandmother that the rope at the end of a ham was meant to flavor it and should be retained when the ham was cooked. (Where he got such an idea is a mystery.) My German-immigrant grandmother was willing to learn from an American young man, so she left the rope in a ham she was cooking. The results were disastrous. "Oh, you Peter, you prevaricator!" she called.

Often Grandmother would sit in the living room while Dad was calling on Mother. When they were saying good-bye in the vestibule, she would call out, "What have you got to talk about now! You've been together for hours!" Sometimes when she had gone upstairs on a weekday night, she would call down, "Peter, it's time to go home! You've got to go to work tomorrow and so does Mary."

There was little kissing in the Dettling household, Dad noted. The children kissed their mother only when they were going away overnight. There were few "honeyed words," either.

Dad also observed differences among Mother's sisters. When Katie came in late in the evening and Grandmother started to scold her, Katie quickly began relating a wondrous tale of what she had been doing, whom she had met, etc. Grandmother stopped to listen, became interested in the details, and eventually forgot all about the scolding. When Pauline came in late, the scene was different. Pauline was, of course, seven years or so younger than Katie, which might have been thought to make her more amenable to correction, but she was far more combative. When her mother started scolding, Pauline answered back, and soon a verbal battle was under way, a regular Donnybrook.

The slow progress of my parents' courtship—about seven years—was undoubtedly affected by circumstances in each of their homes. As his father's strength and health declined, Dad became its financial mainstay, while his youngest sister, Sadie, became the housekeeper. I do not know whether Sadie had any job outside the house after she was left as the only woman in the family, when Katie moved away following her marriage to John Collins.

In the Dettling family, there was an example to follow in showing caution in regard to an early marriage. Mrs. Dettling had come to America as a teenage girl from Germany, taking advantage of a visit by a native of her town, now resident in the New World, who could serve as her chaperone on the trip. As Sophie Hanselmann, she had been left an orphan in the Wurttemberg town of Sindringen.

In Wilmington she met Andrew Dettling, the American born son of German immigrant parents. Their marriage took place only after she had gained control of a modest inheritance from her father's property, enabling her to buy a brick home, with the help of a $500 mortgage from the Wilmington Savings Fund Society.

Ownership of her home proved an important resource for Sophie Dettling in 1898, when the death of her husband at 39 left her a widow with five children, ranging in age from fourteen to less than one year old, and no financial resources beyong the house, still mortgaged. As a further example, there was the case of Andrew Dettling's mother, Wilhelmina, who had also been left a widow with five children by the early death of her husband. Wilhelmina Dettling, my mother's grandmother, had supported her family by establishing a small neighborhood store and by great prudence and care in its management.

With these examples before them, it is not strange that my mother was shocked to find my father had no savings at all when they contemplated marriage. She took control of the situation by requiring that they together must save enough money to buy a house before they married.

Mother had withdrawn from school—and cried about it—when she completed the eighth grade and followed her older sister to a job in a textile mill. Attending classes in a business school (Beacom's) at night, she was able to leave the mill for a job as secretary and bookkeeper (the entire office staff) for John Bryson, Wilmington's leading plumber.

Her sister Mena became head bookkeeper at Topkis's, a Wilmington store that eventually became locally famous as the Wilmington Dry Goods Company. And Katie, in her turn, became secretary-treasurer of the printing firm that published the *Sunday Star*, Wilmington's only Sunday paper.

At some time during his long courtship, Dad accompanied three of the Dettlings—Mother, one of her sisters (probably Mena), and her brother Andy—on a trip by railroad to Niagara Falls. I have no notes on this journey, but I remember that my father told me many stories about Niagara Falls when I was small—stories of the *Maid of the Mist*, a vessel that took tourists into the waters at the foot of the falls, of adventurers who dared ride over the falls in a barrel, and of a circus aerial acrobat who walked across the falls on a wire. And when I was a boy, my mother corresponded with a couple named Pearl and Jess in Tiffin, Ohio, whom she had met in Niagara Falls on their honeymoon.

My father described to me, quite vividly, the scene of the terrible Johnstown flood, which he claimed to have seen on this memorable trip, the longest he or my mother had ever taken. But after years of hearing this story, I began to wonder aloud, what railroad line went through Johnstown on its way to Niagara. My mother answered this question. My father, she explained, had seen a diorama of the flood somewhere, probably in Atlantic City, and remembered the scene so well that, after a time, he began to believe he had been there.

My grandfather, Martin Munroe, died in 1910, possibly of a heart attack, in my father's arms. My father took consolation in having been there, for he obviously loved his father. (The bill for Martin's funeral in Cathedral Cemetery was dated 1910; the undertaker was J. Fox.)

Martin died in his home in South Wilmington, but that home now was abandoned. His two children remaining there, my father and Sadie, his youngest sister, moved in with Katie, her husband John Collins, and their two young children, John and Catherine. Before leaving the old house, my father's zeal led him to an action that distressed me whenever I heard about it. Dad gathered and burned all of his father's papers, including his passport, his naturalization papers, and letters from Ireland.

I noted my father's remark that "it was easy to be naturalized in those days if you were a Democrat," as most of the Irish in Wilmington were. Democratic office holders were, of course, eager to add to the number of their supporters by seeing that Irish immigrants were qualified as citizens as soon as possible.

Living with the Collins family, Dad was able to wash indoors for the first time in his life. So he told me, but I wonder how he could get completely clean at the pump in his back yard. He must have carried water into his father's house, for when I knew him, he was scrupulous about cleanliness, taking a bath (we had no shower) and changing his clothes, which were very dirty from the foundry, every weekday evening before dinner.

He took pleasure in playing with his nephew, John Collins. He sparred with John as he later did with me, offering John five cents if he could hit his Uncle Mike on the nose. (In the families of his sisters, Mary and Kate, he was always "Mike" and "Uncle Mike." Elsewhere he was Pete.)

His father's death removed a responsibility which might have delayed his marriage. Now he could save money conscientiously. Of his salary of $21 a week, he gave his sister Kate $6 for room and board and put $12 in the bank, leaving very little for expenses such as carfare for the trolley that took him to Lobdell's, on the south bank of the Christina, next to the site of the present Marine Terminal.

My mother saved too, and between them, they had $900 by the fall of 1912 ($600 my father's savings and $300 my mother's). This was enough, with a mortgage, to buy a house.

The house was provided by my mother's uncle, Harry Hurff, husband of my mother's Aunt Mame, formerly Mary Dettling. The two women were very close, their intimacy dating from 1898 and my grandfather Dettling's death. To aid the stricken family, Mother had moved to her grandmother's house for her last year of school, the eighth grade. Her grandmother had a small neighborhood grocery store with which she was assisted by her then unmarried daughter, Aunt Mame. (My mother's account of working in the store was published in Delaware History magazine in 2001.)

The two women, twenty-five years apart in age, got along very well. They never had a quarrel. They were, of course, Americans by birth, each with an immigrant widowed mother. Aunt Mame was forty or a little more when she married a widower, Harry Hurff, slightly less old than she.

Uncle Harry was an orphan, born in New Jersey, but raised in the family of his young aunt, Lizzie Comly, who lived on a farm near Cooch's Bridge and Dayett's Mill when I was a boy.

Though he had little formal education, Harry Hurff was a very shrewd businessman (he seemed a David Harum type to me), who moved from one undertaking to another, gradually accumulating capital. When he met Aunt Mame, he had a kerosene route, serving grocery stores like the one she and her mother ran. Soon he was in the real estate business, essentially retired in his early forties for the real estate he handled was mainly his own.

He bought very cheap houses and collected his rent weekly, in person. When a tenant pleaded he was out of work and could not pay, Uncle Harry put him to work, if possible, painting or repairing his properties. Gradually he moved from this exacting responsibility into investments, lending money on mortgages and buying corporate stocks. When I knew him best, he spent much of his time in the brokerage office of Laird, Bissell, and Meeds in the Du Pont Building.

Life had been a serious business for Uncle Harry. His first marriage was to a woman named Brittingham, of whom I know little except that the marriage was childless and she died young. Aunt Mame was far more outgoing than he. She had also learned to be prudent with money, but she made friends easily, and Harry enjoyed her friendships, including those in her family and her church, which was St. Stephen's Lutheran Church. Harry had no church connection that I know of until his wife persuaded him to join St. Stephen's in his old age.

The Hurffs had no children, but they entertained a lot, frequently hosting relatives of Aunt Mame from Philadelphia, children of her sister Kate, the wife of Maris Vandever. I remember Aunt Kate (my grandfather Dettling's sister) only as seeming to a little boy enormously fat and being told she was very jolly but not a good manager.

A third member of the Hurff household was my Uncle Charley, a great-uncle really, for he was the youngest sibling of Aunt Mame, who told me she had suggested his name at his birth. For all the years I knew them, Aunt Mame acted as Charley's protectress. A bachelor, he was apparently a very good and exact draughtsman. Perhaps because he needed a stimulus to break out of his ordinary prim demeanor and let loose the rollicking spirit locked within him, Charley had a tendency to drink too much, even to go on binges, where he might disappear for a day or more. At his club, the Idle Hour, on the Delaware River bank north of Wilmington, Charley could be the life of the party.

When sober, he was a grim, grouchy uncle, warning me not to encourage boys to cavort on the Hurffs' lawn. When he was drinking, on the other hand, he was very generous, giving me as much as a five dollar bill, but asking me to agree that my Uncle Charley was a very fine fellow.

After his marriage to Aunt Mame, or perhaps just before it, Uncle Harry bought a large frame house and a lot that took up two-thirds of the block on Market Street, just north of Thirtieth, at what was the far end of Wilmington. There was also an old stable where Uncle Harry kept a horse until he replaced the animal with the first of a series of Franklin air-cooled automobiles. He then built a garage on the south side of his house.

Aunt Mame frequently had my mother as her guest and, of course, my father too. As their savings grew and the time for the marriage of my mother and father approached, the Hurffs proposed building a house in the garden north of their home. Uncle Harry did not hire an architect, but hired a builder, taking him to see some new houses in the vicinity to use as a model. Two semi-detached brick houses were built next to the Hurffs on Market Street. They were numbered 3031 and 3033, because the Hurffs' house was 3029, a preposterous number, as there were no houses between it and Thirtieth Street, and certainly no room for the numbers of houses 3029 suggested. The second new house, next to my parents', was built as a speculation and purchased by a childless couple named Anderson, whom I called Tommy Andy and Gawoggy, as a little boy.

My parents had a mortgage on their house—probably from the Hurffs, but possibly from a bank. They paid 5½ per cent interest, Dad said. I recall that when the mortgage was

paid off, my parents held a private celebration in our kitchen. I was included and given a sip of grape wine—homemade, undoubtedly, and illegal in those years of Prohibition.

Dad said that the need to save money for furnishing their new house delayed the wedding. But when the time came, many gifts provided for their necessities. The Liberty Fire Engine Company gave them their living room furniture. The dining room furniture was a gift from the Hurffs and Uncle Charley. My mother, accompanied by Mrs. Oliver Mousley, a friend of the Hurffs who lived at the top of Penny Hill, went to Van Sciver's in Camden to buy rugs.

At Megary's furniture store in Wilmington, my parents bought a mahogany bedroom suite for $100. A coal stove, almost new, came (by purchase, surely) from the Comly farm, near Newark.

Lacking money for a rug in the back room upstairs, they bought straw matting. Additional furniture was purchased from John Bryson's cousin Sally Dixon, a person I never heard of otherwise.

All these details were locked in my father's mind for fifty years. With one more recollection-- that Canby Cox (was he the builder?) put "a specially good brick" in the house for no extra cost. It came from Canada, and Uncle Harry had to pay for its use in the adjacent house.

For the wedding itself, when it occurred, Mother told me she had none of the instruction I thought was given to a Protestant marrying a Catholic. She had never seen the priest until he came into the room to marry them in his residence, not the church. I don't know what witnesses were present--possibly my father's sister Kate, with whom he lived and who was my godmother when I was baptized about two years later.

Thanksgiving Eve was the date of the wedding, chosen so that my father would lose as little time—and money—as possible by taking a honeymoon trip. In 1910, this probably meant November 22, since the next day was the fourth Thursday in November. My parents always remembered the event as the day before Thanksgiving rather than as a numbered day in the month.

The planned journey was to New York City, no great distance but a new destination for them, a fabled city they had never visited before.

Dad had many tales to tell of his honeymoon trip to New York, though it lasted only for a weekend. None of these tales touched on the emotional issues of the beginning of a marriage that was to last over a half century and be the central theme of his and my mother's life. Nor did any tale reflect the excitement of coming home to a new house of their own.

When the newly married couple arrived in New York, almost certainly by the Pennsylvania Railroad, a rough gang of travelers grabbed all of the available taxicabs but

one. The one they left was disreputable looking. Dad walked over to it and inquired of the driver the way to their hotel. Then, instead of getting in the cab, he paid the driver the fare and took Mother to the hotel by trolley car.

On Thanksgiving, he told me, he had good tickets to the matinee of the Follies of 1912, but Mother, looking at the billboards, concluded it was a burlesque show and got him to turn his tickets in. They then got tickets to the Hippodrome, which had what Dad called a "stupendous" show. Airplanes carrying mail, as Dad remembered—fifty years later—flew around inside the theatre, and a circus put up its tents on the stage. That night, after the show, Dad took Mother to a restaurant, but when they saw a biscuit sign in the window, they thought it belonged to a biscuit company and Mother insisted they go somewhere else—why, was not clear to me. Another night they dined at the Atlantic Gardens, a huge, block-size German restaurant.

Such details remained in my father's mind a half century later. He talked to me through my boyhood as though he was rather well acquainted with New York, and as though that metropolis did not change though twenty-five years, at least, probably passed before he was ever back in the big city. [Nov. 22, 1962]

At other times he told me of their traveling to an outlying section, probably Brooklyn, to visit cousins with whom his sister Mary kept in contact. The name I recall is Garrity (spelling unknown to me). This family had one member who was a policeman (not unusual for an Irish family in New York) and also a young unmarried woman named Florence, who sometimes visited her Wilmington cousins. From his New York contacts, my father told me that front steps could be called a "stoop."

Characteristically, my mother was less talkative about her adventures in Gotham, but she did display knowledge of hotel fare for which she must have relied in part on her New York experiences. In giving me prunes for dessert, for instance, she assured me that though she was giving me five of them, I would get only three in a hotel.

My parents, particularly my mother, went to Philadelphia several times a year, sometimes by train or even by a trolley that ran by our Market Street house (connecting with a Philadelphia trolley in Darby), but most often, at least on the outward trip, by a Wilson Line boat, which was cheap and comfortable in good weather, though the trip took two and a half hours. If we took the boat from its wharf at the foot of Fourth Street, my father would stand in the large open doorway of Lobdell's foundry and wave to us as we passed. The boat would stop at Penn's Grove and at Chester. Mother loved to shop in the four large Philadelphia department stores (Wanamaker's, Lit Brothers, Gimbel's, and Strawbridge and Clothier's).

The last years of my parent's engagement and the first years of their marriage must have been a merry time. Every Friday night, my father told me, there used to be a party, either at the Springers, the Mousleys, the Hurffs, the Spiegelhalters, the Munroes (after their marriage), or somewhere else.

The Springers I hardly knew. Perhaps this referred to a childless couple who lived on the southeastern corner of Thirtieth and West Streets. Of them, I heard that Mrs. Springer was painfully clean, that Mr. Springer had owned a saloon, and that he drove a Cole car. The Mousleys were country folk who sold eggs to the Hurffs and were the only ones in this group who were not German. They too were childless. I'm surprised they were lively enough to have a party, but I recall that after Prohibition, Mr. Mousley made wine but couldn't wait for it to ferment or cure before he began drinking it.

The Hurffs, of course, meant Aunt Mame and Uncle Harry, and also Uncle Charley. Andy Spiegelhalter and his wife were related to the Dettlings. They lived on East 14th Street (near King) and had grown children. One, young Andy, became president of Pusey and Jones (shipbuilders and proprietors of an iron foundry), and a daughter became secretary to my friend Alex Taylor at the Delaware School Auxiliary (a charity of Pierre du Pont's). They were lively people, or at least old Andy was. I used to be sent to their home to play with their grandson, Bobby Watson, when he and his mother, formerly Rose Spiegelhalter, were visiting from their home in Altoona, Pennsylvania.

Dad said that Mother changed a lot after marriage, becoming more like her mother. Before marriage she had been very jolly and full of fun, whereas after marriage she became quite nervous, more severe, a worrier, easily upset. It was, I think, the weight of responsibility. She realized, I suppose, that she must take responsibility for family finances and all planning for the future. And after I was born, she worried constantly about my health, looking for diseases and physical problems (like weak ankles) that I probably didn't suffer from, and magnifying the maladies I did have.

She was so nervous that I would turn to my father for sympathy. He told me not to upset Mother; he said he gave way to her often just because of her nervousness.

I remember hearing that once, when Mother broke a good dinner plate, she started to cry. Aunt Mame, whose kitchen overlooked ours across a small side yard, became aware of Mother's nervous anxiety and called through an open window, "Look, Mary, I can break a plate too!" and dashed one of her plates to the floor, shattering it.

With the Hurffs next door for the first ten years or so of my life, it was like having two families. I never had a babysitter. If my mother went out, she left me with Aunt Mame. My sandbox was under their tree. I learned to ride a bicycle in their big side yard.

But it was my father who told me stories; it was he who whetted my appetite for history; it was he who took me to games—football games, baseball games, basketball games--and who discussed them with me. I know now that his education was limited, but the best parts of it—stories of fact (his boyhood) and of fiction (Little Bobby)-- comforted me in my loneliness as an only child. He was my best friend in boyhood.

My mother grew in my esteem as she supported my career—reading my books, understanding my ambitions and furthering them. She became my reliance in my maturity. I wanted to make her proud of me.

But my father was my boyhood pal—I admired him then. And I still do.

THE DETTLINGS IN MY PAST

A Memoir for My Children and Grandchildren

by John A. Munroe
1993, with additions in 1996 and 1998

THE DETTLINGS IN MY PAST

There were two--at least two--strong women in my maternal ancestry. Both were German immigrants and unmarried when they arrived; both were married in Wilmington, Delaware, and to an Andrew Dettling--but not the same Andrew Dettling, for one married the father and one the son; and both became widows, almost penniless and with five young children, at the early death of their husbands.

I choose to start an account of my Dettling ancestry in reverse chronological order with the younger of these two women, my grandmother, born Sophia Julia Hanselmann. She was the only grandparent I ever saw; the others had died before I was born.

I did not know this grandmother very well, for she died February 2, 1925, when I was not yet eleven and her home in Wilmington had been fourteen blocks from my own. I do remember, perversely, her funeral because as the only grandchild I was made much of by the relatives and friends who came to the Dettling house at 507 West 22nd Street. I opened and shut doors, and I enjoyed the food that was put on the Dettlings' dining room table after the interment in Riverview Cemetery.

As I recall my grandmother, she seems an austere and some- what forbidding figure. "Kiss grandmother," my mother directed me when we were going to her house in Wilmington or to her summer home in Arden; "she may not look as though she likes it but she does." And I recall being taken upstairs to her bedside when she was stricken with the heart attack that led to her death.

I was born in March 1914[1] and my earliest memory of my grandmother dates from 1917 or 1918, during the first World War. I was accustomed to seeing Army trucks passing our house at 3031 Market Street; I used to stand on the curb and salute them as they went by. My father had taken me to town to see an airplane displayed on Court House Square (now Rodney Square) in connection with the sale of war bonds. I was well aware of the war and of who the enemy was. For this reason my mother cautioned me as

we were on our way to Arden one day, "Don't mention the war to Grandmother; it makes her sad to think about it. She has relatives (nephews) in the German army."

There probably was a jollier side to Grandmother, but it was repressed. In her last years her unmarried daughters, living at home, called her "Soph" (Sofe) in a chummy fashion. (Her name was usually written Sophie J. instead of the formal Sophia Julia.) And my father told me of teasing her, telling her, for instance, how something should be cooked or giving her gratuitous household hints, imaginatively fashioned despite ignorance of the subject. "Oh, you, Peter, you." she would cry, throwing up her hands in disbelief. (Once he did persuade her to cook a ham with the string in it--it was there for flavor, he said, and he may have believed it. The results were disastrous.)

When my father was courting my mother--he went with her for seven years, from the time she was seventeen, before they were married--Grandmother would interrupt them late at night, calling down from upstairs, "Peter, it's time you went home. Mary has to go to work tomorrow, and so do you."

I see my grandmother most clearly through a snapshot of her that my mother had enlarged. She stands partly behind a bush in her yard at Arden, a gray-haired, elderly woman (it astonishes me now when I am so much older to realize that she was only 62 when she died), of middle height, erect, fairly stout, to me the model of a German hausfrau.

I do not remember seeing her smiling or laughing, but I know she had had a hard life. She was born at Sindringen, in the kingdom of Württemberg, on June 7, 1862, the daughter of a carter, Johan Hanselmann, and his wife Barbara. Her parents owned a farm of about 100 acres and a house in the town, which had once been walled and lay in a hilly area beside the Kocher River.[2]

Sophie's mother died when the young woman was about fourteen, and her father some three years later. She then moved to Stuttgart, the capital of Württemberg, to live with a married sister, Kate Goetz. The oldest of her brothers acquired the house in town,

but from it or from the farm or both Sophie had a small inheritance, though it would not be hers to dispose of until she reached the age of maturity. The money became a bone of contention in the Goetz household, for her brother-in-law, a saloonkeeper with political aspirations, wanted control of it.[3]

Reluctant to yield control and eager to find an escape from this embarrassment, Sophie, in 1881, seized the opportunity offered her of accompanying acquaintances to America. The acquaintances were an older couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Adam Wagner, from Ober Ohrm, a town near Sindringen.[4] Newly-married, they were traveling to visit Mrs. Wagner's son from an earlier marriage, a man of approximately Sophie's age named Harry Schnepf, who had settled a few years earlier in Wilmington, Delaware. On their way to America the two Wagners and Sophie ran into an even greater adventure than they anticipated.

They sailed from Hamburg in northwest Germany on the Vandalia, of the Hamburg-America Line.[5] Three days out at sea disaster struck when the ship lost its screw propeller. ("Broke its shaft" are the words the New York Times used in reporting the accident on July 6.) Unable to make any headway, the Vandalia lay at the mercy of the waves and the wind, driven this way and that, for over three weeks. The ship was sighted on June 26, and two days later two tugs were sent out from the River Clyde but their first searches were unsuccessful. The captain of one tug, giving up the mission, reported that "he met a heavy westerly gale and thick weather"; even if he had found the ship he could not have towed her. Another tug was being sent out from Thurso on July 5, and the manager of the Hamburg-America line had gone to Glasgow, trying to get a large steamer to go out. The Admiralty had ordered a steamer then at Queenstown, in Ireland, to join the search.

Meanwhile on the Vandalia, affairs were becoming desperate. Food ran short, and fresh water was exhausted. The crew managed to distill some sea water, and finally after 22 days, they were sighted thirteen miles off the Hebridean island of Lewis by a

Scottish mailboat which towed her to within four miles of Stornoway, the island's chief port, and there tugs took the Vandalia in tow to Glasgow for repairs (New York Times, July 9, 1881). Eventually, whether on another ship or on the repaired Vandalia is not clear, the Wagners and Sophie Hanselmann reached New York, and then, by train, Wilmington.

I have heard that Mrs. Wagner had it in mind that Sophie--was her inheritance thought of?--would make a good wife for her bachelor son. But, as she had demonstrated in the Goetz household in Stuttgart, Sophie had a mind of her own. After staying briefly with the Wagners, Sophie moved to the home of the Rollers, a German family who had a bakery in the area referred to as "over Third Street Bridge" or South Wilmington. Healthy, industrious young German girls were in demand for housework, and before long Sophie moved to the home of the Liebermans, on West Street between Eighth and Ninth. The Liebermans, who owned a store at Sixth and Market, were one of the first prominent Jewish families in Wilmington.

Somehow, probably through Zion Lutheran Church, which was a rallying place for Protestant Germans in Wilmington, she made the acquaintance of young Andrew Dettling. On November 26, 1884, when Sophie was 22 and the groom was 25, they were married by Zion's pastor, Dr. Paul Isenschmid. A learned and respected man who was also a doctor, he was nevertheless commonly referred to as "Poppy " Isenschmid, without, so far as I know, any wish to be disrespectful.

* * * *

The marriage of Sophie brings this story to a point where I must introduce Wilhelmina Maier (or possibly Mayer) the second, the older, of the two strong women mentioned in my opening paragraph. The mother of the bridegroom had also, like Sophie, come to America as a single young woman from the south German kingdom of Württemberg. The daughter of Martin and Maria Margaretha Maier, she was born in 1836 in the village of Adelmannsfelden, a pleasant little community with two inns and

one church (Lutheran), set among the fertile rolling hills of the Hohenlohe, an area of Württemberg not far northwest of Aalen.

Dorothy and I visited Adelmannsfelden with our son Michael in the summer of 1969. We entered an inn and were hospitably greeted by the proprietor, who introduced his father-in-law (I think that was the relationship), a man who knew some English from having worked in Scotland. He made a point that only Scots and Germans could really pronounce the "ch" sound to each other's satisfaction. We visited the church, probably the one my ancestors had attended. Inquiring for family names, we received a response only when we mentioned Klaitz. Miss Klaitz would be glad to see us, we were assured, even though she was very old and not well. But at this moment, unfortunately, she would not be home, she was out berrying.

Why Wilhelmina Maier came to America is a mystery. She did come, however, at the age of eighteen, in 1854, with an uncle from either Dayton or Canton, Ohio, who had made out well in America and was visiting in Germany. He paid her passage, but she was to repay him later and intended to go west with him. However, on the ship she became friendly with a girl who was going to Philadelphia. This friend was met there by a relative and went into service in Bridgeton, New Jersey. To be near her, Wilhelmina took a job as a maid in Philadelphia and later came to Wilmington. Perhaps she came to Wilmington as a domestic servant, but her first job mentioned in family stories was in Stuck's bakery, which later became Staib's bakery, for after Mr. Stuck died his widow married Staib, who took over the business. Apparently this bakery served meals, for it is said that Wilhelmina met her future husband, Andreas Dettling, of Dettlingen, because he ate where she worked.

This would not have been necessary to their becoming acquainted, since the Germans in Wilmington, or at least the Lutheran Germans, largely immigrants, formed a community. Their language and their religion distinguished them from other Wilmington

residents, and by associating together they could enjoy the customs and the food and drink that had been part of their lives in the old world.

The Catholic German immigrants, of whom there were many in Wilmington, remained a separate group. They attended Sacred Heart Church, where the priests, regular not secular clergy, usually, perhaps always, spoke German.

* * * *

Andreas Dettling, my great-grandfather, actually came from a Catholic background. He was born in the village of Dettlingen in 1827 or 1828. Dettlingen (the accent is on the middle syllable) was in the principality of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, a part of the Kingdom of Prussia. The village lies in beautiful hilly country on the eastern side of the Schwarzwald (the Black Forest), a low range of wooded hills that form the boundary between Baden and Württemburg.

Though politically united to Prussia, the people of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen (including the villagers of Dettlingen at the principality's western extremity), were not Prussians, but Swabians, for this area, like most of Württemburg, which almost entirely surrounds it, was part of the ancient Duchy of Swabia, home of the people the Romans called Suevi.

My old colleague Walther Kirchner, a native of Berlin, prepared me for my visit to my great-grandfather's town by explaining that Swabians are considered a jolly, backward sort--like American hillbillies, he said--worth a chuckle to more sophisticated Germans, but well-liked all the same.

"If people learn you are Swabian," he explained, "they'll smile. But don't be concerned, they'll like you. Now, I'm a Prussian. Nobody likes me."

These comments helped me when I got to Stuttgart, the capital of Württemburg, in 1962, during my first trip to Europe. A few doors from my hotel, a bookstore window was filled with copies of a book bearing a title that would otherwise have been cryptic to me. It was Die Schwaben Sind Auch Menschen (Swabians Are People Too).

One day earlier, when I visited Dettlingen, I had felt the force of Kirchner's comment about the backwardness of the Swabians. We arrived in Dettlingen at the end of a paved secondary road, seven miles off the main highway that ran through Horb. There were about thirty houses, a compost heap in the front of each one. To reach the inn or gasthaus we climbed to a second floor, the first apparently being used as a stable or workshop. We found the host to be a stout, clownish fellow whose trousers were held up by a string instead of a belt. He knew no English and his dialectic German was beyond my understanding. Fortunately a boy was there, presumably his son, not very clean, but intelligent and with some knowledge of English.

Through the boy we tried to place an order for some lunch, but all the proprietor had to offer was a string of wurst, so shriveled and unpalatable looking that we decided to pass it up and settle for some beer. This came in bottles with old-fashioned ceramic stoppers held on by wires and reusable.

Though the facades of the houses were decorated by window boxes with flowers, their possible attractiveness was spoiled by the utilitarian compost heaps, from which the residents, probably farmers all, could load their carts as they trudged out to their fields in the morning. I saw few people in my brief stop at Dettlingen, but later on the same trip when I visited Sindringen I saw people--practically all women--plodding beside their carts to and from their fields at noon time. Here beside the Kocher, on the other side of Stuttgart, the countryside was beautiful and hilly, as around Dettlingen, but the women were living in a socio-economic world that was at least a century behind the stylish urban mode of life in Stuttgart. I was very glad that two of my ancestors, Andreas Dettling and Sophie Hanselmann, had left these towns where they might have been very comfortable but where opportunities for advancement, particularly in any intellectual field, seemed very scant. (I had a similar feeling when I visited the Irish village that my father's family came from.)

It seems clear that Andreas Dettling began his travels in 1846, when he made his first entries in a "Wanderbuch" that I have inherited. According to a travel permit issued to him at Glatt in that year, he was then sixteen and a carpenter by trade. In 1846-1847 and again in 1850-1852 his Wanderbuch is stamped by authorities at many locations in Germany and Switzerland--at Zurich, St. Gallen, Konstanz, Sigmaringen, Friedrichshafen, and Winterthur, among those that can be read clearly. In 1853 he received a passport allowing him to travel across France to Havre to take ship to America.

Why he settled in Delaware is not known. From notes he made, it is clear he was in New York and at another time in Philadelphia and also in Schuylkill Haven, Pennsylvania. From May 1853 to March 1854 he recorded a series of payments for board and laundry to an M. Benson, probably in Wilmington. From April 30, 1853, to March 11, 1854, he records payments received from a Mr. Paullin. Soon he is keeping his notes in English, which he is struggling, apparently successfully, to learn. Through a number of pages he has written vocabulary lists, and on one page he copies the Lord's prayer in English.

His notes reveal that he was in Salem, New Jersey, at one time and that he worked for a while in Dover, Delaware. While in Dover he appeared before the prothonotary for Kent County on April 26, 1854, to register his intention of becoming an American citizen. He completed the citizenship process on September 14, 1858, when he appeared in Wilmington before Leonard Wales, clerk of the United States District Court. There Christian Knauch testified on Andreas's behalf that he had resided for at least one year in Delaware and for five years in the United States. Finding he was of good moral character and receiving his promise to support the Constitution of the United States, the Court issued the certificate of naturalization he sought.

By the time he became a citizen Andreas Dettling was a married man. I do not know the exact date of his marriage to Wilhelmina Maier, but their first child, my

grandfather, was born on March 24, 1859. There is no listing for Andreas in the 1859-1860 Wilmington city directory, but his name had appeared in the 1857 directory as a carpenter residing at the boarding house of Sarah Zourns, 42 Lombard Street. No directory is available for 1861, but the 1862-1863 directory lists Andreas (whom I shall henceforth call Andrew, as the directory does) as a carpenter working at 513 Orange Street but residing at East Seventh and King. In a few years his work address shifted to 200 Walnut Street and his home to Linden Street, near West Seventh, and then to 211 Walnut Street, where he was still living when he died in June 1871.

I have few hints of what my great-grandfather was like. I know that he had some social instincts, for he became a charter member of a new lodge of Odd Fellows, the Herrmann Lodge, when it was established in June 1859. (Scharf, II, 823.) Like the name of the lodge (for an ancient German hero), the names of the other seven charter members--Greiner, Keinley, Krouch, Rehfuss, and Pretzschner among them--reflect a Germanic connection. Obviously some Germans belonged to other older lodges, for in 1857 Jacob Stuck was listed in the directory as a high lodge official called the "sachem." The same Jacob Stuck, possibly the baker who employed Wilhelmina Maier, was vice-president of another German society, the Wilmington Saengerbund, and it is likely that Andrew Dettling jointed this group too. He seems also to have been a Mason, for the newspaper obituary for his widow declared that his Masonic brethren had come to her aid at his death. (Every Evening, June 25, 1900.)

His social life was probably enlivened through these years by the presence in Wilmington of two of his sisters, Theresa Spiegelhalter and Agnes Seiller. They were his witnesses in 1863 when he was granted exemption from the Civil War draft as a married man aged thirty-five or more.

I have no idea whether they preceded or followed Andrew to Wilmington. If the former, their presence probably explains his settling here. Apparently two more sisters of Andrew were in Wilmington, a Mrs. Meyer and a Mrs. Balling, but they were Catholic

and were not on close terms with the other sisters, who had, like Andrew, changed religion, as well as nationality, after leaving Dettlingen. (This is supposition. I am not sure of this family's religious background other than that Dettlingen was a Catholic village.)[6]

Mrs. Meyer had several children, at least two boys and one girl. The last was Lena Ritchie, who lived in Richardson Park and was a friend of my great-aunt Mary Hurff--and I think like her a member of St. Stephen's Lutheran Church. (I believe a cousin of mine, Matt Spiegelhalter, a bachelor, lived with her.) I have been told that Mrs. Balling also had several children, including three boys and a girl who taught piano. One of the boys became a house painter and had a son who worked as a printer at the Newark Post. The printer had two sons, Frank and William, graduates of Newark High School and the University of Delaware. I spoke to Frank Balling about his ancestry, but he knew nothing of a connection with either the Dettlings or the Catholic church. (But my mother felt quite sure about this relationship.)

The Spiegelhalters were close friends of older members of my family. Theresa Spiegelhalter had two sons, Andrew and William, and the former became my grandfather's bosom chum. I do not entirely understand my relationship to the Spiegelhalters. In some generation, possibly the first in America, there were two marriages; the children of one were my cousins, but the children of the other marriage were not. Andrew's children were, however, at least close family friends, and I was sent to the home of Andrew and Laura Spiegelhalter in the first block of East 13th Street when their grandson Bobby Watson was visiting. (His mother was their daughter Rose, who had married a storekeeper of Altoona, Pennsylvania.)

Their second daughter Laura was the secretary of my friend Alexander J. Taylor, Jr., at the Delaware School Foundation (a Pierre S. du Pont benevolence). Laura's brother Andrew, his wife Jenny (Chandler), and their daughter Jane once lived in an apartment on the second floor of my great-aunt's home at 3029 Market Street, next door

to the house where my family lived. Andrew eventually became president of the Pusey and Jones Company, where his father had worked in some modest capacity.

* * * *

Five children were born to the marriage of Andrew Dettling and Wilhelmina Maier. After my grandfather, Andrew Matthew Dettling, born March 24, 1859, the order of births is not clear to me, but probably Kate (Katharina Theresa) was next, then Mary (Maria Margaretha, my Aunt Mame) and Wilhelmina Fredericka, who died young (overburdened by her name, Aunt Mame once suggested to me). The youngest child, Charles Martin, owed his first name to his sister Mary; it was not a family name, but she thought it pretty and its adoption indicates the degree to which the family was becoming American.

In 1871, when he was slightly more than forty, my great-grandfather died, leaving a widow with five young children and few resources. Lodge brothers raffled off a piece of her furniture to give the forsaken family a nest egg. With the proceeds my great-grandmother set up a little store in her frame house at 211 Walnut Street.

In the little store my great-grandmother sold everything--everything, that is, that might yield a profit. Bread and kerosene and penny candy were among her goods, and in the family the store was called "Wanamaker's" because of the range of items she handled. Through hard work and through great economy my great-grandmother supported her family without recourse to outside assistance, and she saw to it that her two boys learned a trade, Andrew as a machinist and Charles as a draughtsman. Mary, the daughter who stayed home and helped with the store, was sent to Newark, New Jersey, to learn to make large funeral sprays--"Gates Ajar " was a favorite, she told me. I believe she also studied millinery, in a day when women's hats were elaborately decorated.

Every day great-grandmother was up at 4 a.m. to meet the bread man and the milk man. At ten she stopped work for a glass of beer and a sandwich. Feldmeier's saloon across the street was the source of the beer. A child (my mother at one time) would be

dispatched to Feldmeier's (to a side door, not into the saloon proper) with ten cents and a pail. This was called "rushing the duck" and ten cents purchased enough beer not just for my great-grandmother but for any friend who might stop by. If there was no child available to get the beer--as would be true in winter when the children were in school--my great-grandmother had coffee with her sandwich.

It is worth noting that in the Dettling family beer was regarded as a rather ordinary comestible. Not so whiskey or other strong liquor. These women would not touch it. Late in her life my mother scolded me for cashing a check of hers in a liquor store. And a family adage declared that money made in the liquor business did no one any good.

Among the many stories I heard of my great-grandmother's frugality is a tale my mother told of an unwise purchase (as a bargain) of a lot of little candy men. They did not sell, so until they were used up, the family had to substitute them for sugar in their coffee or tea.

Back in Germany, Wilhelmina had left two brothers and a sister. When her father died is not clear, but at one point she wrote her mother to request a photograph. The mother walked twelve miles to Ulm to have a likeness taken. Wilhelmina treasured it, keeping it in a small room between her store and her kitchen. One day she took up this tintype to show it to a neighbor. It looked dusty, so she wiped it off, and with the dust the likeness disappeared too, for steam had softened it.

Life in America was sufficiently good to Wilhelmina that she encouraged her sister, Dorothea, to come join her in this country, and to bring her family. By a strange coincidence, Dorothea, whose married name was Klaitz was also a widow with five children. (By a further coincidence, the same fate of widowhood with five children was later to beset Wilhelmina's daughter-in-law, Sophie Dettling, and her niece Katharine Krapf).

Having been forced by her situation to work in the fields, Dorothea was amenable to persuasion and, despite her mother's worried attempts to dissuade her, undertook the long voyage with her children: Katharine (aged 16), Frederick (15), Bernard, George, and Jacob.

Following their departure, Dorothea's mother looked each day in the mail for word of the travelers, fearing some dreadful accident. Finally the postman delivered a letter from America announcing their safe arrival. The 82-year-old woman (my great-great-grandmother) read it with such a spasm of relief that she cried out "Thank God!" and fell over dead.

The Kleitz voyage must have occurred shortly before 1883 because in that year Dorothea's name (shortened to Dora) appears in the Wilmington directory. Wilhelmina met the immigrants in New York to guide them to their new home. The Dettling children were excited, as Aunt Mame told me, at the prospect of meeting these cousins and sat on their front steps awaiting the arrival. The newcomers were heard before they were seen because they came down the street (Walnut) from the depot with pots and pans rattling at their waists and carrying feather beds--five children preceded by their mother and their aunt. A house had been rented for them by Wilhelmina. It was in Spring Alley, around the corner from the Dettling home at 211 Walnut, and here they were installed after the jubilation of the sisters' reunion and the children's becoming acquainted.

There were many tales told in my youth about the experiences of the young Kleitzes, but the only one I recall clearly is the amusement of the Dettling children when George and Bernard read a sign for what these German children called "ikey kreem," which was how they pronounced “ice cream." Work was ready for Dorothea--probably washing and ironing--and very soon the oldest boy, Fred, was working as a morocco dresser in one of Wilmington's many morocco leather shops. Eventually Fred became a saloonkeeper, partner of a man named Spoerle, in an establishment my father knew as "Dutch Joe's." Bernard and George became very successful wholesale jewelers (with a

retail business also) at Sixth and Market. Jake worked for the railroad, but died so early that I do not remember him, though I remember his widow and daughter, Fanny and Bernice, who owned an apartment house, still standing, at 23rd and Washington. Katharine married a man named Krapf. By the time I knew her she was a widow with five children, all grown, however--four boys and one girl. An exceptionally fine person, she taught a Bible class that my mother eventually took over.

The only one of this generation ever to return to Germany was Fred Kleitz. It was probably in the 1920s that he made the trip, with Dr. and Mrs. Kleinstuber, friends of the family and also from Wilmington. Leaving his companions in order to visit Adelmannsfelden, Fred sought out his old schoolmates and was surprised to find them fag-toothed, senile old men. They looked to him for a treat, so he gave a party for the whole village, with free beer, wurst, etc., for all. There were two taverns in the town, and consequently at an appointed hour the first was closed and the party moved to the second -- to divide the business.

Fred went to the school he had attended and found his seat with his name carved on it. He hired a photographer to come out from Ulm and take pictures of the Maier house, the Kleitz home, and the church. When some of Fred's relatives later sent him a picture of themselves they had posed for it against the side of the stone poor house because it was such an elegant building. Several of his old chums wanted Fred to bring them to America, where they expected to find gold in the streets.

In my boyhood I often heard the descendants of Wilhelmina Dettling and Dorothea Kleitz (the two Maier sisters) referred to as the "Maier Stamm" - "stamm" meaning "stock" and referring to certain inherited features, whether of form or of mind. In addition to these families, the Adelmanns - Felden group in this vicinity included Julius Hoffmann, the Hutts in Philadelphia, Julie Mayer Dottling, her two sisters and two brothers (Ernst de Vetter and Bernhard). To me they are only names.

* * * *

As the Dettling children grew up the only one to marry early, aside from my grandfather, was his sister Kate. Her husband, Maris Vandever, came from what may have been the oldest family of European descent in Delaware. Vandever Avenue in Wilmington is named for the family, who once owned an island in the Brandywine, toward which the avenue ran. By Maris's time, however, they were humble farming folk, who lived near Center Friends Meeting, of which they may have been members. He worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

I remember Kate, my great-aunt, as enormously fat, but since I was a little boy when I knew her, I may have exaggerated her size. Her sister, Aunt Mame, said Kate was very jolly and carefree, qualities that may not have helped her strive with the adversity that met her when her husband died, leaving her with six children. It seemed to me when I visited the Vandevers as a young boy that they lived in poor circumstances, in a row house in a crowded, bleak area of Philadelphia. Probably the house was better than my great-grandmother's at 211 Walnut (which had no indoor plumbing), but I never knew this Wilmington house, and I must have heard my mother and Aunt Mame deplore the situation of the Vandevers.[7]

Either Helen or Anna was the oldest of Aunt Kate's daughters. Anna, who was very nice to me when I was a little boy, married a man named Earnest, a man who deserted her after they had three children. Anna died at about this time, and her children had to be sent to the Lutheran orphans' home in Germantown.[8] I suppose Aunt Kate had already died. Anna's sister Helen married a good, responsible man named Albert Harrison. They had three children and lived in a very nice section of Frankford in northeastern Philadelphia, but they seemed to have little contact with the rest of Helen's siblings. I seem to remember family whisperings to the effect that Helen wanted to get away from the poverty in which she was reared.[9]

A third Vandever sister, Katie, was very unprepossessing. She married a man named White. They both died after begetting several children. I know only of two girls,

who like Anna's children were reared in an orphans' home, a Catholic home since Mr. White was a Catholic. I never saw the White children, though I know my mother kept in touch with them.[10] They were younger than Anna's children, whom I did see often, partly because mother's church and its members had a connection through the Lutheran Ministerium with the Germantown home. Indeed, my cousin Fred Krapf (son of Katharine Kleitz Krapf) was once president of its board of trustees.

I remember the youngest of the Vandever girls very well. Her name was Mildred, and she worked for Smith, Kline, and French, a pharmaceutical company. I think she kept the family together as best she could, though she was young, not far from my age. Eventually she too married, her husband being a man named John Vermeulen, who was a structural steel worker on large projects like bridges. They moved to California, where he worked on bridges in the San Francisco Bay area. I saw them last in 1952 when they came to visit Dorothy and me in a motel in El Cerrito, where we were staying as we traveled up the coast--bringing presents with them. Mildred, with whom I once exchanged stamps, both being interested in stamp collecting, had married rather late and had no children. I believe her husband was considerably older than she.

I knew the older of Mildred's brothers, Maris, Jr., who often visited Aunt Mame. He seemed a rather ineffectual man who worked at the Masonic temple in Philadelphia in some clerical capacity, but he did show a real interest in his sister Anna's children, visiting them regularly at the Lutheran home. His brother Charles, probably the youngest of the Vandever children was completely unknown to me; I believe he kept out of sight through shyness when we visited. After he married, however, he and his wife, whose name was Grace, did see my parents regularly. My mother said his wife was the making of him, bringing him out of his shyness, I expect, though she also had him change the spelling of his name to Van De Vere. After my mother's death and burial, when I examined the book signed by those attending the funeral or the undertaker's viewing, I saw that Charles had been present, which meant a considerable journey by train and

street transportation from Philadelphia (unless he had a car), but he never introduced himself to me.

With two sets of grandchildren reared in orphanages, what went wrong with Kate Dettling Vandever's marriage? Did her husband drink, I asked my mother. No, I was told, nor gamble either. The problem was primarily an inability to handle money, a failure to be able to cope with the adversities of life, magnified by the expense of a large family. Everybody liked Kate, but perhaps she was more like my grandfather than like the sterner women in my family.

* * * *

I fear that my grandfather displayed little of his mother's frugality. Her store did well. Flourished would be too strong a word, but the economy was great and savings were inevitable. She may have lost the ownership of 211 Walnut Street after her husband's death, but if so, she soon bought it back, and eventually she also bought the three-story brick house next door at 209 Walnut Street. She intended to move into it, but she died first, in 1900. However, she was laid out in the new house and her funeral was conducted from there.

The store business, at first listed in the city directories as "varieties," became "notions" in 1881, and soon the listing changed to "groceries." Aunt Mame assisted her mother with the store, but gave it up when her mother died. With her husband, Harry Hurff, of whom more later, she moved into the new house briefly, staying there for a year or so until Uncle Harry bought an old farm house at 3029 Market Street, on the north end of Wilmington.

In 1885, a year after Sophie Hanselmann and Andrew Dettling were married, they bought a two-story brick house at 302 Lombard Street, a house with indoor plumbing, a luxury that Wilhelmina's house at 211 Walnut did not have. There was a $500 Wilmington Savings Fund Society mortgage on the house, which was undoubtedly bought with Sophie's inheritance. In the following thirteen years of his marriage,

Andrew never paid off a cent of the mortgage. Worse than that, he let his insurance lapse, so there was nothing for his family when he died in 1898, at the age of 39.

Andrew had lived well, in the manner of a young German-American artisan of the late nineteenth century. He went out many nights by himself, my mother told me. Sometimes it was to a lodge, as to Delaware Tribe No. 1 of the Improved Order of Red Men, of which he was "keeper of wampum" (treasurer, I suppose) in 1887 {Scharf, 824}. He also belonged to the Saengerbund, and my mother remembered him as singing "The Bulldog on the Bank and the Bullfrog in the Pool." I have seen his name on several social committees in connection with events at German-American Hall. On some evenings he brought cronies home, Andy Spiegelhalter, perhaps, or one of the Springers.

My grandfather was a sport. He made twenty-five dollars a week and spent it. Probably he was a good machinist; certainly he was regularly employed. According to city directories he worked either for George W. Baker or for John G. Baker from at least 1881 to 1895, when he founded his own business, A. M. Dettling and Company, in partnership with George A. Henry. Their machine shop was at 418 West Front Street, though it may have moved to another West Front Street address if the 1897 directory is correct. But apparently the business failed. At any rate, in 1898, the last year of his life, he is listed as foreman with F. F. Slocomb and Company.

In the fourteen years of his marriage, five children had been born: Wilhelmina Rosa, on January 15, 1886; Mary Frieda (my mother), on April 18, 1887; Katharine Sophia, on January 18, 1890; Andrew, April 13, 1892; and Pauline, November 16, 1897.

At his death in 1898, an old story repeated itself: a Dettling widow was left with five young children and no resources beyond the mortgaged house bought with her inheritance. Like her mother-in-law, Sophie proved equal to the daunting task of raising a family of five children, in age from twelve to less than one. She took in washing and ironing for single men and she rented out a room for three dollars a week. In the evening she had the whole family (those who were big enough) sit around the table and string tags

on goods, either price tags or shipping tags. Some of the children would be sent out with Andy's wagon to bring the tags home in boxes. Then Sophie would gather the children around the table where they would put a string through the hole in each tag.

She made all the clothes for her children and frowned at any idea of accepting charity. Her mother-in-law would sometimes send such goods as apples and moldy cheese. Mrs. Rosa Yetter, who had a bakery and was my grandmother's close friend, would save unsold bread and load up the children with it every Sunday. Mr. Stafford, the milkman, would give an extra measure of milk for the money. Grandmother saw to it that they always had plenty of eggs and milk, as well as Mrs. Yetter's bread. They had soup every day and French toast (using up the bread and eggs) so often that my mother never made it after she had her own home. Stale cream puffs were a treat. When the milk got old it was used to make cottage cheese. Soap was also made at home for laundry use.

My mother explained to me once that she had to learn to cook after she was married. Before, they were too poor to permit experimenting by the children.

Once grandmother learned that the women of Zion Church planned to give her a "pound party." Each person would bring a pound of something and also some cake to eat, making the affair a party. Grandmother was not pleased. "No charity." She said she wouldn't let the women enter her house on such an errand. Her minister did succeed in persuading her to accept ten dollars (a large sum then) from Mrs. Stoeckle, wife of the brewer who was the richest member of her church.

My grandmother felt to some degree that her mother-in-law, Wilhelmina, did not show the interest she might have in the welfare of her grandchildren. Perhaps, my mother thought, there was a little jealousy because Sophie's house was better than Wilhelmina's. Hardship had probably hardened Wilhelmina, as, indeed, it seemed to harden Grandmother so that when I was a boy I found her a rather distant person.

The two older children, Mena and Mary, spent a lot of time at their grandmother's, especially after their father died. They were not being entertained, however; they were useful workers in the store. They were fed and housed during the week (they returned on Saturday evening to go to Sunday school the next morning), but they were not clothed. My mother, at twelve, received five cents a week as pay for her work, but the money was not hers to spend; it went into a little bank to be used for new stockings. Her grandmother kept the key to the bank.

After her father died, my mother would go to her grandmother's every Monday after school. She was delivery boy, clerk, and general household drudge--helping with the preparation of sauerkraut, for instance. Every one of one thousand heads of cabbage that were put up each fall had to be cored and trimmed. Her grandmother also made ketchup, chow chow, peppersauce, and preserves of all kinds. Something--apple butter, perhaps--was always on the stove, with pickled fish in the oven.

There was no running water inside the house. All water had to be brought from a pump in the yard, which often had to be thawed out in winter. The wash was done by hand on a washboard in galvanized tubs. I depend for these stories on a reminiscence my mother wrote. No wonder, she writes, that under such conditions she sometimes helped herself to penny candies, even though she would have been punished severely if she had been caught. During those years, however, she established a close relationship with the aunt for whom she was named, Aunt Mame, who helped with the store to the time of Wilhelmina's death. Aunt Mame told me once that she and my mother had never quarreled, and her friendship for my mother occasioned some jealousy in the family--understandable on the part of Sophie, concerned for all of her children.

* * * *

It broke Sophie's heart when she had to require her two oldest children to leave school at the end of the eighth grade and go to work in a textile mill to help support the family. First Mena (Wilhelmina) went to work and then my mother (Mary). (Perhaps

Katie did briefly, too.) They called themselves Vassar girls as a joke, either because it was the Vassar mill where they worked or perhaps some product bore the name Vassar.

Here each of them suffered a hand injury. Apparently the fingers of these young fourteen-year-old girls caught in some lace that they were feeding to stitching machines. The lace pulled their hands into the machines and the damage was done before the machines could be turned off. Mena and Mary bore the scars of their industrial accidents to the grave. There were no workmen's compensation laws at that time.

But Sophie Dettling did not intend that her daughters would remain mill workers. Almost immediately they began attending night school, a private business school run by a man named Beacom. (Eventually it became part of Goldey-Beacom College.) As soon as possible they left the mill and took clerical jobs. Mena went to the Topkis clothing and dry goods store in the 400 block on Market Street, later the site of the Wilmington Dry Goods store. (The Topkises also were in the textile manufacturing business and were owners of several movie theaters.) Mena was soon promoted to the job of top bookkeeper. Mary became secretary to the leading plumbing firm in Wilmington, operated by John Bryson.

Katie became secretary to the Star Publishing Company, publishers of a weekly newspaper, the Sunday Star. In my boyhood this paper carried her name on its masthead as secretary-treasurer, but she had long left employment at the Star (after a nervous breakdown probably induced by an unrequited passion for the president of the firm) and had joined Mena as an employee of Topkis's store. While Mena was apparently good with figures, Katie enjoyed contact with customers and became head of the children's department. I recall one vision from those early Topkis days--of seeing a girls' baseball team, the Topkis Bloomer Girls, playing on the Arden green.

Eventually, with help from relatives, including Aunt Mame, Katie started a children's store of her own on King Street, the Jack and Jill Tog Shop. My mother, who loved to sell, helped in the store at busy times, such as Saturday nights and "dollar days"

(sale days). The store was a great success as long as Katie remained interested. She had many good ideas. There was a cute drawing of Jack and Jill with a pail of water that was the store's logo. An arrangement with the Kleitz jewelry store allowed Aunt Katie to send a letter to every new mother (from the "births" column in the daily paper) offering a coupon if she stopped at the store that would entitle her to pick up a small pin for which my aunt paid a small wholesale price. This acquainted new mothers with Aunt Katie's store and with Kleitz's.

After a brief period on the east side of King Street two doors below Eighth, a location that was soon taken over by a larger enterprise, the Jack and Jill Tog Shop relocated on the west side of King near Ninth, in back of the Wilmington Savings Fund Society. Next door was The Corset Shop, run by a Mrs. Cannon, the mother of Roxanna Arsht and of Dr. Norman Cannon. When I was a boy, before my high school years, the store was my headquarters in downtown Wilmington. I would ride my bike to town, park it inside the store in the back, and be free to wander on Market Street, to go to the movies or do some shopping. I liked to go into variety chain stores like Kresge's and Neissner's and go through the racks of sheet music. I would ask the clerk to play several pieces for me and then make a purchase--30 cents a piece for most sheet music, but 35 cents for show tunes. This was the beginning of a collection I later gave to the University of Delaware library, after selling some pieces. Occasionally I bought a New York or Philadelphia newspaper to check carefully over the announcement of ship movements, for I had a passion for ocean shipping and knew the names and routes of most of the ships sailing regular schedules in the North Atlantic--like the Cunard Line, the Red Star Line, the North German Lloyd, etc.

When my mother worked at the store on Saturday nights I would come to town with my father and we would go to the movies. His main recreation was to stand on a Market Street corner and talk with old friends. One favorite corner was on the southeast of the intersection of Seventh and Market. His greatest pal seemed to be Jimmy Dugan,

then occupied as a bookmaker, which sounds like an unsavory occupation and was certainly illegal. But Mr. Dugan, who had learned his trade as a moulder, was a naturally refined, soft-spoken man who did not drink. He and my father would sometimes go to Govatos's for an ice cream soda--but these were times when I was not there, for when I was, Dad was attending to me and I did not like to wait long while he talked.

Aunt Katie in those days became very active in the Business and Professional Women's Club and in the National Woman's Party, groups that Aunt Pauline also joined. Through them I became acquainted with a remarkable and distinguished woman, Florence Bayard (Mrs. William) Hilles, the daughter of U. S. Secretary of State Thomas F. Bayard. Aunt Katie once went with Mrs. Hilles by automobile to a convention in Des Moines.

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With three daughters proving reliable breadwinners, the financial status of the Dettlings improved notably. The mortgage on the 302 Lombard Street house was completely paid off by 1906, eight years after my grandfather's death, and when the oldest children were only twenty and nineteen. In about eight more years the Dettlings had sold this house to buy another in the more upscale area at 507 West 22nd Street in the developing Washington Heights section, near the Baynard Boulevard.[11] Because Sophie developed a heart problem and in order to avoid the heat of the city, the Dettlings began to rent places for the summer--one-story houses in the hilly region north of Wilmington, first in Montrose or Gordon Heights and then in Arden.

I remember two rented houses in Arden, one on the lane that led to the pool and one on Miller Road, next to a family named Weiss, with whom the Dettlings became very friendly. (Madeleine Weiss married Percy Cole--a chemist and the first Ph.D. that I ever met, son of a famous wood engraver, Timothy Cole. Her sister, Angela Weiss, a linguist, was interviewed by Dean Robinson for a position at the Women's College in my

grandmother's house on West 22nd Street.) Finally the Dettlings bought a house at the corner of Little Lane and Miller Road which they kept long after my grandmother died.

The attraction of Arden was not only that the house was of one story, easier on Sophie's heart, but also it reminded her of her native region of Germany, I was told, because the residents planted not only flowers but also vegetables in their yards. My father, who was then working five and a half days a week, hated to go there over Saturday night because Sophie put him to work in the garden, for he was the only male in the family aside from Andy.

Nobody got much work out of Andy. As the only boy in the family, he was spoiled. He could have stayed in school through high school, but he played "hooky." When Sophie found that he was missing classes she arranged for him to learn a trade through an apprenticeship at Slocomb's machine shop, where his father had been working when he died. (And where my son Michael tells me he was once offered a job three quarters of a century later.) Sophie felt Andy must not be allowed to become a "rummy" like some other boys in the neighborhood--such as the Le Capentiers.

Andy completed his apprenticeship, but he did not persevere with his trade. He found it easy to loaf at the Democratic League. His sisters made things easy for him. My mother, for instance, did his laundry. After the West 22nd Street house was sold (in about 1933) Andy lived in the Arden house in the summer and with us in the winter. He became a bartender at the club and eventually its steward. (During Prohibition the Democratic League, like most clubs, did a thriving business providing its members with illicit liquor. Once it was raided by government agents, but Andy managed to get rid of the liquor before it could be seized.)

Andy might have been spoiled and lazy, but he was not wild. He saved his money with passion. His drink was beer, and while he overindulged I never saw him drunk, nor did I ever hear him talk rough or tell a dirty story. Eventually he married--to Frances Buckley--but that was after I married. They had a nice home, as would be

expected, for Frances had a responsible job in the office of the recorder of deeds. She was a very active Democrat and procured for my wife an appointment one year to a polling place in Newark.

Pauline, the youngest of the Dettlings, was the one with whom I had the most in common. She was much more feisty than I. By the time she grew up, circumstances were greatly improved in the Dettling household with two girls working. She was graduated from Wilmington High School in 1916 and wanted to enter the Women's College in Newark, which had opened only two years earlier. There was money accumulated to see her through a year or two, for she had a small inheritance from the estate of her grandmother, who died when she was two years old. However, Aunt Mame, as executor of the estate, had control of the money, and refused to relinquish it to Pauline until she came of age.

Girls did not need to go to college, Aunt Mame said. Knowing Pauline, I am sure she was not diplomatic in the least when faced with Aunt Mame's prejudice against advanced education for women. She took night school courses and became a secretary in the Du Pont Company. When she finally received her allowance, she spent it in a week, all to spite Aunt Mame.

My father told me of a difference he observed between Katie and Pauline when he was courting my mother. When Katie came home late and her mother was angry, Katie soon sweet-talked the anger out of her, telling stories about the evening's events. When Pauline came in late and her mother was angry, they clashed and a battle royal--of words--ensued, for Pauline would not give an inch and refused to ask forgiveness. (She was, of course, more than seven years younger than Katie, so there was more reason for her mother's concern.)

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My father started courting my mother when she was little more than seventeen. They met at a dance that followed a straw ride to the village of Christiana (pronounced

Christeen). They were thrown together as the only two who knew the dance step that led the opening procession. (I used to know the building where they danced, a ramshackle one by my day, on the street across from the old Presbyterian church.) My mother was not allowed to attend dances alone; at least two sisters must go together. So she was accompanied by either Mena or Katie on such outings.

The courtship was a long one, and a very happy one as my father recalled it. He loved to dance, and so did my mother, and he said she was very good. (She did not talk of such things.)

And she was very pretty, he said. And very jolly. When she heard him talk like this, she would just wave a hand dismissively. Or say something like, "Let him go on." She didn't like bragging about dancing ability or anything else. She would use a German phrase that means "Self-praise smells," "Eingelob stinckt." She knew household German from her mother and her grandmother, and church German from the fact that her Sunday school, including catechetical classes, had been conducted in German at Zion Lutheran Church.

Probably the fact that my father was Catholic accounted for the long courtship, though I never heard any of the Dettlings, not even the super-religious Mena, say anything negative about my father's faith. But he had a responsibility at his home during most of these years, for his father was ailing and he was the only other man in the house. All of the emphasis that I heard, however, was on the matter of saving money. He had none when my mother and he met and became close enough that she examined into his resources. He had no bank account whatever. This would not do. They could not marry, my mother decreed, until they had saved enough to buy a house.

And save they did. My father dutifully put some of each week's pay--which was little enough, I'm sure--into the bank. Knowing my mother, I wouldn't be surprised if she kept his bank book (as she did after their marriage). In time as the savings grew, it was arranged that Aunt Mame's husband, Harry Hurff, who dealt in real estate, would build

them a house in his side yard on Market Street. They would pay for it, of course, but he would hold a mortgage. So they were married--by a Catholic priest (she had no instruction, my mother said) on Thanksgiving eve in 1912, the date chosen so that they could take a week-end honeymoon trip to New York, without my father losing a day from work. He got no vacation at all until long years later, and I never remember his taking a day off from work unless he was very sick.

I was born in the new house, with the help of old Dr. Springer (so he was called), on March 15, 1914. On the north side, our house adjoined a similar house that my great-uncle built as a speculation. He employed no architect. He just had his builders follow plans that he liked on other new houses being built in what was called the Ninth Ward. On the south side, across an alley, was the large frame house where Uncle Harry and Aunt Mame lived, as did her brother Charlie.

These relatives, a great-aunt and two great-uncles, were of the greatest importance in my early life. Indeed Aunt Mame was a figure of importance until I was thirty-three, for she lived to 1947, long enough to start a bank account for my son Stephen. And her significance extended beyond her death. My mother was her sole heir, and I was my mother's (after my father's death), and so Aunt Mame's and Uncle Harry's care in managing their resources has eased my financial path and that of my children.

But Aunt Mame's influence was much more than a matter of money. She was my mother's--and my father's--highly respected elder counsellor in many matters. She was the only baby-sitter I ever had. When I was small my parents did not go out at night unless they took me with them. (Inasmuch as my father had to get up at 5 in the morning, as my mother did too, there was little temptation except on Saturday night or the rare holiday.) My mother did sometimes need to go out in the day, and then I was left next door with Aunt Mame. I recall her amusing me at the piano. She could not play, but I didn't know it. She would one-finger the melody of "My Darling Nelly Gray" or "Old Dog Tray" to my delight.

There was no fence between the two houses, so with a sandbox under a front maple tree I had the run of both lawns. Ours was small, but Uncle Harry's was large. He owned more than a double lot, all the way to the corner of 30th and Market. Uncle Charlie, who was a grouch when sober, cautioned me about letting other children run over the lawn. He'd give me money--as much as five dollars when he was drinking--which my mother would take at once and put in my bank account. One of these relatives would give me money for every "A" on my report card--a dollar, I believe--which also went in the bank.

Though Aunt Mame was the great and lasting influence on me, both Uncle Harry and Uncle Charlie deserve attention. Harry Hurff was a New Jersey native, from the family for whom the village of Hurffville is named. Left an orphan, he was reared by a great-uncle and great-aunt, parents of a Mrs. Lizzie Comly, who once lived on a farm up the road east of Cooch's Bridge and Dayett's Mill (possibly at the corner where Route 72 crosses this road today). I knew her as Aunt Lizzie, which is what Aunt Mame called her, for she was Harry's aunt though roughly of the same age. Visiting her farm is my one memory of a farm in my boyhood, but her husband must have died early, for she was a widow living in the city when I remember her best. She had a daughter, Elsie, who was apparently also a widow, and Elsie had a daughter Elinor, a bit younger than I was. They visited the Hurffs often, and though Elsie and Elinor seemed cyphers, Aunt Lizzie was a very pleasant, kind old lady.

Uncle Harry had little education but he was a very canny businessman. His name first appears in the city directory--in 1883-1884 and again in 1885--as a tinsmith, but I know nothing of this phase of his career. In 1890 he is listed as a dealer in milk, which means, I suppose, that he had a milk route, very likely supplying stores like Wilhelmina's. By 1897 he had shifted his business to oil, which means coal oil. Coal oil was sold in grocery stores, like the Dettling store, and it was in connection with this business that he became acquainted with Mary Dettling, my Aunt Mame.

Harry Hurff had been married earlier (possibly to a Brittingham), but his wife had died after a short marriage. I suppose Aunt Mame was no beauty; she always disliked her pictures. But she had been far too careful to enter any foolish marriage, though I understand her nieces, most likely Katie and Pauline (certainly not my mother or Mena) had spoken of her as an old maid, which hurt her. Her marriage to Harry Hurff, who was two years the younger, proved a very happy one. It took place shortly before her mother died in 1900. Aunt Mame and Uncle Harry at first occupied the house Wilhelmina had bought at 209 Walnut Street and had been renting out with the intention of eventually moving into it.

Harry immediately started looking for another property in a less congested part of the city. His choice fell on an old frame house on Market Street between 30th and 31st. It had a large yard comprising most of the block on the west side, across from Watson's body shop, where bodies were built for delivery trucks, like milk wagons, most of them horse drawn in my boyhood. The street number for the house in the 1901 directory was 3033, but the numbers were rearranged after our house was built next door and I knew Aunt Mame's house as 3029. It was still a strangely high number, since there were no structures between it and 30th Street, where the numbering presumably began. None, that is, except Uncle Harry's barn or stable, where he kept a horse and carriage. I am told I fed the horse, but I do not remember anything in the way of transportation before a series of Franklin air-cooled cars that he finally kept in a garage he built off the kitchen of his house on the south side.

My mother and father were entertained here a lot before they were married. Uncle Harry and Aunt Mame both appreciated having younger people about, and, as I have said, Aunt Mame and my mother always got along together very well.

Meeting Aunt Mame's expectations was important for me as I grew up. I was so young when my grandmother died that Aunt Mame became the surrogate grandmother

for me, the elder statesman of the family. Even my father kow-towed quite willingly to Aunt Mame.

Aunt Mame supported my mother in all her endeavors, though she took pains not to interfere with my mother's control of me. My mother was very nervous and high strung when I was young, so much so that I was a little afraid of her. Aunt Mame would help in strategic ways. My father told me that my mother was about to break down in crying when she broke a valued plate (and any plate she had in those days of scrimping and saving was valued). In summer, when windows were open Aunt Mame heard her across the alley between the houses and promptly dropped one of her plates on the floor, calling over, "See, Mary, I can break a plate too."

Uncle Charlie was a disagreeable little man unless he was drinking, when he became very jolly. I have a photo of him at his club, the Idle Hour, on the Delaware above Wilmington. He is dressed as a woman for a mock wedding. This was all great sport for the members, largely German-Americans, and I'm sure Uncle Harry, very sober and reserved, enjoyed it when he and Aunt Mame, maybe with my parents and me, attended the club on a weekend. But Aunt Mame always had the fear that Charlie would go too far, that he would be lured into drinking in a saloon or speakeasy until he was sick or all the money he had was gone. On rare occasions he disappeared for several days--after he had retired, I suppose. He did retire early because his work (he was a draughtsman) was moved to Buffalo. Aunt Mame would have been scared to let him go there alone--and he would not consider going without her approval and encouragement.

In those later years she encouraged him to have beer in the house so he would not go out and begin drinking hard liquor. On the occasions when he did go on a binge, she phoned all over to find him, summoning the aid of her friends and his, threatening illicit liquor dealers (during Prohibition) who might be taking advantage of him. Once he was delivered to her doorstep prone from a taxi. She was terribly ashamed and she berated

him and, I think, smacked him. He would take such treatment from her, knowing he brought it on himself. I recall that once he had to be hospitalized with delirium tremens.

Uncle Harry invested Charlie's money, especially liking mortgages, which would bring him income but could not be cashed in. When my mother moved our family to a house on 607 West 20th Street after the Market Street area became commercialized, Uncle Charlie took a mortgage on our new house that Aunt Mame asked her never to pay off--it would revert to mother when Charlie died, as it did, but it would be dangerous for him to have ready money.

I think Charlie had a terrific inferiority complex which he could overcome only with a few drinks. He lived all his life under his sister's protection and respected her intelligence and sagacity. I should not neglect to note that Uncle Charlie gladly gave me blood in a series of person-to-person transfusions when I was eighteen. If I recall correctly, he enjoyed the fact that he was given a shot of liquor after a transfusion. (But this was in 1932, when Prohibition was still the law, so could the story be true?) The important point I want to make is that despite my picture of him as a grouch, Uncle Charlie had a high sense of family responsibility.

After Uncle Harry died in 1933, Charlie was Aunt Mame's only companion. She (and Uncle Harry till he died) tried to keep Charlie busy with projects around the house. He was an excellent, very careful workman with wood. His tools were a model of order, and his cellar workbench very neat. But he was crabby, and when Aunt Mame's lady friends, like Lene Hamann, called, Charlie went off to his room.

But when Charlie went blind in about 1944, the result of past excesses, I suppose, his demeanor changed. He became exceedingly agreeable. He boasted of how well he could get around the house without help; he enjoyed Aunt Mame's company; he was at last a comfort to her, a companion for her old age. Her protectiveness toward him continued. "Imagine," she said to me one day, "Charlie is now seventy!" I wasn't surprised, but I recognized that she always thought of him as a youth.

Charlie never married, nor did he ever go around with women so far as I knew. My father said he once had a girl who was an Irish Catholic, and that Aunt Mame and Uncle Harry had disapproved, which had spoiled the relationship. My father regarded this as a sad outcome, but my father was a romantic and probably built much more into the affair than was warranted. His story did not decrease my father's respect for Aunt Mame and Uncle Harry, but it does indicate that he found some prejudice against Irish Catholics among the Protestants he was attached to by marriage.

Though an oil dealer when he married, Uncle Harry soon gave up his business for real estate, which he conducted from the Bayard Building at Ninth and Market, but only briefly before he moved the business to his home. He retired when hardly more than forty--obviously a lesson to me on how important it was to save. He still dealt in real estate, but only his own. He owned some rather poor houses on the east side and in the suburbs, renting them by the week to Negroes and immigrants. Weekly he made the collections himself as the only way to get his money. When his tenants could not pay he had them work out the debt by repairs to his properties. In time he gave these properties up and contented himself with mortgages and with active participation in the stock market. He spent his days in his last years at the brokerage offices of Laird, Bissell and Meeds in the Du Pont Building.

My mother sought to follow his path to financial success. After the mortgage on her first home at 3031 Market Street was paid off (I remember sitting at the kitchen table with my parents as they celebrated that event, and of being given a sip of port wine on the happy occasion), my mother had my father invest in a small house on Robinson Street on the east side. The tenant was a Polish immigrant and he had a hard time. My father was simply unable to collect the rent when it was due; he gave up trying and sold the house. Then a house two doors away on Market Street (3035) came up for sale. Friends named Jones lived in it, and my parents bought it. After Mr. Jones, who worked on the railroad, was killed in an industrial accident, his widow moved out. The next tenants had

no trouble making money--the man worked for Delmarva Power--but they lived hand to mouth and would spend it rapidly. They were decent people but they gradually got farther and farther back in their payments. My father took to going to their home on the man's pay day, hoping to get there before he and his wife had walked two blocks to a neighboring tap room.

* * * *

This adventure brings us into the period after repeal of Prohibition, by which time my parents had two more financial lessons. My mother had inherited a small amount of money when her mother died in 1925, and after I had finished the fifth grade at No. 23 School at 30th and Madison and gone on to No. 24 School on Washington Street across the bridge from the Ninth Ward, she began to look for a house that would be closer to my school and to the high school that I would soon be attending.

She was also motivated to move by changes in our neighborhood. An ugly string of one-story shops had been erected between 29th and 30th Streets on Market, which was very busy as a main road between Wilmington and Philadelphia, and a gas station was built across Market Street. A special impetus to moving came when Aunt Mame and Uncle Harry sold their property to the Atlantic Refining Company. The company wanted only the corner of 30th and Market for a gas station, but Uncle Harry insisted they take all his holding. When they did so he moved to Baynard Boulevard.

Mother found a house that was a good bargain at 607 West 20th Street and moved the family there on her birthday, April 18, 1927, over my protests and my father's. She saw clearly that West 20th Street would be a happier location for us all in the future--as it proved to be. My parents stayed in this house for the rest of their long lives.

To help pay for the new house my mother rented a large back room to a widow from the neighborhood, a Mrs. McGill, whom I unjustly resented. We also had my father's ineffectual bachelor brother Willie living with us at this time.

My parents did not sell the 3031 Market Street house but rented it out. The first tenants were excellent, but their successors, stricken by the Depression, stopped paying rent. By this time (about 1931 or 1932), the Depression had also affected my father's work, and he was often at home for a week or a month with no income (and no unemployment insurance in those days). There was nothing to do but sell the two houses (3031 and 3035 Market Street), as they did.

Back in the 1920s my mother had also tried to follow Uncle Harry's success by investing in stocks. At his suggestion, she bought shares in Baldwin Locomotive, which company soon failed and her investment was gone. Uncle Harry was abashed at the result of his advice, however, and paid my mother all she had lost (undoubtedly at Aunt Mame's instigation).

Remembering Aunt Mame's tough attitude toward Aunt Pauline when she wanted to use her own money for college, it is almost embarrassing to relate how differently I was treated. I was a male, and that probably made a great difference. But something must be said for Aunt Mame. I think that if Pauline had taken night courses (if possible) or worked a while and started classes on her own, my great-aunt would have relented. But diplomacy or soft dealing was not Pauline's way.

At any rate when I was ready for college there was no question but that I should go. I had been suffering from a bleeding disease called purpura and had narrowly escaped death because of a serious internal hemorrhage shortly before graduation from high school. I was saved by a hasty person-to-person transfusion from my mother, supplemented by at least one from Uncle Charlie.

The costs at Delaware College were about $150 for the year. There was no thought, no possibility of my going anywhere else, and of course in my state of health (I had been in bed part of the summer and confined to the house much of the rest) no possibility of my living on campus even if I could have afforded it. Besides the college fees, there would be transportation expenses and there would be books to buy. Many of

the books were available second hand and some, for outside reading, could be shared. Uncle Harry gave me a dollar a week for my transportation, which cost 25 cents a day, riding with another student. Furthermore, I had a bank account, one that had been building up all my life and this was the first time I needed to use it. As for lunch, I carried it in a brown bag and ate it in a locker room in the basement of Old College. I often spent a nickel on a chocolate-flavored milk drink called a 500 at Rhodes Drug Store--at my mother's suggestion. I never ate in the college dining room, the Commons, which was over top of the locker room on the main floor of Old College.

Uncle Harry died while I was in college, but Aunt Mame continued the weekly payments he had begun. Years later she came to my aid again. After I taught at Newark High School from January 1936 (during my senior year) to June 1939, I planned to go to graduate school (having completed the course work for an M. A. at Delaware during the summers). I received a tuition scholarship from Johns Hopkins, with a promise of tuition plus $600 for a second year. The sum, $600, was enough for a year's support in 1939, and I had this much in the bank. But Aunt Mame, egged on, I suppose, by my mother, offered to pay my tuition for a year at the University of Pennsylvania, where I could commute while continuing to live at home. She did it because of my mother's fear that I would not be eating properly or properly taking care of myself in Baltimore, especially while trying to save money. Rather reluctantly, I accepted. But it was fortunate that I did. My health broke down during the first term. My platelet count fell and I was experiencing small hemorrhages. I saw Dr. Lewis Flinn secretly so as not to alarm my parents, and I borrowed the money from Aunt Mame (the only time I ever asked her--or anyone--to lend me money) so I could pay him in cash at every visit to avoid the chance of a bill coming home. But finally Dr. Flinn insisted I must give up my classes in Philadelphia. It was not safe for me to be out, he said.

After I rested at home for two months (I was able to keep up with my reading) he let me go back to the university, on the understanding that I would avoid steps as far as

possible and come home immediately at the end of each day's classes. I was able to continue my work without dropping a course, though I was taking, by special permission, one more course than normally allowed. Had I been at the Hopkins in Baltimore I would have lost the whole year, putting my entire enterprise in danger, for it would have frightened me, possibly, out of the risk of continuing my pursuit of a Ph.D. in favor of the safer course of continuing to teach high school.

When I was young Aunt Mame and Uncle Harry frequently took my parents and me for an automobile ride, for my parents never had a car. It was with Uncle Harry that I first recall seeing Newark. We often drove to the (Oliver) Mousleys, at the top of Penny Hill, and to the (Clem) Scouts, below Smyrna. From both families my uncle had at various times bought eggs, and the families thus became close acquaintances. Uncle Harry fitted in with country people easily.

After I bought a car in 1936 I often took Aunt Mame out on Sundays, sometimes even when my parents couldn't go. Through the years of my life Aunt Mame was always our anchor to windward, our unfailing reliance should anything go wrong. My mother saw to it that we got along on our own, but there was this assurance that we were not alone. Uncle Harry had been rated at a tax assessment of $2,000 to $3,000 in 1898, when our cousin Bernard Kleitz, who as a manufacturing jeweler had also done well, was rated at $3,000 to $4,000. Both improved their resources thereafter, and on their own. Uncle Harry seemed to me like a David Harum. He passed much of his accumulated wisdom on to Aunt Mame, and she proved a willing pupil. And Aunt Mame, in turn, taught my mother, who lacked her toughness.

At Charlie's funeral, held in the Haines funeral home at 23rd or 24th and Market, Aunt Mame said to me, "It's a decent burial, isn't it?" She was always worried about Charlie, and even at the time of his funeral she was concerned about keeping up his good name. He was a Mason, and I have seen his name as a benefactor in the Masonic Home on the Lancaster Pike, outside Wilmington.

* * * *

I was surrounded by doting aunts in my boyhood. Besides Aunt Mame, who was never to be called "doting" though most dependable of all, there were my mother's three unmarried sisters, Mena, Katie, and Pauline. Mena and Katie were generous and kind to me; Pauline, also generous, was always seeking to educate me. She gave me books that were classics, illustrated by the great artists of that genre--N. C. Wyeth and Maxfield Parrish, among them. They were books I delighted in taking to elementary school and showing off when we had a day appointed for such display. One book that I didn't appreciate was Alice in Orchestralia, which sought to introduce orchestra instruments to children by having them explored by a girl modeled on Lewis Carroll's Alice. I see the point of it now, but it was a little too "educational" and I didn't care for it. My mother must have told Aunt Pauline, who retrieved it--"if I didn't appreciate it, she'd be glad to take it off my hands"--and probably gave me the money it had cost. She wasn't cheap. When I was having a certain birthday--whether the 16th, 18th or 21st, I don't recall--Aunt Pauline offered to take me to New York, where she had once lived (at the Barbizon Hotel) when her boss in the Du Pont Company had been transferred there for a few years. I made the mistake of answering that I couldn't very well go because I knew my mother was inviting Aunt Mame to have dinner with us on my birthday. That really wrinkled her nose, for her old feud with Aunt Mame was not forgotten.

When I was in high school Aunt Pauline paid me ten cents a day to make her bed at the home she, Katie and Andy shared at 507 West 22nd Street--only two blocks from my parents' home at 607 West 20th. It was a form of subsidy that she thought would be helpful to me in those high school years. She added extra money in summer by getting me to water the grass. At one time she arranged to teach me and another young man--an office boy, I believe--to play bridge. And when in 1941 I wrote an M.A. thesis, she typed it for me, at her own volition, supplying the paper and doing such a superior job that Dr. George Ryden, who was in charge of it, commented on the quality of the typing. I

believe she also typed some articles I had copied from rare manuscript sources or early publications when I was beginning my doctoral studies in Philadelphia.

Her office on the ninth floor of the Du Pont Building was familiar to me. I saw the events in front of the public building from there on the occasion of FDR's visit to Wilmington in 1938 for the Swedish Tercentennial--when the Crown Price of Sweden (who was ill and stayed on his ship) and Secretary of State Cordell Hull were also here. Hull spoke in front of City Hall.

Aunt Pauline also took me to some special events, like movies that were extraordinary and shown with reserved seats at the Playhouse. Occasionally later in my life I stopped at her apartment with a date. She was friendly with a number of artists in Wilmington, especially a slightly crippled woman named Carolyn Smith, a great-granddaughter of President Purnell, of Delaware College. I remember that once an exhibition of rejected work from a local art show was mounted in her apartment, which was in the basement of an old house at Delaware Avenue and Broom.

A great commotion was caused in my mother's family in the early 1920s when Aunt Mena eloped to marry Eddie Spirer in Chicago. Her mother was very angry. Partly it was a latent German anti-Semitism, I think, and partly it was a feeling that Mena was playing the fool. She was fat, "big Mena" I have seen her called in some early photo albums, and I doubt that she had had much attention from men. But she was smart with figures and was a respected bookkeeper, and she was also a devoted church worker and teacher. Eddie, a young Jewish contractor, was as small as Mena was large (he was about 5 feet, 1 inch) and nine years younger than she. They became acquainted through work he did for the Topkis firm, where she was head bookkeeper, and, mirabile dictu, she converted him to Christianity. He moved to California to be free from his father's disapproval, and from there he proposed to Mena, who met him in Chicago. I have seen a letter she wrote to my mother on the occasion. "Steve Brodie took a chance," she

wrote, "and so will I," repeating a popular saying about a man who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge.

If Mena's mother was outraged, Eddie's father and family were at least equally upset. They declared him dead. And consider his father's dismay when Eddie decided to become a minister and proceeded to carry out this desire by attending the Lutheran theological seminary in Lincoln, Nebraska, where he and Mena lived in a garage.

Mena's sisters did not disown her. On the contrary, they supported her in every way they could, and even Aunt Mame helped, though to what extent I do not know. After the death of Eddie's father, his mother forgave him and in her last years actually made her home with him and Mena in California, where they had settled. One of his brothers helped him with free architectural plans for a church Eddie had to reconstruct in Kauai, Hawaii, after a hurricane in the 1980s. All of the Dettlings (except Mena's mother, who died relatively soon after the elopement, and Andy, who never went traveling) visited Mean and Eddie in their North Hollywood home--including Aunt Mame and Uncle Charlie.

I like the story Uncle Charlie told me about his visit with Mena. She had a sassy little dog, he said, that she would call so loud it should have disturbed the neighbors. Charlie, an acknowledged curmudgeon, disliked pets, but Mena told him, "See, Uncle Charlie, how my dog admires you. He always looks at you, nobody else, when you are in the room" No wonder the dog looked at me, Charlie explained to me. When Mena wasn't around I used to kick the nasty little thing.

Since there is a biography in print of Eddie,[12] I need write nothing more, except that my father was annoyed by his cloying sweetness. But, as my mother said, it might have been different had Eddie become a Catholic.

Mena had a large circle of friends and spent much of her time on the phone when she visited us. She was a person who loved to write and keep accounts and teach in Sunday school, but she had little housekeeping experience before she married (having

been forced to become a breadwinner at an early age) and she left most of the cooking to Eddie. However, she was a great help to him when he was founding a church, St. Matthew's, in North Hollywood. They were both kind to Dorothy and me when we went to California with two children and stayed with them briefly in 1951. I visited them again in 1971. And after Mena's death, Dorothy and I visited Eddie at his last church on Kauai, Hawaii, in 1983.

One more story about Mena and her good-heartedness. Before she was married she bought an automobile, but never learned to drive it. Her driver was her brother Andy, whom she paid for his services. But sometimes when she wanted the car, my father told me, Andy was off with it with some of his drinking companions.

As a minister's wife Mena never had much money, but even after I was married and a professor she would send me ten dollars on my birthday with a note reading, "Buy yourself an ice cream soda."

Mena never had any children. Neither did Katie or Pauline, though Katie did eventually marry. My mother thought Katie was a little man-crazy, but she was ambitious and liked at least two men who were quite superior (one was a publisher and one an Episcopal minister), but did not reciprocate her interest. She had a flair for imaginative enterprise and began to neglect her store for a role in a radio station, WILM, where she developed a very successful children's program as "Aunt Ellen." For a time she was sponsored by Bond Bread, but for the most part she worked for love of the business. She organized large children's parties, held at places like the Hotel Darling, for Aunt Ellen's Candlelight Club. I was deathly afraid she would mention me on her program when I was in the fourth or fifth grade, because I thought I was beyond such kid stuff. Eventually she gave up her store altogether to work for the station, where she met the man she married, Emil Tessmann, a flamboyant fiddle player from Virginia.

Emil was a big, gruff, kind-hearted man who had gone to the University of Virginia and spent enough time to be graduated, his mother told me, but had instead run

off with a minstrel troupe. Emil's father was the German bandmaster at Hampton Institute, and so Emil had grown up with instrumental music. His brother Bill, who also settled in Wilmington, became a piano tuner. Emil was a useful man in the radio world and became program director at WILM. He was younger than Aunt Katie, whose life changed drastically after marriage.

From being a prima donna, loving attention and a public role (Mrs. Hilles told me she liked Katie better than Pauline because Katie was essentially sweet, which I report in case I am being too hard on her), Katie began to devote herself to try to make something of Emil. He became superintendent of the Sunday School at St. Mark's Lutheran Church, but she prepared his lessons for him while he read Western stories. (She had been Sunday school superintendent at Zion Church.)

He became head of a Southern hillbilly band that advertised Crazy Water Crystals on a Philadelphia station, but when that contract played out Aunt Katie used her friendships to get him a job as a salesman at Delmarva Power, which then marketed appliances. When the war began, he took a job with the rent control office, and after the war he stayed in real estate, working as a salesman for Arnold Goldsborough. He was accustomed to drinking a good bit, and his drinking eventually hurt his health.

They had bought a house in Ardentown that had once been the home of Bill Frank and his first wife, Miriam Hetzel, and they entertained a lot. For a time they used to be regular entertainers for the cast of the summer Robin Hood Theater--a barn theater. They also had many old friends, including cousins, like Dorothy Kleitz, Dan and Rita Krapf, the Bachers, whom they foregathered with. I remember a great party they had for Dorothy and me after we were engaged. My mother and father were often there, though my mother was scandalized at the expense, and usually provided something, even money.

Katie became completely dependent on Emil. Before marriage she had been so proud that she would not ride trolley cars. When she spent a winter living with my parents, she had a taxi come to take her to work each morning. After marriage, she

stopped doing any shopping. She ordered clothes through the mail or had Emil get them for her. She had never learned to drive, but she very frequently went with him on his sales errands. As his health disintegrated, she began to go to pieces. In 1964 he took himself to the hospital for a gall bladder operation. My mother could not get Katie on the phone so she had me drive her to Ardentown, where she found the fence around the house locked. (It had been built to contain a dog that was dead by this time.) She had my father, who was then about 84, climb over the fence and open it and the house. (With my arthritis I could not have done this.)

Katie was in the house, but in a stupor. My mother had her taken, by ambulance, to the hospital where Emil was. Emil died, but Katie recovered. After staying for a while with my mother, she returned to Ardentown and lived alone until her death from cancer seven or eight years later. One of her worries was their finances, which were in bad shape. (Emil bought a new Oldsmobile almost every other year, never paying off his debt but just extending it.) My mother straightened out their confused accounts (which apparently had worried Aunt Katie to a point where she could not face them), paid off their bills, and made clear to Katie what she had to live on, which was enough for the modest style of life she now adopted.

To get Katie established on her own again was, I think, my mother's last major achievement. Katie lived out her years as a virtual recluse. Kind friends did all manner of chores for her. The Biesingers (Frank and Natalie) took her to church every Sunday and did her laundry. They were unbelievably kind to her. But Katie had a sweet disposition, as Mrs. Hilles had noted, which did win people. Sometimes when my mother was in her last sickness in 1965 and I drove to Wilmington to take her out, she would send me instead to Ardentown to take Aunt Katie out. Aunt Katie would go out for a ride with no one else, though others offered.

Unlike his sisters Uncle Andy never spoiled me. In the winter, when he stayed with my parents, he embarrassed my mother by leaving his dirty Model A Ford, which he never washed, in front of our house.

I do recall a few favors from Uncle Andy. One incident, remembered with some remorse, was when he took me to the rooms of an old political club, the Bayard Legion. I believe the club had disintegrated. Uncle Andy told me to help myself to any books or papers that were lying around. The few books were of little interest to me, but true to my economical upbringing I gathered up various papers that had one side unused with the expectation of using them for note taking in my graduate studies. (Incidentally I have written the first draft of this narrative on the back of typed pages used for various articles I have read and have no further use for.) Among the papers I picked up were block lists of potential Democratic voters in Wilmington, compiled, as I recall, by Harry Graham--lists that could be very useful to party workers in getting out the vote on election day. I also found stacks of old ballots from the loose-ballot era, just then ending, prior to the use of voting machines. In those days Delaware printed more ballots than there were registered voters. A party worker would circulate them to voters in his district and help mark them, if his help was wanted. Extra copies were available in each voting booth where the voter was required to enter, though he could vote the ballot he brought with him and had marked at home.

I am sorry now that I cut these ballots up and used them in the summer of 1940 when I was taking notes for my master's thesis. They would be rare relics today.

Uncle Andy always appeared at our house on feast days, like Christmas, and also often for Sunday dinner. With him he would bring his dirty wash for my mother to do. My father resented this work put on my mother, but he enjoyed Andy's company when they had a glass of beer together. He had, after all, known Andy from the latter's boyhood.

In 1938 or thereabouts I was annoyed when Uncle Andy refused me the use of his car when I had a date and my car had broken down. Fortunately Earl Krapf lent me his car and I was able to take my date to the Robin Hood Theater, a summer barn theater in Arden, as planned. The point is--he didn't spoil me as his sisters would have in a similar situation.

Some years earlier the family buzzed with praise of Andy for the garage he had built beside the Arden house. He was a good, careful workman (much like Uncle Charlie) when he cared to be, which was not often. I recall also that he painted the Dettlings' outdoor privy in Arden, where for many years their cottage did not have running water. He intended to paint it a brown shade that would help it blend in with the trees and shrubs that were around it. But being color-blind, like me, his brown was very bright, practically yellow, so that the privy stood out clearly from its background. When I heard the story and saw the effect of Andy's work I laughed so hard that I started my nose bleeding.

After Uncle Andy's marriage to Frances Buckley in about 1948 he settled down and was a participant in many family parties, sometimes with my parents, at the Tessmanns' in Ardentown. Eventually he had to have a leg amputated. The artificial leg Andy wore thereafter was a source of great interest to my son Stephen, who was particularly intrigued when Andy told him he often felt an itch in the missing leg.

* * * *

To back up chronologically to the Great Depression, it was then that my mother revealed she was made of the same material as her mother and grandmother. Her situation was never as bad as theirs. But starting in 1931 there were long stretches of time when my father had no work. The foundry where he was employed from his teens, Lobdell's, simply had no orders and had to close temporarily between jobs.

My father was too proud to go look for work. He would do any job my mother found for him, putting up a cousin's awnings, painting a relative's house (though he was

no painter), and he would give up his few unnecessary expenses. He stopped smoking, for instance (he had smoked cigars). He would walk everywhere in town, and save money on street car fare. He would eat whatever was put before him and never expect better. (My parents usually ate well, but not expensively.)

But such a passive mood was not my mother's. She racked her brain on ways to make money. After Aunt Katie's store closed, my mother brought some of the goods left over to our house and sold them to a few friends. She got herself a job on sale days at Kuschan's store, which had moved from varieties to children's ware to take over much of the Jack and Jill Tog Shop's business. The proprietors, Arthur and Amy Kuschan (brother and sister), were friends from Zion Lutheran Church.

My mother also rented out a room--sometimes two rooms. She developed a considerable trade in stretching lace curtains. She made angel food cakes and sold them. Because of my blood condition she gave me the raw yolks of two eggs each morning, stirred up in orange juice (my father brought it to me early when I was still in bed), and the whites, used in angel cake, were left over. Before she started making these cakes she visited someone who was expert at it and learned how.

Once a week my mother went to Mary (Mrs. Bernard) Kleitz's house on Lovering Avenue and Harrison Street to do the cleaning. She walked there, across Van Buren Street Bridge and up the hill on the other side. And walking was not easy for my mother, for she had broken a bone in her foot on one of the metal knobs that were set in the street at Tenth and Market to mark a safety zone for people boarding trolley cars. Dr. Irvine Flinn wanted to operate on the foot, but she refused, fearing an operation might leave her unable to walk. Her walking did get worse as years passed, but she never stopped going where she wanted to go. In her late years she never walked to Zion Lutheran Church for an early morning sunrise service as she had frequently done years earlier, but by those years of her life she could afford to take a taxi. Indeed, she customarily went to church

by taxi then, sharing it with Mrs. Carrie Scott, the mother of my contemporary and friend, Marguerite Heiss (Mrs. J. William Black).

It is a measure of the straits we were in that my mother sold all of her jewelry, which was not large, except her wedding ring. Perhaps the situation was eased in January 1936 when I began teaching at Newark High School and paying my mother for room and board. Today, however, when I think back upon it I realize she continued to spend a lot of money on me. I never remember, for instance, buying a shirt or underwear for myself. I did buy my suits and shoes, and in June 1936, at the end of my first term of teaching, I bought a Chevrolet automobile, a new one, aided by a discount Uncle Andy arranged for me because he knew the salesman for Hastings Chevrolet, in Richardson Park. Thereafter I could help by taking my mother shopping and often to and from church. Mother also loved to go for a Sunday drive, with my father and Aunt Mame as well. Sometimes we drove fairly far--to Rehoboth, to Reading, to the Delaware Water Gap. Mother loved to eat at the Spring Mountain House, near Schwenksville, Pennsylvania, and also at the Inglenook, in Swarthmore. Aunt Mame paid me several times to take her, and of course my parents, to see an old childhood friend who lived near Quakertown, Pennsylvania, and another near Lansdale.

There is an amusing story about my selection of my first car. I was buying it sight unseen (after all, I couldn't drive) and from Hastings Chevrolet, because of the discount, and I was getting the cheapest 4-door Chevrolet. They told me by phone they had two cars available of the model I wanted--and I wanted to get it quickly so I could learn to drive before summer school started at the University of Delaware, for I could lose no time in beginning graduate work. They had models in steel and maroon. I didn't care much for steel, and I had no idea what color maroon was, so I asked for the maroon car. When it was delivered I was delighted to see it was black, though later I found it sometimes was red to me. I simply had little color sense.

I had not saved enough in the one term (plus a few weeks) that I had taught to pay for the car in toto. My salary was $1285 a year, from which I paid my mother $10 a week and had other expenses, for commuting, lunch, and some clothes. The cost of the car was a little over $600, so I bought it with a loan from GMAC that I paid off in a year. (My Uncle Emil was a lesson to me not to get entangled in long-term car loans.)

The Depression didn't end until the coming of war in Europe in 1939 set American business to humming. So in early 1939 when I made up my mind to quit my job and go after a Ph.D. I was worried about the family's finances. I would finish my course work on the M.A. at Delaware in the coming summer, so this seemed to be the time to strike out on my needed degree for a college position, which is what I wanted. I had discovered that I loved teaching, though I had been afraid of it before I began. I was shy, but I learned that my shyness disappeared after I had taught a new class three or four days. Then I felt more at home and at ease in the classroom and with my students than I ever did in social situations.

But there was much about high school teaching I did not like. I hated to have to keep order in study hall. I disliked keeping records of attendance and tardiness, as I did the task of policing halls. With two exceptions (Bob Kern and Harvey Moore--and Harvey was there only in my last year), I had little in common with the men teachers. They didn't read, didn't go to plays or share any of my intellectual interests. Some of the women did, but as a commuter I felt the need of male company. Or, at least, I felt the want of the stimulating company that my professors at Delaware were. I decided I wanted to be in a college, though I never dreamed I might find a job at the University of Delaware.

I applied for fellowships at Yale, Columbia, Penn, and Hopkins. I was admitted to every university to which I applied, but only at Johns Hopkins, where some of my Delaware teachers had friends who arranged a personal interview, was I offered a fellowship. I have explained how I gave that up to go to Penn as a commuter. (Nobody

told me about teaching assistantships, so I had not applied for anything less than an outright fellowship.)

I really wanted to get away from home and be on my own, but I failed. My health was always a deterrent to being on my own--at least until I was about thirty[13].

* * * *

But to continue this as a story of the Dettlings, let me explain that my mother and father and Aunt Mame, too, backed me in my desire to return to school. I worried about my family's financial situation, but inasmuch as I had a teaching certificate I felt I could always go back to public school teaching, if necessary. I thought of my parents as old, but they don't seem so now. My father was sixty in 1939, but he was exceptionally hardy; indeed when he was eighty I believe he was strong enough to knock me down. My mother was only 52 in 1939, and though she did come to have a number of ailments, they were minor. Her mind continued strong to the time of her death. And her handwriting never shook as mine does now.

As it happened, everything turned out well financially, because Lobdell's became busy in 1939 and my father never was without work again until he retired in 1949 at seventy. I got a teaching assistantship at Penn in 1940, which paid me tuition and $300. This doesn't seem much now, but it was worth about $1,000 then (tuition being about $700), and it conferred other benefits: I had a desk in the history office, I had good company from the other assistants, I was on fairly close terms with the faculty, and I had some teaching to do, which pleased me, though not as much as when I had classes wholly of my own. And I was able in two and a half years to complete all the requirements for a Ph.D. except the dissertation and to take a job at Delaware, which was supposed to be for a term but lasted over forty years.

However, as a family story the important point I want to make is that I had the complete backing of my parents in all my ambitions. My mother's was the most important, because on educational matters my father would accept her leadership. And

while Aunt Mame was an independent person, she greatly valued my mother's opinion and fell in with it. Besides paying my tuition the first year she gave me further help by letting me keep my car free in her garage, which she had been renting out. Although I kept my car, which was useful in running errands for the family, I commuted by train to Pennsylvania.

When was ever a young man closer to his family than I was? Closer than I wanted to be, but my health kept me in familial thralldom. Not intellectually, however, for few in the family had my interest in books, etc. Perhaps only Aunt Pauline, and her interests were self-developed. But from the family I learned a lot. Watching Aunt Katie and Emil taught me to be careful with money (as if that lesson was not constantly drummed into me). Watching Uncle Andy taught me to try to make something of myself, not that he was a bad man, but that he did not try to become something more than he was.

The important matter is that the family stood by me--my parents, my aunts, my great-aunt. They made it clear that they were proud when I got a good grade in school, when anything happened that seemed to my credit. Aunt Mame sent me to custom tailors to have a suit made when I received the Ph.D. It turned out that Reynolds Clothiers (operated by George Kelly) had given up the custom business for ready-made, but no matter. Emil and Katie brought my parents to my wedding and to my son Stephen's graduation from St. Andrew's School. Uncle Eddie participated in Stephen's baptism. Aunt Pauline paid for a rental car Dorothy and I used when the University sent me to Europe in 1962 (and she persuaded Aunt Frances, Andy's widow, to share the expense with her). No one else in this family had gone to college. They must have had doubts about what I was doing. But they were always there. How I would have suffered if I had ever embarrassed them by my conduct! How dreadful I would have felt!

Genealogical Appendix
to
The Dettlings in My Past

I. First Generation

A. Andrew Dettling (originally Andreas)
b.1828 ca., Dettlingen (in Principality of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen)
d.June 1871, Wilmington
To America, 1853
Naturalized Sept. 14, 1858, Wilmington
Married, before 9/14/58.
211 Walnut St., residence at death

B. Wilhelmina Maier (or Mayer)
b.1836, Adelmannsfelden, Württemberg
d.1900, June 27, Wilmington
Parents: Martin and Maria Margarethe Maier
To America, 1854
Children:
Andrew, 1859-1898
Kate (Mrs. Maris Vandever)
Mary (Mrs. Harry Hurff), 1863-1947
Wilhelmina (died young)
Charles, 1870-1946
Known siblings of Andrew (Andreas)
Theresa (Mrs. Andrew) Spiegelhalter, Wilmington
Agnes Seiller, Wilmington
Mrs. Meyer, Wilmington
Mrs. Balling, Wilmington
Known siblings of Wilhelmina
Dorothea (Mrs. George) Kleitz (originally Klaitz)
Came to America, c 1882
Children: Fred, Bernard, George, Jacob, Katharine (Krapf)

II. Second generation

A. Andrew Matthew Dettling
b.March 24, 1859, Wilmington
d.July 6, 1898, Wilmington

Married Nov. 26, 1884, Wilmington
1895, owned A.M. Dettling & Co. Machine shop

B. Sophia Julia Hanselmann
b.June 7, 1862, Sindringen, Württemberg
d.Feb. 2, 1925, Wilmington
Parents: Johan (d.1878) and Barbara (d.1875) Hanselmann
To America, 1881 (to Wilmington)
Siblings of Andrew
Kate (Mrs. Maris) Vandever
Mary (Mrs. Harry) Hurff
Wilhelmina (died young)
Charles
Known siblings of Sophia
Brother, in family home in Sindringen
Kate Goetz, in Stuttgart
Children
Wilhelmina Rose, Jan. 15, 1886 - Jan. 22, 1974,
(Mrs. Edward N.) Spirer
Mary Frieda, Apr. 18, 1887 - Dec. 24, 1965,
(Mrs. Michael J.) Munroe
Katharine Sophia, Jan. 18, 1890 - Oct. 27, 1970,
(Mrs. Emil G.) Tessmann
Andrew, Apr. 13, 1892 - Apr. 18, 1961
Pauline, Nov. 16, 1897 - Sept. 9, 1975

III. Third Generation

A. Mary Frieda Dettling
b.Apr. 18, 1887, Wilmington
d.Dec. 24, 1965, Wilmington
Married Michael Munroe, November 1912, Wilmington

B. Michael John Munroe
b.Sept. 27, 1879, Wilmington
d.Nov. 9, 1969, Wilmington
Parents: Martin and Bridget (McCabe) Munroe,
immigrants from Ireland

Mary's siblings
Wilhelmina Rose (Mrs. Edward) Spirer
Katharine Sophia (Mrs. Emil G.) Tessmann
Andrew
Pauline

Michael's siblings
Mary (Mrs. Reuben) Brown (children)
William

Patrick (later Frank Monroe) (children)
Margaret
Catherine (Mrs. John) Collins (children)
Sarah (Mrs. Charles) Geffken
Martin (died young)

Son: John Andrew Munroe, 1914

IV. Fourth Generation

A. John Andrew Munroe
b.March 15, 1914, Wilmington

1936, graduated Univ. of Delaware; M.A. in 1941
1942-1982, on history faculty, Univ. of Delaware
1945, married Dorothy Levis, Baltimore
1947, Ph.D., Univ. of Pennsylvania

B. Dorothy Imogene Levis
b.Dec. 23, 1922, Baltimore

Parents: Alfred Conrow and Katheryne Irene (Crook) Levis

1944, graduated University of North Carolina Women's College, Greensboro, N.C.
To Univ. of Delaware (M.A. 1946)

Dorothy's siblings
Grace Crook (Mrs. Frank) Schwartz, d.Jan. 1998
Katheryne Crook (Mrs. Richard P.) McCormick

Children
Stephen Horner Munroe (June 3, 1946)
married Aug. 12, 1978, to Cordelia Ellen Swain (June 4, 1947)
Their children:
David Andrew Munroe (Sept. 12, 1981)
Margaret Parrish Munroe (Apr. 26, 1984)
Carol Levis Munroe (Dec. 28, 1948)
married Aug. 23, 1980, to András Janos Riedlmayer (Nov. 28, 1947)
Their children:
Alexander John Riedlmayer (July 26, 1984)
Anna Valeria Riedlmayer (Dec. 1, 1986)
John Michael Munroe (Feb. 21, 1953)

married Sept. 8, 1979, to Julie Kay Crum (Nov. 6, 1954)

Their children:

Randall Patrick Munroe (Oct. 17, 1984)

Richard Neal Munroe (Apr. 4, 1987)

Douglas John Munroe (June 9, 1990)

ENDNOTES

[1] My father told me my mother's sisters wanted me named Andrew, but that he preferred his middle name, John, so I became John Andrew. I have always been pleased with the name.

[2] Sindringen (or Sündringen), once a walled town, lies on the Kocher River, east of the city of Heilbronn. It had been part of Württemberg only since 1806, when Napoleon reorganized the territories of the German states. Previously it was in the principality of Hohenlohe-Bartenstein. Its residents spoke a Franconian dialect (not Swabian) and were almost all Lutherans. The population was 750 in 1869, a decline from 950 in 1839. In the absence of railroad connections or new industry a steady emigration reduced the papulation further to 504 in 1910.

[3] Sophie's three brothers were named Johan, Fritz, and Gottlieb.

[4] A girl back in Ober Ohrm, Pauline Bauer, who did not know Sophie Hanselmann, heard about her decision to leave Germany. Pauline was a niece of Mrs. Wagner, whose maiden name was Bauer, and she told me of her memories when she was an elderly widow living on West Fifth Street in Wilmington, where she had come as a young girl of eleven some years after Sophie. Her late husband, Harry Neher, had been a brewmaster, an occupation he shared with an in-law relation of Sophie, a man named Goetz, who was a brewmaster in Philadelphia for Bergdoll. The Hanselmanns had a connection with Ober Ohrm, Pauline Neher's home town, for Sophie's sister Kate was married there.

[5] According to the New York Times of July 19, 1881, in that year 74,633 German emigrants passed through Hamburg en route to America between January 1 and June 30.

[6] The only other relatives I heard of in America were two elderly sisters named Dottling in Philadelphia. The similarity of the name was, I believe, accidental. I never saw them but recall they were to be informed of deaths in the family.

[7] In my boyhood when I lived next door to Aunt Mame, I recall that the Vandever children were at her house often. I do not recall ever seeing their father or the youngest child, Charles.

[8] The Earnest children were Mary (who married Russell Boller, a dentist from Holley, in upstate New York), Anne (Mrs. Henry Heller, of East Lansdowne, Pa.), and Grover. I remained in touch with Anne, whose son Raymond is a graduate of the University of Delaware.

[9] Helen's children were Betty (Mrs. Austin O'Grady, of near Atlanta), Albert, Jr., and Robert.

[10] Katie's children that my mother kept in touch with were Mildred (Mrs. Perry Stirling) and Cassie (Mrs. Joseph Suzminski). Both lived in Philadelphia. I have no specific record of other children.

[11] I understand that between leaving Lombard Street and occupying the house at 507 West 22nd Street, the Dettlings resided briefly in the 200-block on 22nd Street, probably renting there.

[12] Ross F. Hidy, Eddie Spirer, the Little Minister (Concord, CA: Lutheran History Center of the West, 1992)

[13] When I was about eleven it was discovered I had thrombocytopaenic purpura, a bleeding disease marked by a paucity of platelets (thrombocytes). The body seems gradually to adjust, and the problem is said to disappear after the patient passes thirty--and so it did in my case.
→

The Munroes

of Galway and Delaware

by John A. Munroe

My grandfather, Martin Munroe, had a wild streak. He gave way to it in Ireland and the escapade that followed led him to leave his native land and to abandon his wife and three children. In America his responsibilities forced him to settle down and provide for a family that more than doubled in size. (There were eventually eight children.) But he was a domestic tyrant. His blows – sometimes intercepted by his wife – drove some of his children from the home.

The Irish home that Martin Munroe came from, in the town of Headford, County Galway, was apparently one of a family in middling circumstances for the Ireland of that day. At least two of his brothers were sent away to school in Dublin. [1] Martin seems to have turned his back on advanced schooling, taking up the rural trades of his neighborhood, probably as herdsman and butcher. [2] Martin may have been the black sheep in his family.

Still, he seems to have made an impressive figure – a straight, stocky, red-haired and red-mustachioed man – as he rode his horse to court the young Bridget McCabe. To her family, however, he was not impressive. He was too old for Bridget, they thought, and perhaps there were other objections.

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Bridget herself is a somewhat mysterious figure. We do not know where her home was or the names of her parents. That she came from somewhere other than Headford seems clear. One granddaughter (Sarah Brown) insisted that Bridget was Scotch-Irish, though her first name seems to refute this story, which, however, though second-hand, does come indirectly from my Aunt Mary, Bridget's oldest child, one who remembered Ireland. But Bridget is said to have had an uncle (perhaps it was a great uncle) who was a bishop at Tuam, and this too appears to make the story of a Scotch-Irish origin unlikely.

Born in 1848, Bridget was left an orphan after her parents' early death and was reared, together with a brother and sister, by her grandparents. [3] They paid thirty-five cents a week to send her to a school, kept in the teacher's home, and it is said to have been due to a gift from her family that she and her husband lived on a 12-acre farm before he left Ireland. My father said they had a brick house and a pony to ride and that his brother Willie remembered the old home, however vaguely. [4]

Not all of Bridget's family spurned Martin Munroe. Her sister's husband, a journalist (my father thought he might have been named O'Brien, but my father's memory for names was notably poor, though often highly imaginative), joined Martin in a rebel gesture early in the 1870s. The two drove an Englishman's cattle across the countryside, breaking down walls and dispersing the cattle as an act of defiance of Ireland's rulers. Possibly the two men had joined the Fenians, the major nationalistic group of that day.

Bridget's brother-in-law was caught and for the crime was sentenced to transportation to Australia. He wound up in South Australia which was not a penal colony, but how that came about is unknown. Martin escaped detection, but because of the dispersal of cattle (and perhaps for other reasons) he decided he should leave the

country. It was a decision that could not have been taken lightly by a man with a wife and three children. His brother-in-law, who was now raising sheep, wrote Martin, urging him to come to Adelaide, where he had settled. This is what Martin determined to do when he deposited his wife and children in the Episcopal palace at Tuam (where the housekeeper was disgruntled at their arrival) and set off for Dublin and, presumably, a ship to Australia.

The Tuam incident in the life of Bridget and her children – Mary, Willie, and Pat – is interesting particularly because the current archbishop, John MacHale, said to be Bridget's uncle (more likely her great-uncle, from his age), was a man of distinction in the history of Ireland. Born in County Mayo in 1891, MacHale became a bishop in 1825 as coadjutor in Killaly and in 1834 moved to Tuam, one of four Irish archbishoprics. Scholar (he translated some of Thomas Moore's poems and the Iliad into Irish, among other literary works) and nationalist (he became known as "the Lion of the West" for his staunch advocacy of things Irish, the language, the church, the people) his life story is repeated in many sources, including the Dictionary of National Biography and a two-volume eulogistic life by Bernard O'Reilly (New York, 1890). (The exact connection of MacHale to McCabes is not known, but my father's stories were very positive in mentioning Tuam, and it is not a name he would have produced from his fertile imagination.) [5]

In Dublin Martin met a friend who persuaded him not to go to Australia, but to embark for the United States. New York was closer to Ireland than Adelaide by far, and Martin had blood relatives in America, including two brothers, William and Patrick (whose names, incidentally, were those he had given his first two sons). [6]

Did Martin let Bridget know where he was going before he left Ireland, or did it come as a shock to her to find her husband in America rather than with her brother-in-law (and, presumably, her sister) in Australia? Thrown on the charity of her uncle, John of Tuam, as he signed himself, she escaped his unfriendly housekeeper by moving to the home of the Munroes in Headford. (My father thought she moved because her uncle died, but John of Tuam lived on five years after she left Ireland, so this cannot be.) So much that we do not know might have been revealed to us had my father not made a bonfire of his father's (Martin's) papers when he and his sister Sadie were moving out of the family home after his father's death.[7]

The news from America soon brought Bridget a tale of further misadventures. Things had started brightly. Martin found a coin (I have it) as he walked through Battery Park after his arrival at Castle Garden (he was in the pre-Ellis Island immigration), and for a moment he was inclined to believe the myth that this New World was paved with – well, money, if not gold. But soon discouragement set in. His brothers got Martin a job with a New York wholesaler, but before long he broke his ankle. (The accident suggests his work was more muscular than mental.) Helpless as far as work was concerned, he spent his days while the ankle was healing sitting in the park at the foot of Manhattan watching Irish immigrants enter the land of hope. Many of them found jobs on the Brooklyn Bridge, then under construction. Too often they squandered their pay as soon as they had it in one of the saloons that thronged the city. Many, he told my father, soon became bums.

As soon as his ankle healed Martin took a job on a railroad being built in Indiana. My cousin Catherine thinks he may have gone to Kentucky too, because she remembers

some southern mannerisms of speech she was told he had picked up there. (She was a very little girl when she met her grandfather.)

The railroad Martin worked on went broke and the employees were paid off in flour. Perhaps he might have stayed in the Middle West, but the mistress of his boarding house refused to let him pay his bill in flour, and he had to be rescued. By this time he had two younger sisters in America, as well as the two brothers, and it was one of the sisters, the unmarried Mary, who now came to Indiana to rescue Martin and bring him back to New York. It was another relative, a cousin, Jimmy Burns, a shoemaker, who drew him to Wilmington, Delaware. Martin wrote to Jimmy, who lived in Wilmington at Railroad and Water Streets, near the Christina, and soon went to visit this cousin, probably in hope of settling down and bringing his family to America. Jimmy took him to city council to meet a politician who was superintendent in a morocco (leather) shop. This man gave Martin a job, and Jimmy arranged the rental of a house (near his own, I believe) to which Martin could bring his family.

Bridget came to America in 1876, bringing with her the middle child, Willie, because he was the frailest. The other two children, Mary and Pat, came by themselves in 1879.[8] It is not clear how long Martin had been in Wilmington before Bridget rejoined him, but probably only a short time. It can be assumed that Martin's American brothers and sisters would have helped him raise the small sum needed to transport his wife and child from Ireland.

Before his mother left him, the youngest child, Pat, was taken to stay with relatives of hers up in the mountains, probably in Mayo or the western section of County Galway. Mary stayed in the home of her uncle Michael Munroe, who had a 37-acre farm on the outskirts of Headford. Here she enjoyed the companionship of Michael's daughter

Jennie, of about the same age. Jennie (who later married a Forde) became Mary's lifelong friend and correspondent.

Across the road, facing the Munroe house, a wall surrounded the demesne of a rich landlord (a St. Clair?). Climbing on to the wall one day, Mary reached out to clasp a butterfly that had settled on a nearby tree or high bush. Unfortunately she lost her footing and fell, breaking her hip. It was set poorly and ever after she limped, more pronouncedly as she grew old.

My grandmother Bridget waited in America three years before the family could afford to bring Mary and Pat from Ireland. Mary later told of going to the mountains accompanied by her Uncle Michael, Jennie's father, to fetch Pat. She remembered being taken for a ride there in a basket on the side of a donkey.

On the ocean voyage, Pat, a wily, husky boy, became a great favorite of the sailors. When they arrived in New York on August 2, 1879, Pat was reluctant to leave the ship. Uncle Patrick, who had come to meet the children, had to go aboard the ship to persuade Pat to leave his friends.

Before Pat and Mary arrived in America there had been a further addition to the family. Bridget had come to Wilmington, according to notes left by Pat, on June 15, 1876, and on April 22, 1877, by her fourth child, Margaret (Maggie), was born there. My father thought it possible there might have been other children born in Ireland who died in infancy. However, the idea survives only as speculation.

Within a few years there were more American-born than Irish-born children in Martin Munroe's family. Four more followed Maggie, the first native American. Michael John, my father, was born September 27, 1879; Catherine (Katie) on March 15, 1882; Sarah (Sadie) on July 15, 1884; and a second Martin (Marty) on August 13, 1886.

Eight children were a weighty responsibility for a penniless immigrant. Martin had some advantages, of course. He was educated in the English language, though from my father's tales it is evident that my grandfather had at least a smattering of Irish. (My father knew a few stock phrases, such as what sounded to me like "Kathe wiltho" for "good morning" and a response that I remember as "Kathe wilthou wan," and of course the patriotic slogan, "Erin go bragh." However, when I reflect how garbled the German sayings and prayers that my mother taught me as a child turned out to be when I studied German in college and realized what I was saying, I am doubtful of my memory of these few Irish phrases.) Part of County Galway is in the Gaeltacht, where the Irish language survives. But Martin's work in Ireland had little carry-over value in America, since, like most Irish immigrants, he settled in a city and not in the agricultural, stock-raising culture from which he had come.

It was the availability of work, of comradeship, and of the church in which he was raised that led Martin, like most Irish men, to settle in a city in this new land. As to the church, it is my belief that Martin and Bridget were loyal Catholics who reared their children in the faith. As to comradeship, there was plenty to be found in Wilmington. Delaware's largest city had 42,478 people by the census of 1880, the first one after the arrival of the Martin Munroes. This represented a growth of 38 per cent in ten years, and by 1890, when the youngest of the Munroe children had been born, the population of Wilmington had risen by another 45 per cent, to 61,431 (not much different from what it is in 1987, as I am writing). Among the newcomers to Wilmington, the largest foreign contingent was the Irish, of whom there were 4,253 in Wilmington in 1890 who were immigrants, and more than that born in this country of immigrant parents. I believe my

grandfather belonged to the Ancient Order of Hibernians (the A. O. H.), a lodge where he would have had the company of many men with a background like his.

There were also relatives to supply fellowship. Jimmy Burns is the only one I know of in Wilmington, but Martin had two brothers and two sisters in America and later five children of another sister came to this country.[9] (If any of Bridget's family came to the New World the Martin Munroes seem to have known nothing of them. Since it was a rare Irish family that did not send members to America, it seems likely that her family's disapproval of the marriage to Martin continued even after the transplantation to the New World.)[10]

The great-uncles and great-aunts of the Munroe children were personally unknown to me, but Aunt Mary (my Aunt Mary), at least, kept in touch with them. I have heard, incidentally, that my grandfather quarreled with his brothers about the spelling of the family name after they had been away to school in Dublin. I don't know whether they wanted to spell the name Monroe or Munro. All of the names have a long and intermixed history (as I have heard from the chief of the Scottish clan, Sir Patrick Munro of Foulis). Martin Munroe, my father said, was the traditionalist holding to the manner of spelling the name in which it had come to him. (Munroe, incidentally, was the most common way of spelling the name in the early American censuses, but after James Monroe became president, his manner of spelling the name, which was not that of his first immigrant ancestors, became the most common.)[11]

The brothers William and Patrick Munroe came to America shortly after the end of the Civil War. Whether they came singly or together is not known. Perhaps they came first to Boston, but soon William set off peddling through the South while Patrick worked in New York. William's stock came to be composed mainly of furniture, and

Patrick became his partner, buying goods in New York and forwarding them to William. The brothers offered Martin a job peddling in the South, but he turned it down.

At some unknown time William settled down in Wilmington, North Carolina, where he opened a store in the name of the Munroe brothers. In Wilmington he married the daughter of a mayor of the city, a woman who became known to Martin's children as Aunt Maggie. Patrick moved to Washington and opened a furniture store there. His wife, a Cullinan (not clear – possibly Cavinan) from New York, became known to the children as Aunt Anna.

The two brothers were very different, both in appearance and in manner. William was thin and seemed to my father (then just a boy) to be grouchy. He talked fast and looked to the boy like a businessman. Patrick, on the other hand, was stocky, built like my grandfather. He was grandiloquent in manner, neat, well dressed, and generous.

Each of them gave Martin ten dollars at Christmas time, and their sister Mary contributed another ten dollars. Through these gifts each of Martin's children was assured a new outfit, costing about $2.50 per child. The brothers would stop in Delaware to see Martin as they traveled by train north to New York to buy stock for their stores. On one occasion in my father's boyhood he was loafing on Front Street in Wilmington (Delaware) when the two men came up the street from the railroad depot. Without any sign of recognition William hailed him, "Here, boy, can you tell me where the Munroes live?" As my father led them toward his home, probably on Tatnall Street, his Uncle William, still without recognizing the guide, prodded him to make him move along. Patrick was apparently still living in New York when Mary and young pat arrived in 1879. It was there that Uncle Patrick must have met his wife, who came from a sporty,

hard-drinking family. At least one brother-in-law followed Patrick to Washington after he set up business there – to his misfortune.

Patrick shortly became ill and had to leave the business to the care of his brother-in-law. His business had been separated from his brother's store in North Carolina and in Patrick's enforced absence from care of it, it suffered. Debts mounted steadily, and creditors foreclosed. Patrick, who seemed to be recovering his health, moved his family to Philadelphia and started out in business again. But in a short time another catastrophe occurred. William died, and at his funeral Patrick is said to have caught cold, developing an illness that soon proved fatal.

On the way back from William's funeral, however, Patrick had visited Martin and explained that although William had bequeathed him a small legacy, it had to be used for William's family, which was left in poor circumstances. After Patrick's death his survivors in Philadelphia remained for many years in contact with the Munroes in Delaware. I remember that one male member of the family worked as a salesman in Gimbel's store. A daughter named Mary married a man named Willie De May, and their daughter married Pat Stanton, once a prominent radio announcer in Philadelphia. For a while he was best known as a sports announcer; when I last heard of him (in the late 1950s) he managed a radio station that featured Irish music. He and his wife traveled to Ireland and visited our cousins on the Munroe farm at Headford. To the best of my knowledge they were the first American relatives to do so until I visited there in 1962. (Young James Collins and his wife Elaine were there several years later when he came back from the Vietnam War.)

William's widow and children moved from North Carolina to Washington, where another branch of the family had meanwhile been established. A sister of Martin,

William, and Patrick had been married in Ireland to a man named Cannon. She died, and he remarried – twice, if the story I heard is true. Eventually he died too in Ireland, on a British government pension, but four of his children, all sons by his first wife, came to America. All of them settled in Washington.

Willie Cannon was the first of them to come. He arrived at the time of Cleveland's panic (1893), when no jobs were to be had. On immigrating, he was supposed to have an appointment in Washington with someone who could help him. But Willie could not locate this man, and he was forced to appeal, being penniless, to his Uncle Patrick. This story comes in some detail from my father because at just that time my grandfather happened to be visiting his brother Patrick. My grandfather gave Willie Cannon his first dollar – not that Martin was so Rich, but as an obligation to a nephew in order that Willie might do his share of treating as they visited saloons, the clubs of the Irish immigrants.

Saloons were thick in Washington in those days – as many as seven on one block. Patrick got Willie a job unloading coal at the gas works three days a week, but soon Willie was set up in a more congenial occupation, as a barkeep. Before long he bought out a Frenchwoman and had a saloon of his own. Successful in business, Willie acquired other real estate, converting houses into apartments. He brought three brothers to America, starting them out as bartenders and in time setting two of them up in the saloon business. The remaining brother, preferring another business, operated a grocery store in Georgetown. According to my father's account (which must have come from his father), Willie gave no help to Uncle Patrick when he went bankrupt.

I once visited the Cannons in Washington with my parents. I was about fourteen, I think, and it was my first visit to the capital. We went on a one-day excursion by train

(my mother was fond of such excursions, which were the only trips she could afford then), and we did some sightseeing, but the only building I remember visiting was the Library of Congress. I suppose we took a trolley to the Cannons' house; I think it was Willie Cannon's but I cannot be sure. There was a girl in the family younger than I was.

Washington eventually became the home of one of my grandfather's younger sisters. Two of them, Mary and Sarah, had come to America. Sarah married a man named Thomas Garrity and lived in Brooklyn. Either her son or her husband was a policeman, I believe. My mother and father, on their honeymoon in November 1912, visited the Garritys, but I know of no further contact with them on the part of my parents. I believe my Aunt Mary and some of her children may have exchanged visits with them. I have heard of Florence Garrity introducing her Wilmington cousins to the meaning of the word "stoop" for the front appendage of a house.

The second sister, Mary, who was never married, worked for many years as laundress for a wealthy New York family named Jones. At one period Martin's oldest child, my Aunt Mary, went to New York and took jobs her aunt arranged for her as child's nurse with some Jewish families. Martin's sister Mary was apparently quite loyal to the family. She was generous to Martin and his children at Christmas, as I have already written, and she gave up her job in New York in order to go to Washington and help take care of a nephew's family. When she asked for a letter of recommendation on leaving, she found her employers for the last twenty years did not know her last name.

My grandfather's older brother Michael stayed in Ireland, living out his life on the family farm at Headford. His daughter Jennie, girlhood friend of my Aunt Mary, did come to America, however. She married a school teacher named Forde in New York, but she was living in Washington in 1902, when her son Augustine was born. (I saw

Augustine's birth certificate.) Shortly thereafter Jennie's mother died, and her father urged her to return with her family and keep house for him. If she did he would leave her the family farm.

She did, and he did. Whether any other of Jennie Forde's children were born in America, I do not know. When I visited Ireland in 1962 I met four of them: Augustine; Vera (Mrs. Dominick O'Halloran), who lives in Galway City and is said to have once had a shop in Tuam; Annie (Mrs. Dolan), who lived in Clontarf, a suburb of Dublin; and the youngest in the family, Father Sylvius, a charming Franciscan priest, who when I visited was pastor of a grand Dublin church right on the Liffey, a church that was known commonly as Adam and Eve's because in the days when Catholics suffered disabilities from practicing their faith freely they entered a church on this site (it could hardly have been the splendid edifice I saw) clandestinely through the doors of a neighboring tavern sporting a sign showing Adam and Eve.

Jennie had at least one other son, Patrick, called P. J., who happened not to be home when I knocked on his door. And there was at least one other daughter, Mamie (Mrs. Curley). Only Mamie Curley and Vera O'Halloran are alive at the time of this writing.

Martin and Bridget Munroe did not have an easy life in America. Indeed for them things were better in the old country. The first steps for Martin in Wilmington, Delaware, were relatively easy. The sizable Irish element in the city and its importance to the Democratic party (which it supported almost unanimously) assured assistance to a newcomer in acquiring citizenship—and the right to vote—in minimal time. (The Republican party in Wilmington, as in many other East Coast cities, had little appeal to the Irish, probably in part because it inherited some of the prejudices and the reputation

of the Know-Nothing party, which had been both anti-immigrant and anti-Catholic in its flourishing period, the 1850s.)

A political connection, a Wilmington city councilman, secured Martin his first job here and the same man may also have found him a home. I have no idea which morocco shop Martin worked in. There were several such shops in Wilmington, where they remained an odoriferous feature of the urban landscape into the mid-twentieth century. In these shops goat skins, largely imported, were turned into serviceable leather. The odor that permeated the shops and several blocks of the neighborhood outside was dreadful.

It was too much for my grandfather, who soon left this job for one in Pusey and Jones's Machine shop. When he was laid off there, he started working at Lobdell's, an iron foundry on the Christina River in South Wilmington, and he worked at this foundry for the rest of his life. The dates for these events remain uncertain, but Martin was at Lobdell's at least by the year 1882-1883, when the city directory identifies him as a laborer there. George Lobdell was the founder of this family firm, which had its foundry just upstream from the present Wilmington Marine Terminal. It had two main products, wheels for railroad cars and large iron rolls used in paper mills. The top operatives were iron moulders, who served a seven-year apprenticeship to learn their trade, beginning as teen-age boys. My grandfather, of course, had no such vocational training. He is listed in city directories as a laborer, but to the best of my knowledge he worked at Lobdell's as a sub-contractor, breaking up old car wheels and other scrap iron so it could be used over again. When he grew old, in the absence of any schem for retirement, he was shifted to a job as a watchman. Lobdell's was an old-line family firm that paid low wages, gave no vacations, but tried to take care of employees for life.

At home, Martin was in command. He did no work there, my father said, he just gave orders. Bridget did not sit at the table at dinner but kept busy serving the food to her husband and their numerous progeny. With so many to feed, the children were told the gravy was the best part of a meat dish, along with the meat clinging to the bone. If a child left the table for any reason, he could not return. Otherwise, my father said, the children could have eaten the family out of house and home.

Home must have been a somber place. There were no books in it, but they did get a daily newspaper. Lacking central heating, the children undressed in winter by the kitchen stove and ran upstairs to the warmth of their beds. They washed outside in the back yard before entering the house. My father said he never washed inside the house until he moved to his sister's, after his father's death. As a boy he ran barefoot in summer, but if he went to bed without washing his legs his father beat him with a razor strop. Bridget never whipped the children; indeed she tried to protect them from their father's anger. Expensive toys, like bicycles, were unknown to the Munroe children unless they were able to acquire a second or third-hand one on their own. The boys went without haircuts all winter. In the spring when a man came to clip the horses of the Liberty Fire Company, boys of the neighborhood would line up and after he was done with the horses he would clip the boys' hair.

The girls were not permitted to have callers, and there were seldom guests in the house. Dancing and singing in the home was unknown (quite different from the situation in my mother's home when she was a girl). My father's sisters were required to be in early, usually at 8 but sometimes they were allowed out until 9. When Kate once stayed out at a dance her father locked her out.

Kate, however, was a match for her father and his temper. When he once began to beat her, she ran into the backyard screaming bloody murder so loud that neighbors came from their houses to see what was the matter. Martin was ashamed and cowed by the attention. To the end of his life he remained a little afraid of Kate. He never struck her again.

Despite these stories that he told, my father, it is clear to me, loved his father. His mother he thought was a saint, and he did not think that of his father, but he respected the man and they got along. My father was a good steady worker after he grew up, and he never missed a day's work, however ill he might feel, if he could drag himself out of the house in the morning. Being male, he was allowed privileges, particularly as he grew up and became, as he did, the financial mainstay of the family in his father's old age.

The two men talked a lot apparently, since my stories of Martin came mainly from my father. After all, for twelve years, from Bridget's death in 1898 to Martin's in 1910, they lived together, the only two men in the house, though there was always at least one girl there as housekeeper—Kate, until her marriage, and Sadie throughout this period.

Only occasionally did a story regarding Martin's temper slip from my father, as, for example, on an occasion when my son Stephen made a remark I considered insolent and I raised my hand to strike him. "Don't do that, John," my father interrupted. "The boy is too big for that. My father hit Pat and he ran away."

My father was reported to have a bad temper too if crossed by men of his own station in life, and I saw a very few examples of it at home. But he never struck me. I never remember being whipped by him even when I was small; indeed he comforted me

when my mother delivered a deserved chastising, possibly a spanking, but more often, frequently indeed, a severe scolding.

Though he may have been something of a lion at work, according to the tales I heard, he was ordinarily a lamb at home, and his tender feelings extended beyond his immediate family to all his brothers and sisters and nieces and nephews. He loved them all and rarely found even the slightest fault in them. And as to his father, it was an everlasting consolation to him that he had been present when his father died and had held him in his arms.

Most of the children left the Munroe home. Mary, the eldest child, went with the Lobdell family as a child's nurse when my father was only four or five. As related earlier, she left the Lobdells when she was still young to join her Aunt Mary in New York, making "big money" (in my father's words) taking care of children there. Returning to Delaware, she moved to the home of Mrs. Emma Lobdell Allmond and her husband, Dr. Charles M. Allmond. They lived in Newark and paid Mary one dollar and a half a week besides her keep. Residence in Newark, where Dr. Allmond was at one time mayor, explains her marriage to Reuben Brown, son of the leading tinner and roofer, with a shop on Main Street. The shop was on the south side of Main where the University campus crosses the street today.

My father did not remember Mary living at home. The first time he recalled seeing her in the house was at a children's party. It was one of the few festive occasions in the house that my father remembered. He was only a young boy, and the party was mainly composed of his sister Maggie (two years older than he was) and her friends. His memory of his first visit to the Brandywine Park was also connected with Maggie, since she took him there, to Tatnall's woods. Otherwise he had very little to say about this

sister. The first home my father remembered was on Tatnall Street between First and Second, and he believed that this was where he was born on September 27, 1879. By my time this was a rough area, either part of or next to a run-down neighborhood called Bloodfield. It was undoubtedly the home of poor folk, but not as bad when my father lived there as it became later. According to a block directory for 1886 the next door neighbors were named Lawless and Knotts, which agrees with my father's recollection of Johnny Knotts as one of his earliest friends.

City directories, in fact, agree very well with my father's recollections of these early days. The first directory to list Martin Munroe is the one for 1877-1878, which would be the year after Bridget's arrival in Amewrica, and the address given is 115 Tatnall Street. The family lived there until approximately 1880 (through the year when my father was born, 1879). The Munroes moved then to 113 Washington Street, but by 1885-1886 they were back on Tatnall Street, at 113, next door to their former home. It seems clear that they were renting, never homeowners. (Incidentally, the name is sometimes spelled Munroe and sometimes Monroe, even Monrow, in the directories; sometimes it is given two ways in the same book.) One of the few stories I remember my father telling of those days is that an old Irish woman gave him a coin to put in his pocket for good luck the first day he appeared on the street in pants, which suggests that children were kept in dresses a long time.

His parents, my father said, had decided to name him John, but when they took him to church to be baptized the priest suggested that, particularly because the baby was weak, he should be named Michael, this being [Authors note: September 28, the day before] St. Michael's Day (Michaelmas). And so the baby was named Michael John, but I have heard longtime acquaintances call him Johnny, apparently a name used in his

boyhood. He gained strength and became a remarkably healthy man, and a strong one, living to be ninety. Probably he would have lived longer had his spirit not been crushed after the death of my mother, when he was eighty-six.

In 1888 Martin Munroe moved his family "over the bridge" to South Silmington. The new location was more convenient than Tatnall Street to his job at Lobdell's foundry. My father became nine in Spetember 1888, and as long as his father lived he remained a "Bridger," as people were called who lived across the Christina in the area connected to the rest of Wilmington by Third Street Bridge. According to my father the Bridgers were a feisty group, often at odds with city kids. One group would sometimes wait for the other to cross the bridge and then attack them as interlopers into enemy territory.

The Munroes had several different addresses over the bridge, according to the city directories. The first address (in the 1889 directory) was 206 Heald Street. In a year they had moved to 1109 Lobdell Street, where they apparently stayed for three years. In 1893 they were at 1125 Apple Street, but after another three years they moved again, this time to 4 New Castle Avenue. Martin Munroe was generally identified in the directory as a laborer, but in 1898 he was called a watchman, and in 1899 a foreman, always at Lobdell's.

The frail son William's name appears for the first time in the 1890 directory. A few years later he is listed as a driver, and then in 1899 as a teamster for H. Lowe, who had a livery stable. William, who had suffered from St. Vitus's dance as a child, could not do hard work and was not very spirited. This displeased his father who found it hard to put up with those who did not work hard. Consequently, according to my father,

William spent much of his time at the livery stable and very little at home, thus avoiding his father's wrath.

My father's name first appears in the 1899 directory, where Katie, too, is listed, Michael being described as an employee of the Munroes had moved again, to 204 South Heald Street, still "over the bridge." In this year Michael is listed as a moulder, indicating his seven-year apprenticeship was over. Katie disappeared from the directory listing after 1899 until 1904 when she reappeared as "Catherine," the wife of John Collins, a morocco worker of 603 West Third Street.

Only my father and his youngest sister, Sarah, were now left with their father in the house on Heald Street, where he lived until his death in November 1910. From at least 1906, however, the oldest of Martin's children, Mary, was living only two doors from her father, at 200 South Heald Street. She and her husband Reuben Brown had previously lived in Newark, where most of their children were born.

In 1905 the Wilmington directory mistakenly lists two moulders in that house, Michael and Peter, but both names refer to my father who had been called Pete by many of his friends ever since he went to work at Lobdell's. As he explained the name to me, it originated at the foundry where his brother Pat had once worked (as an adolescent). When my father appeared (and he bore a resemblance to Pat), he was called Little Pat, or Pete. The name stuck to him for life. My mother was first introduced to him as Pete Munroe, and she and her family always called him by this name.

Pat's name was never in the directory because he ran away from home so early—in approximately 1892. Actually he left home twice. The first time he returned, with money he had made and gave to his mother. The second time he stayed away for 45

years. No word is known to have come from him, and no one knew where he was, though he eventually settled at no immense distance, in western Pennsylvania.

Pat was a strong boy and a good worker, according to my father who sang his praises to me as I was growing up. It was his father's harsh treatment that drove Pat away, and in his renunciation of his home ties—in anger, possibly—he changed his name to Frank P. Monroe. Adopting a different spelling for the last name may not have taken much thought because it was more difficult to insist on Munroe as the spelling than to surrender to the spelling President Monroe used, a spelling perpetuated in street names and in other place names everywhere. Not always, but usually, Monroe was the spelling used for the family in Wilmington city directories.

Frank Monroe, as I will hereafter call him, married twice. He had one child, Frank, of whom I know almost nothing, by his first wife, and four children (Willis, John, Margaret, and Mary Louise) by his second wife, Bertha Majors. She was a Lutheran, like my mother, and Frank, unlike my father, became a Protestant—perhaps an additional act of renunciation of the harsh father he was leaving.

William and Maggie also left home. William, who lacked vigor, did not move far. He had "loafed" (as my father put it) at a livery stable at Front and Tatnall for years but was still listed at his father's home in the 1899 directory. Beginning in 1905, however, he is known to have been resident at 722 King Street, probably employed there as a handyman and driver by a funeral director named Fisher.

Maggie's fate is mysterious. My mother suspected a scandal since she was never spoken of. After the death of my parents, my cousin Sarah Brown told me Maggie had married a Jew and had now been dead for a long time, probably at least fifty years. According to Sarah my father went to the funeral, which was in New Jersey, and told

Aunt Mary about it when he came home. It is strange that my mother seemed to know nothing about Maggie's fate. She could keep secrets, but my father could not. I suspect it was someone else who attended Maggie's funeral and told Aunt Mary about it. Since my father did not mention Maggie's fate to me, I share my mother's suspicions. Marriage to a Jew, in my opinion, would not, in itself, have been enough to account for this silence. My mother's older sister married a Jew, and through this shocked her German immigrant mother, her siblings rallied to her defense. Since there was much talk of this marriage in the family, it is strange if such an alliance by his sister was sufficient to seal my father's mouth.

Maggie was very blond, he told me, "blonder even than your wife." And this is the only personal comment I recall his ever making of a sister who was just two years his elder.

The youngest child, Marty, suffered from what my father called "membranes croup" and died at 11. He was a great pet in the family, and was always dressed well, I was told. There was no remedy for his disease, my father said, though the unfortunate little boy was held over vapor arising from steeped lime in an effort to cut the congestion that clogged his lungs or throat.

Willie and Marty excepted (and Maggie unknown), the Munroe children were uncommonly healthy. When only nine, Pat carried water for laborers constructing a canal at Lobdell's. Pat, my father said, was the wildest, but he was a good worker. None of them was ever arrested, though there were many temptations in the street about them.

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To hear my father tell of it, his life as a boy was a happy one, and it grew better every year up to the time he got married and took on family responsibilities. He was

inclined to be a singularly cheerful person, who was not given to preparing for the morrow. He worried about little except the well-being of his wife and son. I have also known him to come home worried about his work—not about keeping his job but whether one of the large iron rolls (for paper-making) that he had cast might be defective. But the boy deserves attention before the concerns of the husband and father. Not that he ever ceased being a boy at heart.

Footnotes

1. To the university, my father said. Unless otherwise attributed, the data in this family history comes from my father. Some of it is recorded in notes I took when talking with him in the last ten years of his long life.

2. He may also have had a "bake shop" before he came to America.

3. According to notes left by her son Pat, Bridget was fifty when she died in 1898, which is the basis for estimating the date of her birth. But she may have been younger at her death. She is said to have been married at sixteen, and her first child, Mary, was born in about 1870. There may, of course, have been earlier births of children who did not survive.

4. When Martin left for America he sold the pony to people named Kilhoon, whose son Archy was known to my father in Wilmington.

5. I am uneasy about claiming relationship to the renowned Archbishop MacHale, chiefly because I know so little of my grandmother's ancestry that I cannot know whether there could be a MacHale connection. But another problem is my father's

story that the death of the bishop obliged her to move the home of her husband's brother in Headford. Archbishop MacHale, though very old, did not die until 1881, five years after Bridget came to America. There were two contemporary bishops bearing Bridget's maiden name. One, Edward Cardinal McCabe, archbishop of Dublin, 1867-1885, seems to be clearly not the bishop of my family story. The other, Cornelius (Nigel) McCabe, bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnois, 1867-1871, fits better, except that his death seems to have preceded Martin's departure from Ireland—and it is Tuam, not Ardagh, that was mentioned to me. I have, unfortunately, no information as yet about this Bishop McCabe.

There was also a Protestant (Church of Ireland) bishop of Tuam, but the contemporary holder of this title (in fact it was "Bishop of Tuam, Killala and Achonry"), Charles Broderick Bernard, 1867-1890, does not fit the family story. For data on the hierarchy I am indebted to my son-in-law, András Riedlmayer, who used the Hierarchia Catholica Medii et Recentioris Aevi, vol. 8 (1846-1903) (Padua, 1978). Additional information regarding Archbishop MacHale was supplied by my cousin Rorán Dolan, of Dublin.

6. According to my father, Martin's Brothers helped him emigrate, but if he had a house and farm to sell the help may not have been necessary.

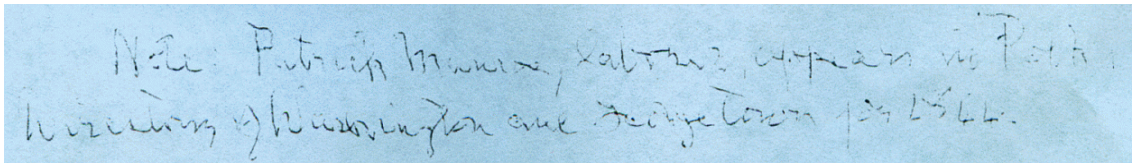
7. Martin's Letters from his brothers, his passport, and his naturalization papers were all destroyed in this fire.

8. The children arrived on August 2, 1879. I believe Mary was eight years old when she arrived and Pat was probably five.

9 My father thought Martin was the oldest in his family, but he may have been speaking only of the brothers and sisters who came to America.

10. My father mentions only one letter received by his mother, and it was from her sister in Australia. He did not specifically say there were none from Ireland.

11. I could find no Munroes under any variant of the spelling in the telephone books I examined in Ireland in 1962. The name is very common in Scotland, where it is usually spelled "Munro." Sir Patrick Munro of Foulis, chief of the clan, told me (in about 1978) that they migrated from Ireland to Scotland in the Middle Ages. The center of their settlement came near to be near Dingwall, in eastern Ross, which is in the north of Scotland, above Inverness. Sir Patrick found the name spelled several ways in a single document.



[The original document had a hand written comment that read:
"Note: Patrick Munroe labors appear in Both [sic]
directory of Washington and Georgetown for 1844"]

▲ **Young boys wore** loose-fitting dresses until they were five or six. Then they began to dress exactly like their fathers.

▲ **Young girls** dressed just like their mothers. Wealthy young ladies began wearing stays at an early age. These were undergarments stiffened with whalebone and laced tightly to give a fashionable figure.

[The copy of this history that my father gave to me had this magazine image taped to the inside of the front cover. j.m.m.]

Arden as I Knew It
By John A. Munroe

Perhaps it is my earliest memory. I was a very small boy in a stroller and my mother was pushing me up Harvey Road toward Arden. She might have been coming from the B&O Railroad stop on Harvey Road, but I think on this occasion she had much farther to walk--from the trolley car line across the Philadelphia Pike.

It was easy to board the trolley. It ran right in front of our house at 3031 Market Street but it ran east of the pike that was an extension of Wilmington's Market Street, not west where Arden lay and where my grandmother Dettling lived every summer.

What brought Grandmother to Arden had nothing to do with the political philosophy, the Single Tax, that had led to Arden's foundation in 1900. Grandmother had a weak heart and it seemed wise for her to be in a one-story bungalow instead of the two-story house she and her four unmarried children--Mena, Katie, Andy, and Pauline--had on 22nd Street in Wilmington.

With the girls all employed and making money the family could afford a summer rental. First, they chose Gordon Heights, connected by trolley to the city. Very soon they began renting in Arden. Probably it appealed to the girls (Andy seemed to have little part in this) as being a bit sophisticated, culturally somewhat advanced, and Katie and Pauline were eager for some enrichment of their lives. Perhaps their German heritage led them to appreciate a community with an outdoor theatre and a gild hall where Shakespeare's plays and musical concerts were frequently offered by talented townspeople.

For Grandmother, Arden's appeal rose from its resemblance to the Germany of her youth, where people planted flowers and perhaps also vegetables around their houses. For the Single Tax theories of Henry George that had led the first Arden settlers to found the town, Grandmother, as far as I know, cared nothing. She liked the garden aspects of Arden. People strolled down lanes or down dirt roads and stopped to chat. The Dettling girls brought friends to Arden, and if the friends were men Grandmother recruited them to help in planting her garden.

For that very reason my father was unenthusiastic. He worked hard as an ironmolder at Lobdell's foundry for five and a half days each week. He would rather rest, read the paper, watch a sandlot baseball game, or go to a movie than be put to work in the garden of his mother-in-law. Her only son, Andy, spent his free time at a clubhouse in Wilmington, the Democratic League, and so Grandmother would claim some work from her son-in-law if he was available.

And so it was that my mother, seeking relief from her housework and the pleasure of joining her sisters and their friends, was alone as she pushed me up Harvey Road toward Grandmother's cottage.

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I can remember three cottages the Dettlings had in Arden. Two of them are vague in my mind, a small one-story structure with two rectangles connected by an open but covered middle, situated alone on a lane that led from Miller Road to the swimming pool on the creek; and a larger, probably two-story house not far from this pool on Miller Road, next to a house of a Philadelphia widow named Weiss and her two daughters, Madeleine and Angela. The girls were of about the age of my aunts and became close friends.

Madeleine was married to Percy Cole, a chemist and the son of Timothy Cole, America's most famous wood carver of his generation. Percy had been educated abroad, where his father had gone on assignment as an illustrator to prepare wood engravings of some of the most cherished paintings in the western world. Percy had a doctorate, I was told, but in chemistry, not medicine, and this was a revelation to me, for Percy was my first example of a Ph.D., or whatever French equivalent he possessed.

The younger Weiss sister, Angela, was a student of languages. When she applied for a position at the Women's College of the University of Delaware, its dean, Winifred Robinson, interviewed her at the Wilmington home of my grandmother, 507 West 22nd Street. Angela was a quiet girl and probably not a great success as a professor. She left Delaware after two or three years and subsequently married a French businessman who was frequently in the United States to promote the sale of French wines. [Ribaud/Roland?]

I believe that Mrs. Weiss spoke German, which strengthened her tie to my grandmother, so that it outlasted the brief period when they were next-door neighbors in Arden. The connection with the worlds of art and learning, which this family represented, is a sample of the cultural awakening Arden provided for me.

Finding summer residence in Arden gemütlich on several scores, my grandmother soon bought a cottage of her own at the corner of Miller Road and Little Lane, a house that I remember very well for it stayed in the family for perhaps thirty years, long after Grandmother's death.

On the Little Lane, or west side, of the house, were two bedrooms separated by a short hall that led to an entrance on a small porch and a path that was bordered on either side by beds of flowers and led through a hedge to the road. Another similar entrance with a porch was on the north side of the house. Inside was what seemed to me a large living room that featured a padded window seat where a visitor could sleep, as I did at least once when I was in college. On this side, between the cottage and Miller Road, was a grove of trees and large rocks that I liked to climb on and included one apple tree with limbs low enough for me. The hedge beside Miller Road was rather scraggly because of the trees, but it was a busy way for residents walking toward the swimming pool o the west of Arden Green and an open-air theatre on the east.

Next door on Miller Road was a larger house that was bought by the Wilmington chapter of the Business and Professional Women's Club. My two Dettling aunts (Mena had by this time married and moved to California) were members of this club and so the connections with these neighbors were very close. The clubwoman I remember best (probably she spent the most time in Arden) was Jane Scipp, a mannish, friendly woman who, I was told, had driven a taxi during World War I but was now girls gym teacher at the Tower Hill School.

I believe I heard she sometimes smoked a pipe, but I know she met a sad death. It occurred years after the Arden clubhouse had been sold and Miss Scipp spent summers at a small cottage on the Jersey shore. She was drowned there, engulfed by a giant storm wave, when she neglected to flee to safety.

On the other side of Grandmother's cottage was a wide field that Aunt Pauline bought, and beyond it was Wollery's store, kept by a man who excited my interest after I was told he had been a professional boxer.

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Intriguing footpaths ran through Arden. One started between Woolery's store and Aunt Pauline's lot and led toward the Arden Green. Another began on Harvey Road as one walked up from the railroad station, and it too led to the Green.

Baseball teams played on the Green. I remember being at one game between teams of women. This would have been when I was very young, maybe six or seven, because one team was the Topkis Bloomer Girls. This team was probably made up of employees of Topkis's Market Street store (predecessor of the Wilmington Dry Goods), for two of my aunts worked there though neither one was on the team.

Another aunt, Pauline, then in her twenties, was the only athlete among Grandmother's children. She played golf at the Du Pont Country Club (she worked for Du Pont) and swam in the Arden pool. The three unmarried aunts attracted some single men on weekends when Grandmother could put them to work in her flower garden and vegetable patch.

Arden itself attracted many interesting characters. Dude Johnson, for instance, was a Wilmington carpenter who dressed in the latest fashion. Estelle [?] Hillernon [?] was a resident violinist who was a friend of my aunts. Burgess Meredith, the actor, spent time in Arden, though I did not know it then.

But the great figure in Arden, its founder and the inspirer of much of its cultural life, was Frank Stephens. His house, with a carved quotation from Shakespeare on the wooden frame of its facade, faced the Arden Green and was beside an open-air Woodland Theatre. Stephens [Stevens?] was a confirmed Single Taxer, whose other enthusiasms included crafts (he had been a metal worker), world peace, Esperanto (an international language), poetry, and the theatre (especially Shakespeare and Gilbert and Sullivan). The

first Shakespeare I saw was *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the Woodland Theatre. Another outdoor theatre adjoined the Gild Hall, on the other side of Harvey Road, which bisected Arden. This theatre had an open stage with a balcony that seemed made for *Romeo and Juliet*. The audience sat on the grassy turf that formed a small amphitheater. My memories of productions there are confined to *Twelfth Night.* I never saw *Romeo and Juliet* or any of the tragedies there.

Vesper services were held inside the Gild Hall on Sunday nights. These services would have had little attraction for me, though I heard that my cousin Rita Krapf, a voice teacher, frequently sang, and I know that Frank Stephens dedicated a poem to her.

Rita and Dan Krapf (it was Dan who was my mother's second cousin) rented Aunt Pauline's property annually, starting in about 1929, several years after Grandmother's death. They moved a little house--I want to call it a shack--that had been on it but was never used to a new position, near the footpath and at the edge of a grove of trees.

I never had been in this structure before the Krapfs started using it, but I believe they added a semi-enclosed porch that stretched across two existing rooms, a kitchen and a bedroom. Of their two sons, Earl and Bob, the older one, Earl, was in my class in high school and college. His family spent a large part of the summer in Arden, and their presence furnished a new attraction for my parents and me. Dan and Rita were very hospitable, and those they entertained included many cousins of my mother, like Mary and Bernard Kleitz, who was a first cousin of my mother's father, and Bernard's sister Katharine Krapf (Dan's mother).

Several members of this family, especially Mary Kleitz, liked to play pinochle, and Earl and I were frequently allowed to enter as partners in this four-handed game. Pinochle was popular in German-American circles, but my father also played, as did Dan Krapf. In time Earl and I switched to bridge, as our favorite card game, but no other members of the family took it up except Aunt Pauline (and possibly Aunt Mame, my mother's aunt).

This is an early draft of the first chapter and the concluding two chapters of my father's book, "The Philadelawarians".

My father's book was published in 2004, less than two years before his death at the age of 92. The first piece is the opening chapter which comprises a literary biography of my father.

The second piece is a chapter titled "Three Immigrants and tells of his grandfather Andreas Dettling of Dettlingen who arrived in America in 1853; a great grandmother, Wihelmina Maier of Adelmannsfelden who arrived in America in 1851; and a grandmother, Sophia Hanselmann of Sindringen, who arrived in America in 1881 at the age of 19.

The third piece is titled "The Trip to Philadelphia" and it recounts my father's favorite excursion, a day trip to Philadelphia by ship from the foot of 4th Street in Wilmington. This was a trip that my father frequently made with his parents probably beginning sometime around 1920.

Michael Munroe, January 2007

Three Chapters from "The Philadelawarians"
By John A. Munroe – 6/12/2003

PREFACE

Reminiscing in old age about events, largely happy ones, over the last eighty years, it occurred to me that there might be interest in some of the articles I wrote during that period. Published in various places, they are not easily accessible today. Very few people have seen them all.

In choosing items for this collection I begin and conclude with essays connecting Delaware and Philadelphia. The first is set in the late eighteenth century and appeared originally in a Philadelphia journal. The last, hitherto unpublished, was written for my friends and family and draws on my own experiences in the early twentieth century.

The connection is an obvious one for me inasmuch as my serious historical studies began at the University of Delaware and the University of Pennsylvania, forty miles apart.

PROLOGUE

A Literary Autobiography

Having lived long enough to provide time for recollection and reflection I have enjoyed revisiting some of my literary ventures in the past. From an early age I was entranced by the idea of putting words on paper. I liked to talk too, to tell true or false stories, but I was too shy to speak publicly.

I came by this interest naturally for my father was a born storyteller and excited my interest by his stories through his long life. I have written "Tales of My Father" in an unpublished article for my children.

My father's tales were factual – or were meant to be. I remember coming home from elementary school (No. 23. in Wilmington) and telling my parents, particularly my father, tales of events at recess that were wholly imaginary. I think he knew they were.

One of my aunts had a relationship with a newspaper - she was listed as an officer of the firm publishing The Sunday Star – and this connection might have encouraged my interest in writing. At any rate, when I was in the eighth grade at a middle school, M. Channing Wagner, an administrator from Wilmington High School, interviewed me and each of my classmates in order to draw up schedules at the high school for these incoming ninth graders.

"What do you want to be" he asked me.

"A journalist," I replied, or maybe I said "a newspaper man."

"All right," said Mr. Wagner, "then you'll take ancient history, along with Latin, mathematics, and English."

Most of my friends took general science instead of ancient history, but the choice was a good one for me. I loved the subject and it was the only ancient history course I ever took.

Among the many outside activities I participated in during these high school years (1928-1932) was a stint on the school paper, both as a reporter and as an advertising solicitor. But I found working on the school literary magazine, the Whisp, much more fun. Importantly, it was more of a group enterprise. When production time neared, members of the staff gathered after school to plan the set-up of the issue, to assign topics, read copy, correct spelling, etc. I liked the members of the group and could name many of them today.

For example, Edmund Fuller, who became a prominent literary critic and eventually chief book reviewer for the Wall Street Journal. He wrote short detective stories on the exploits of one Herlock Sholmes. Marie Curran wrote stories about gnomes. Irvin Malcolm was joke editor. Walter McEvilly and Bill Baldwin, were also involved prominently – Walter as the editor.

I wrote short historical articles on such subjects as the Olympic Games, the history of mathematics, and the two thousandth anniversary of Vergil's birth. They were short and they were dull. I wonder whether anyone read them besides my mother.

I didn't know what kind of career to plan for when I went to college. There was no question where I would go. I could only afford to go to the state university, which proved a good choice because I had health problems and as a commuter I could get the right food and sufficient rest to see me through a period when I had several blood transfusions.

When one of my aunts suggested I should become a high school teacher I was appalled at the thought. But at college I nevertheless prepared for a teaching career because the Great Depression had hurt my family and I needed to be able to make money. Further schooling after college--as for a career in law-- was not to be considered.

As a freshman I took courses in English, history (European), German, mathematics, chemistry, and botany - one more subject than usual because I was excused from physical education and military training. I decided quickly that the first three subjects were the fields for me and continued with them in future years, avoiding mathematics and science. I had to add education courses to qualify for a teaching job, and also chose classes in economics and sociology.

At Delaware I did a small amount of writing for the school paper, the Review, but I soon gave it up, probably because being a commuter left me little time for reporting and, frankly, I guess I didn't care much for the work. I participated in reviving a literary magazine, The Humanist, and wrote an account of an interview with a Belgian organist employed by Pierre du Pont at Longwood but regularly loaned to the University for concerts at Mitchell Hall. I also wrote brief sketches of classmates for the yearbook but was angry at the editor's failure to let me (or anyone else) correct the copy.

As my senior year began, in September 1935 I began to worry about getting a job. For graduation I needed only two courses, both of which I was taking. One was Practice Teaching and the other was an education course that went along with it. When these courses were completed I would have all the credits I needed for graduation. I was registered for two other courses, fourth-year German (with only one or two other students in the class) and a history course with Professor George Ryden (I believe it was European Diplomatic History) which Ryden was giving me independently because the scheduled time for the class conflicted with Practice Teaching.

The country was still suffering from the Great Depression and jobs were hard to find. I knew students – good students too – who had been graduated in June and still had not found jobs in the fall.

My experience practice teaching was encouraging. Dr. Alice Van de Voort (the only female professor I had at Delaware) had shown her usual good sense in assigning me to work with an intelligent, lively woman, Mrs. Dorothy Marshall, at Wilmington High School. She had such good control over her class that discipline was no problem and all lessons could proceed as they were planned.

Emboldened by this experience, I told Professor William Wilkinson, chairman of the education department, that I wanted a job and would be free to leave college and go to work at the end of the term, in January 1936. Through a friend of my father I had secured an interview with the superintendent of schools in New Castle, but, as expected, he had nothing available in the fall term for which I could be considered.

After the Christmas vacation, when classes resumed for the few weeks remaining in the semester, Professor Wilkinson asked me to stop at his office. There he advised me to see the Newark superintendent, Carleton Douglass, who might have a place for me--I could, and he did.

A junior high school social studies teacher had died suddenly during the vacation (I afterwards learned he had committed suicide), and after a brief conversation I was offered the job. "By the way," Mr. Douglass added, "the man you will replace liked to teach some mathematics. He had two seventh-grade classes, but they'll give you no trouble; you need to know only enough to keep a check book."

I didn't admit I had never had a check book, and as I left the office I saw a graduate from the '35 class, a good student, waiting to see Mr. Douglass to apply for the job that now was mine.

I began my long teaching career on (if I remember correctly) January 13, 1936. College classes still had a week or so to go, but scarce as jobs were my teachers were glad to excuse me from further attendance. I suppose I had to take some final examinations, but another teacher with a free period would take over any high school class I had to miss. Similarly, when my college graduation took place in June other teachers met my classes while I walked one block from the school on Academy Street to Mitchell Hall on the college campus. When the ceremony was over, I walked back to the school, stuck my diploma in a desk drawer, and resumed teaching, happy to have a job.

After a few weeks I had been relieved of the mathematics classes in return for one in American History and one in World History, both in senior high school, which was in the same

building as the junior high. For one and a half years I continued with a similar schedule, mainly teaching ninth graders. In 1937 I was offered the chance to replace the senior English teacher, who was leaving. I liked the idea, for now that I knew I enjoyed teaching I wanted to teach older students, hoping some day to teach in college.

First, however, I called on Professor W. Owen Sypherd, the old respected chairman of the English department at the University. Was I prepared, I asked him, to teach English in high school to juniors and seniors. (I had taken a number of elective English courses as an undergraduate and was taking another as a graduate student in the summer of 1937 when this opportunity arose.) Sypherd approved my taking the English position, which satisfied me. I knew he was no easy mark who would simply agree to what a questioner wanted.

So for the next two years I taught English to most of the juniors and seniors at Newark High School, which had graduating classes of only 75 to 100 students.

Teaching English at this level was fun because the material being read could be changed from term to term. But it required a lot of time. Every student paper had to be read completely. If I assigned a theme I had to devote four evenings to reading the papers.

Every summer I took graduate courses at the University of Delaware, thus completing all the courses required for the M.A. degree in four years. In this time, I saved what I could from my salary, which rose from $1,285. a year to $1,500. Then, in 1939 I resigned my job to attend graduate school full time at the University of Pennsylvania. I wanted to become a college professor, mainly because I thought the work would be intellectually more satisfying than high school teaching.

But what subject should I study, history or English. I decided that English would make a fine hobby, but that I would rather give serious study to history. Or to political science? I flirted with this thought for months and was sufficiently attracted to the idea that when I applied to graduate schools political science was the subject I proposed to study.

In my spring vacation in 1939 I went to the Penn campus in Philadelphia to meet the political science department chairman. I left him not convinced that this should be my field. I was particularly bothered by a list of recommended books. Probably they stressed theory too much for my taste. I had a decent background in international relations but in government I had very little training – only one course in American government, and not a good one. (The professor was so dull that I used to memorize poetry during his lectures.)

I also visited Johns Hopkins University, and here I had a more favorable reaction. I liked the chairman, who later wrote a good biography of Roger Taney, and I liked a young professor I met (V. O. Key) who was working on Southern politics. I was pleased to be offered a tuition fellowship at Hopkins, with promise of something better in a

second year if my work was satisfactory.

I intended to accept the Hopkins scholarship, but practical questions intervened. If I did I would need to live in Baltimore and the $600 I had saved as a teacher would not go far. My parents, with whom I had been living, were worried about my health. I suffered from a bleeding disorder called purpura and had had seven or eight blood transfusions, though none in the last three years. If I went to Pennsylvania I could commute by train to Philadelphia – a distance of only 27 miles with service at least hourly.

Since Baltimore was more than twice as far from my Wilmington home it was not practical to think of commuting there. So finally I yielded to family persuasion and decided on Pennsylvania. This decision also allowed me to change my mind about the field I would study. I was uneasy about political science but I knew I liked history. So I made the change.

When I completed my registration in Penn's graduate school of arts and science I was enrolled as a Ph.D. candidate in history. Directed to Professor Arthur C. Bining for help with a schedule I told him I wanted to minor in political science.

"Very reasonable," he responded. "There should be provision for it. But there isn't."

And that was the end of my ambitions for political science.

The immediate problem was to consider what fields of history I would select for my concentration. Ph.D. candidates were examined in five fields at the close of their studies (before writing a dissertation). I liked all fields of history, as far as I had examined them, and I had been particularly attracted to the Middle Ages, but prudence directed me to American history.

As I registered war was breaking out in Europe, and no one could think of going abroad to study. Even had there been no war I could not think of going abroad to study; I couldn't afford even to live in Philadelphia. Without some study abroad (such as research on a dissertation) I would be at a disadvantage compared to other young historians, but in American history I could be--as far as preparation was concerned--as good as anybody.

American history as a field of study was divided by the Penn department into two chronological periods, early and late. Besides the two American fields, I chose to concentrate on English history, medieval history, and Latin American history, these fitting into certain broad categories that the department established.

Penn demanded that all course work for the Ph.D. be completed within five years of the comprehensive examinations. All of my summer courses at Delaware, even those in English and economics, had been accepted by Penn, but they dated back to 1936 and I feared some credits

might expire. I did not want to take one more course than necessary, and yet I wanted to be able to interrupt my pursuit of the Ph.D. whenever a good position was available.

If I sealed my studies at Delaware by taking an M.A. degree there, the credits would be frozen, recognized by Penn everlastingly. Consequently I spent most of my time in the summers of 1940 and 1941 writing an M.A. thesis at Delaware. When I received this degree in September 1941 I had already completed all required course work on a Penn Ph.D., but the comprehensive examination and the dissertation lay ahead.

For the academic years beginning in September 1940 and September 1941 I held a teaching assistantship at Pennsylvania, meaning I received a small stipend plus free tuition. I had not known of the availability of such an appointment before, or I would surely have applied in 1939. My principal duty was to teach three discussion groups each week after the students heard lectures in American history from Arthur Bining or Roy Nichols. I was glad to be a teacher again, though the best part of the job was having a desk of my own with other T.A.'s, in a crowded little room off the department office. Being a commuter, I was glad to have a base on the Penn campus, somewhere to hang my hat and leave books and papers, and I also enjoyed the companionship of other T.A.'s, of whom there were about a dozen.

I was happy I had chosen Penn, both because of this appointment and because of another matter. Shortly after I began my studies there in 1939 I began to have signs that my bleeding problem might be on the way to a serious hemorrhage. After a series of blood tests my doctor ordered me to stay home. For about six weeks I was kept home, but finally, when no hemorrhage had occurred, I was allowed to resume commuting but told to avoid steps as far as possible and to come home each day as soon as my classes were over. Through this period I was able to read and write and therefore to keep up with all my classes. But had I been in Baltimore I would have had to withdraw and come home and my dreams of doctoral studies would have been ended.

Probably it was the excitement of quitting my high school post that caused this scare. At any rate my health never again interrupted my work.

I was certainly stressed in the fall of 1941 as I prepared to take the oral comprehensive examinations in the five fields I had chosen. I had to continue my duties as a T.A., but otherwise I had no course work to do and could concentrate on reading, allowing so many weeks to each of my fields.

I took these long dreaded examinations in January 1942 and found them not bad at all. My courage bolstered, I reflected on my next step, which was to write a dissertation. But my teaching assistantship now seemed more of an impediment than a help. I expected the dissertation would take me about two years of concentrated work. The assistantship paid me

only a very small sum ($300, I believe), plus tuition, which was worth much more than the emolument. But free tuition was of no use to me now.

With my new confidence I phoned my good friend and admired teacher Francis Squire, who was acting chairman of the history department at Delaware. I knew, of course, that the chairman of the Delaware department, George H. Ryden, had died in the fall of an illness that afflicted him rather suddenly, just after he had read my M.A. thesis.

Would the Delaware department need an addition for the spring semester, I asked, thinking it better to be making a full salary, however modest, than the miserable pittance paid an assistant.

"Indeed we might," was the burden of the answer. "Could you come down and see me in my office this week end?"

Of course, I could, and in that meeting my future was settled. For one term, that is, I would join the Delaware faculty as a history instructor at $1800 a year.

My hope was that I could save some money (commuting now to Newark instead of Philadelphia) for the future. And, oh, what a grand feeling it was to be a faculty member, not a T.A., and at my old school, where I had many friends on the faculty and even some cousins or family acquaintances in the student body.

I was what I wanted to be. The dangerous leap from a secure job teaching to the uncertainty of an aspiring graduate student had paid off.

An older man, a first cousin of my grandfather, had seen me waiting for a trolley in Wilmington in the fall and asked what was I doing. Going to the University of Pennsylvania, I answered. "Good heavens, John," he said. "Are you still in school?" I was twenty seven and embarrassed.

What would happen when the term was over? My colleagues declared they wanted to keep me on, but President Walter Hullihen insisted that the place of Ryden, the senior scholar in the department, must be filled at the least by someone with a Ph.D.

And so it was. But to give me a chance to put aside more money for lean years ahead, the department arranged that I should teach two courses in summer school. Those summer weeks passed quickly, and immediately afterwards I got to work on my dissertation. Roy Nichols had arranged for me to return to the Penn campus as chairman of the T.A.'s at a slightly (very slightly) enhanced salary.

Then one day late in the summer as I sat in the Historical Society of Delaware, working on my dissertation, Henry Clay Reed, one of my late colleagues at Delaware, reached me by phone. Could I possibly return to Delaware for the academic year that was about to start?

Reed had, he explained, been offered a post-doctoral fellowship at Princeton. Late as it was, President Hullihen would approve a leave if his place could be filled satisfactorily. Thus the offer.

But as a friend, Reed felt he must warn me. "If you go back to Penn now you can write your dissertation and get your Ph.D. in two years. But if you come to Delaware you'll be five years completing your dissertation."

He was right, yet returning to Delaware was so much more attractive than being a T.A. at Pennsylvania that I did not hesitate long in making my choice.

I did hope to keep working on my dissertation while teaching, and the fact that I had chosen a Delaware subject was encouraging. Originally while at Penn I had planned to write on the lyceum movement, a sort of adult education program featuring itinerant lecturers. But a list of works in progress that I saw included this subject with the name of a man I never heard of again. (It was not Carl Bode, who eventually produced a fine book on lyceums.)

I was scared off this subject and retreated to local history where I would be sure to hear about it if anyone sought to appropriate my subject. I would write on Delaware in the Revolutionary period. This had the advantage of being a relatively cheap subject – that is, I would not need to travel far in my research. Furthermore, I would be building on a background I had already acquired. My M.A. thesis, written under George Ryden, had been on "The Relations between the Delaware Legislature and the Continental Congress," a subject he had suggested.

In two seminars at Penn I had added to my knowledge of Delaware in the same period. In Arthur Bining's economic history seminar I worked on the maritime history of Delaware in the late eighteenth century. And in Roy Nichols' political history seminar I studied the Delaware delegation in one of the early Congresses.

However, the first scholarly paper I ever published came out of my aborted studies of the lyceum movement. The editor of Delaware Notes, which published articles by members of the Delaware faculty, asked me for a paper and I gave him one based on research I had done for Richard Shryock's seminar in social history, entitled "The Lyceum in America before the Civil War." Published in 1942 (volume 7), it featured an account of an early lyceum in Wilmington.

My hope of making progress on my dissertation had to be set aside in 1943 when I agreed to take over some of the work of the alumni secretary, who was going into the Navy. My main

duty would be to produce four issues of the University News, an alumni magazine, for each year while carrying on, with a secretary's help, the correspondence of the office and offering support to an annual fund drive. Other activities, like clubs, were largely suspended during the war.

For the magazine, I wrote almost every word, dictating much of it. It mattered less than otherwise that I was giving up research on my dissertation because in these wartime years I needed to keep busy. Most men of my age were now in the armed forces, and the archives and historical societies where my research would take me were now populated mainly by elderly women or by retired men absorbed in genealogy.

Through these years I remained a civilian because of my history of bleeding and of blood transfusions. (My bleeding problem disappeared when I reached my thirties, as I had been told it would.) I still lived in Wilmington with my parents, but I was away all day and often far into the evening, when I had to catch up with alumni work, not only on the magazine but also on an extensive correspondence with men now scattered over the globe.

I had continued teaching full time. The history department needed me because the Women's College remained and though most undergraduate men had departed they were replaced by army trainees required to take a history course on the background of the war.

In these years I began to be called on frequently for speeches, sometimes on local history, sometimes on a broader perspective. The years I had spent teaching had allowed me to overcome the shyness that once made me hesitant to address a class. On the contrary, I now felt more at home in front of a class than in most social situations. It did not matter whether the class numbered in the hundreds or was just twenty-five or thirty students, though I preferred the smaller number for I might get to know them.

However, I still recall the first class I taught at Delaware. It was in February 1942 when Professor Squire, who had taught this class in the previous term, introduced me and left the room. For just a minute or two before I took over, my eyes watered and I couldn't see. It was an emotional moment. Here I was where I had hardly ever hoped to be. Teaching in college, yes, I expected that, but there was a special thrill in teaching in my alma mater.

Immediately after the war ended I resigned my alumni duties and devoted all my free time to my dissertation. After a year of research I started writing it in the fall of 1946 and finished in the spring of 1947. My chairman, H. Clay Reed, helped me by arranging a very convenient schedule and my wife typed my manuscript drafts as soon as I gave them to her, even though she was caring for our first child, born in June 1946 and was also teaching part time in the chemistry department.

When I finished the dissertation I turned to three chapters I had promised Professor Reed for his Delaware, a History of the First State, published late in 1947. Two of my chapters

required only a boiling down of material in my dissertation, but the third chapter, a political narrative of "Party Battles, 1815-1850," was based on new research.

For one of the first talks I was called on to make off campus I chose as my subject, Dr. James Tilton. It was his birthday, I believe, and I was fascinated with this man, a distinguished Delaware physician who wrote on many subjects.

In the course of my career I turned my attention to Tilton many times. I thought of editing a volume of his writings including such of his letters as I could find, but I never went ahead with this project. My first Tilton piece was probably the most useful. It was Tilton's "Notes on the Agriculture of Delaware in 1788," which R. O. Bausman, an agricultural economist, joined me in editing. I had discovered Tilton's manuscript among the records of the old Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, housed in the library of the Veterinary School of the University of Pennsylvania. In its Memoirs, now rare, the Society had published Tilton's notes as answers to a long list of questions from a French scientist. Bausman and I published these questions (not previously in print) with Tilton's answers in Agricultural History in 1946, adding what we could on the background of these manuscripts and their significance.

Another Tilton work on quite a different topic that I edited was his anonymously written partisan political history of Delaware in the Revolution, published originally as a pamphlet entitled Timoleon's Biographical History of Dionysius, Tyrant of Delaware. My edition, with extensive commentary, was published by the University of Delaware in
Delaware Notes and as a separate pamphlet in 1958.

Years later I edited Tilton's "Observations on the Propriety of a Farmer Living on the Produce of His Own Land" in Delaware History, volume 28 (1998). I found the bachelor doctor's views on what his contemporaries called household husbandry to be amusing. For the American National Biography (Oxford University Press, 2000) I wrote short sketches of the lives of Tilton and of six other Delawareans.

Among the short pieces I wrote in these years were Delaware Becomes a State, a history of the Revolutionary period that fit in a group of pamphlets on Delaware, published through the University's Institute of Delaware History and Culture (1953), and Delaware, A Students' Guide to Localized History, which was one of a series of booklets issued by the Teachers' College Press of Columbia University (1965). The latter work was republished several times, both by the University of Delaware and by Delaware State University, Dover.

My doctoral dissertation had meanwhile been published in 1954 as Federalist Delaware, 1775-1885, by the Rutgers University Press. (A paperback reprint edition was published by the University of Delaware in 1976.)

My long labor on a biography, Louis McLane, Federalist and Jacksonian, ended in 1973 when Rutgers published this book, on which I had toiled off and on for seventeen years. Much of my writing could only be done in the summer because for most of this time, from 1952 to 1969, I served as department chairman. I was also diverted from my writing by responsibilities for graduate work conducted with the Winterthur Museum and with the Hagley Museum and Library. The essay, "The Museum and the University," which appeared in The Curator (from the Museum of Natural History in New York), in 1953, derives from that relationship.

When I resigned the history chairmanship in 1969 I was soon hard at work on Colonial Delaware, a book I had promised for a series Scribner's projected on each of the thirteen colonies. Scribner's abandoned the project when only a few titles had been published, but the KTO Press, a unit of the British Thomson firm, took over and completed the series. Eventually KTO gave up its hardback editions, and the Historical Society of Delaware quickly remaindered Colonial Delaware, which is, therefore, out of print.

I had meanwhile taken on a new literary responsibility in 1969, when Charles Lee Reese, Jr., asked me to succeed him as editor of Delaware History, the semi-annual journal of the Historical Society of Delaware, which Reese had edited since its founding in 1946. I continued as editor until 1995, but much of the work was done by a managing editor.

Before Colonial Delaware was published (in 1978) I began writing my next book, a History of Delaware. The Delaware Bicentennial Commission, created by the legislature to help celebrate two hundred years of independence, helped the University finance a year's leave so I could work on this book, which was needed for a college course in Delaware history. Since its initial publication in 1979 this book has been reprinted three times (most recently in 2001), each time with a short addition.

In 1978 while my History of Delaware was being printed I was anticipating my retirement when Richard Bushman, then department chairman, and President E. Arthur Trabant invited me to consider writing a history of the University of Delaware for the institution's 150th anniversary as a college. (Chartered in 1833 as an outgrowth of the 1743 Academy of Newark, the school had admitted college students in 1834.)

After talking over the problems and pleasures of writing an academic history with friends who had written histories of their colleges, I agreed to undertake the proposed task, with the aid of a reduced teaching schedule for my final years.

I wrote The University of Delaware – A History between 1979 and 1983. My research was mainly carried on in the University Archives, where I enjoyed the cooperation of John M. Clayton, then university archivist, and his staff. When I began writing I moved to a study room in the Morris Library.

During this period I took some time out to join Professor Carol E. Hoffecker in writing Books, Bricks and Bibliophiles: The University of Delaware Library. I wrote the first half of this book, which was published by the University in 1984.

Historians have an advantage over many other scholars in being able to continue their work after retirement. I did no more teaching after I retired in 1982, when I was 68. Although I had enjoyed teaching I was glad to be free of the chore of grading tests and reading term papers. I frequently accepted invitations to speak and I continued to do some writing, as items in this book attest.

I was very happy to be a history professor. It seemed the best job in the world for me.

Three 19th Century Immigrants

Of several articles I wrote about my ancestors, articles that were passed to my children and a few old friends in typescript, one called "The Dettlings in My Past," related some tales that might interest many people. These tales are of the adventures of two young women who left Germany as teenagers in a daring move to America.

Since most Delawareans are descended from immigrants, I think I should grant some space to the immigrant experience. And why not tell of a grandmother and great-grandmother, unrelated except by marriage, who shared some of the triumphs and the heartaches that affected other newcomers to this land. One man, my great-grandfather also receives some attention, for he preceded the ladies.

This account, recast and shortened from the version sent to my children, has never been previously published in any form. I have also written an account of my Irish forebears, "The Munroes of Galway and Delaware" that I circulated in my family but never published.

My first ancestor in America was Andreas Dettling, my great-grandfather, who arrived here in 1853 at about the age of 25. He was 6 feet 2 inches tall (exactly my height at that age), with brown hair and regular features.

Andreas had been born in the village of Dettlingen (the accent is on the middle syllable) in the principality of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, a detached part of the Kingdom of Prussia. The village lies in beautiful hilly country on the eastern side of the Schwarzwald (the Black Forest), a low range of wooded hills that form the boundary between Baden (on the west) and Württemburg in Germany.

Though politically united to Prussia in 1853, the people of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, including the villagers of Dettlingen at the principality's western extremity, were not Prussians, but Swabians, for this area, like most of Württemburg, which almost entirely surrounds it, was part of the ancient Duchy of Swabia, home, I believe, of descendants of the barbarians Julius Caesar called the Suevi.

My old colleague, Walther Kirchner, a native of Berlin, prepared me for my visit to my great-grandfather's town by explaining that Swabians were considered a jolly, backward sort—rather like American hillbillies, he said—worth a chuckle to more sophisticated Germans, but well-liked all the same.

"If people learn you are Swabian," he explained, "they'll smile. But don't be concerned, they'll like you. Now, I'm a Prussian. Nobody likes me."

These comments helped me in 1962 when I visited Stuttgart, the thriving capital of Wurttemburg, during my first trip to Europe. One window of a bookstore near my hotel was filled with copies of a book bearing a title that would otherwise have been an enigma to me. It was *Die Schwaben Sind Auch Menschen* (*Swabians Are People Too*).

One day earlier, when in Dettlingen, I had felt the force of Kirchner's comment about the backwardness of the Swabians. The town lay at the end of a paved secondary road, seven miles off the main highway. There were about thirty houses, a compost heap in the front of each one. To reach the inn or gasthaus, we climbed to a second floor, the first or ground floor apparently being used as a stable or workshop. We found the host to be a stout, clownish fellow whose trousers were held up by a string or cord instead of a belt. He knew no English and his dialectic German was beyond my meager knowledge of his language. Fortunately a boy was there, presumably his son, not very clean but intelligent and with some knowledge of English

Through the boy we tried to place an order for some lunch, but all the proprietor had to offer was a string of wurst, so shriveled and unappealing that we decided to be satisfied with some beer. It came in reusable bottles with old fashioned ceramic stoppers held on by wires.

Though the facades of the houses were decorated by window boxes with flowers, their attractiveness was spoiled by the utilitarian compost heaps, from which the residents, probably mostly farmers, could load their carts as they trudged out to their fields in the morning.

I saw few people in my brief stop at Dettlingen, but later on the same trip when I visited Sindringen, another community, I saw people—practically all women—trudging beside their carts to and from their fields at noon time. Here beside the Kocher River, in a section of Württemburg, northeast of Stuttgart, the countryside was beautiful and hilly, as around Dettlingen, but women were living in a socio-economic world that was at least a century behind the stylish urban mode of life in Stuttgart. I was very glad that three of my ancestors had left these towns where they might have been very comfortable but where opportunities for advancement, particularly in any intellectual field, seemed very scant. (I had a similar feeling when I visited the Irish village that my father's family came from.)

It seems clear that Andreas Dettling began his travels in 1846, when he made his first entries in a *wanderbuch* that I have inherited. According to a travel permit issued to him in Glatt in that year he was sixteen and a carpenter by trade. In 1846-1847 and again in 1850-1852 his *wanderbuch* is stamped by authorities at many locations in Germany and Switzerland—at Zurich, St. Gallen, Konstanz, Sigmaringen, Friedrichshafen, and Winterthur, among those that can be read clearly. In 1853 he received a passport allowing him to travel across France to Havre to take a ship to America.

Why he settled in Delaware is not clear, but probably he had family connections. When he came to America in 1853 his notes show he was in New York briefly and at another time in Philadelphia and also in Schuylhill Haven, Pennsylvania. Apparently he moved around where he could find work as a carpenter.

At some time he was in Salem, New Jersey, but he may have been in Delaware as early as April 30, 1853, when he began recording payments received from a man named

Paullin and recording expenditures for board and laundry to someone named M. Benson. Soon he is keeping his notes in English, which he is struggling to learn. Through a number of pages he has written vocabulary lists, and on one page he copied the Lord's Prayer in English.

On April 26, 1854, he was in Dover, where he appeared before the Kent County prothonotary to register his intention of becoming an American citizen. He completed the citizenship process on September 14, 1858, when he appeared in Wilmington before Leonard Wales, clerk of the United States District court. There Christian Knauch testified on Andreas's behalf that he had resided for at least one year in Delaware, and for five years in the United States. Finding he was of good moral character and receiving his promise to support the Constitution of the United States, the court issued the certificate of naturalization he sought. He had probably lived in Wilmington at least since 1857, when his name appeared in a city directory as a resident at the boarding house of Sarah Zourns.

Presumably he was married soon after information was compiled for this directory since his son, a second Andrew (as the name now appeared) was born on March 24, 1859. This child became my grandfather. His mother was another immigrant, Wilhelmina Maier (or possibly Mayer), of whom more anon.

I have few hints of what my great-grandfather was like. I know that he had some social instincts, for he became a charter member of a new lodge of Odd Fellows, the Herrmann Lodge, when it was established in June 1859. (Scharf, *History of Delaware*, II, 823.) Like the name of the lodge (for an ancient German hero) the names of the other seven charter members—Greiner, Keinley, Krouch, Rehfuss, and Pretzscher among them—reflect a Germanic connection. My great-grandfather seems also to have been a Mason, for in a newspaper obituary his widow is said to have credited his Masonic brethren for coming to her aid at his death. (Wilmington *Every Evening*, June 25, 1900.)

His social life was probably enlivened through these years by the presence in Wilmington of at least two of his sisters, Theresa Spiegelhalter and Agnes Seiller. They were his witnesses in 1863 when he was granted exemption from the Civil War draft as a married man aged thirty-five or more.

I have no idea whether these sisters preceded or followed Andrew to Wilmington. Family lore has it that there were two other sisters in Wilmington but they were not on close terms with Andrew because they were Catholic, whereas he and Theresa and Agnes were not. Andrew and Wilhelmina, his wife, reared their children in the Lutheran church.

The wife, my great-grandmother, arrived in America in 1854, traveling with an uncle from Ohio who had made out well in America and was visiting in Germany.

Wilhelmina Maier was the daughter of Martin and Maria Margaretha Maier, who lived in Adelmannsfelden, today a pleasant small agricultural village with two inns and one church (Lutheran), set among the fertile rolling hills of the Hohenlohe, an area of Württemburg east of Stuttgart.

Why she came to America is a mystery. Probably her father had died and the family, including two boys and one other girl, faced hard times. Her uncle paid her passage, but she was to repay him later and intended to go west with him. On the ship, however, she became friendly with a girl who was going to Philadelphia. This friend was met there by a relative and went into service in Bridgeton, New Jersey. To be near her, Wilhelmina took a job as a maid in Philadelphia and later came to Wilmington.

Perhaps she came to Wilmington as a domestic servant, but her first job mentioned in family stories was in Stuck's bakery, which later became Staib's bakery, for after Mr. Stuck died his widow married Staib, who took over the business. Apparently the bakery served meals, for it is said that Wilhelmina met her future husband, Andrew Dettling, of Dettlingen, because he ate where she worked.

This would not have been necessary to their becoming acquainted, since the Germans in Wilmington, or at least the Lutheran Germans, largely immigrants, formed a community. Their language and their religion distinguished them from other Wilmington residents, and by associating together they could enjoy the customs and the food and drink that had been part of their lives in the old world. Except for an Amish colony near Dover, established during the First World War, few descendants of the large number of German immigrants who had settled in neighboring Pennsylvania in colonial times had ever come to Delaware.

The immigrants Wilhelmina Maier and Andrew Dettling had five children, including a one-year-old baby, before Andrew died at an early age (about forty-three) in June 1871. They owned a house (without indoor plumbing) at 211 Walnut Street and here Wilhelmina raised four children (one daughter died early) from the proceeds of a store she began with the help of an aforementioned raffle conducted by Andrew's lodge brothers.

At first the business of the store was listed in Wilmington directories as "varieties" but in 1881 it became "notions" and in a short time "groceries." From the beginning Wilhelmina's daughter Mary helped with the store and in its last years there was usually also a granddaughter helping after school and on Saturdays, as well as all day during vacations.

Within the family the store was jokingly called "Wanamaker's" after the large department store in Philadelphia because Wilhelmina would sell anything on which she might make a profit. Nothing was wasted. After an unwise investment in candy soldiers that did not sell, the family was required to use them in coffee in lieu of sugar until they were gone.

All water had to be carried into the house from a pump outside. The day began at 4 a.m. when the bread man and the milk man had to be met. At ten Wilhelmina stopped work for a sandwich and a cup of coffee or, preferably, a glass of beer. The availability of beer depended on whether a child (my mother at one time) was available to be sent across the street to Feldmeier's saloon with ten cents and a pail—a procedure called

"rushing the duck"—through a side door, not into the saloon proper. The ten cents would furnish beer enough not only for Wilhelmina but for any friend who might stop by.

Beer, in the Dettling family, was regarded as a rather ordinary comestible. Not so whiskey or gin. These "hard" liquors were thought to be dangerous, almost evil. Money made in the liquor business does no one any good, said a family adage. Beer, however,

was generally viewed differently.

Wilhelmina kept busy. Every fall she made sauerkraut, which meant coring and trimming one thousand heads of cabbage. She also made ketchup, chow chow, pepper sauce, and preserves of all kinds. Something—apple butter, perhaps—was always on the stove, with pickled fish in the oven.

Life in America was sufficiently good for Wilhelmina that she encouraged her widowed sister Dorothea to come to this country and to bring her five children. Having been forced by her situation to work in the fields, Dorothea was amenable to persuasion and, despite her mother's worried attempts to dissuade her, undertook the long trip with her children—Katharine (aged 16), Frederick (15), Bernard, George, and Jacob.

Following their departure from Adelmannsfelden, Dorothea's mother looked each day in the mail for word of the travelers, fearing some dreadful accident. Finally the postman delivered a letter from America announcing their safe arrival. The 82-year-old woman (my great-great-grandmother) read it with such a spasm of relief that she cried out "Thank God,." and fell over dead.

The Kleitz voyage must have occurred before 1883 because in that year Dorothea's name (shortened to Dora) appears in the Wilmington directory. Wilhelmina met the immigrants (whose name was spelled Klaitz in Germany) in New York and guided them to their new home.

I have heard how the excited Dettling children sat on their front steps waiting to meet their German cousins. The newcomers were heard before they were seen because they came down the street from the railroad depot with pots and pans rattling at their waists and carrying feather beds—five children preceded by their mother and their aunt. Wilhelmina had rented a house for them. It was in Spring Alley, around the corner from the Dettling home at 211 Walnut, and here they were installed after the excitement of the sisters' reunion and the children's becoming acquainted had quieted down.

As she had come to the aid of her distressed sister, so Wilhelmina looked to the advancement of her own children. The elder son, Andrew (my grandfather) was trained as a machinist and won success in his short life, dying at 39 as foreman in Slocomb's shop. The younger son, Charles, became a draughtsman and worked at this trade until his retirement. One daughter, Katharine, probably married early and moved to Philadelphia, where she lived when I remember her, the mother of six children.

The remaining daughter, Mary, helped run the store until she married when nearing 40. She had been sent to New Jersey, to learn to make funeral wreaths and may also have had some training as a milliner. But above all, she had an excellent head for business and was a wise advisor to her mother, to her husband (a very shrewd business man himself), and to my mother, who was named for her and was almost treated as a daughter.

With Wilhelmina and Mary in command, the business prospered to the point where Wilhelmina was able to buy the three-story brick house next to her little store. Before she moved into it, however, as was her plan, she died June 27, 1900, at 64. Wilhelmina was buried from the new house, which had marked the achievements in the New World of a once lonely teenage immigrant.

The story of another teenage immigrant, Wilhelmina's daughter-in-law and my grandmother is basically similar. Sophia Julia Hanselmann (usually called Sophie by friends) was born in Sindringen, in the Kingdom of Württemburg, on June 7, 1862, the daughter of Johan and Barbara Hanselmann. Johan was a carter, but he also owned a farm of about 100 acres and a house in the town, which had once been walled, in a hilly area beside the Kocher River.

Sindringen (sometimes spelled Sündringen) had been part of Württemburg only since 1806, when Napoleon reorganized the territories of the German states. Previously it was in the principality of Hohenlohe Bartenstein. Its residents, almost all Lutherans, spoke a Franconlan dialect (not Swabian).

Sophie's mother died when the young woman was fourteen, and her father died about three years later. She then moved to Stuttgart, the capital of Württemburg, to live with a married sister, Kate Goetz. The oldest of her three brothers acquired the house in town, but from it or from the farm or both Sophie had a small inheritance, though it would not be hers to dispose of until she reached the age of maturity. The money became a bone of contention in the Goetz household for her brother-in-law, a tavern proprietor with political ambitions, wanted control of it.

Reluctant to yield control and eager to find an escape from this embarrassment, Sophie seized an opportunity offered her of accompanying acquaintances to America in 1881. The acquaintances were an older couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Adam Wagner, from Ober Ohrn, a town near Sindringen. Newly-married, they were traveling to visit Mrs. Wagner's son from an earlier marriage who had settled a few years earlier in Wilmington, Delaware. On their way to America the two Wagners and Sophie ran into an even greater adventure than they anticipated. They sailed from Hamburg in northwest Germany on the *Vandalia* of the Hamburg-America Line. (In that year, according to the *New York Times,* July 19, 1881, 74,633 German emigrants passed through Hamburg en route to America before the end of June.) Disaster hit Sophie's ship, the *Vandalia,* when

its screw propeller ceased to function ("broke its shaft" according to the *New York Times* of July 6).

Unable to make any headway, the vessel lay at the mercy of the waves and the wind, driven this way and that, for over three weeks. The ship was sighted in the Atlantic northwest of Scotland on June 26, and two days later two tugs were sent out from the River Clyde, but their first searches were unsuccessful. The captain of one tug, giving up the mission, reported that "he met a heavy westerly gale and thick weather"; even if he had found the ship he could not have towed her. Another tug was being sent out from Thurso on July 5, and the manager of the Hamburg-America line had gone to Glasgow, trying to get a large steamer to go out. The Admiralty had ordered a steamer then at Queenstown, in Ireland, to join the search.

Meanwhile on the *Vandalia* affairs were becoming desperate. Food ran short, and fresh water was exhausted. The crew managed to distill some sea water, and finally after 22 days they were sighted thirteen miles off the Hebridean island of Lewis by a Scottish mailboat which towed the *Vandalia* to within four miles of Stornoway, the island's chief port; from there tugs took the ship in tow to Glasgow for repairs. (*New York Times*, July 9, 1881). Eventually, whether on another ship or on the repaired *Vandalia* is not clear, the Wagners and Sophie Hanselmann reached New York, and then by train, Wilmington.

I have heard that Mrs. Wagner had it in mind that Sophie—was her inheritance thought of?—would make a good wife for her bachelor son. But as she had demonstrated in the Goetz household in Stuttgart, Sophie had a mind of her own. After staying briefly with the Wagners, Sophie moved to the home of the Rollers, a German family who had a bakery in the area referred to as "over Third Street Bridge" or South Wilmington. Healthy, industrious young German girls were in demand for housework, and before long Sophie moved to the home of the Liebermans, on West Street, between Eighth and Ninth. The Liebermans, who owned a store at Sixth and Market, were one of the first prominent Jewish families in Wilmington.

Somehow, probably through Zion Lutheran Church, which was a rallying place for Protestant Germans in Wilmington, she made the acquaintance of young Andrew Dettling, son of the immigrant. On November 26, 1884, when Sophie was 22 and the groom was 25, they were married by Zion's pastor, Dr. Paul Isenschmid. A learned and respected man who was also a doctor, he was nevertheless commonly referred to as "Poppy" Isenschmid, without, so far as I know, any wish to be disrespectful.

A year after their marriage, Sophie and her husband bought a two-story brick house at 302 Lombard Street, not far from Wilhelmina's little store but, in general, a better property, boasting indoor plumbing. For a young woman of 23, a new bride, who had come almost alone to the New World, this was a promising beginning. There was, however, a $500 Wilmington Savings Fund Society mortgage on the house, which was probably bought with Sophie's inheritance.

Andrew Dettling was in no hurry to pay off the mortgage. In the following thirteen years of marriage he lived well in the style of a young German-American artisan of the late nineteenth century. He went out many nights by himself, my mother told me. Sometimes it was to a lodge like Delaware Tribe No.1 of the Improved Order of Red Men, where he was "keeper of wampum" (treasurer) in 1887 (Scharf, *History of Delaware*, II, 824). He also belonged to the Saengerbund (Singing Society), and my mother remembered him singing "The Bulldog on the Bank and the Bullfrog in the Pool." I have seen his name on several social committees in connection with events at German-American Hall. On some evenings he brought cronies home, like Andy Spiegelhalter.

My grandfather was a sport. He made twenty-five dollars a week, and spent it. Probably he was a good machinist; certainly he was regularly employed. In 1895 he founded his own business, A. M. Dettling and Company, in partnership with George A. Henry. Apparently the business failed. It was still listed in the 1897 city directory (but at a new address). However, in 1898, the last year of Andrew's life, he is listed as foreman with F. F. Slocomb and Company.

By the year of his death, Andrew and Sophie were the parents of five children, four girls and one boy, the oldest twelve and the youngest less than a year old. Sophie, heretofore the consort of a promising young artisan, with a home of her own, became a thirty-six-year-old widow, the single mother of five young children, an alien in a new land.

To make things worse Andrew had let his insurance lapse. Perhaps it was a casualty of the closing of his own business. But Sophie was equal to the challenge. She took in washing and ironing for single men and she rented out a room for three dollars a week. In the evening she had the whole family (those who were big enough) sit around the table and string tags on goods, either price tags or shipping tags. Some of the children would have used brother Andy's wagon to bring the tags home in boxes. Then the children would put on string through the hole in each tag.

Sophie made all the clothes for her children and frowned at the idea of accepting charity. Her mother-in-law would sometimes send such goods as apples and moldy cheese. Mrs. Rosa Yetter, who had a bakery and was my grandmother's close friend, would save unsold bread and load up the children with it every Sunday. Mr. Stafford, the milkman, would give an extra measure of milk for the money. Grandmother saw to it that they always had plenty of eggs and milk, as well as Mrs. Yetter's bread. They had soup every day and French toast (using up the bread and eggs) so often that my mother never made it once she had her own home. Stale cream puffs were a treat. When the milk got old it was used for cottage cheese. Soap was also made at home for laundry use.

My mother explained to me once that she had to learn to cook after she was married. Before, they were too poor to permit experimenting by the children.

The two older children, Mena and Mary, spent a lot of time at their grandmother's. They were not being entertained, however; they were useful workers in

the store. They were fed and housed during the week (they returned home on Saturday evening to go to Sunday school the next morning), but they were not clothed. My mother at twelve, received five cents a week as pay, but the money was not hers to spend; it went into a little bank to be used for new stockings. Her grandmother kept the key to the bank.

It broke Sophie's heart when she had to require her two oldest children to leave school at the end of the eighth grade and to work in a textile mill. But Sophie did not intend that her daughters would remain mill workers. Almost immediately they began attending night school, a private business school run by a man named Beacom (and eventually part of Goldey-Beacom College). As soon as possible they left the mill and took clerical jobs. The one boy in the family learned his father's trade (though he did not work long at it). The youngest girl finished high school before going to work.

With her children soon becoming a resource rather than an expense, Sophie's situation soon improved. She paid off the mortgage quickly and in fifteen years was able to move to a better house in a new and more upscale section of Wilmington. In less than a decade more the family was able to acquire a summer home in the country, a small cottage in the "single tax" village of Arden, where Sophie could have a vegetable garden, a row of raspberries, flower beds and a grove of her own trees, as well as, in theory, resting a weak heart by life on one floor, without stairs.

Before she died, in 1925, at the age of sixty-two, Sophie was receiving appeals for financial help from the relatives she had left in Germany. For Sophie, as for her mother-in-law, life in the New World had been challenging. But it had offered opportunities which they had the spirit to grasp, permitting their children to enjoy an easier life in more comfort than the stresses faced by the immigrants.

The Trip to Philadelphia

It seems fitting to close this volume, which begins with "The Philadelawareans," first published in 1945, with "The Trip to Philadelphia," a previously unpublished glimpse at my early involvement in the Philadelphia-Delaware connection.

When I was a boy there were three ways of traveling to Philadelphia from Wilmington, Delaware, my home town. The first was by trolley car. This trolley ran out Market Street past my home at 3031 Market. It followed the route of the Shellpot trolley to the amusement park at the foot of Penny Hill and then the route of the Holly Oak trolley through northern suburbs. Its ultimate destination was Darby, a suburb of Philadelphia.

In Darby, at a small stone waiting room, trolley passengers could board a Philadelphia city trolley to continue the trip down town, where my mother loved to shop at Wanamaker's Gimbel's, Strawbridge and Clothier's, or Lit Brothers', the four leading department stores. (The only credit cards she possessed were to two of these stores, Lit's and Wanamaker's.)

The ride was long and unpleasant. The only sight I remember was of a man reeling across the street in Chester. "He's drunk," my mother explained. This was very interesting to me because I had heard of men being drunk but had never seen one before. It was the era of Prohibition, when public displays of drunkenness, at least in my world, were uncommon.

The discomfort of the long ride was increased by the swaying of the trolley as it picked up speed in moving through open country between such suburban towns as Claymont and Marcus Hook or Eddystone and Ridley Park. Though I loved trolley cars, this was our least favorite way of going to Philadelphia.

The fastest but most expensive route was by train. Two trains were available, the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania. We always took the Pennsylvania, which had more frequent service and ran to a grand terminal in central Philadelphia, Broad Street Station. I remember getting the train there when I was very young and, with my parents' amused encouragement, waved to William Penn, whose statue stood atop the City Hall across the street from the station.

But my favorite way of getting to Philadelphia—and also the cheapest (25 cents each way)—was by a Wilson Line boat. The trip took two and a half hours on the water, but for me this was a happy time. We took a trolley to the Wilson Line dock at the foot of Fourth Street, transferring at Fourth and Market from the Shellpot trolley we boarded at 30th and Market. At least once my mother and I were worried about being late and had to run into the Wilson Line terminal in a hurry to buy tickets.

Once on the boat we would pick seats on the open rear main (second) deck. I remember the names of some of the vessels—"boats" I would have called them. The *Brandywine* and the *City of Chester* were the oldest and smallest; the *City of Wilmington* and another boat, the *City of Trenton*, were newer; the *State of Delaware* and *State of Pennsylvania* were the newest and largest, but used mainly for moonlight excursions, not for the daily run.

As soon as we were settled my mother and I would eagerly scan the Christiana (so it was then) River shoreline. We would see "The Rocks," site of the Swedish landing in 1638, and pass a railroad bridge, which would swing open (sideways, not up) before we came to the main attraction for us, Lobdell's foundry. Before it, on the south shore of the Christiana, we passed the Pyrites plant and then the Lobdell ship canal, a dredged harbor for barges (bearing coal or ore) at right angles to the river. Then came the main foundry building with a big open door facing the river but some distance back. In that doorway my father would be standing, waiting to wave to us.

In the Christiana besides the Wilson Line boats we would see smaller cargo boats of the Bush Line, which was more than one hundred years old and also served Philadelphia. Ferries to Penns Grove left from a dock beyond Lobdell's where the Marine Terminal was later built. Somewhere an excursion steamer, a side wheeler, the *Thomas Clyde*, was docked. I remember one trip on the *Clyde*, probably to Augustine Beach, on the Delaware below Port Penn. Near the Wilson Line wharf was a dock just west of Third Street Bridge, where very small river boats brought oysters or other products for sale in Wilmington.

In my earliest memory of the Delaware River I recall many vessels under sail. All of them were, I believe, coal barges, for sail lasted in the coal trade up the coast from Philadelphia until the 1920's. Most thrilling to me were the freighters, bound for Europe, the Caribbean or elsewhere. I was so thrilled by them that when I was still a boy of ten or so I examined the shipping news in the papers to keep track of arrivals and departures from Philadelphia, and from New York, as well. I cut out rectangles of paper, wrote on them the names of vessels, and tried to keep track of their movements.

Some shipping lines advertised their regular sailings. I could keep up with the major Atlantic lines by occasionally buying a New York paper. (I have forgotten my favorite, but it was either the *Herald* or the *Tribune*, while the *Record* and the *Ledger* were my chief news sources for Philadelphia traffic.) I can still recall that the main Cunard passenger vessels were the *Mauritania*, the *Aquitania*, and the *Berengaria*, and I can still name ships of the Anchor Line (connected to Cunard), the White Star and Red Star lines, the French Line, the United States Line, the North German Lloyd, the Hamburg-American Line, and so forth. I recently came across a brief correspondence I had with a French company in Vera Cruz, Mexico, seeking information on their sailings to Europe as I tried to widen my scope.

Leaving the Christiana we passed a long jetty extending out into the Delaware and then our boat headed for a pier at Penns Grove. Once, with my mother and Aunt Mame

(my great-aunt and closest relative) we had disembarked here, probably from a ferry, and boarded a trolley at the foot of the pier for a trip to Salem, just to look around. The trolley, as I recall, had a stove in the middle, for use in winter.

Usually my mother would have a friend along. My father was sometimes with us, but in my earliest memory he worked a half day on Saturday and, never having a vacation, had little opportunity for this trip. Later he was part of the traveling group. In the late 1920's he took me by boat to Philadelphia to attend a baseball game at Shibe Park or (just once) Baker Bowl (the former for the Athletics, and the latter for the then woebegone Phillies).

Not every Wilson Line boat stopped at Penns Grove, but they all stopped at Chester, where the dock was near the Scott paper plant. Here or nearby was a sign declaring, "What Chester makes, makes Chester" to which we boys added "stink." It was part of an inter-city rivalry that extended to high school sports. Chester was a grimy industrial city, but it was Marcus Hook, a suburb with oil refineries, that was odorous. (However, so was Wilmington in the vicinity of its morocco plants.)

Below Chester there were narrow strips of white sand beach along the Delaware, as there were above it, on the Jersey side, beaches that were eventually fouled by oil.

The Bush Line boats docked near the Wilson Line at Chester and so did the Ericsson liners. These were high, narrow ships that ran through the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal between Baltimore and Philadelphia. I recall the *Lord Baltimore* and the *John Ericsson*. I was never aboard an Ericsson Line boat, but I believe they had staterooms for passengers on the long journey. The ships had to be narrow to pass through the locks, for this was before the canal was enlarged.

As we neared Philadelphia, the shipping grew denser. We passed the Navy Yard and Cramp's ship yard, inactive then, but a major ship builder during World War I. On the southern edge of Philadelphia one plant—Publicker?—gave off a worse smell than Marcus Hook. Ferries darted back and forth across the river in the days before there was a bridge connecting Camden and, south of it, Gloucester with the big city.

My father told me of a large amusement park that had once been riverside below Gloucester. Boats brought holiday crowds here, he said, and an aerial ride took them from the wharf to the center of the park. Near the site of this park was some sort of children's home, where one or two excursion boats belonging to this home were usually docked.

Besides the sights I enjoyed on the river trip, there was the vessel itself to be explored. The top deck was exposed and windy but had to be visited. Much of the lower deck, where we boarded, was given over to cargo, but near the gangplank toward the stern were one or two booths and some mechanical toys activated by a coin. I loved a machine that had two boxers facing each other. Two people were needed to operate it, each using one of two pistol-like handles with which he could raise the arms of a boxer

with the aim of knocking down the opponent by landing a blow on his chin. Another attraction on this deck was a view of the engine room below, where mighty metal plungers surged up and down, powering the propellers that moved the ship.

A booth sold candy, tobacco, newspapers, and magazines, including the exciting pulp magazines that I loved—*Argosy, Blue Book, Black Mask, Amazing Stories*. How happy it made me to settle down with one of these as I tired of the sights and of exploring the ship.

When we arrived in Philadelphia, docking at a pier not far south of Market Street, we could walk into the city or to a trolley or to the elevated line, which became a subway in the city center but ran above the ground north to Frankford. Occasionally we visited relatives, for both my father and my mother had cousins in Philadelphia. On several occasions we went to amusement parks, once to Willow Grove Park, where Sousa's band was playing, a long tiring trolley ride, but also to the closer Woodside Park, within Fairmount Park, riding there once on an open trolley (without sides).

Most often, the trip involved some shopping and also, to my delight, lunch in an automat. I loved to put nickels in slots, releasing a small door to get an item of my choice, like lemon meringue pie. Later, as a student at Pennsylvania, the hot table for chicken pie or beef pie (at about fifteen cents each) suited me best, but not in boyhood. Occasionally a vaudeville show, probably combined with a movie, at the Earle, near Ninth and Market, topped our day.

Shopping with my mother in a department store was a terrible bore unless I could be allowed to stay in the toy department or, as I grew older, the book department. I remember being there when I was so small that my mother took me in the ladies' lavatory. When I was eleven a glorious day arrived when my parents bought me my first bicycle, a full-size Raleigh, and at once I graduated from the express-wagon set to mobility on a vehicle neither of my parents had ever enjoyed.

One errant memory survives of walking along Market Street with my parents when I was small and of frequently stooping over to pick a cigar band from a discarded stump. My father, normally tolerant of my collection of stamps, bottle caps, cigar bands, etc., disapproved of my sidewalk and gutter grubbing in retrieval of bands, but my mother was more tolerant and occasionally pointed her shoe, wordlessly, at a band.

When our day in glorious Philadelphia was over, we usually came home by train. Hang the expense. We were tired and we could not enjoy such a grand outing very often.

Books, Maps and George Thorogood
By John Andrew Munroe

This is some autobiographical writing by my father. Some is material repeated elsewhere. However it has some interesting memories from his school days. This should give the reader a bit more insight into my father's home and school life.

My father awakened my interest in history through his story telling of his youth. He had little education; he left school through a window to escape a beating (by teachers) when he was in the sixth grade. And he came from a home where there were no books, just a daily newspaper. Still he was a tremendous teller of stories, both of those he had heard and those he made up. Sometimes the two got confused.

The "made-up" stories that he told me included a series about Little Bobby, who was always getting lost. Bobby lived with his sister, Mary, a character never given much life, and with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Casey. Bobby's penchant for getting lost was a constant source of worry for his father and mother. Fortunately they had an unfailing resource, Detective Murphy. Murphy's record was perfect; he never failed to find Bobby.

I cannot now remember any specific escapade of the original Little Bobby. He got lost, I am sure, at amusement parks (Shellpot Park was near my home), at the circus (which set up its tents a few blocks away), on a ferry, and in the center of a city. But today my father's stories are inextricably mixed with the Little Bobby stories I told my children.

I have no idea where my father found his source for Little Bobby. Except for the daily paper, he read very little. But he had read some dime novels in his boyhood, he had seen a great many plays at the Opera House and the Academy of Music (the Avenue), and he was a great talker. One of his favorite recreations was to go in town on Saturday night and talking with "the fellows," of whom Jim Dugan is the one I remember best.

These men had come from rough beginnings in immigrant families of Wilmington. As boys they had been street-wise, of necessity. But as I recall hearing them, their talk was very innocent. Perhaps it was self-censored when a boy was around. Jim Dugan, my father's closest friend among them, took book (bets on races), but did not drink. He and my father would go in Govatos's candy shop and have a Coca Cola or a soda.

My father liked beer and after he retired he would go at least one afternoon a week, after doing errands for my mother in town, to a saloon for men only (somewhere around Sixth and Orange) where Senator John Reilly (a real state senator and a very pious man who went to church every morning) was substitute bartender and where he met with Mike Donlan, Andy Monigle, and Hap Aiken. My father had a beer or two while he and his friends regaled themselves with amusing stories of old times.

My father had been exchanging stories in this fashion all of his life, and so naturally he passed them on to me. Story telling was, I understand, highly esteemed in Ireland, and as my father was of Irish immigrant parents, it was part of his cultural heritage. I suppose it came as

much from his associates as from his own family, for my grandfather (Martin Munroe), whom I never saw (he died before I was born), seems to have been an austere man, and so were my father's brothers. Nor did his sisters tell stories in my presence, though they were warm-hearted, like my father.

My father, Michael John Munroe, was 32 when he was married, 34 when I was born, so he had decades of story swapping behind him before I came along, an only child, to be an enthralled audience for his tales.

He continued to tell me tales as long as he lived, and he lived to be ninety. I remember being a high school teacher in my twenties (I lived at home until I was married, as all of my friends did), and being at the dinner table with my father telling one of his very long stories. Perhaps I made a move toward leaving the table, restrained by a hesitance to interrupt. My mother, who was very sensitive to people's feelings, said, "Pete, let John go. Can't you see he has things he wants to do." This happened more than once.

The bulk of my father's stories, as he grew older, concerned his own boyhood and youth. But when I was young he told me tales he had heard, tales of Jesse James, of the Younger boys, of sports heroes like Gentleman Jim Corbett and especially the great John L. Sullivan, and of political figures like Grover Cleveland and William Jennings Bryan.

My father played games with me too--checkers and card games like casino and pinochle. He played catch with me, and he took me to games--baseball, football, and basketball. My enjoyment of spectator sports dates to those outings, which included trips to Philadelphia to big-league baseball games at Shibe Park--and once to Baker Bowl. My father was my chum. I often wished he were my brother and of my age.

I stood somewhat in awe of my mother when I was a boy, though it was she that I sought out in sickness or distress. She was far more business-like than my father. She did not talk much of her own adventures or tell many tales.

Born in Wilmington, like my father, she was the younger by seven and a half years. Christened Mary Frieda Dettling, she never used her middle name, and, in fact, my father could not think of it when he was buying a wedding ring and was asked her middle initial.

Her mother was a German immigrant and her father, though a native of Wilmington was the son of German immigrants. I expect to tell their story in another place, and need only to mention here that her father died when my mother was not yet eleven. As the second oldest of five children, she had to stop school (and she cried) after the eighth grade and go to work to help support the family.

It was my mother, and her sisters, who are responsible for my love of reading (as well as for my appreciation of music and my love of travel). My mother read to me when I was little, especially when I was sick. I recall her reading Treasure Island to me when I had the measles and was told not to use my eyes. When I was found to be anemic and to have a bleeding problem (I had a disease called purpura), she bought me a book every time I had to go

to the doctor for an injection in my arm.

My mother's own choice of reading matter for herself was largely religious. She had been a Lutheran Sunday school teacher and so were two of her sisters. One sister became a minister's wife, while another was in charge of an elementary department in the Sunday school at Zion Lutheran Church.

This second sister had worked for the Delmarva Sunday Star, a Wilmington weekly, and still in my boyhood retained some connection, as nominal secretary or treasurer with the Star Publishing Company, which was largely a one-man operation of Joe Martin. She had a children's store on King Street, the Jack and Jill Tog Shop, until she gave that up out of infatuation with radio broadcasting. For a local station, WILM, she originated and conducted a children's program called "Aunt Ellen's Candlelight Hour." I was probably ten by this time and lived in fear that my aunt would mention my name on her program, which was far too young for me.

This aunt and a third sister, my Aunt Pauline, were members of the Business and Professional Women's Club, and through them I became acquainted with Florence Bayard Hilles, who became the group's national president--a friendship that really developed when I was in my thirties and a young professor. These two aunts seemed to me to be prototypes of the emancipated woman of the twenties. They smoked (to my mother's disapproval), they seemed quite sophisticated, they spent money freely (not treating it carefully as was the practice in my home), and they almost fit the idea of the flapper that I got from John Held, Jr.'s cartoons.

The elder of these sisters, I realize now, was just putting up a front. She didn't read much, through she liked to play prima donna and did have a real ability to direct or lead social affairs (as well as in creating her business, which was a great success as long as she was interested in it). After her marriage, which was when she was past forty, she seemed to lose much of the assurance and ambition that had made her a success in her active career.

Yet I remember the comment of friends of my age, after I had taken them along to visit this aunt and her husband at their home in Ardentown. "They are truly sophisticated people," one of my friends said, a simple soul. I knew this was not the truth at all.

On the other hand Aunt Pauline, who never married, remained a strong and independent character to the end. Nearest me in age (she was sixteen years my senior), she took a special interest in my education. When I was still in elementary school she gave me good editions of classics for my birthday and Christmas. Some of her educational efforts failed. Notably, her gift of Alice in Orchestralia, a book that was supposed to teach me about the instruments in the orchestra, was just a bore to me. But I prized the editions she gave me of Treasure Island, The Black Arrow, and especially King Arthur and His Knights. No one else in my class at school had such fine looking books, illustrated by the likes of N. C. Wyeth and Maxfield Parrish. I took them to school on a day appointed for an exhibit intended to stimulate reading.

My elementary school had no cafeteria, no auditorium, no indoor lavatory (at first), and

no library, but it had a splendid yard for play at recess and in at least one classroom there was a shelf of books, probably from the New Castle County Library, that we children could borrow. I remember two of these books that I enjoyed a lot--Swiss Family Robinson and a book of stories from Norse mythology (tales of Wodin and Freya, of Loki and Thor).

My parents and relatives encouraged me to do well in school. One of our first readers was The Little Dutch Twins, and because I was not allowed to bring it home, my mother bought me a copy of my own. I had already begun my lifelong fascination with maps, and I recall my amazement and scorn when my teacher (in second grade or third) pointed out Holland incorrectly on the map. She thought it lay on the Baltic Sea and that ships had to pass through the Skagerrak and the Kattegat (I learned those names then) to get there.

In fourth or fifth grade, our teacher, better educated than the one just mentioned, would send children to a large wall map that hung on a side wall of the room to locate places she would assign to them. I loved such a contest--a chance to show off my special knowledge. When it was my turn, she said, "Well, John, we'll have to give you a hard one." And as I started to the wall map she said, "Puget Sound."

My heart sank. The name was familiar, but for the moment I could not place it. I continued boldly to the map, however, and just as I arrived there, inspiration struck. I looked up at the map and found myself looking right exactly at the place where the name was spelled out. I pointed to it without hesitation. It was a triumphant moment.

In about the sixth grade we used to have geography bees that were like spelling bees. I had plenty of rivals in the spelling bees, (I remember once losing my place for not spelling "lose" correctly--or was it "loose"?), but in geography bees I had only one rival.

This was Harry Thoroughgood, a recent immigrant from England whom I have heard of recently as the father of the Newark band leader, George Thoroughgood. Harry had crossed the ocean--a great and exciting adventure to us who had for the most part been across nothing larger than the Delaware River or the Susquehanna--and had been called on to describe his trip in class. Either in his English school or on his travels he had picked up a lot of geographical knowledge.

As an only child I often had to amuse myself, and one of the ways I did it was by playing with maps. When I started school in 1920 there were many maps around from before the World War, and the contrast between the maps of 1914 and those of 1920 was very exciting. Some of the atlases I saw even predated the Balkan Wars.

I waged imaginary wars with paper soldiers and pen points (I had acquired a large box of them from a defunct plumbing firm where my mother had been secretary). I waged wars between countries that were not necessarily chronologically compatible (as between Parthia and Algeria), and I still have an old atlas that is marked up with the boundary changes I made after each of my wars. In the early twenties I was rather saddened by the thought that permanent peace had descended on the earth and there would be no more wars to provide interesting changes in the maps.

Reminiscences of Walther Kirchner
By John A. Munroe

I worked closely with Walther Kirchner from 1945, when he joined the history faculty of the University of Delaware where I, though nine years younger, had already been a member for several years.

He was an independent man. I never knew him to subscribe to a newspaper but he seemed to know what was going on—internationally and in our university, but not necessarily in our city and state.

He was an industrious man. He spent many hours in his office typing. He preferred an office away from people, but he could be interrupted by a student or colleague and go right back to work when his visitor left. He and his wife were frugal. He did not think so, citing his almost yearly trips abroad as luxuries, but his colleagues thought otherwise.

He was ambitious. In his thirties when he began graduate study and nearly forty (possibly already forty) when he began his career at Delaware he felt in a hurry to establish his status as a scholar. He accepted invitations to give courses in the summer or at other times at Johns Hopkins, Lehigh, and Pennsylvania universities (all close to Delaware), as well as at others in Germany.

His greatest pleasure and most prized was as a visiting member, for one year, at the Institute for Advanced Studies, a "think tank" (a purely research group) at Princeton. He was so charmed by the life there and the people he met that he moved to Princeton and commuted to Delaware for the rest of his career. He and his wife are buried in the Quaker cemetery at Princeton.

After, as he told me, his few friends there had died, he moved to a retirement home in Baltimore where he had spent a happy summer at the Johns Hopkins University. He was also pleased to be only thirty miles from the cultural resources of Washington.

To me it seemed peculiar that he would not teach German history. His greatest concern seemed to be the preservation of German culture as he knew it in his youth. He taught European history and Russian history and he wrote text books for these courses. He was particularly interested in the connections between Russia and the West.

At UCLA (University of California at Los Angeles) he wrote his doctoral dissertation under Waldemar Westergaard on the foreign relations of neighboring countries as affected by Danish Sound dues. Later he spent a year as cultural attaché at the U.S. embassy in Copenhagen.

In helping me locate German villages which some of my ancestors left for America, he said, "You are Swabian. When people in Germany learn you are Swabian they may smile or laugh. Don't be alarmed. Swabians may be amusing subjects for jokes but they will like you.

Swabians are popular." "On the other hand," he continued, "I am from Berlin. I am a Prussian. Nobody likes me."

He rarely made any specific comment on German affairs today. However, in a telephone conversation about three years ago, I said, "Hitler must have been crazy to open a war on two fronts." I spoke of reading John Keegan's military history (out of my normal line). "Hitler was not crazy," he retorted sharply. "Hitler was evil--pure evil!"

On Walter McEvilly March 7, 2001

Walter McEvilly and I met as freshmen at Wilmington High School in 1928-1929. It was a large school, with 3000 students, but we became friends rather quickly because we took similar programs. We were both, for instance, in an advanced Latin class with a remarkable teacher who enriched our curriculum by devices such as having us produce an original play with a Roman theme.

After school, at least in the senior year we would go to the office of the school's literary magazine, the *Whisp,* of which Walter was the editor, chosen for his literary skill and dependability. When a group of honor students, heavily chaperoned, traveled to Washington, Walter and I were roommates.

These were the years of the Great Depression and our parents suffered serious financial setbacks. We could still afford to go to Delaware College, for the fees were very low, about $150 a year.

We had to be commuters, of course, but Walter solved that problem by buying a second-hand car with a loan—probably from his sister. Then he signed up five passengers to ride with him daily at 25 cents a day.

We carried our lunch in brown bags and ate together in the men's locker room. It was very companionable to be a part of McEvilly's gang, as we thought of ourselves.

By overloading his schedule and attending some summer courses. Walter finished college in three years, and with honors. But he needed to make money for the high fees of a law school, and work was not available.

Finally, in the spring of 1936, the future suddenly brightened. He was hired to run a neighborhood ice station, and he also was awarded a scholarship to the University of Pennsylvania law school.

Again he was a commuter. To see him I would go at night to the judges' law library in the courthouse, where I would generally find him alone. A lawyer seeing him there was impressed and offered him work when he finished.

He passed his state board examinations in a day when many applicants were rejected at first trial. As he began practice we remained close friends until he enlisted in the Navy. While in the service he married a young woman who lived around the corner from me and was as near to a sister as I ever had. Just a few years ago her funeral took place here.

Looking back over the years I could speak of Walter's intelligence, of his diligence, of his foresight in planning his career. But I prefer to emphasize his loyalty. He was loyal to his family, loyal to his friends, loyal to his church, and loyal to his country. He was a good man and will be missed.

Eulogy for Richard P. McCormick

It was September 1939 when Dick McCormick and I first met—roughly 2/3 of a century ago. The place was the Penn campus, where Dick and I had been summoned to the office of Professor Roy Nichols, whom we were to serve as teaching assistants that year.
When I accepted a full-time job at the University of Delaware in 1942, my connection to Dick and other Philadelphia friends was weakened, but I still visited them, and I recall that Dick spent one day as a visitor on the Delaware campus during this period.

But nothing prepared me for the surprise I had in September 1944 when I learned that Dick McCormick was joining the Delaware history faculty as an instructor and was to be my office mate. It was a happy surprise.

Dick McCormick often entertained me with news of our friends in Philadelphia, or increasingly, as time passed, his adventures on the Newark, Delaware campus, where he had an apartment and ate on campus with a group of young instructors and graduate students. Dick's stories came to feature two attractive young twins from North Carolina's Women's College at Greensboro.

One day in December, Dick suggested I return to Newark on a Sunday evening to play bridge with the twins. In the past I had known Dick enjoyed poker but I had never known him to express interest in bridge. I agreed, and Dick got the girls. When we sat down to play, we cut for partners. I cut Dorothy and he cut Katheryne.
That one game started a series of events. We took the twins to a play in Wilmington and to a concert at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. Late in March they invited us to spend a weekend at their home in Baltimore. In April I proposed to Dorothy after

Eulogy for Richard P. McCormick

walking her back to her lab from an evening of listening to Gilbert and Sullivan recordings. To my surprise, she accepted.

Dick and Katch were also surprised, but soon they were planning their own wedding. Both weddings occurred that summer. Last summer both couples celebrated 60th anniversaries. Our marriages, though we lived 100 miles apart, allowed us many opportunities to get together. We had a common interest in our children. We visited as often as we could, so our children soon knew Uncle Dick and Aunt Katch as close members of their family. Dick was an enthusiastic and loving father, grandfather, and uncle.

We spent holidays together—in Puerto Rico, Canada, Mexico and elsewhere. Dick had connections that allowed us to rent an old farmhouse on Cape Cod two summers. This began our interest in that part of the country where we both eventually had summer homes. We enjoyed the same beaches and exploring together from Dick's boat, and we always appreciated eating the bluefish that Dick caught. Dorothy and I will never forget Dick and Katch's first trip to Nantucket in their new Boston Whaler, when they lost their way coming home in a dense fog! We hosted visitors together. The McCormicks' friends became our friends.

This happy world has now suffered its first loss, with Dick's passing. The rest of us will miss his spirit, the old comradeship, but he has left us with close entanglements, ones that seem strong enough to survive the years.

John A. Munroe
March 10, 2006