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A loving memory to my parents, sisters and brothers, and to Becky for her desire in wanting to know them through these stories.

SAMUEL BECHTEL FAMILY TREE

History

Samuel Bechtel	Born in Baden, Germany Emigrated to America, came to Pennsylvania
Katherine Dingeldine Bechtel	Went to Toledo, Ohio Took a land claim in Allamakee County Iowa, 1854

Parents	Lived	Age
Samuel Bechtel	1815-1892	(77 years)
Katherine Bechtel	1827-1910	(83 years)

Children	Lived	Age
Matthew Bechtel	1854-1944	(90 years)
Ursula (Celia) Bechtel	1856-1939	(83 years)
George Bechtel	1858-1903	(45 years)
Mary Bechtel	1859-1933	(74 years)
Samuel Bechtel	1861-1939	(78 years)
Katie Bechtel	Unknown (estimated to be 21 to 25 years old when she died of a contagious disease)	
Joseph Bechtel	1868-1953	(85 years)
Amelia Bechtel	1868-1941	(72 years)

In trying to find out the ancestry of the Bechtels before and after coming from Germany, I came up with these facts. I wrote in to National Archives in Washington, D.C., asking for information on Samuel Bechtel's parents. All I learned was that Samuel Bechtel was in the census of 1860 and that the property he owned consisted of 80 acres.

An article appeared in the paper stating that you could send for geneology data to Munich, Germany, from their archives. I did this with no reply. This was a long shot, as so many buildings were bombed and records lost because of the war.

Samuel and Katherine Dingeldine Bechtel were born in Baden, Germany, came to America, and possibly landed in the harbor at Philadelphia, going from there to Toledo, Ohio.

Danny Bechtel, stationed near Baden several years ago, tells that in visiting the city, he passed a phone booth and heard a man inquiring about or talking to a "Herr Bechtel." Danny, not able to speak German, naturally would have found it hard to carry on an understandable conversation; but we do know that there are still Bechtels in that area.

What you will read in the following pages of this book is about Samuel Bechtel, my grandfather, and his descendants.

In tracing the brothers of Samuel, I'm not sure that Isaac and Jacob were brothers of Samuel; but they do belong somewhere in the tree.

The following information about Samuel Bechtel was written by Leon Bechtel, a cousin. These stories were retold to him by our father, Matt, Aunt Celia, Uncle Sam, and Uncle Joe (Leon's father).

Samuel Bechtel was a commander of an army in Baden, Germany. His army was defeated and many of the men, including himself, fled to Holland. They were pursued and narrowly escaped by hiding in a windmill, hiding in the rafters until the enemy left. It was soon after this that he came to America.

Samuel Bechtel was a man with a good education. In reading through an old geography book about Germany, this is what was written: "The German soldiers are said to be the finest in Europe. Every man must serve in the army at least a year. The Germans were also celebrated for their learning."

In leaving Pennsylvania he went to Toledo, Ohio, where he had a brother, Abraham. It seems he went to Ohio to work until he had earned enough to stake a claim of land.

In coming to Lansing, Samuel had information that the Mississippi valley was a very promising territory. It was winter when they crossed the river at De Soto to Lansing. There they found all the claims were taken. The nearest to the river was on Lansing Ridge about nine miles from Lansing. Here they found a place which supplied water by several large springs. One spring was surrounded by Sugar Maples, which they referred to as "Sugar Spring."

Grandfather homesteaded 80 acres of land near this spring, paying the government $1.25 an acre. He filed the claim in May of 1854. Our father, Matt, was born September 2, 1854, in a one-room log cabin.

The Kerndts homesteaded their farm near Lycurgus, not too many miles from Samuel Bechtel in October, 1854. A diary was kept, and in it was this information:

They found claims hard to find and they had to have a land agent from Dubuque help them. They purchased a yoke of oxen for $100 and a wagon for $75. The new country must have been very stimulating, for letters to friends in Germany speak of the beauty and fertility of the country and the opportunities for others who might wish to come over. Credit and money was scarce; and with the severe winters, one wonders at their determination to stay.

All one can add is that we came from a sturdy, determined stock of German immigrants.

After our father, Matt, grew older, he slept in the loft that was reached by climbing a ladder outside of the cabin. When young Matt was growing up, he became friends with an Indian boy. His name was "Indian John." The relationship between our Father and Indian John was quite close. They hunted and trapped game. Indian John would eat with the family and would stay overnight, sleeping with Matt in the loft. The furs which the boys caught were sold to fur traders. Often Indian John took them by canoe to St. Louis, where they received a better market.

The Indians were peaceful with the settlers; however, they would beg for food. They liked homemade bread and cooked meat. When given food, they left for their own camp.

One day Katherine Bechtel, while digging potatoes, found a group of Indians watching her. They never made an attempt to harm her but, finding herself surrounded, she decided it best to give them the potatoes. After this experience, they thought it best to dig a few potatoes at a time and hide them in the house, or in a hole dug in the ground, which they called a cellar.

The only way they had to communicate in case of an emergency was the shooting of a gun: one shot for Ringelmans, two shots would be Speilers, three shots for the Bechtels.

The Bechtels decided to build a larger log cabin for the family, which was increasing. Samuel Bechtel traded land with Roeses, giving them the spring-house land for land closer to the Bechtel buildings.

Fences at that time were made of lengths of cord wood laid criss-cross to the height desired. It was not unusual for the oxen or horses to rub against these fences pushing the rails down. This meant the animals getting into the neighbor's field. Since the Roeses were people of greater means, they had horses instead of oxen to do the field work. At times their horses broke into Samuel's fields, causing much damage to the crops. This annoyed him very much. One day as they were working, they heard the horses coming up the hill. Samuel, not being able to get out of the way, was run down. At first, they thought he was dead. When Dr. Davis finally came, he said he would need help to set the broken bones. The neighbors were called to help. They made a contraption; and with directions on which way to pull, they were able to set the broken shoulder, leg, and arm. There was no sedation; one wonders how anyone could stand the pain. Dr. Davis did not expect him to live. It took many months until he was well and several years before he fully recovered.

The children did the farm work. When the grain was ripe, they had to cut it by hand with a cradle (scythe-type cutter), tie it by hand, and lay it on the ground. When all the grain was cut, it had to be shocked. Samuel worried that it would rain, and the grain would rot. To surprise their Father, the older children decided to do the shocking of the grain. It being a moonlight night, they worked throughout the night to complete the job. Samuel was a very happy man when he found out what the children had done.

In reading of the early history of Lansing, grain was the important crop of the farmers. The grain was transported downstream by boat. Farmers, their wagons loaded with grain, would be backed up four miles west of Lansing to unload at local elevators. In the 1870s and 1880s, due to the chinch bug, many farmers lost their crops. In losing their crops because of this bug, they had to move west finding it difficult to hold onto their farms.

The population of Lansing in the 1880s was at it highest point. The population of Lansing was 2,280; Allamakee County, 19,791.

When the children became school age, Grandfather Bechtel was elected as a director of Center #2 School. It was made of

logs; but in 1883, a new one was built. This was the first school at which I taught in 1929. This school is now closed but used for a voting place in time of elections. It's considered one of the oldest schools left in Center Township.

In the time of our father Matt's schooling, the older boys usually attended school during the winter months until they were 16 or 17 years old. These students were often hard to handle and took advantage of the teacher. When this happened, Grandfather was asked to help straighten things out and took over the job of teaching. He helped out long enough to get things under control but was always anxious to get back to the farmwork and the clearing of land.

The Bechtel family became seriously ill with diptheria, and Katie died from this disease. Matt, our father, often told how sick he was. His tongue was so swollen and black that all he could swallow was water. They thought he would never live.

Our father, Matt, went to Sunday School in a little church built near the Sam Decker home in Churchtown. What the denomination was at the time of our Father, I don't know. All the older people in that vicinity said it was Methodist for all the years they could remember. My memories of our Father telling about going to the church were these: They used to have Spelling Bees and, as the Church was a good center point to meet the young people from May's Prairie and surrounding areas, they were held in the Church. The contest was of high rivalry between sides and would often go on all afternoon. One of the words that seemed difficult to spell was Constantinople. As he was the last left standing, he felt very proud. Another word which we were asked to spell was incompressibility. (I don't believe there is such a word; but, regardless, if you could spell it, in our Father's eyes you were smart.)

At a later age, Grandfather Samuel developed a sty in his eye, which can be seen in the picture. It would heal, then break open. They tried to keep it draining, as Dr. Davis recommended. It grew worse and finally developed into cancer. He died at the age of 77 years. After Samuel's death, his wife, Katherine, found it hard to keep the farm going; so the four children that were living on the farm decided to buy it from their Mother. They borrowed the money from a Mr. Pape in Lansing in 1892 with interest at 10%.

In inquiring from Leo Krieger about this man, he told me that Mr. Pape was in the loan business and was gone often from his home on business matters. He was what one called a "go-getter."

It was our Grandfather and Grandmother's wish not to have their graves marked, believing that God placed people on this earth to serve Him; and when they passed on they had served their purpose. They should not be glorified with a memorial.

Leon, feeling that the graves should be marked for future generations, asked his father and Aunt Celia if this could be done. They first felt that they shouldn't go against their parents' wishes but finally consented. The burial place is in Lansing Ridge Cemetry.

Samuel and Katherine Bechtel,
parents of Mathew Bechtel, Sr.

Second log cabin built by the Bechtels.
The bicycle belongs to Joseph, a son.
Katherine (the Mother) is sitting in
front of cabin.

The following are brief summaries of each member of the Samuel Bechtel family. A portion of it was written by Leon Bechtel, a grandson of Samuel.

MATTHEW, (our father) the first born, was a very kind person and so full of fun. I remember him as walking from his painting job, through the country, arriving at our home on a Saturday evening. We called him Uncle Matt. Early Sunday morning, one could find him sitting in our swing reading his German Bible. Many times he told us Bible stories in such a way that we learned more than we had at church. My footnote on this is: I'm sure these were told in German, because as I remember in visiting in this home, they spoke German. Very little English was used when talking among themselves.

URSULA, (Celia was the name used, because it was shorter). While attending school, her asthma was so bad that she could not continue. She was a wonderful housekeeper; her floors were scrubbed so clean they appeared white. She was immaculate in dress, wearing dresses of dark material. She was an excellent cook, and one could rate her excellent plus. Celia never married and was a very quiet, timid person. She enjoyed young people around.

GEORGE, who died from cancer at the age of 45, developed a sore on his lip which his father claimed came from smoking a clay pipe. He was warned to stop smoking, but he didn't listen. Experimental surgery was recommended by a surgeon in Minneapolis. This doctor suggested cutting a piece of flesh from a chicken and grafting it onto his lip. He would not consent to this. He married Carrie Sandry and worked in the sawmill at Lansing. They had one son, Louie, who was last heard of living somewhere around Davenport.

MARY was an excellent marksman and could use a gun very well. She was a hard-working person. She married Abraham Boos, whom she met while attending a church gathering at New Hampton. The family didn't go back and forth very much, so little is remembered about her.

SAMUEL, better known as Sammie, was very interested in sports. He liked to play baseball and was outstanding in his playing. He was a Sunday School teacher in the German church at Churchtown (not the one that is still standing, but a log cabin church, built near the Sam Decker home).

Uncle Sam played a violin in the Bechtel orchestra. This band played for dances at towns like Postville, Frankville, and Lansing. They played on the first excursions at Lansing. Excursions were barges tied together, and people danced on them.

Uncle Sam was a very orderly person. He never wanted anyone to use or handle his tools. In summer he always wore a straw hat and a red kerchief around his neck to protect himself from the sun. When people came to visit the Bechtels, he was so shy that he'd often run to the house to avoid meeting them; but, if cornered, he was very pleasant. He never married; and until his death, he never left the farm for at least forty years. Uncle Joe would attend to his business and purchases in Lansing or Waukon.

KATIE, who died in early life from diptheria, preferred the great outdoors and avoided housework. She was the happiest when hunting for wild game. Wild pigeons were so plentiful that large flocks often passed over darkening the sky. When the family heard shooting, they knew it was Katie trying her luck in how many birds she could shoot.

JOSEPH, (Leon's father) or Uncle Joe, was a very jovial person. He farmed the land homesteaded by his father, Samuel, raising crops of oats and corn, and milking cows. In visiting this family in the summertime, I remember Selma at milking time. Selma would pick up her milking stool, grab the milk bucket, and while the cows were standing in the yard, would sit down and milk a cow in no time at all. She milked two cows to anyone's one. We'd pick berries, red and black. When the apples were ripe, they made apple cider from the surplus, bruised, or windfallen. Many apples had to be put through the press before you had any amount of juice. I was standing too near the wheel of the press, and the apron that Mother had just made for me got caught and was torn to shreds. How I cried, as I felt Mother would scold when she saw what was left of the apron. Aunt Emma, in being told of what had happened, made me a new one before I went home.

The nicest memory of all was the acre of melons grown by Uncle Joe. When the melons were ripe, he took them to Waukon or Lansing to be sold. There was a big pile left by the house that one could eat, if one so desired. I often did, leaving me wishing I hadn't, especially in the middle of the night.

AMELIA, the youngest in the family, married Charley Zimmerman. They never had any children. They lived on the farm above the road, where one turned in going to the Bechtel farm. Aunt Amelia was an excellent cook; and when one dropped in unexpectedly, she seemed to bring cookies and sweets from different rooms in the house. One enjoyed visiting with her; and she, agreeing with everything that was said, ended with a most hearty laugh.

In trying to show the geneology or branch of the tree you belong to of the Bechtels, I'm including a letter written by

Karl Bechtel, a grandson of Johann (Hannas) Bechtel. This man in turn was a brother of Samuel Bechtel, our father's father.

The father of these men had a fairly large farm in the Province of Baden Germany. Leon, another grandson, called the town Baden.

When Napoleon overran this province, the farmers had to furnish hay for Napoleon's horses. This continued long enough to make Great Grandfather poor. Napoleon must have conscripted the young Germans for his armies. Johann's son, Will, said that one of Johann's uncles was with Napoleon's army that invaded Russia. In the retreat from Moscow, this uncle had to remove the insides of a horse and crawl inside to keep warm. William, Karl's father, said all his uncles were six feet tall. (Samuel and Abraham would be two uncles that we know of.) Hannas was the short one in the family. He was stunted because he didn't get enough to eat when he was growing. He was the youngest in the family. Food was scarce after the wars. When he went to school, he had one slice of bread to eat all day, eating part of it on the way to school.

When Hannas' brothers left for America, Samuel wanted to go too; but he had to earn money for his passage across the ocean. He worked for $12 a year or $1 a month. How he got his clothing we don't know; but when a person was hired for a job, he was required to have a hymn book, a Bible or Prayer book. If a man didn't possess these things, he didn't get the job. He worked until he was forty years old, then he left for America. He paid passage for himself and the woman who was to be his wife after he got to Dubuque. He married her in March of 1867.

They went to Paris, and from there they took a ship across the ocean to New York. The wife-to-be didn't like Paris. She was from Oberisersheim near Stuttgart, Wurtemburg.

After reaching New York, they went to Chicago, continuing from there to Dubuque. They came by team from Dubuque to Lansing because Johann's brother, Samuel, was living here.

Their first home was built near Englehorn's farm; later, they moved to where Charley Zimmerman, who married Amelia Bechtel, lived. In moving this cabin to this place, the neighbors came with oxen and wagons, took the house down log for log, and built it again. If one passes the Charley Zimmerman home on Highway 9 near the Lansing Ridge Cemetery, one can still see that log cabin. It has been converted to a chicken coop, but it is still standing. Leon Bechtel has Hannas' old lantern, which was Hannas' constant companion while doing his chores in the evening.

Hannas' wife lived to be 90 and liked to sing German songs. One of the songs that was sung was "Nusere bruder sin schon lengst in Philadelphia." It means "Our brothers have been a long time in

Philadelphia." Hannas and his wife sat and sang songs in the evening until it was dark, lighting a lamp to continue with comical ones and hymns; but Hannas would only sing the religious ones. One of the more humorous ones was "Auf der Berliner schange hab ich's ver danced." It meant, in English, "I have wasted my money in Berlin gambling and dancing."

There is another brother that is known of called Abraham. In trying to find information about him I came up with this:

Abraham must have settled and lived at Lawler, Iowa, but decided to go west with his wife, pushing a wheelbarrow with their belongings.

Leon writes that Grandfather Samuel heard from Abraham when he was living in Nebraska and he was in the lumber business with two sons. After Grandfather died, correspondence was never continued.

The family of Mathew and Mary Bechtel;
Back row Edward, Samuel, Benjamin; Herman
Second row Mother, Carl, Esther, William.
Father holding baby Dorothy, Lydia. Theodore
is the child sitting by Father's knee.

Reading from left to right,
Adeline, Mathew, and Marie.

Mathew Bechtel and Mary Christoph were married by Reverend Hess at Fort Atkinson, Iowa, on October 15, 1883. They made their first home on a farm at New Hampton, living near my Mother's folks. Our Father didn't like farming so they lived there only a short time. They decided to move to Lansing where our Father's folks lived, near Churchtown. They loaded up their household goods in a lumber wagon and came by team, which took them a few days to travel. Sam, the first born, was a small baby. This must have proven a little hardship to all. In reaching Lansing, they sold the team and wagon and used the money to rent a house and start housekeeping.

What type of work our Father did then, I don't recall ever being told. The older children remember working with our Father at the cemetery. The tall pyramidial type evergreens that are growing in Oak Hill cemetery are the ones planted by the Bechtel family. The beauty of these trees makes Oak Hill a peaceful and beautiful place, which visitors admire.

Our Father helped move graves from the old to the new Oak Hill cemetery. The only graves that were moved were those requested by the different families to be done; my Father was paid to do it. One can still find old tombstones in the old cemetery if you care to struggle through overgrowth, brush, and weeds and are not afraid of snakes. My memory recalls Father telling about digging up the graves of children. The boxes they were buried in would be broken and the shoes or little garments were the only things left; the rest was ashes. What depressing work this must have been. Leon Bechtel wrote that our Father also helped move graves from the old Catholic cemetery to the present location. The old cemetery was located across from Batteens near Clear Creek. One lonely evergreen can still be seen standing near the site.

I remember my Father as a painter and a paper hanger. How fascinated I was in watching him papering a ceiling. Often humming, he would get up on the scaffold, paper folded, hanging over his shoulder, and with a quick swish of the brush it was on. If not straight or a little wrinkled, off it would come. He was only satisfied when it looked perfect. He was quick in his work; but whatever he did, paper or paint, it was done well.

I can't remember if he was ever hurt in falling from a ladder or building in painting. I do know there were hazards in this type of work, especially in painting buildings on the farm. This story was told by a person who was a little boy when our Father was painting on his father's farm near Cherry Mound: It seems this particular farmer had a Billy goat. As our Dad went after paint, filled his pails and was coming back, buckets in both hands, unexpecting Father was hit in the rear, paint and Father flying. One doesn't have to paint any more of the picture to get the <u>end</u> results.

Father spent much time away from home, especially in the summer months. He'd work for farmers repairing and painting buildings, often walking to his work, going through wooded areas with wolves howling all around him. He claimed a wolf would never bother you, unless he was hungry. He could handle a gun well and was a crack shot. Ted's memories of his helping Dad were: They'd work from Monday through Saturday until six o'clock. Rather than wait for the farmer to take them home after chores, Dad would say, "These people will be too tired after working all day; we will walk home." This was possibly a distance of four or five miles. In the painting of a school house--if they didn't complete the job--the floor of the school was their bed.

Our Dad had wallpaper books from Henry Bosch. After a year, when he received new samples, they were given to us to be used as we wished. They were used mostly in the making of valentines. Each tried to outdo the other to make theirs the most beautiful. Our verses were never very original, as "Roses are red" was used the most. When the first of May came, we used them to make May baskets. We'd walk to "Hale's Garden" which was a wooded area filled with spring flowers. If violets were out, we'd climb Kerstein's hill. If flowers weren't available, we'd put in candy from Wagner's, with Liz or Rose counting out pennies worth of this or that. You picked out the kind you got the most of. If it was a particular kind not to your liking, that was given away--the better was saved for yourself.

Dad had a little black book in which he kept the hours he worked. He bought his house and barn paint from Sherman Williams, adding that this was the only paint that stayed on well. He would call up different members of the family to add up the figures, charging 25¢ or 35¢ an hour. He asked what amount they got. He, figuring in German or his own way, would say, "Yes, that's what I got. But I can't charge that man that much; I'll have to throw some off." He was much too good for his own good. I remember his having a garden; he'd sell the vegetables, often giving most of them away. He was a person about whom one could say this: "He'd give the shirt off his back."

I remember Father sitting in his lawn swing, in which we weren't allowed unless he was there. He felt children would swing "like crazy and break it." In the evenings, he'd take his bucket of "Home Comfort" tobacco and pipe and swing and talk to the birds. A wren in particular would sit nearby and sing. He loved nature and talked to animals as if they were humans.

The folks, in getting a setting of goose eggs from my sister Lydia, who lived near New Hampton, put them under a clucky hen and had good results in hatching. These geese were big pets of Dad and Mother. A sight to behold was Father walking down the road, geese tagging along behind. A favorite story of his concerned Dad going to town, always walking. We, living at the outskirts of Lansing, had to walk up the hill. He looked around, only to find the geese walking behind. He shook his finger at them; and in a scolding tone told them to go back home, which they did. I didn't like these geese very well because the old gander would take after anyone but Father and Mother. As Dad phrased it, "You ran like hell bent for election," a saying widely used in those days. When it came time for these geese to be killed, it was a great hardship for Mother and Dad. I really enjoyed eating the old gander, but no more geese were ever raised again.

Dad always had a mustache but was always clean shaven. He had curly hair, a little thin on top. Never cutting his hair from late fall until spring, it grew quite long. The reason for this was not the style, but the fear of catching cold. Summer officially arrived in Lansing when Matt Bechtel had his hair cut.

The folks always said Grace before each meal, which was spoken in German. Father had a short and a long prayer, each given with much expression. I always felt he gave the long one when I was the hungriest. When Dad ate with us, it was more of a serious nature. He truly felt children should be seen and not heard. Dad spoke German much more than Mother did. They often used the language when there was something not for our ears.

In the later years, Dad spent most of his time in what was referred to as "his room." On entering, one could find Pa picking out hickory nutmeats, which he sold for 50 cents a quart. The broken bits were saved for the birds. He built a shelf outside his windows for this purpose. He knew every kind of bird that fed there, but the cardinals that came were his favorite. He talked to them all. Pa had a small black stove in his room, on which he cooked to his liking. His eating habits, so different from our Mother's, proved a problem as to what to prepare and how to prepare it. The later years, he ate alone, eating what he liked the most: meat, lean and fat; not much sweets; very few vegetables, and only fresh, fried potatoes. When Mother baked bread, he made what was called in German, "Swenvel Kuchen," or onion bread. This was prepared by rolling out the dough very thin, slicing fresh onions and cracklings on top, then baking. In butchering a pig and in rendering the fat, one would cube or

dice the fat, put it in a kettle on low heat, (which was referred to as back of the stove) and leave it until the cubed fat would come to the top, brown and crisp--these were called cracklings. The liquid would harden and was called lard.

Pa kept his coffee pot on the stove at all times. In remembering this coffee, the best description comes in the nursery rhyme, "Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, some like it in the pot, nine days old." Pa drank it all these ways with an inch of sugar left in the bottom of his cup.

Father had his own teeth, even if they were few and far between. If any of the children had a bad toothache, he never could understand why they wouldn't let him pull it. There were no dentists near to go to--so the next best thing was to have someone pull the bad tooth out with a pliers.

Our folks never acknowledged pain. They would tell us, "It's all in your head." We would get elderberry or sassafras tea for a fever and sulphur and molasses in the spring to thin your blood. Goose grease and turpentine mixed together on a woolen rag was used for a severe sore throat or chest cold. Poultices from bread and milk were made to bring a boil to a head. Alpengrueter, which was purchased at Reith's Hardware Store, was given for any ailment. This we liked, as it was good tasting and contained 50 percent alcohol.

When there was an epidemic of Scarlet Fever, families were quarantined for six weeks. To keep us from getting this fever, Mother made an assifidity bag, which was pinned to our underwear. It smelled so bad that it kept even your best friends at a distance. The theory was that if one didn't breathe on you, you were safe from getting the disease.

"Early to bed and early to rise" was our folks' motto. Often when meeting Dad in the hall about eight or nine o'clock, we were greeted with, "I thought you were going to sleep your life away."

A short time before I married, Dad became ill; and the Doctor told him he would have to go to the hospital to have an operation. He politely told us he wasn't going to any hospital where they bathed you every day and left the windows open for a person to catch a death of pneumonia. We marvelled at his recovery; he was 83 years old at the time. Father defied every rule of health and, at first, he claimed he would live to be 100; but as he grew older, he settled for 90. He was active up to the end and walked to town with the step of a younger man. He painted a house when he was in his 80s, for one reason: to show that he was still young enough to climb a ladder.

Father died September 26, 1945, 20 days after reaching his goal of 90 years.

I remember Mother being called Mamma, Ma, Mom; and as we grew older, it was Mother.

Mamma was an early riser, getting up at sunrise to cut grass for her cows when she thought they weren't getting enough from the pasture. The two cows were named Daisy and Rosy. Mamma always did the milking, the boys helping out in an emergency. Dad never went anywhere near them, as far as milking was concerned.

We were a large family; the milk and its products were a great help in providing food. It also brought in a little income, five or ten cents, depending on whether it was a pint or quart, (more milk was added for good measure). The milk was delivered in tin, later, aluminum pails. In the mornings, we delivered the milk before we went to school, each being responsible for certain places. The empty pails were thrown under a bush at Heftys or put on Coopers' porch. They were supposed to be brought home at noon to be ready for the evening deliveries. Often they were forgotten; that was a time Ma could become upset. You really made an effort not to forget the next time.

The happy day came for us when the city passed an ordinance that a license was needed to deliver milk in glass bottles. This cost more than Mamma felt was a paying proposition, so she decided to sell one cow, keeping Rosy. The milk from this cow was used for only family consumption. This cow was kept until the time the cow almost killed her.

This happened on a Sunday morning. Dad was chasing a stray dog off the place; it ran into the barn. Mother was milking Rosy, who had had a calf. The cow, seeing the dog, grew excited about her calf and trampled on Mother. I'll never forget my Father's cry for help. Awakening me to come and help, he thought she had been killed. We were able to get her to the house, between the two of us. We called the Doctor, who found no broken bones. But her thumb was almost torn off from the cow's hoof. It took fifteen stitches to close. I know only too well the number of stitches, as I had to hold Mother's hand while the Doctor sewed, growing fainter after each stitch. I finally had to leave before it was completed. Mother was laid up most of the summer. The cow was never blamed for Mother being disabled; but when she was told the cow had to be sold, it was with much sadness on her part that she agreed.

Mother loved gardening and as soon as spring came and weather permitted, she was out preparing the soil for planting.

The garden area was between the barn and house, quite a space to be spaded by hand. Suggesting that someone come in and plow was most insulting to her. She said that horses would trample the ground so hard that nothing would grow. Brownie was the only one that could spade and do satisfactory work.

Each row of seed was planted with much care, planting the usual and sometimes the more unusual, such as leek, celeriac (root celery) and salsify (vegetable oyster), which when made into soup did have an oyster flavor. In the spring Mother would have a member of the family make out her seed list to R. H. Shumway, who still has a seed catalog. This was a favorite place to send, because they were cheap and there were more seeds in a package.

In planting potatoes, each portion of potato had to be placed with the eye up. If one wanted to be relieved of this job of helping, all you had to do was put the potato in wrong; and you were asked to leave. Mother's fondness for flowers was just as great as her love for gardening. The many varieties planted were shown on our lawn, as it was stripped into beds of flowers. Mother seemed to have no difficulty in raising Sweet William, Snow on the Mountain, and Chinese Lantern. She kept a plant called a Century plant, which took almost that time before it bloomed. She truly had a green thumb.

Mother's education was limited, going to school until the third grade only. She, being the oldest in the Christoph family, had to help her Father with the farm work. The lessons were taught in German; she found it difficult to read in English. The later years she taught herself to read the "Journal."

She listened to the radio and enjoyed such programs as Amos and Andy and Jack Benny very much. Anything that was informative was listened to eagerly.

Mother's parents were very strict; card playing and dancing were considered sinful. She married a man that loved to do both; possibly this is why she allowed her children to do the same. Often in the evenings, she'd sit in her rocker listening to the talking and laughing, while the card playing went on. We were taught it was perfectly all right to play but not to gamble. To use matches instead of money was O.K. In dozing off, she'd soon snore; then someone would say, "Ma, why don't you go to bed?" She'd awake with a start answering, "I'm not sleeping; I heard every word that was said."

Mother was more or less the provider of the family, with her children helping as they grew older. Dad was easy going and fun loving. When passing Wagner's Saloon, the temptation

to go in was often too great; the walk home wasn't always in a straight line.

To make a little extra money, Mother sold horseradish. This was made by using a hand grater, using the fine side. One could find her out on the porch in the fall and spring, grating and crying and crying and crying. Someone would tell her surely there was an easier way. Her reply was that her horseradish was far superior to the other horseradish that was sold at the time; and she wanted it kept that way. We never enjoyed delivering the product any more than we did peddling milk.

Mamma also sold plants from her "hotbed." When these plants were big enough and the ground suitable for transplanting, she sold them for ten and fifteen cents a dozen, never counting but judging by the handful the right amount. This money was kept in a little jar in the cupboard and always used for a good purpose. Mother felt very guilty using this for "foolishness," buying a season ticket to "chautaqua," which was her joy and delight in attending. The day of the "chautaqua" ending in the late twenties was a big disappointment to her. This was replaced by tent shows coming to Lansing Park (where the present school stands). Cairn Brothers, who came from Monona, I believe, but wintered elsewhere, put on plays during the week's stay. Mother never missed a show, and neither did all of Lansing and the surrounding area, as they played to a full tent.

Mother never wanted to be a burden to her family. The Kerndt family, I marrying Clarence, spent many a Sunday with family, for which she always seemed so grateful. She took ill while visiting Marie at New Hampton, and her only wish was to die in her own home. She became bed ridden, much to her regret; but her oldest daughter, Lydia, took care of her until her death, June 7, 1946. Up to the end, her love was for the thirteen children she bore. I'm sure all the children will agree that she left us much, and her influence was felt by us all. One can judge for themselves in reading the following stories of these children, whether this be so.

The Little German Church (as it was often called) and its meaning in the Bechtel lives, I feel, makes writing about it in this book almost a necessity.

Mother's life centered much around this church, as she was the janitor for so many years, starting in the years when Reverend Kegel was minister and ending a few years before her death in 1946.

Asking her to give up this work was almost like asking her to quit breathing. She was at least 75 years old when she did finally agree. The walking was getting to be difficult. I don't remember her ever missing a Sunday to make the fire in the winter, only when she was ill; and Mother, never professing anything but good health, never let sickness keep her from this work. On cold mornings, she'd leave as early as five o'clock so the church would be warm for Sunday School. The first years only wood chunks were used for firing the furnace; so one had to stay there to keep it burning.

We used to worry about her falling; but her reply was, "The Lord always watches over me." Her faith could move mountains. She said that in building the fires and sitting in the quietness of this church all her problems could be met. (I'd say she had many in the raising of her thirteen.)

It was a familiar sight to see Mrs. Bechtel walking to her duties on Sunday mornings with Louve, a German police dog that Brownie brought from France as a puppy, following Mother. This dog would lie outside the church door waiting for Mother to go home. If by chance she left and the dog missed her, one could find the dog waiting patiently by the door. When this dog died, it was like a member of the family passing to Mother. One of Louve's pups almost came to mean as much to Mother (he was never as faithful) as Louve.

Since the Church was at first a German church, sermons were first given in this language. During World War I this was considered Pro German, so it went to all English. In Sunday School (the term church school being used now is one I can't get used to saying) Mina Boeckh taught her class the ABC's in German. I remember only the first three in that language. The Church was one big room, so Sunday School classes were held in different pews of the church.

The Christmas, Easter, and Children's Day programs were something very special. A new dress, often made over from something old, was sewed by Mother. One almost shone from being scrubbed and combed to perfection.

Each program given had a different memory, the Christmas one being the most outstanding. The big Christmas tree, beautifully decorated, was lit at first with candles, later with electric lights. The only dressing room was behind the Christmas tree, off to the side of the platform, or upstairs in the belfry where Mother rang the bell.

There was only a screen to dress behind; and in the cramped space, the crown often became cockeyed, wings on the angels, crooked.

If you were picked for these parts, you felt outstanding. I don't remember receiving this privilege. For some reason or another, I wasn't the angel type.

My brother and sister, singing in the choir, gave a sigh of relief when my part in the program was over. I waited too long in reciting my piece, but I made it through in what I thought were flying colors.

The Easter and Children's Day programs were never as big a production as the Christmas, but just as exciting in taking part. What a big day it was in your life when you were grown up enough to wear a white gown to pantomime the song "Rock of Ages."

Carl, Dorothy, Marie, Matt, and I sang in the choir each in his own time. Dorothy and Ada Bauman's duet of "Stille Nacht, Herlize Nacht" was a must and enjoyed by the congregation, as were the many duets sung during the year.

Before nostalgia and reminiscing gets this to be too lengthy, I do want to add the following as briefly as I can.

Mother insisted we attend Sunday School and Church, sickness being the only excuse to stay home. What ever happened to wearing of hats to Church? One would never think of attending Church without a hat. A new bonnet was worn for Easter but more than for one season. Mother had a hat that was retrimmed many, many times. As it was basic black, (Mama never wore bright colors) the change of flower or ribbon by Elsie Hefty (the milliner) made it a new hat to her.

Men sat on one side of the Church, women on the other. Each member had a certain pew to sit in and no other member would ever consider sitting there.

The "Frau Verein" (Ladies' Aid) held food sales and suppers in the manse (and once in our home) to raise money for expenses.

The youth group called "Christian Endeavor" (now Youth Fellowship) held candy sales in Sam's window for the same purpose. Older members would make the fudge, penuche, and divinity the night before and sell out in a short time.

There were wonderful Sunday School picnics, especially the ones held out in Bakewell's pasture (Lansing Industries are now located in this area). We went by team and hayrack. The women brought baskets filled with their certain specialties. In putting up of the wings, Arnold Kegel fell and broke his arm; and Rev. Kegel, his father, set the arm before he was sent to the doctor in town.

Many different races were run, like potato, gunny sack, and just plain racing. The one who won received a nickel from Rev. Kegel for this accomplishment. Contests like relays, pump, pump pull away, and tug of war were enjoyed by the older group. The men threw horse shoes.

Everyone in line for the ice cream cones!

The one big no-no was going near the creek. If you did go near, you were to look. The advice given before leaving home was not to be such a tomboy and don't fall in the creek. My intentions were of the best, but it was the other kids that did the pushing!

The information following is from a bulletin of the last service held. Shortly after this last service, the church was dismantled, because its members felt it far better to have it torn down than used for some other purpose. The foundation was crumbling which was another factor making it unsafe.

In attending this service, the ringing of the bell when the last song was sung was almost a little too much for me to sing. With a lump in my throat, I remembered only too well all the years seeing my Mother do this--it was like the passing of a loved one.

I feel the decision that was made was the right one, and no criticism is meant. As one can read in these pages, the memory of this little church will always linger.

The bell was given to the Methodist Church across the street from this church. They intended to put it in the church belfry; but the bell was considered too heavy, so it has been stored.

Lansing Presbyterian Church

(Formerly German Presbyterian Church)

1869 - 1969

The Lansing Presbyterian Church's beginning dates back to the year of 1869, when the Rev. J. J. Weiss, a theological student was appointed by the Dubuque Presbytery to organize the "German Presbyterian Church" with the assistance of Rev. J. Frothingham and elder J. Albert of the English Presbyterian Church.

It was on Sunday, May 2nd, 1869 at 3 p.m. that 16 people professed their faith in Jesus Christ, repeated as an expression of their faith the Apostle's Creed, and pledged loyalty to the Presbyterian form of government.

Services were first held in the English Presbyterian Church, but on May 4, 1870, the members resolved to build a church edifice, the contract of which was let on September 29, 1873 and finished on December 31 of the same year, being dedicated on the first sabbath of the new year, January 4, 1874.

The German services terminated in 1924 and the English language was then adopted. At that time the Congregational Church in Church, Iowa, united with the German Presbyterian Church of Lansing to appoint one pastor for both charges; an action which solved a vivid problem for many years to come.

The name of the church was changed from the German Presbyterian to the Lansing Presbyterian in January of 1959.

Much could be said about this congregation which was proud to have been privileged to serve this community.

The history of this church is profitable only for the lessons it taught. It was ladened with faith, hope and victory, grief, joy and death. Within its years of existence were events that were uplifting, inspiring, and some, despressing. At all times, however, the members were true to the ideals that led those early pioneers, who had the faith and the vision to witness to the love and mercy of God as they organized into this pioneer congregation.

The mission of the church, having been to meet the needs of the people having German background and tradition was fulfilled with the discontinuance of the German language in the services and other activities.

In addition, there was a gradual loss of membership, especially in recent years through death and others moving out of the community, all of which caused the church to disband its services in May, 1967.

A closing service of Thanksgiving, which took place on Sunday, May 18, 1969 at 2 p.m. was a fitting attempt to give all honor and glory to God alone in Christ Jesus, the Centennial Sermon being preached by a former church pastor, the Reverend Kurt Schalk of Tacoma, Washington.

The following ministers of the Gospel served this church, either as temporary supply or as regularly installed pastors, through these many, many years:

Rev. J. J. Weiss	1869-1871	Rev. Chris Hoffman ...	1924-1927
Rev. F. H. W. Bruechert	1871-1875	Rev. Kurt Schalk	1927-1933
Rev. Lucas Abels	1876-1879	Rev. Henry Marks	1933-1944
Rev. G. Leierer	1879-1883	Rev. Albert Kunz	1944-1947
Rev. H. Schmitt	1884-1890	Rev. Bressler	1947-1949
Rev. H. Schlechterer...	1891-1892	Dr. Stratemeier	1949-1950
Rev. E. Urbach	1893-1896	Rev. Albert Kuhn	1950-1953
Rev. H. DeBeer	1897-1901	Rev. Albert Kinzler...	1953-1961
Rev. H. Gerdes	1901-1903	Rev. T. Balm	1961-1963
Rev. Arnold Kegel	1903-1924	Rev. J. P. Stevens ...	1963-1967

Others who supplied during various vacancies were the Rev. H. Moerry and Rev. V. D. Lippe.

The following are thoughts, incidents, and happenings in homes lived in and places played (and just stories). It is older members telling of things in their times and younger ones telling of their recollections.

One of the first homes lived in was on the street called Rogues Hollow, now Bensch Street. In the back of the house was a hill. It was very common for snakes to come down from this hill in the summer.

Mother spoke of the time Esther was a baby. She decided to put her on a blanket outside on the grass. When she went out to bring her in, she discovered a rattlesnake coiled up nearby. In asking her what she did, her reply was simply, "I killed it." But after that, no more babies were left outside other than in a baby buggy.

The sidewalks were made of boards, and it wasn't out of the ordinary to come across snakes sunning themselves there. The boys never flinched in killing them.

The older brothers' fun on Sunday afternoons was climbing the hills. Mother went along to pick flowers or just watch them running off their energy. Their swing was small hickory trees because of their elasticity in bending and not breaking. They would climb to the top, go to the end of a branch, and come down. If a child's weight would leave him in mid-air, an older brother would climb up; and they came down together. Never an arm or leg was broken in this sport.

Sam spoke of celebrating the Fourth. Fireworks cost too much money; so in the evenings, instead of sparklers or Roman Candles, they'd get cattails from the pond, soak them in kerosene and throw them into the air.

The hill being sandy, the folks felt there was no danger of fire. But during the night, when they awakened to see the hill on fire, this celebrating was discontinued.

Dynamite sticks were used to welcome in the Fourth. A blast early in the morning and an abrupt awakening would make one realize what day it was.

Mt. Hasmer was a hill climbed often, but the front part was avoided in the 1920's because of shafts being sunk to test for lead ore. The story of how this hill was named goes: A Miss Hasmer, a noted eastern artist, made a wager with a group of people as to who could get to the top first. The hill would be named after the first one reaching the top.

Mt. Ida was climbed only on field trips. It was located in that part of Lansing called Capoli. The view from this hill was excellent of the town and river, and many of the pictures of Lansing were taken from here. The cliff of the hill is rather sheer and was referred to as "Lovers Leap." That story goes like this: An Indian maiden was in love with an Indian boy, but they were two different tribes who were bitter enemies. Knowing they could never marry, they leaped off this cliff to their deaths.

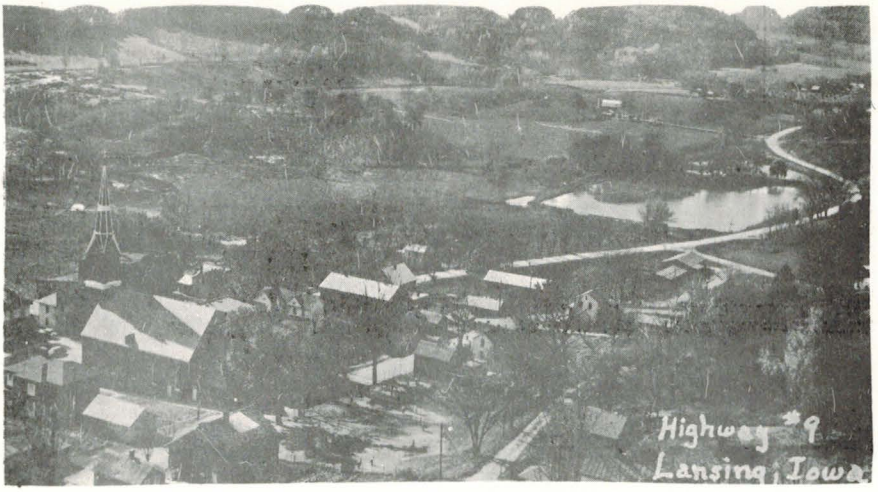
Hale's Garden wasn't a garden but hills along the river where we went to pick wild flowers in the spring. This must have been land owned by one of the early settlers, as a Roberta Hale was the first girl born in Lansing.

One home lived in called the "Beehive" has many stories connected to it and the Bechtel lives. This building was an old warehouse owned by the Kerndts and moved up from the river to this site. Some referred to it as "die kaserne," a German word meaning barracks, and that it truly was. The name "Beehive" came about because of the big families found living in this building and the neighborhood of kids that congregated here to play. In hearing a shrill whistle (by putting two fingers in the mouth), kids came swarming out the two entrances, resembling bees coming out of a hive, to play games. One of the best-liked games to play was one called duck off (or on) the rock. A little difficult to describe it was, briefly, throwing rocks. How no one was ever hurt is a surprise!

A place that meant so much to me in my life was the library. When I went there to get books to read, the Hemingway sisters were the librarians. There was a musty old smell in the library and many books (it seemed to me) to pick from and read. Susan, speaking softly, suggested this or that. In trying to make up my mind as to which one to take, she suggested taking all four home. We were expected to pay dues

for overdue books, but that was never really enforced too much.

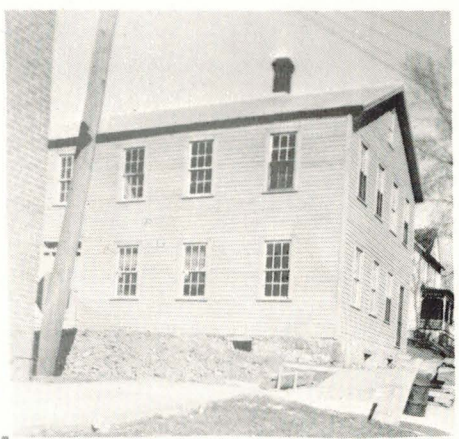
Mother encouraged reading to a point. Sometimes you were called to do something and you were deeply engrossed in a book (you heard but wanted to read to the end of a page). Then she'd say, "Always a nose in a book." You'd continue reading until the warning, "If you don't come now, I'm going to throw the book in the stove." You came in a hurry after that.



How dear to my heart are the
scenes of my childhood.

The little German Presbyterian
Church that was torn down in 1970.

The house built by the Bechtels in 1916.
(The son, Billy, who worked so hard to complete it died on Christmas Eve, 1917.)



The "Beehive," where some of the
Bechtel family were born, has
since been torn down and re-
placed by a school.

The following are stories about the family of Matt and Mary Bechtel. They brought into this world and raised thirteen able-bodied and strong children. The best way to show what each accomplished in his life will be written in the best way that I know. Some information is furnished, other is by memory.

SAMUEL HERMAN was the first child born on September 2, 1884. His early life is difficult to write about. In the later years his only interest was his love of flowers and the garden, and that is all we talked about. Much of this information was given to me by his daughter Lucille.

Mother mentioned how Sam found first grade at school difficult, as he only spoke German and had to learn English before he could read. While talking to Sam, he had a chew of tobacco in the side of his cheek and the spitoon close by. I asked him how long he had been chewing. His reply was, "More or less all my life," adding, "when I was a boy of ten or so, I was sitting with Dad and a group of men around a keg of beer (which was a common thing, as this was a way to celebrate the Fourth of July, birthdays or whatever). Someone dared me to take a chew, which I did. They all expected me to get sick, but I didn't; I never gave up the habit." What interested me was his telling that it was against the law to give a boy a cigarette until he was sixteen, because that was the age he became a man. But to give a chew to a boy wasn't breaking the law.

The older brothers spoke of having to go to work at an early age, bucking wood for fifty cents a cord. When one "bucked" wood, it was sawing the wood in chunks by hand. The saw used was different in looks from the hand saw of this day. The cord wood would be put on a saw horse, then sawed to the size wanted for the stove. If they used a crosscut saw, it was operated by two people.

Sam plucked chickens, geese, or turkeys at the poultry house located in what was called the old brewery. He worked at the Lansing Mirror, a newspaper owned by George Metcalf, as a "printer's devil." When he left Lansing, he went to Omaha, Nebraska, to work in a dry cleaning plant. While there, he witnessed two bad tornadoes, both doing much destruction to the city. His life was saved only by running to an outside cellar. He worked in the dope district and often told of the addicts and how awful it was to witness this. He spoke of this often before his death in 1955. After leaving Omaha, he came back to New Hampton and worked for Aunt Hannah and Uncle Adolph Boettcher.

Sam was married in 1914, farmed for himself until right after World War I, sold out and received fabulous prices for

cattle and machinery. The family moved to Waterloo, where Sam worked as a tinsmith at Lichty's. Lucille, the daughter, added this: My father had an odd trait; he would work so hard to get the top of any job, then quit, get another, and start over again.

He again moved back to New Hampton and again started farming, buying stock and machinery at higher prices. When prices dropped, he again sold out. He then went to Greene, Iowa, to do odd jobs. One was selling "Fuller Brushes" which he didn't particularly like to do. He moved back to Waterloo and worked in a garage as head mechanic. It was while they were living here that Quentin Robert Bechtel died at the age of eight in 1929. He suddenly took ill during the night and died the next day. This was a crushing blow to Sam, which he never fully forgot.

In later years Sam and Helen came back to Lansing and lived on Bensch Street, which was located on the hill above the folks' home. He worked at Reith's Hardware store as a plumber until his retirement.

All of his spare time was spent with his flowers and garden. He loved roses as well as tulips, irises, and gladiola. The blooms of these flowers were so large that I commented on this. He told me he only used cow fertilizer. This wasn't exactly the way he worded it. Sam was very frank in his speech and called a spade a spade, peppering it with a few cuss words as he went along.

BENJAMIN FREDERICK, called "Ben," was born February 18, 1886. He left home at an early age and I, being at the tail end of the family, didn't get to really know him until the latter years.

Because I wanted information on the early years of his life, he wrote me a long letter. This was beginning to be very difficult for him to do. I am so thankful that he did this then, as he passed away sitting in his favorite chair, in April, 1972. These are some of the things he wrote:

I wasn't home much after reaching thirteen; I spent a year with Grandpa Christoph. In the winter, I walked two miles to country school. Uncle Henry had a cream route to Devon. Had to get up at three-thirty to milk three cows, get the team ready; after getting back from the cream route, had to help in the field. Spent one summer at Grandpa Bechtel's when he lived in the old log house. Uncle Joe was just married, and they had built a new home. I remember walking through the fields for a big party and dance.

When Dad was caretaker of Oak Hill Cemetery, Jack and I often helped mow the grass. Dad was a great teacher; he'd show us how to sharpen the mower as well as how it was put together. If you didn't put it together correctly and it didn't cut, it was your fault; and only you could correct it. (That experience has helped my neighbors through the years, as I fixed lots for them.)

Dad would get thirsty for more than water and would send the boys to Lansing for a 10¢ bucket of beer. Dad had the pail marked to keep the boys honest in not drinking any of it. They finally figured out a method to at least get a taste. The walk to Lansing was a good two miles, and they would get plenty dry. This was the scheme they decided on: By putting a nail hole below what they considered would be the foam line and sealing it with gum, they at least could have a sip. Dad's thirst was quenched and, he no more the wiser, everyone was happy.

During McKinley's administration, we had a depression. Had to give up coffee as it went up to 15¢ a pound. A 10¢ soup bone had enough meat on it that Mother could stretch it so that everyone could get a little meat. The folks had a large garden, and Mother saved everything by canning or by storing in what was called the "root cellar." Dad worked twelve hours a day for $1.10. The folks wanted a bigger house. The one they really wanted was $5 a month, but they decided to take the one that was a little cheaper.

I remember one Christmas when all we got in our stocking was an orange and some popcorn. I was so disappointed that I crawled under the bed and cried. Dad came and got me to come out; but think how he must have felt, not being able to give his children more.

At the age of fourteen, Ben worked in the button factory at Lansing, cutting buttons. Later he went to Guttenberg.

In 1904, I went to Norfolk, Nebraska, to work in Uncle George Christoph's drug store as an apprentice. (This was how one learned the trade to become a pharmacist.) I received $5 a month board and room, $10 the second year, then $15 the third year. My room was in the back of the drugstore, making it easy to be night watchman and work in the drugstore during the day. Uncle George held out some money each month. When I wanted some of it for clothes, he said, "Not until you quit." So I did. From there, went to Bennett, Nebraska, for about a year and half. Had an operation for appendicitis; and when I went back to my job, found someone else had taken it. This was just before Christmas, so decided to go to Omaha, hoping to get a job. Found nothing. It was cold with snow on the

ground, so decided to find a two-bit rooming house. $1.35 in my pocket paid for five nights and three apples. Getting a letter from Jack just before Christmas with some money in it, I was able to have a good meal.

Heard of a job in Council Bluffs; walked over there but a day too late, as he had sold the store. Heard of a job at Shenandoah; found work there for a year and a half. Made friends with a Reverend Golightly, who was transferred to Caldwell, Idaho. He wrote me they were having a hard time to get help and suggested I come out, as they were paying $100 a month. I received $50 at the drugstore when working there. I wrote, telling him I didn't have the fare. In less than a week, a letter came with a check for $100 and a note to come at once. This was around 1909. I arrived in a land of homesteaders, sand and sagebrush. The jack-rabbits were so abundant that they would eat small fields overnight. Twice a year stores would close for half days, and everyone went hunting. Possibly around 1,000 to 1,500 rabbits were killed. Worked at Caldwell for nine years; decided to go to Twin Falls to take the exams (Pharmacy). Saved a day's travel by taking the stagecoach instead of the train. Later on I went to work at Twin Falls; but my hours were 14 to 16 hours a day, every day. Decided to move to Nampa, Idaho; from there to Portland, Oregon. Before leaving Nampa, Brother Butch had stopped for a short visit. We decided to stay at Hood River for a few weeks' apple picking.

The "Old West" lasted for fifty years. I got in on the last of it, yet experienced a good bit of it. Cattle rustling was still a big problem. Spent a few weeks "placer" mining; poor results. However, some of the homesteaders could make $3 a day along the Snake River. Life wasn't easy in those days, but believe I would like to live it all over again. It was a great experience and now, at 84, I have wonderful memories.

Ben enjoyed making things, like furniture and clocks. He bought the works but made the framework for three Grandfather clocks.

The one piece of furniture that was outstanding was a chair, with the following history: When they built the sea wall during prohibition days, they unearthed an old ship called "Duke De Foug" built in France out of logs. This ship had been buried in mud for twenty-five years, and the planks became water logged and black. They were so dark in color and hard, they looked like mahagony. Since the ship had a great deal of liquor in the hold, only the front of the ship was dug up; the balance was left in the river, kegs of liquor and all.

This boat, which had sailed for fifty years, had a cargo for Oregon City (now called Portland). It anchored at what is Stark St. During a high wind it capsized and sank. When Ben read in the paper that anyone wishing for any of the boards could have them for the taking, he decided to go down on the streetcar. He was looked at with a little misgiving when he got on carrying these old black planks under his arm.

It took many years to get this chair made as it was done with an ordinary saw and shaped with a pocket knife. It made a beautiful piece of furniture. Ben was a person who enjoyed the great outdoors and went hiking in the area around Portland, before it became so thickly populated. This story made the Portland papers on July 2, 1920. First, a short explanation about how I had this information.

Mother was a person who saved everything, and what she felt was of greater importance was kept in the little (what she called) "brown satchel." This bag was passed on to me when Mother died, and I found much information that would have been forgotten otherwise. We had a family reunion July 10, 1927, all the family being present except Ed. It was twenty-two years since Ben left Lansing, and it was his first visit back in that time. Mother, having saved this newspaper, gave it back to Ben who had forgotten this incident. He was pleased that it had been saved, and he kept it over the years. Since the article was lengthy, taking several columns plus pictures of Ben and his findings, I'll try to make the story short.

Ben was walking in Macleay Park, which was thick with overgrowth, brush, and undergrowth. He stumbled and fell into what he thought was a hole. Trying to get out, he noticed different buried objects; but it was getting dark, so he decided to mark the place and come back later. Ben returned with a friend; and after working several hours, they uncovered some half-gallon jars. They were expecting to find the remains of a body but were much relieved when they didn't.

They took their findings to an attorney who told them they would have to comply with the Oregon law, which stated that a notice had to be posted of their findings. If after a year expired, no one claimed their findings, half would go to the Company Treasurer, the balance to the finders.

Reading over the papers they found they discovered that these things were the possessions of a Fred Braley of Barre, Vermont, who had left in 1918. In contacting persons in Barre, they found that Fred had been vice president of the bank. He had resigned his job to go west. The last contact with him was a letter from San Francisco saying he was taking a boat to Portland. The only heirs were cousins, and he had never married.

The jars didn't contain any money but things made of gold, such as watches, glasses, rings, twelve keys tied together with a fish line, and a gold dollar bearing the date, 1851. Braley apparently went to the coast with the idea of making money quickly. There were stocks showing investments in hundreds of shares of oil and mining stock of the wildcat variety. For most of these, he paid $1.

What happened to Mr. Braley will always be a secret, but the writer of this article gives three choices from which to pick. Reach any conclusion you may wish: (1) He, becoming discouraged, sealed his property and committed suicide, (2) He may have gone insane, (3) The presence of suspected forged signatures may indicate that he was compelled to turn over his papers and was afterwards slain.

One would like to add a happy ending to this, such as: "Man was well rewarded in finding this cache." In asking Ben of the outcome, I was told, "I never was given any information, other than what was in the paper. As there was corruption in the county government at this time, and some of the men were dishonest, I don't know where any of these things went. I don't know their value or whether the heirs ever received any of the findings."

Ben married Fan Harvey on October 18, 1920. They were married 48 years before her death in 1968. They lived in Portland all these years; he worked as a pharmacist up to his retirement. Fan being bedridden much of the seventeen years, Ben took care of her. There wasn't a more devoted husband than Ben. Her passing made him very lonely.

Ben came back to Iowa by train in 1968 and again in 1970, driving back with Beibers at the ripe old age of 84. He stood the trip well, like the good trouper he was. Ben was terribly disappointed in coming home again, because his memories of the town and places had changed. Names and faces were not familiar, but visiting with the sister and brothers that he never knew too well until these years, gave him much joy. His death came very peacefully in 1972.

HERMAN JOHN, born March 20, 1888, was called "Jack" because he preferred this name to the given one. Jack worked at much the same jobs as the two older brothers, bucking wood, plucking chickens, working in the button factory, and doing summer work at the Henry Englehorn and George Marti farms. Looking through Lansing's Centennial book, Herman Bechtel can be found sitting in the front row as a member of Lansing Cadet Band in 1902. He played the clarinet.

Ben and Jack were very close, and Ben furnished me with this information: Jack arrived in Norfolk in 1906. He had

been playing in the band with Ringling Brothers Circus about a year and a half. Circus life must have impressed the boys. Stories were told that as soon as the circus arrived in town, they were all down helping put up the tent or watering the elephant to get a pass for the performance.

This is an after-the-circus happening. The boys wanted to go fishing, and the Mississippi River was off limits; so it must have been at Clear Creek, which in that day was a good fishing place. Dad gave his permission, as he was getting hungry for a good mess of fish, but told them not to be late for the meal. They were late in getting back, and everyone was eating. A promise from Dad, they were getting the "razor strap" as soon as he was finished eating. Jack, who had personality plus, walked around the table, putting a dollar bill on Dad's plate, doing this five times. By the last trip around, Father had mellowed considerably. Dad asked the boys where they got all that money. Jack told him that after catching enough fish, they decided to stop at the circus grounds; and this was what they found lying here and there on the ground. Dad's next question was, "Where's the fish?" In all the excitement, the boys had left them outside the door, in the hall. When they went outside for them, they found the cats had carried them away. Jack told that Dad was so pleased with the money that the strapping and desire for fish were forgotten.

This story was told by Jack and Ben at the time of the family reunion in 1927. (Mother hearing this story for the first time.) The boys were warned by the folks never to swim in the river. This particular time, the boys walked down with a group of older boys to watch them swim. Ben was standing on a float or raft watching, when someone got the bright idea to push him off. Ben couldn't swim and was going down for the third time when someone had the presence of mind to grab him by his hair. Ben was all right, outside of being a little shook. What bothered him the most was the fact that he was soaking wet, and he couldn't go home until all his clothes were dry. Stripping, then wringing his clothes out, he hung them on bushes to dry. It was a warm, sunny day; but even at that, it took some time before he ventured home.

Jack left home at the age of 16, in 1906, for Norfolk, Nebraska, to work at Burton's Jewelry Store. Ben was living here at the time, working for Uncle George. It was with much joy that they were together. Jack lived back of the store to help protect it from being burglarized. Ben, wanting to go to a dance, went over to see if Jack would go along. He banged on the door, calling his name, throwing pebbles against the windows, but couldn't awaken Jack. Ben thought Jack really lived up to his job! Besides learning to repair watches, Jack gave lessons on the clarinet, after work.

Ben and Jack must have kept in touch with each other, as Ben mentions Jack going back to Iowa and working in a telephone firm and for a Jewelry Manufacturing Company. I remember him telling of this one job in particular. We were making homemade ice cream and this is what he told: Stranded in a city and short of money, he looked in the paper and came across an ad for an experienced man to make ice cream. Answering the ad, he was asked if he had any experience. All that came to mind was helping Mother (turn the freezer), and knowing that cream, egg, milk and sugar went into the makings. He felt a little safe in answering "yes." It was stretching the truth a bit; but if one needed a job, you could be excused a little. He went to work. On his own, he pushed the lever, hoping it was the correct one. He soon found out it was the wrong one, as it froze too fast. He decided the best way to unfreeze it was to put in a little hot water. In doing so, he lost some of the cream. He contacted different places where he thought he could obtain some, but none was available. He found some buttermilk and added a little lime to sweeten it. When the boss tasted the ice cream, he told Jack it was the best ice cream he had ever tasted. Continuing his work, he grew braver and braver, adding new flavors like real rum or bourbon. If a new customer's name sounded Irish, it was colored green, instead of plain vanilla. He became very successful at this job but felt this wasn't his life work, so he decided to move on.

This story is so typical of Jack that it brought back memories of his visits to Lansing and sitting on the porch in the evening, talking over Mother's desire for a bathroom in the house and the best way to get this accomplished. Jack's ideas were much on the order of a Rube Goldberg invention, suggested in a very serious tone, ending up with much laughter.

The first Jewelry store Jack bought was at La Porte City, Iowa. It was here that he met Alleta, who was visiting an aunt at the time. Alleta furnished the following: Our wedding day, June 3, 1918, was a gloomy, rainy day starting with a thunderstorm. He left Stockton, Illinois, about 9 a.m. Jack had a new cadillac, stripped down, no fenders, that looked like a racer. It was painted yellow with an American flag on a long pole fastened to the radiator cap. Some class! We planned to be married at Galena, Illinois, county seat. With muddy roads and no fenders on the car, that tells the tale. Mud rolled off the wheels into our laps when we would hit a puddle hard.

Finally, the car stopped ten miles from Galena. We found a farmhouse, where a man was shearing sheep. He drove us to town in his Ford. We had to be in Galena before five to get the marriage license. The clerk asked Jack to go wash his face so he could tell what color he was. We were married in the Methodist Parsonage and took the train to Dubuque that night, as there were no hotel rooms available in Galena. In the morning, we took the

train back to Galena to pick up the car. We drove to Cedar Falls through lightning, thunder, and a heavy rainstorm. Why the hurry? Jack wanted to enlist in the Air Force as an aviation mechanic, and since there was a deadline or time limit involved, he had to hurry to make it. This was such a new field in 1918 that Jack had to wait for an opening, so Uncle Sam put Jack in the Motor Transport Corps. Jack had six weeks' training at Ames University, with more schooling at Valparaiso, Indiana; then he went to Detroit. While there, the Armistice was signed, but Jack was sent to New York to Governor's Island for three months before being discharged. When Jack returned, we lived in Cedar Falls for a year, moving to Waterloo where Jack worked in a jewelry store.

In the spring of 1925, Alleta was visiting her folks in Stockton, Illinois. My sister had just returned from Florida where a big "land boom" was taking place. It sounded fantastic and much like a fairy tale. On returning to Waterloo, Alleta told Jack the story. Since he was fed up with the watch business, he was more than eager to go. Within two weeks they had sold the house for cash. They felt very happy about this as property was difficult to sell.

There were three carloads that had decided to go on this venture. They were two weeks on the way, taking their time to sight-see and stopping off to see Washington, D.C. This was more or less like a camping trip as, in those days, there were no motels. The entire group would pitch their tents, which included folding cots, chairs, and tables. They'd load them back on the cars, moving to a new site each night. Many of the roads in the mountains were too steep for the automobile in that day, so many of them became over-heated. The only thing left to do was to stop, let the engine cool, then pour water into the radiator so they could continue the journey. In pitching tents in Florida, the tent stakes pulled out so often that the men constantly talked about driving back to pick up some good Iowa or Illinois clay to help keep their tent stakes in place.

Jack's intention in leaving Iowa was to sell real estate. Discovering nothing but sand and water (when tide was in), he could not conscientiously try to sell this property for $10,000. He decided he'd rather go back to watchmaking. He worked for Bennett Company for five years. The boon broke, Bennett failed; so Jack bought the watch department. His first start was with just a watch bench (doing repairs and selling a few watches). He gradually expanded, moving four times when business demanded more space. The last move was into the Harvey Building, a wonderful location, making it a much more prosperous business. Bob, the younger son, took over after his father's death and can be found at this same location.

Jack was a devoted son and brother, remembering the family with gifts from little on up. As young men, Jack and Ben sent beautiful china dolls to Esther and Dorothy, sisters they barely knew, since they were small when they left home.

When Dorothy, Marie, and I were graduated from High School, each was remembered with a wristwatch for this accomplishment. We knew only too well Jack couldn't afford to do this, even if it was his business. For years he sent money to Mother, in order to make things a little easier the last years of her life. A fitting ending was written by his son, Dr. Jack, who became interested in cardiology because of the sudden death of a father he loved dearly.

Jack was a great student of religion. He studied many of the religious groups of that day and became very active in several, including Unity, in which he became a lay minister. In later years he was sought after a great deal for his advice, support, and assistance in prayers for loved ones. He always gave willingly and with a great deal of love and affection. His many interests included building all sorts of gadgets and doing repair work around the house. He was happiest when he was working with his flowers and involved with the ministry. He had hoped some day to retire to some of these but, unfortunately, he became ill before he had an opportunity to plan any leisure time for himself. He developed severe coronary insufficiency in October, 1954, and died suddenly on November 10, 1954, from a coronary thrombosis.

EDWARD GEORGE, the fourth son, was born April 27, 1890. He answered to the nickname "Butch," which the family called him. In the later years, he preferred signing his name "George." Much of this son's life is a secret. He ran away from home at the age of sixteen. Mother's heart was broken when he left, and over the years she often felt he wasn't living. Maybe several years would pass before hearing from him, or he would just drop in from nowhere. Since he was always sending letters and gifts from some far away land, the folks called him the "Globetrotter." Butch was in the tenth grade at school when he decided to run away. After visiting with Selmer Simmonson, the boy ran away with, I'm able to write of this incident. This is the story:

Selmer was the only son of Hoagy Simmonson, who lived in the rooms above the folks in what was called the "Beehive." Butch and Selmer decided to hop a freight; but in some way, our Father heard of their plans and stopped them before the train left. He found them in an empty box car. They decided to wait a few weeks before trying it again. This time before they jumped on, they made sure that the train was moving. They rode the rails to the Dakotas where they worked in the grain fields. Selmer, getting homesick, wrote his folks. Hoagy came after him,

but Butch wanted to travel on. In all these years, Selmer wondered what had happened to Butch, not knowing until he visited with me in 1954.

Butch as a youth was a loner, always restless. He would rather read adventure stories than play with the older boys. He and Selmer were real buddies and planned many different adventures. Once they decided to build a raft to go down the Mississippi and see the world. They built it on Clear Creek which, in that day, was a fairly good-sized creek. In their spare time, they collected boards and necessary things to make a raft. Finally, the day came when they decided to leave. Everything went well as long as they were traveling in the Creek; but as soon as they hit the river, the going got rough. They were able to keep afloat until they got below Columbus where the raft fell apart. They had quite a long walk home with their belongings, so the idea of building another raft was soon forgotten.

Butch wasn't the best letter writer; but as for remembering the family with gifts, he was great. Many things were sent from the countries he visited; but over the years, they were destroyed or broken. Some of the things I remember were the elephants from India, carved from teakwood; silk from Japan for a dress for Dorothy; fans; shells; wooden shoes; coins; an accordian from Germany, which Dad played while he was sitting in his lawn swing; and a clock from the Black Forest in Germany that had the Westminster Chimes.

Much of this brother's life is remembered in bits and pieces as he stayed only a short time on his visits home. When he told of his journeys with a bottle of beer in his hand, we didn't know what to believe and what not to believe. I'm sure we didn't give him full credibility in his stories, but I felt that no one could have that much of an imagination as to tell these things without there being some truth in them.

Butch talked of doing many different things in his travels. He was a steeplejack (where he was injured). He was in the Secret Service, mentioning that this was something he couldn't talk about as it was confidential. By being in this type of work, he was once given knock-out pills and thrown in the river for dead. He went to Alaska in the days when it was so rough that if a man was shot in the back or in a saloon in a brawl, no questions were asked. He didn't stay in Alaska too long as he didn't care for cold weather. He preferred countries of the warmer climate. His letters and pictures show this to be true. He traveled every state in the union, some more than once.

One of his trips was to South America for two years, where he went to capture animals for a zoo. He spoke of the monkey being the easiest to catch. This was done by making a paste-like

substance of rice and coconut oil put into a coconut shell. When the monkey put his hand into the shell to get something to eat, he didn't know enough to pull the hand out but thought he was caught. Then they would net him. In bringing back the animals, there was a terrible storm at sea; and it lasted for days. The waves were so high that they thought the ship would capsize. The cages were banged from side to side making it possible for some of the animals to get out. The storm seemed a minor thing after having lions and a boa constrictor on the loose. They could see the eyes of the animals in the dark, but a snake couldn't be seen or heard. Not finding the snake for days afterwards made this trip so horrifying that he never signed up for that type of work again.

Butch was in the Merchant Marines during World War I. He stayed in Germany after the war and, I'm sure, lived it up. Ben, in hearing from him, told how in a small town Butch invited the whole town to a celebration, furnishing the beer. They called him the "rich American."

Butch married Ada Higgins, on October 19, 1932, living in Washington D. C. We heard from him more often then, usually at Christmas. Coming home for our Father's funeral in 1945 was his last time back to Lansing. He never got back for the family reunion; we wished he could. He passed away quietly in a chair in June, 1970.

The following are letters written to Lydia and saved over the years. They briefly tell tales of his very colorful life:

Calcutta, India
December 25, 1921
Dear Sister,

Just a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and well. This being Christmas, have decided to write to all of you and that is some effort in this country; the heat is fierce.

If we could go around like the natives with a G-string or a dress, being about a dozen dresses in a yard of cloth, it would not be so bad. Food is high and drinks too. An American is always wacked anyway. Our tourists spoil these people.

This is a part of my travels since I left New Hampton: Japan, China, Korea, Philipines, Siam, Indo China, Iva, Sumatra, Australia, New Zealand, and many of the South Sea Islands including North Bornea, Strait Settlement, India, Ceylon, Turkey, Austria, Italy, Spain, Morocco, Algeria, France, Germany, Belgium, England, Holland, and many of the out-of-the-way places. So you can see I have covered much and sure a grind. I have seen so much that it is hard to start any place to de-

scribe things. Will be back in two more years and will be able to spin some yarns. Have been in many tight places but managed to get through; and outside of a little fever at present, am all right. Business is quite dull, in fact, all over; and hear that things are the same in the States.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

I remain your Brother,
E. G. Bechtel

P. S. Best regards to Hannah and will write to them later.

Letter #2
Yokohama
February 28, 1922
Dear Sister,

Just a few lines to let you know that I am safe and well and as usual, traveling. This trip of two years will take me around the world, and I will visit most of the principal cities of the Orient.

From here I will go to Kabe, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila, Isle of Formosa, Iva, Sumcata, Singapore, Bombay, Calcutta, and the South Sea Islands. I am one of the superintendents of cargo for Rosalin Trading Co. and will travel 7 trade routes, checking and consigning freight. Some day when I get stuck on an island, will write a big letter about different countries. Will visit the Cannibal Isle on the Malay Peninsula, but we are always armed and have already seen eaters; but they do not scare me.

Tell Ed the beer and booze are fine and don't cost $2.75 either. These Cannibals I saw in Africa are rather tame, ever since they have been introduced to chewing gum and soda pop and near-beer. It's the last of the wild ones so they say.

I will try to send some canary birds. They have the finest singers in the world at 20 cents apiece. Have been riding in these two-wheeled taxis or rickshaws. I say they are fine; and a good way to sober up is to take a ride for about six blocks. You sure sober up or become paralyzed.

Write to Geo. E. Bechtel, 59 Clay St., San Francisco, California, and it will be forwarded while I am in China and Japan. After that, will let you know where to send mail. Will try to drop a line from time to time.

Hoping you are all well.

I remain your Brother,
Ed

MARIE LYDIA, (so reads her "Tauf-Schein") the first daughter, was born in the family on January 17, 1892. They chose to call her Lydia. The four older brothers must have been too much for the little sister, as she was so bashful and reserved as a child. When she went to school the teacher couldn't get her to talk, so she was kept back. Lyd completed the 8th grade but wanted so badly to continue on to high school. Dad felt that was enough education for a girl, and it was better that she get out and work.

At sixteen, she went to work at the "Capoli," and old stone building in South Lansing, which was a button factory. This was a good two-mile walk from the west part of town. She worked from 7 in the morning until 6 at night for a dollar a day. Her pay check was given to Mother, who allowed her to buy an ice cream cone on Saturday.

At the age of fifteen, Lyd had a bout with inflamatory rheumatism, which was very painful and kept her bedridden for months. Touching the bed made her scream with pain, and Mother had to feed her. She had to learn how to walk again by pushing a chair ahead of her to get from place to place. This illness came just before Christmas, and Adeline (me) was born the following March. Lydia, never knowing at the time that Mother was expecting another baby, remarked, "What a winter that must have been for you!"

The clothing of that time was more practical than attractive, being made of drab, coarse, and heavy material. Wool was used because of the warmth needed for the cold winters. Some of the clothes were made over from hand-me-downs or from material bought at Nielander's loom-end sale. Calico sold for 3 cents a yard, which was very reasonable. Color or design never entered the picture; it was only the "feel" of the cloth that was considered. In school, an apron was worn over the dress to keep it from becoming too soiled. You had one good dress that was kept for Sunday best.

Lydia who had to wear woolen underwear in the winter because of her illness, hated it so because it was so scratchy. The summer ones were made from flour sacks (with the print "Big D" which was difficult to get out) across the seat. Mother knitted the long, black stockings that were worn and also the mittens. Shoes were either laced or buttoned; overshoes weren't heard of; rubbers only if you could afford them.

Lamps were used for light, and the chore of keeping them filled and lamp chimneys washed wasn't done with too much eagerness. The homes were kept warm by wood stoves--chunks for the front room stove, smaller split wood for the kitchen one. Arguing as to whose turn it was to fill the wood box was often settled by Mother; and there were no "if's or but's" in her decision.

The cistern water was used for cooking, washing, and bathing; but for good drinking water, the children were sent to (dare I add the word Holy) get it from the Priest's well.

The old adage, "Waste not, want not" was passed from Mother to daughter. Watching her mother sewing, knitting, piecing and tying quilts, and making comforters was something

learned well, as she made many a comforter and quilted many a quilt. She was a good seamstress and we kiddingly told her she could make a dress from a handkerchief. Worn out woolen pants and suits were used to make patchwork comforters and braided rugs. Colors of browns and blacks didn't make them very colorful. Lydia, using brighter-colored coats and dresses the late years, braided some beautiful ones. In her lifetime, she also hooked a 9 x 12 wool rug so she could have a rug in her living room.

Lydia lived in the time of traveling by horse and buggy. This way of going to town on Saturday nights was used possibly up to 1926 before they got their first "tin lizzy" car. The trips out to see Grandmother Bechtel (Grandfather died the day Lyd was born) were by team and surrey that Dad rented from the livery stable. The burning of the steamer, J. S., was an experience she never forgot as she was on the boat when this happened and never liked being on the river or in a boat thereafter. Lydia went to New Hampton to work for Aunt Hannah (she was like a second Mother to her while she lived in this home).

A group of relatives and friends decided to come to Lansing to go on an excursion. They came by team and surrey, leaving Lawler about 4 o'clock in the morning of the day before this event. They reached Waukon late, but got up early to get to Lansing in time to take the trip on the boat. An excursion on the Mississippi was a big outing in the lives of the Lansingites and for the people from the surrounding areas. Large crowds turned out to see the people that were going.

It was on June 25, 1910, that this steamer made the trip to LaCrosse, stopping at DeSoto, Genoa, Victory, and Brownsville. There were 1,100 people on the boat this particular day. The playing of the calliope before leaving Lansing and the watching of a late-comer jumping on the gangplank as it was being raised added to the excitement of the day.

Many people packed picnic baskets; others ate snacks at the bars. No one arrived in LaCrosse until everybody had eaten. There was a mad rush of women to get off to shop while men headed for the saloons. The boat would leave on time and would wait for no one. There were usually a few that didn't make it back.

It was while they were eating supper that the fire alarm sounded. They were told that they were near the shore and not to panic. This warning went unheeded as some people jumped overboard into the shallow water, women screamed to be saved, everybody reached trying to get from one deck to another. One wonders why more lives weren't lost. There were

only two lives lost--a woman who had jumped into the shallow water and was killed and a man who had been put into the calaboose, which was located in the hold of the J. S. The story is that this man, who was drunk and was causing quite a commotion, was resisting the officer, who hit him with his billy club. The man who said he witnessed this happening then saw the man slump, and he was dragged to jail.

A trial was held to prove whether the Streckfus people were guilty of a crime and whether the officer set the boat on fire to cover it up. They were proven not guilty, and it was the man who was put in jail who set the boat on fire. This story was told and retold. Whose fault it was depended on who was telling the story.

Only those on the J. S. remembered how awful it was. It happened at dusk. Families separated in the excitement, men climbed trees calling for their families, bonfires were lighted so people could see to find friends. They stayed on an island north of Victory until morning when a big raft came and took them back to Lansing.

This was a horrible night for Mother. She walked down to see the boat come in and saw the sky bright with fire. She didn't know it was the boat on fire. She didn't hear until morning what really happened.

The J. S. was rebuilt (smaller) into a side wheeler (the wheel is on the side instead of in back). There were many excursions both "Daylight" and "Moonlight" after this, at least up to the year 1937. I have a paper advertising a trip on the J. S. costing 50 cents a round trip with two hours in LaCrosse. Somewhere during these years it became a "Moonlight" excursion only. Now it's just a memory.

Lydia was married to Ed Frankhouser in 1913. They farmed around Fredericksburg and New Hampton until 1937, when Ed passed away. Lyd and Marjorie, the daughter, came to Lansing and lived with the folks. Marjorie went to school a year in Lansing. When Roy bought an oil station at Blairsburg, Lydia decided to go there to live. She worked as a practical nurse until Marjorie finished school, and then married. She then came back to Lansing and worked in the toy factory. When Roy, the son, was called into the service, she went back to Blairsburg to take care of the baby while Eleanor worked. After Roy got out of the army, Lydia came back to Lansing and stayed with the folks until Dad's death in 1944. She came back to take care of Mother who died in 1946.

Lyd went to Florida and stayed at Jack's for the winter months and returned to New Hampton working at Gardner's for seven years. In 1955 she married Charles Merritt, living

in New Hampton and Los Angeles. Charley died in 1958; the following year she came back to Lansing and made her home with brother Ted until 1966. She moved back to New Hampton where she still lives at 81 years young, enjoying life as a Senior Citizen.

William Henry, born January 27, 1894, was named after William Mc Kinley, which the martyred President acknowledged with an autographed letter. This was written in the Journal for the write-up on the family reunion on July 10, 1927. I wondered why something this important wasn't kept. Mother said that in moving to the old house from the Beehive, it was lost somehow. Mother must not have had her little brown satchel then, because I've found so much saved, mostly from 1914 on.

Billy died on December 24, 1917, at the age of twenty-five. Our mother was heart-broken over his death. It took her many years to get over it; and I don't think we ever really knew her real grief, as Mother kept this so much to herself. Prayer and her faith was something she lived with all her life.

Billy took ill on a Saturday. He went to the Doctor, and he told him he should have surgery as soon as possible. Since the passenger train didn't run on the weekend, he had to wait until Monday. By this time his appendix had ruptured. Billy came through the operation fine and was recovering very well. He was planning to come home, when he took a turn for the worse, and a second operation was performed. He knew he was going to die. He was young and planning to be married when he came back from the war. He had his induction papers, and the day he went to the hospital, he was supposed to leave for the Army. These things made his dying so much harder for one to accept. The Doctor cancelled all expenses of operations. Mother was grateful for this but felt Billy's death an error.

Dorothy, Matt, and I had appendectomies; and all were emergencies. I was operated on at nine o'clock at night, but my appendix had not ruptured. Dorothy and Matt were gravely ill as theirs had. Mother, watching my operation, marvelled at what it took to do this. She insisted on seeing the appendix after the operation. The bottle in which it was put in alcohol was brought home to keep for many years. I remember her worrying and blaming herself for not getting the Doctor sooner. What she went through for us all was far more than any mother does in a lifetime. I do know it was prayer and her faith that saw her through all these times.

I was nine years old when Billy died. I remember sleeping at Kersteins, four in a bed, crosswise. We did get our presents, as Billy had sent money for Esther to buy us each something. This was our first Christmas in the new home, and much preparation had been made to make it a happy one.

The funeral wasn't held until Friday, which was a week from his death. He was kept in the home, surely making it most hard

for us all. Carl was in the Army at Camp Greene, North Carolina. He came home for the funeral. Jack was at La Porte City, Ben in Twin Falls, Idaho, Edward's address unknown.

Billy worked for Julius Rieth learning the Tinner's trade and plumbing. He was an amateur photographer. Brownie has the album of the pictures he took. Many of them have a professional look. Information found on the back of cards with a picture of an old house, which was dated 1912, states he had just bought a camera for $15. I'm sure he was taking pictures before this but with an inexpensive camera.

Billy was very good to our Mother. It was through his efforts the new home was built. Mother's inheritance from her father helped toward the starting of the building. They bought the Shaw's addition, a lot close to the old house, for $77. With everybody helping, Billy made the plans for the house. Ted just finished eighth grade; so he was told he could help instead of continuing high school, as he had enough education. Fred Weber, a carpenter, was hired to make windows, frames, and to do the fine work. Ted thought the house cost about $1,100 to build. I came across bills paid to Fred Weber. These are the prices he charged: he put siding on the house, working 8 hours for $4. The folks built the red barn in 1919. Fred's bills were: foundation $2.50; the complete bill for the barn was $41.50.

Becky and I went back to take pictures of the house and barn, as they stand today. The people living there now have children. Instead of bikes or a sled, they have three cars parked in front. One lone walnut tree in front made me wonder if it were one of the three planted by the folks. The garden and flower gardens are all seeded down. The terrace with the grape vines is seeded down and mowed. In fact everything that is seeded down looked mowed, but so steep. The back rock wall looked as if it had been re-laid recently. I remember how everyone worked hard to put it up when it would slide down after a heavy rain. This usually happened at night, and one would ask in the morning, "Did you hear what happened last night?" The noise of sliding rocks and earth was bound to wake one with the only thought, "Not again!" Mother would go out in front, take the wheelbarrow after a flash flood and collect all the big rocks for the wall. The bridge and ditch are still there, but I don't think the water runs over the road. The privey is gone; a dog house stands in its place and a fenced-in area for the dog. The garage had a boat inside. The place looks lived in, but well kept. I didn't go in as I want to remember it as it was when it was our home.

Carl Frederick, born October 23, 1895, was nicknamed "Brownie" because of his swarthy complexion. The name has

stuck throughout the years; it's only proper he be called this in his story.

Elsie Hefty, one of the kids in the neighborhood, tells it was the Bechtels that were great for putting on shows, Brownie in particular. Brownie had a way of advertising the coming event, and the charge for admission was common pins. A common pin in those days wasn't "common," and to take them from your mother's pincushion wasn't the best idea. So with advance notice of the coming shows, all the kids would go up to the Catholic church and dig in the church sweepings thrown out by the Sisters. Brownie was the writer and producer, the kids were the puppets. He also was the best reader, stopping at an exciting part, telling the kids it would be continued the next day. Elsie mentioned that the ticket taker's mother was the only one who never complained about not having enough pins.

Brownie must have continued his love of shows as he worked at the Germania Hall. This hall was built for a group of men that came over from Germany. A few of these old timers were Boeckh, Brockhausen, Nulander, and Kerndt. This was a private athletic club called "Herrn Verein" (Men's Club) used only by these members for bowling and playing cards. In later years it was used by the public for plays, dances, bowling, and movies.

Brownie operated the projector, and was the usher and the "cleaner upper" with the help of Ted. Ted said they were the first to bring sound pictures to Lansing. In this particular movie, there was a super train wreck. With a little persuasion (getting in free) from Brownie, he convinced Ted to get a few boys in to help make this scene real. The boys with pots and pans got behind the curtain; and at the right moment, they made an awful clatter, making it truly a sound picture. This place burned down after a dance, which was too bad as it was the showplace of Lansing.

Brownie was the first member of the family to graduate from high school which was in 1914. This building still stands and is being used for special classes. The Fiftieth Class Reunion was held in 1964 with only a few members present. Mother was very happy and proud when this goal was reached as it was her ambition to see that her children received the education she didn't have the chance to receive.

Brownie worked in an ice cream parlor in Lansing; so when Oluf Hanson moved to Waukon and opened the Red Geranium Restaurant, Brownie was hired to manage it.

War was declared in 1917. Brownie didn't wait to be drafted but enlisted, taking his boot training at Camp Greene,

North Carolina. When this was completed, the troops were shipped to Southhampton, England. Crossing the English Channel to Calais, France, he was assigned to the British at Flanders Field. Later there was more training with French Blue Devils. In this war Brownie was in the thick of things and must have witnessed all the horrors of war. It's over fifty-five years since this war was fought, and I know when he came home, war or battles weren't discussed. So I feel in writing these battles up for me, Brownie must have relived them.

At the battle of Meuse Sisne, which lasted for many days and where casualties were great, this is what he wrote: A week in the field and three days with no sleep, we were exhausted. There was only one officer that hadn't been killed. He left for the rear to receive his orders, leaving me in charge. How I kept awake is beyond me. I was finally relieved by French Blue Devils. Eventually we returned to a reserve station, where we found the rations had been stacked (much more than needed as the casualties cut our numbers almost in half). No one seemed to have an appetite, although we had not eaten in a long time. Later, taking out a detail of 300 men to scour the battlefield for equipment, we witnessed all the casualties after this battle. It made the quote "War is Hell" a mild comparison. Since after this battle most of the officer personnel were killed and they needed replacements, I received a commission as a Second Lieutenant and was assigned to Infantry 35th Division. Harry Truman was in this division. The fighting "35th" was holding down the trenches in front of Verdun. This location was the farthest advance the enemy made. It was after this battle that Brownie received the promotion First Lieutenant. They left for the Argonne, but he had been notified that an Armistice would soon be signed. About 10 minutes before 11 a.m., he received the cease-fire order.

When this hour came, everything became quiet and we just sat. Pretty soon someone had gotten in the bell tower at the church and the bell started ringing. The ringing of the bell reminded me of an incident which occurred in my school days. We were required to memorize a passage of poetry, which none of the boys cared to do. The teacher advised us that there would be no lunch until we did. I think the passage was taken from "Thanatopsis":

"Down the dark future, thru long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, then cease.
And like the solemn and sweet vibrations of a bell,
We hear the voice of Christ say 'Peace.'"

I felt I was extremely lucky to be alive. I also felt proud to have fought in a war to end all wars, which has proved to be untrue.

I don't know in which battle it was that Brownie felt close to death. As I mentioned, war wasn't discussed too much, but one particular battle was.

Mother, I feel, must have possessed what some referred to as sixth sense or what could be called ESP. She seemed to know when her children away from home were in danger or ill. Brownie, telling of this battle, said, "I was in this shell hole for three days and nights. There were men lying dead around me and the flash of the shells, like lightning in a severe thunderstorm was continuous. I felt I'd never live, when a great peace came over me, and I felt the presence of the Lord and my Mother." Mother told her dream of witnessing this battle and being there. This wasn't the only occasion she spoke of the "dreams." Receiving word of a member of the family being seriously ill or at death, she said, "Yes, I know because I had this bad dream." What this dream was I don't know. We would tell her she was too superstitious; and after that, she kept these things to herself. Over the years I felt these omens or feelings were far more than incidental.

It was some time before he left France as he was put on the staff at Bordeaux to help with the embarking of the troops to the States. He was honorably discharged from service on August 19, 1919, and returned home. That, too, became complicated before he reached Lansing. Returning from France by boat there was a terrible storm. Everyone got seasick and he felt so rotten that he was afraid he was going to die. When it got worse, he was afraid he wouldn't. Reaching New York with the puppy "Louve" (German Police), he had a hard time finding a way to Des Moines to be discharged. Arriving in Chicago, he became suddenly ill while waiting in the depot for the train to take him to Iowa. He was rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy, consenting to it only if the folks were not notified. So soon after Billy's death (the same operation), they would worry. He'd forgotten all about the telegram he sent from New York saying when he could be expected home. Every day the folks met the train and no Brownie. They didn't know what to think. Finally, getting in touch with the Red Cross, they found he was in the hospital in Chicago, found him very ill, found out what had happened, and brought back the dog, "Louve."

Returning to Lansing, Carl worked as cashier in the State Bank. He was Postmaster of Lansing from 1929-1933. May 4, 1929, he married Leota Hand who was a teacher in the Lansing schools. Bill and the twins, Carl and Caroline, were born while they lived here. Through the years in Lansing he served as Councilman, Secretary of the School Board and Kiwanis Club, Commander and Adjutant Commander of the Beck-Strong-Glynn Post of the American Legion. In 1934 he received a Civil Service appointment working in the government service for 34 years. The following are some of the agencies for which he worked and places he lived: Home Owners' Loan, Federal Housing, Veterans' Administration, Waco Savings and Loan; lived in Dubuque, Cedar Rapids, Sioux City,

and Council Bluffs, Iowa; Wichita, Kansas; Fort Worth, Texas; and Waco, Texas, where Brownie has been retired since 1967, enjoying life and the grandchildren.

ESTHER JOHANNA, middle name German for Hannah, was born May 21, 1898. After finishing the eighth grade, she wanted to continue farther. She worked for Moritz Kerndt as a hired girl. She was a very pretty girl and one that loved life. In 1917 she married Robert Robinson, a mechanic who worked at the Ford Garage. She left Lansing, living in places such as Savannah and Subula, Illinois, where a son, Robert, was born. Later she moved to New Orleans, Louisiana, where a daughter, Dorothy, was born February 13, 1919, prematurely. Esther spoke of her face being as big as a teacup, and she weighed no more than three pounds. They could put her in a small box. The flu was very bad; Esther and the baby almost died. The folks received a letter from the landlady where the Robinsons were living. She wrote that Esther and children were left alone, as Bob had walked out leaving the family without food or money. Was it possible for the folks to send train fare? They did. I believe Dorothy was under a year old when Esther made her home with the folks. When Aunt Mary was building a barn she wanted Esther to come to New Hampton to help with the cooking. Esther left the children with Mother.

This Aunt had a different way of phrasing her sentences, and it was only Esther's telling that made it more funny. Aunt Mary liked to talk on the phone. Since this was a party line, everybody listened to the conversation, Aunt Mary's especially. They were talking about chickens that weren't laying for this person. Aunt Mary's reply was, "Ya! My bulls don't lay either." Only one knowing Aunt Mary could appreciate the stories told.

When Esther was sixteen, she met Lloyd Boos, who fell in love with her and wanted to marry her. Mother felt Esther was too young, so discouraged the marriage. While Esther was working at Aunt Mary's, the romance rebudded and they were married and went to live on a farm near Kennan, Wisconsin--Lloyd, Esther, and the two children. We went to Kennan to visit the family in the summertime, enjoying the fun of fishing, picking berries and the many water fights ending up with catsup, gravy, or home brew, depending on what Esther and Lloyd had in their hands when one of these fights were in progress.

There were different summers to remember. Ted took the folks, Matt, and myself for our first visit. Other trips were made with Johnny Lehner, a good friend of the family who grew up with the older children. He took the younger members riding in his Model T. One summer Mother, Dad, Matt and myself (with Johnny driving his new Ford) took this trip to Esther's. Mother and Esther canned over a hundred quarts of red and black raspberries that we picked in the woods. Driving home, Johnny was teaching me to

drive the car. Coming into a town, we came to a crossroad where a cornfield hid my view. Not seeing the oncoming car, I drove onto the highway and froze in seeing it coming for me. Johnny, having presence of mind, pulled the gas lever, yanked the wheel and we sailed across the road. Luckily we stopped by some gas pumps that saved us from tipping over, just knicking the other car in passing. Mother and Dad sitting in the back seat never uttered a word. Their only concerns were about the canned jars of fruit that were being brought back. Not a jar was broken. Johnny insisted I drive after this, which I did.

When the Boos family lived in Wisconsin, Donald, Jean, and Jerry were born. In 1928, Lloyd bought a farm near Porter, Minnesota. It was good farming country; but there was a drought and, naturally, poor crops, with only a few years that were profitable. Lloyd decided to come back to Iowa. Jim was born when they lived here. They decided they wanted to come back to New Hampton; but in looking at a farm at Fertile, Iowa, felt this was a better farm. In 1937, Robert came to Lansing to attend high school; he lived with the folks until he was graduated with the Class of 1938. Leaving Lansing for parts unknown, he came back for his Mother's funeral, January 27, 1939. He has come back back to Lansing a few times since that; as of now, we don't know where he is.

Esther was so happy being closer to her folks. She was such a cheerful person, hiding the sorrows she must have had in her life. She was the daughter that could twist Dad around her little finger. He helped repair and build until he wasn't able to do this work anymore. They both had more understanding for each other than most. When Esther was living at Fertile, she wanted to paper and paint her farm home so Lydia came out to help. It was the first papering either one had done. Putting on the ceiling, they had much difficulty, first in getting it on, then in making it stick. Using all the logic they could invent, they even tried to put it on with the broom. Esther finally took the sheet paper, rolled it up, threw it in the corner, and said to Lydia, "Let's sing Hymn No. 41, Holy, Holy, Holy." Lydia said after that the papering went better. This is the way Esther accepted life, looking on the bright side of things.

It was while they were living in Fertile that Esther discovered a lump under her arm. The local doctor thought it was only a cyst and said she could have it removed at the office. When it was sent in, it was discovered to be malignant. Being told this, Esther said Lloyd turned as white as a sheet but Esther said, "I felt if this be so, I must face it." She went to Rochester where she was told it was a fast-growing cancer and nothing could be done for her. She lived a year, suffering very much. Dorothy spent as many weekends as she could with her; she was teaching in Minneapolis at the time. Esther told Dorothy she had made her peace and accepted death. The thing that was so

hard was at night, when pain was most unbearable. Each night the thought that she would never see her children grown was another hard battle to fight.

Esther picked out the scripture she wished to be used (the Twenty-Third Psalm) and the songs to be sung at her funeral. One was the same one sung at Billy's. Esther was buried in the New Hampton Cemetery. Since she was only forty years old, one found her death hard to accept. Mother said she wished she could be the one taken, as she felt she had lived her life and her family was grown. Esther left a family of six. Jim being five years old, she knew she was leaving a family at the age a Mother is most needed. The verse, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," Psalm 23-4, was often repeated by her. This verse and her courage comforted us.

THEODORE ALBERT was born January 29, 1900. Ted, as he was more often called, had to go out and get jobs while young. He attended school until the eighth grade and would like to have continued on but, as the folks were building a new home, they felt he would be good help at home. In his youth the wool black stockings Mother knitted impressed him in this way. Boys wore knickers (pants) when they attended school. If while wearing long black stockings they fell down and discovered a hole, they came up with the idea of putting black show polish over it. No one would know the difference.

Ted liked the great outdoors then and still does now. In winter he spent much time ice skating, which he could do very well. Watching him, I felt he was another "Hans Brinker." Sledding was another sport enjoyed. Sleds were the homemade variety of heavy boards--no steel runners. Therefore, until the board runners became smooth, one couldn't slide very far. Dragging the sled back up the hill you were tired before you started. The Kriegers, Wagners, plus the Bechtel boys from the Beehive, made quite a gang of kids. At night they'd all congregate to go sliding. One associates hollering and laughter with this sport which a Mrs. Simonson, who lived in the Beehive, didn't appreciate. When everyone was having the time of his life, out the window would come a bucket of hot water, to try to encourage the boys to go home. It took quite a few buckets of water before she could completely spoil the track. Since they had to be in at 9 o'clock, it didn't make too much difference. In fact, in doing this she made the hill more icy. Because of the freezing in the night they were able to go that much faster and farther the next time.

The boys enjoyed reading; and since their bedroom was in the apartment above the Beehive, they spent late hours reading

in bed. The one magazine they liked to read was about the Wild West. Mother didn't approve of this as she felt it gave the boys wrong ideas. Mother, finding one of these magazines when she made the bed, would burn it. It didn't take the boys long to find new hiding places so it wouldn't happen again.

Dorothy tells this story about Ted that I don't think he remembers happening. It was on Christmas Day when Ted decided to cut Dorothy's hair. He helped her in the high chair and tied a dishtowel around her neck. Then, getting Mother's gift of a new shears, he decided to see if they worked. He was discovered before he cut off all her curls. Both of them got a whipping, which usually happened as Mother figured this was a sure way to punish the right culprit and show no favoritism. On top of this, some of the Christmas candy was taken away.

Ted's going into the woods to pick wild flowers in the spring was another thing enjoyed by the sisters and brothers that tagged along. Many different hills were climbed, depending on the wild flowers desired. Kersteins' hill for the Crowfoot Violet and Crocus, Schafers' Hollow for the Lady Slipper, Hale's Garden (a wooded area near the railroad tracks) where wild flowers of many varieties grew profusely. Ted sensed when the Spring Beauty, Squirrel Corn, Dutchman Breeches and Dogtooth Violet were in bloom. The Shooting Star was a beautiful flower but was found growing on cliffs that were rather steep. Reaching them was done in this manner. The boys formed a human chain--the top one, holding to the tree trunk or wrapping his leg aroung it, would take a younger one holding on to his legs, while the smaller child would pick the flower. I remember doing this, but only once!

For Decoration Day Ted would sell wild flowers for people to put on graves, getting 25¢ for a big bunch. Lady Slippers were in bloom around this time so off he'd go with Marie to see how many they could pick, finding a wash tub full. Marie, not knowing she was allergic to them, broke out with a bad rash and itching. The doctor told her never to pick them again. Ted didn't believe that the picking of these flowers caused them never to bloom again. He said, "I went year after year in this same place, finding flowers in abundance." He felt civilization made them extinct. Hillsides were being used for the grazing of cattle (uncommon then) and the cutting of trees for lumber was far more a logical answer.

Ted loved to fish and hunt--something that has stayed with him over the years. Matt remembered an experience when Ted had a cabin on the island called the "Owl's Nest." Getting ready for duck hunting, they decided to stay at the cabin. While going ashore they hit a stump, putting a hole in the boat named "Patches." Ted told Matt to jump out so the equipment wouldn't

get wet, adding, "It isn't deep." Matt jumped in, sinking up to his neck in water. A disaster was averted even if Matt came out soaking wet.

In 1927 Ted worked at the Express Office for Mr. Hufschmidt, continuing with this job until 1948 when he hurt himself by walking off backwards from the truck, while carrying a quarter of beef. Ted married Harriet Peterson, a teacher, on August 19, 1929. They made their first home in the Old Keppler house outside the city limits. Harriet loved antiques, and much of the old furniture was walnut that Ted had refinished. Later they moved to town to a more modern home. They had two sons, named Tom and Jerry (a Norweigan highball!), which they were kidded about.

Ted bought the Berry Farm, an acreage near Lansing owned by Ed Weber. Members of the family remember walking to this place to pick strawberries when they were in season. The memories of the fun had in doing this were so great that the "Berry Farm Gang" held picnics to reminisce, and the stories told could be a book.

Jerry was in the Korean War and survived all the dangers of a war that wasn't considered a war. He was married three years when he was killed in a tractor accident while Tom and he were haying. Ted's interests still are fishing, hunting, and the digging of gensing--but on a more limited scale. He is passing on to his grandchildren the fun of doing all these things, plus walking in the woods looking for mushrooms or picking wild flowers.

DOROTHY KATHERINE, born May 18, 1902, was named after her two grandmothers, Dorothea Christoph and Katherine Bechtel. Dorothy's memories of living in this home called the "Beehive" are more vivid than that of the tail-enders of the family. The following are quotes from a letter written on Christmas at the Beehive. As I think back, it wasn't the presents but rather the pleasure that I associate with this season. Our gifts were something to wear. I wonder how many pairs of mittens and stockings Mother knitted in her lifetime. There was always a new pair of each for Christmas, and maybe some one of us would get a new pair of shoes. Again I look back and wonder how something so limited and frugal could have been such a tense, thrilling, happy time.

Mother began her baking weeks ahead--cookies, kuchen, and raisin bread were wrapped and stored in the wash boiler. The only homemade candy I remember having was molasses candy and that, too, was made a fun time. The mixture was boiled and after washing and greasing your hands with butter, you were given a hunk to pull. Sometimes we didn't take time for it to cool as we should have, and then how red and hot our palms would get! But even then, that was just a laughing matter. You pulled and

pulled and pulled and were the envy of others when your twist became almost white. When it reached this stage, one could snip it with the scissors into the size wanted. I wonder if anyone makes this anymore? The parlor was off-bounds for about two weeks before Christmas. Even on an ordinary day you never entered the kitchen lightly, but at Christmas it became the holy of holies. There was a front door which opened directly onto the street, and it was through this door that the tree and all the secrets were brought. The floor was carpeted with long strips of rag carpeting sewn together and stretched tightly over the clean straw (changed every fall). It rustled when you walked over it. To me it was the Christmas tree that was so lovely. The boys went out on the hills and got it. Popcorn and cranberry strings were the chief ornaments. There were a few other bright things; and when we got our Sunday School sacks, we took out the ribbon candy and tied it to the tree. This never lasted the season. How gorgeous the candles were; and we really enjoyed them, for we had to sit and watch them so the tree wouldn't catch on fire.

Christmas must have impressed Dorothy in her youth, as to us younger ones, Dorothy was Christmas. The tree was kept for her to trim when she came home for Christmas vacation, as she taught in the Minneapolis schools. Our Christmas was held in the new home. It was such a great joy for her to put each ornament on the right branch and each icicle in its certain place--they were never thrown on. Each year she'd add a new ornament, so over the years there were some pretty ones. Standing back and admiring her work, she'd remark,"This is the prettiest tree we've ever had;" and we agreed. Each package, big or small, was wrapped so beautifully to be put under the tree in advance of Christmas Eve. You knew by shaking it that it was something you had always wanted but liked it even if it turned out to be practical. In the depression years gifts weren't too plentiful, so to make it a happy time someone got the idea to give the furniture away. This was done while we attended the Christmas program. Notes were put on someone's favorite chair, rocker, a picture--and, as I remember, Mother got the davenport. If the present seemed a little too small, to add to the fun, a note was attached to the tree with a long string leading from it. Wayne (Marie's husband), being such a good sport, was usually the one picked out for this. The string lead to an upstairs bedroom under the bed; but the funny part was to see Wayne trying to get under the bed as he had a little too much avoirdupois making it impossible. With a little help from one of the children, he found his gift was a handkerchief.

Often a program was presented by the grandchildren repeating their Christmas pieces or singing songs they had

learned in school, maybe more appropriate for spring or Easter but, regardless, the smallest child, coming out and making a bow would bring much applause. The dining room and living room were divided by using the portieres to close off one room from the other. This made ideal curtains for the stage. An argument on who was to pull the curtains had to be settled by the elders.

Another "Beehive" story that I feel can't be passed by is this. The neighborhood children, the Wagners and Kriegers, were families that usually came to play with the Bechtels. These are Dorothy's writings: There had been a circus in town. Though we didn't go, we had seen the parade and that was enough to make us want to put on our own show. Mother had changed the beds and filled the wash baskets with sheets, which we decided would make a good tent. We carted them down to Albert's pasture, which was across the road and down a hill. We had just made a good start in putting up the tent when who should show up on the top of the hill but Mother! She had a stick in her hand, but she didn't use it. The tent came down and following her orders to line up, she took us to the washing machine. This was the kind that you pulled a handle to make it agitate (an advancement over rubbing the clothes by hand on a washboard). There we each took our turn and stayed at it until all the machines full of clothing were washed. Years later when Herbie Krieger, who became a priest, stopped by to see Mother, he said it was the most disagreeable but effective bit of discipline he had ever had.

After graduating from high school, Dorothy went to summer school at Cedar Falls. Paying for her education by teaching country school for a few years, she went to college with what she earned. After completing two years of college, she taught at Council Bluffs. It was just before school started when she had an operation for appendicitis. It had ruptured, and there was a time the doctor thought she wouldn't make it. It was only a short time after this operation that she left for Council Bluffs, hardly strong enough to teach in a city school, but she was determined to do her best. She taught in this school system for several years. Leaving Council Bluffs, she went to Minneapolis where she taught until her marriage. It was while she was teaching in Minneapolis she determined to get her degree by going to night school and attending summer school. With all this determination, she finally accomplished her goal. She graduated Cum Laude.

Dorothy was a dedicated and duty-bound daughter. She truly honored her Father and Mother and tried so hard to make life a little easier financially and physically for all the hardships our Mother had borne. Summer vacations were spent at home, mowing, weeding the flower garden, trimming the lawn, hosing the side of the house to keep it white, always washing and scrubbing. Finally, I nicknamed her "the lady on the box of Dutch Cleanser."

This was disgusting to me because work was OK, but all the time?! I loved to read; and if the book were interesting, I figured the work would keep. Dorothy read to the folks in the evening while they were sitting on the front porch. Our Father wouldn't admit he enjoyed listening; but he seemed to know when reading time came, and down he would come from his room and sit in his favorite rocker. The minute Dorothy stopped, he'd leave. Dorothy read all of Bess Streeter Adlrich's books to them but the one, "A Lantern In Her Hand," impressed Mother who said, "That could have been the story of my life."

Dorothy was married February, 1945, to Frank Harvey, making her home at Portland, Oregon. When she left she said she was through teaching. Being a born teacher, she went back to her profession and became one of Portland's outstanding teachers. She retired in 1968; and since then they have built a new home along the Oregon coast at Yachats. They are enjoying the ocean view from the big window, or beach combing for agate, or rock hunting, or simply watching "Jonathan Livingston Seagull."

MARIE KLARA was born August 5, 1904. Mother must have liked the name Marie because the baptism certificate shows that both Lydia and Marie were given the first name of Marie. Mother's name, which we thought was Mary, is mentioned as Ehefrau Marie C. Bechtel, surmising Marie was the German for Mary. One doesn't question why Mother was so persistent in trying to name a child after her.

Marie was a frail baby and so was favored more than most of the other children. I believe the word puny was used in describing her physical condition. The older sisters told that Mother had no problem to get them to feed Marie. Because of her frailness, she was given more nourishing food like bananas, oranges, and grape-nuts cereal. These foods were something not ordinarily eaten by the rest of the family. When Marie had the measles and was kept in a darkened bedroom and away from the other children, they lined up outside her window and she fed them her oranges.

Even with all the special favors granted, Marie didn't become too spoiled. She was quick in her actions. If an errand was to be done in a hurry, Marie was sent. She was a fast walker. Is yet! How Dorothy ever put up with two giggly girls, I'll never know. At night when going to bed (there were two beds in the one room) Dorothy tried to read and Marie and I had other crazy ideas like repeating the alphabet and books of the Bible, forward and backward. I never could come up to any of her performances. We'd guess riddles and somethimes might have an argument. If in trying to win a point someone got a little angry, our idea of getting the better end of the situation was to call out names of persons we thought most awful. Old lady Dawson rated the worst (she collected garbage in a wheelbarrow and looked like a witch). Then there was a man who made moonshine

in Wagner's chicken house by the name of Mewdeca (I don't believe that's the correct spelling but that's the way we pronounced it).

Dorothy writes of getting gifts from brother Jack and how good he was to his little sisters,Marie and Dorothy, in sending things for Christmas and Easter. There were beautiful, big china Easter eggs, which were painted with pink apple blossoms, and another was painted with blue violets and then put on the whatnot to look at. One day the brothers suggested an Easter egg fight assuring good trusting Marie that they were too solid to break, but they did!

Marie was a good student and graduated from high school in 1922, when she was sixteen. She went to summer school at Cedar Falls that summer; and by fall she was old enough to teach country school at Dalby, Swede Bottom, and Mays Prairie. (Ted was the good brother that saw that his sisters were taken out to the places where we boarded when teaching on Sunday nights and getting us on Friday. I'm speaking for myself too, as he did the same for me when I taught.) It was while she was teaching at Dalby, that she met and became engaged to Wayne Bieber, who lived on a farm not too far from this school. Marie wanted a big wedding; and since she took care of her own expenses, Mother consented. I thought her dress, which she had made by a dressmaker, was the most beautiful dress I had ever seen. It was street length of pale orchid with an overdress of white organdy. She made a beautiful bride and still could be considered delicate as she weighed only 105 lbs. Elsie Reich, a girlfriend, was bridesmaid, and Ted was best man. They were married June 16, 1926, at the German Presbyterian Church by Reverend Hoffman. The church was filled with friends and members as it wasn't often that the church had this big a wedding. The wedding dinner was held at home for the immediate family. Wedding preparations took weeks in the planning, and I remember Elsie coming home for the wedding. She stayed up until the wee hours planning tricks to play on the bride and groom, such as putting bricks in Marie's suitcases and sewing everything shut that she could get a hold of. The Model T Wayne was driving was decorated to the utmost. A big stick was tied to the radiator with a bunch of hay tied to the end to encourage it to go faster. Tin cans were to be tied under the car by some of the boys, but Wayne drove away before it was completed. It was rather a surprised group when the car left and they were trying to tie cans to the air. I guess the cans, horns honking, and decorating of car and throwing of rice haven't changed from the 20's, but then it wasn't as common.

"Chivaree," held after the couple returned from the honeymoon, was far different from those held now (outside of beer drinking). When you went to this affair, you tried to bring along pots and pans, bells, horns, or anything that made lots of noise. The

couple expected lots of clanging and banging before they gave the gang $5 or $10, going from there to spend it on drinks. Or, another way, everybody coming--women, children, and men, pop for the children, keg of beer for those who preferred to drink, and cigars for the men.

They lived at Lansing where Wayne drove a gas truck working for Mid-Continent Oil Company. Mary Jane and Jim were born in Lansing. When the children were six and two, Wayne was offered the job of Sales Territory Manager at Webster City. Their vacations were spent in Northern Minnesota fishing, usually the first part of June, as that was the best time to get your limit of Walleyes and Northerns. If that didn't always prove true, it was excellent fishing for sunfish or bullheads by the dock. We spent a few trips with them and had the time of our life; but in later years it was harder for us to go because of farm work. Wayne took David and Bobby Tully along with George, the son, a few times--something Dave will always remember for the good times they had. There were many funny stories and incidents that happened, but this, I think, is one of the choicest: When Wayne went fishing, he fished like he worked--hard. This particular day he and Marie left early in the day, leaving Dave, Bobby, and George fishing off shore, but near the resort. Wayne and Marie, going farther out on the lake, fished hard, using every kind of bait and suggestions he knew, but nary a fish. They decided to go back to the cabin and try their luck later in the day. Coming back to the dock, Wayne saw the boys sitting in the boat, not a pole out, everybody reading a comic book. When Wayne tells this story, he said,"The closer I came, the madder I got --thinking of all the time I spend getting poles ready, buying bait, renting a boat, only to see the boys reading comic books." He was all set to give them a scolding and asked them why they were reading instead of fishing. (With George's sunny disposition and "Hi Dad," Wayne had lost before he'd begun). Worse was George's reply, "We got our limit a long time ago, so this is all we had to do." The irony of it all--they got some of the biggest fish caught while there.

The Biebers lived at Webster City for some years where George was born, moved to Charles City, and later moved to New Hampton where Wayne owned and operated Wholesale-Retail Auto-Parts Store for about 12 years. Selling the business, they decided to go west to Portland, Oregon, in 1956. George, out of school, and Jim just getting out of the Navy, went along. Mary Jane, who moved out later, lives in California. Jim is in Seattle and George in Portland. Wayne is still working for Letts Industries and still traveling. Marie has retired from Mier and Frank, working as a saleslady and demonstrator. She is enjoying working in her flower garden of roses and dahlias and many other kinds that seem only to bloom so profusely in Oregon. She also goes with Wayne on his trips of selling

heavy machinery equipment parts in Oregon and in surrounding states.

MATHEW ARNOLD, born January 2, 1911, was called "my boy" by our father which he was, because whenever you saw big Matt, little Matt was following. That was why the name just "Boy" was used--also it was less confusing when a "Matt" was called to distinguish who was wanted.

Matt and I fought, argued, and teased each other very much in growing up. We always shared even if it meant Matt getting the short end. Here are a few instances: Matt will never let me forget the time he gave me permission to use his first and last store-bought sled. This had been a Christmas present. Every Saturday I went over to Reverend Kegel for catechism at the parsonage. Jeannette, a neighbor girl, went along. I asked Matt if I could take the sled to slide down the hill near the Minister's house. This was a place I had never gone sliding before; but in seeing others using it, I thought it would be great to try. We went down "belly bumps" which the folks didn't approve of, but I figured I was far enough from home that they wouldn't know the difference. At the bottom of the hill was a ditch used for dumping cans and junk. To avoid this, one had to go off to the side, which I didn't know. We were going lickety cut, when we hit the ditch. The sled, hitting the cans, stopped dead throwing Jeannette over my head into the snow. The wind was knocked out of me, and I was bleeding from a cut in my neck. My new first bought coat had a rip down the front and the sled! Runners were straight out from the side--in other words it was flat. All that worried me was "How can I ever go home and explain this to Matt and the folks." I must have looked a mess as I don't remember being punished. Dad or Ted said they thought they could fix the runners, mumbling that things sure were made poorly. The coat was mended and didn't show too much, but it was always a good reminder. I'm sure I never asked for the sled again.

This same sled, called "The Flyer," lived up to its name because it wasn't too long after this that Matt had a mishap with it. Our favorite sliding place was "Noppers Hill," which was on the main highway, No. 9. Those years we only had to watch for sleighs; and as it was in the evenings, we never saw many cars. School nights were out; but Friday nights we were allowed to stay out until the curfew rang at nine o'clock. Going down the hill, the one that got down first would holler, "All clear." Pete Moeller had a team and cutter, and we didn't realize he was coming that fast, so Matt wasn't warned soon enough. Seeing the team, Matt went off at an angle to avoid the team, but right through and under the sleigh, kitty corner over a bank. Matt wasn't hurt but, again, the sled was flat. It all happened so fast, but I still can hear Pete hollering about the

blankety-blank kids but never stopping to see if he had run over anybody. We really lived charmed lives.

Matt and I spent many hours ice skating on the frog pond or on Clear Creek. Ice skates were clipped on the shoes. Matt and Marie each had a pair. When Marie was using hers, that left me to find something else. If Ted was using his, I didn't go ice skating; but if he wasn't, I had come up with the idea of stuffing paper in his old work shoes and then clipping his skates on to them. Maybe they were a little heavy, but the big shoes balanced one. If I got up and was balanced once, then with a big push from Matt, away I'd go until I hit the edge of the pond. I mastered the handling of my feet and, in time, stood up maybe once out of five attempts. Usually I got a little wet. With instructions not to come home with wet feet, we went prepared by taking a few matches along to build a bonfire. Taking off our skates, wringing out the stockings and hanging them on a stick, we'd at least try to make them damp dry. You never saw such red feet in your life, but I don't believe we ever had many colds or pneumonia! We kids believed in improvising or making the best of what we had; but the boy that came out to ice skate with his roller skates, was going a little too far, we felt.

Our home didn't have indoor plumbing. Our privy, backhouse, outhouse, can, or the "John," was next to the garage. Ours was of the three-holer variety and well kept up. By this I mean painted and always well scrubbed, and furnished with a Sears Roebuck catalogue. I loved to paint; and figuring it needed a fresh look, I decided to do it in tones of grey! I had to wait until near the end of the day as father never appreciated my art in this building. So after I finished the paint job, I made a sign "Wet Paint" and tacked it on the outside--also another sign and arrow pointing toward the barn, labeling it "This away in case of an emergency." Matt was working at the DX Oil Station. Not always coming home for supper, he didn't know about the paint job. He must have taken a "Nature Remedy;" and rushing in the dark, he didn't see the signs and walked in and sat (paint still wet). The next morning, did I get it! Matt was "framed" and was rather upset over it!

Matt, who worked at the DX Oil Station at Lansing for some time, went west and stayed at Ben's in Portland doing odd jobs. He landed in California and worked at fruit picking and as a milkman. He decided to come back to Iowa and worked a short time in an oil station. Visiting Esther, he decided to work on a farm near Fertile. It was while he was working here that he was drafted into the Army. After getting out of boot camp, he was sent to the southern states for further training, as he had decided to become a cook. He was

sent to England and, in 1944, landed at Omaha Beach. Being a cook, he felt he wouldn't see much action; but at some of these places, fighting became heavier than expected so everybody was called to the front to fight. He saw some action at Metz. It was near Borulette, France, while out on patrol with eleven soldiers, that he was severely wounded. He was the only one to survive and laid there for two and one-half hours before a medic and two German soldiers found him. He was sent back to England and wasn't expected to live as the war department notified Marie to this effect. The reason she received the news was that Matt didn't want Mother to get the bad news direct if anything happened to him. When he was well enough to leave England, he was sent to Denver for further treatment. He received an honorable discharge when he fully recovered. He received the Purple Heart, Bronze Cross, and Silver Star for his part in World War II; but he was mighty thankful to come through it alive.

Matt married Esther Snitker, an R.N., in 1945. Matt became a meat cutter and worked in stores at Cresco, Hampton, and Webster City. They had a family of two boys and two girls and now live in Sheffield, Iowa, where he still is cutting meat. He's been very active in the community being President of the Lions' Club and a member for 17 years, Commander and Vice Commander of the Third District in the Legion and a Legionnaire for 25 years. He has been very active in Scout work for the last six years; President of the Brotherhood in the Lutheran church, as well as a Sunday School teacher.

Matt has camped out on his vacations and could be called a veteran as he's been doing it for the past twenty years. He started out with pitching a tent and graduated to having a trailer-camper. He's traveled east, west, north but not south, waiting for retirement to do this. He likes to fish and make campfires. Anyone wanting any advice on camping correctly, ask the Pro.

ADELINE WILHELAMINE, born March 23, 1908, was the twelfth child, but since I'm the author of this book, I put Matt, the thirteenth, ahead of myself. This child was referred to as having something behind the ears, other than dirt. I feel they meant mischief, and I'm sure the family agreed, Matt the loudest. I was never happy with having Wilhelamine for a middle name; and to be called this almost drew blood. That was when I was young; growing older, I accepted and acknowledged it a little better by using the initial "W."

My memories of home are happy ones. I never felt poor because my friends and schoolmates had no more than I. Matt and I being the twelfth and thirteenth could have made the difference. As Mother would have put it, "The nest wasn't as

full anymore," since the older members of the family were married and the ones left at home worked and helped with the finances. The only thing that created a problem was my shoes--they were always wearing out. Dad did have a cobbler head (I'm sure this isn't the correct word, but it was used to repair the soles of your shoes by retacking or putting on new soles). Over the years it was used often. Mine came loose so much, how careful I had to walk or run, to slap it down just right, not to curl it under. Tying a string around the top of the shoe helped until you got up enough nerve to tell Mother you were having sole trouble. Then she'd scold you for dragging your feet on the sidewalk. As soon as it was warm, we went barefoot. How I hated it, but it meant saving the shoes. To see boys and girls going barefoot now is so hard for me to understand. When I was their age and was sent downtown barefooted, I felt ashamed because I thought I was too old for this.

Going to school in the grades were years I enjoyed. The two teachers I adored were Jeannette Schafer, second grade, and Klara Koehm, third and fourth grades. Jeannette Schafer's reading "Mother West Wind Stories" and "Birds Christmas Carol" (how I cried when she read this) must have impressed me, because later, having my own children, those were the books I bought for them when they were growing up. I think the enjoyment of reading came from these teachers encouraging you to go to the library to get books to read. Klara Koehm passed her interest in nature on to her pupils by writing your name on the board for bringing the first wild flower. She, speaking of this in later years, said it was the Bechtels that brought the first and the most. Not only did you bring the flower, you were told the names of what you had picked. A Spring Beauty and Hepatica were the same but not an Anemone; both were in bloom about the same time. There were Wood violets and Crowfoot violets. She taught me the joy of looking at and hearing the songs of the different birds. There were more birds than a sparrow, robin, or bluebird. We made bird books. Coloring them, the best ones were put up for display. How hard you worked to have your book there! She stressed things to prove a point. One day when we had a fire drill, she told us before hand that whenever that bell rang, we should drop what we were doing and stop for nothing. This particular day, we were at the board when the bell rang. I, being near the door, was the first one out. Opening the door, there stood the Professor, both of us surprised at seeing each other. He was tall and standing with his feet apart. Only hesitating a little, I ducked under him. With instructions to stop for nothing, I could never understand why everybody was laughing. I felt I did what I was told to do!

My life's ambition wasn't to be a teacher. I said I wanted to be a nurse but was destined to be a teacher. In high school a two-year course of normal training was offered. Lansing Schools, wanting this training in the system, had to have fifteen signers.

They could find only fourteen. With a little coaxing, I signed up but only as a favor.

Graduating in 1927, I applied at one school because that was expected of me. I was accepted to teach Center #2, the same school Grandfather Samuel Bechtel had taught many years ago. My salary was $65 a month, which seemed a fortune. That was the same year the banks were closed and depression years followed so this was a very good salary. The contract stipulated that you had to make the fire, sweep the floor, and supervise the playground. You were expected to put on plays and have a box social to raise money for things not paid by the taxes, like a new flag, maps, globes, and playground equipment. To get your check each month, you had to write a note (or go after) for the child to take home to the secretary so he could make out the check to be signed by the President of the School Board who maybe lived in another direction, or you'd go after it yourself. If you requested this on a Thursday before the month was up, the child bringing it on Friday made a remark that the folks wondered what the teacher did with all her money.

It was at Lycurgus that they had two teachers--one for the first four grades, and one for the upper grades. This made teaching much easier than having 26 children with some in all eight grades. I taught nine years; and I must say that the first six were enjoyable, and I was glad to be a teacher. But, my decision to teach the Four-Mile School wasn't the best. The schools before this were Standarized Schools, which meant that they had met certain requirements in making it a better school and the salary was much better. My salary went from $65 to $45; but since this school was close to Lansing, I felt my not having to pay board made the same difference. I never realized that communities could be so different as far as schooling was concerned. All that was expected of a child from the parents (not all) was to be able to read and write and be able to pass the County exams in the eighth grade.

Just a brief sample of the "First Daze of School:" Coming into the schoolroom from recess, a big bull snake was coming down the aisle of desks. I was petrified (but couldn't show it for fear of losing prestige as a teacher). One of the boys I had been having trouble with grabbed it by the tail, ran outside, banged it against the schoolhouse, and came running in chasing the children with it. How do you discipline a situation like that and not scream bloody murder? After getting myself under control and recess over, I put my hand in a drawer to get some papers. I found that a mother mouse had had babies while we were outside. I became numb because of the two. Snake or mouse--I don't know which frightens me more. I really don't know how I got through the day and continued to teach this school for three years. The last year, I knew I was going to be married in June. The thought of not having to teach again was uppermost in my mind, which made teaching easier.

Clarence Kerndt and I were married June 16, 1937, at the Little Brown Church at Nashua. We lived on the home farm with the Kerndts for two years. Mary Kay and David were born while we lived here. We farmed on the Tom Webster farm for thirteen years. Becky was a baby then. Never living on a farm before I married, it was a new experience but a happy one, even though it meant many hours of hard work. Clarence was considering retiring or at least taking it a little easier and was looking forward to doing a little traveling. He had a stroke and lived six months but never recovered his speech. His passing at the age of 67 made his death much harder to accept as he was such a kind, loving person; to adjust to a life without him hasn't been the easiest. The writing of this book has eased the aches somewhat in the re-living of the lives of my brothers, sisters, Mother, and Father.

In this book on the Bechtels, this thought comes to mind: Our Mother, being told of a funny happening to one of us would respond with: "Did they laugh?" I'm hoping that while reading about us all, you do laugh, or at least have a little chuckle.

An ending thought which I'm sure the family will agree on is this: "Be it ever so humble, there was no place like (our) home."