

## **Lottie Wickenden Ogden**

*from*

### *Memoirs of the Thomas Rogers Wickenden Family*

I was born in the cottage on French Street, now Greenwood Avenue, on October 24, 1880. Although I was only two and a half when we moved from that house, I have three distinct pictures in my mind of the place. I can remember myself a baby sitting on the kitchen floor and seeing Father come past the windows as he was coming home from work, coming in the door and picking me up. I remember the thrill that it gave me. Then I remember swinging on the front gate waiting for Father to come home and there was a flowering almond bush in bloom. I have always had a tender feeling for flowering almonds. Father stopped to talk to a neighbor across the street and I 'kept calling, "Papa, come home." When we moved in May "Willie" was a baby five months old and as we left the house I walked with one of my grandmothers who was pushing the baby buggy, and we stopped at a neighbor's to say "Goodbye."

Grandfather and Grandmother Consaul lived on the farm and I had been taken there when Willie was born on December 24, 1882. I was just two years and two months old and it was probably the first time I had been separated from my mother. I remember how I cried and how Jennie and Jessie, then about ten and a half years old, tried to comfort me.

I recall plainly a big box hanging on the stairway door and in it was a set of wooden blocks, the alphabet blocks that all the younger children played with for years afterward. Also I have a picture in my mind of Grandfather Consaul sitting by the glowing coal stove, holding a baby in a long dress, Willie I suppose. Grandfather died in February 1883, and I remember being held in Father's arms and seeing him in the old-fashioned shaped coffin in the parlor of the farm house. I felt no particular shock.

In May 1883 we moved from the French Street house to one at Fourth and Bridge Streets (now Main St.) and the apple trees in the yard were in full bloom. Very soon afterwards there was a heavy snow storm which caused much discussion among the elders. This house was larger than the old one and evidently Father was prospering as a new parlor suite was purchased, upholstered in black and gold damask. (Ruth now has the old love seat of this set.) Father was still working at the Smith Bridge Company. He wore whiskers and one night when he came in the whiskers had been shaved off and I refused to accept him as my papa. I said that I wanted my real papa to come home.

It was in the summer of 1884, I think, when Father and Mother took me on a trip to Port Huron. Cousin Louisa Whitmore was with us. We took a boat to Detroit and another to Port Huron, arriving after dark. We went to a hotel and I was much impressed by the size of the building and the long flight of stairs that we had to climb. The next day we went to Huronia Beach where Father rented a rowboat. I screamed when they put me in the boat, but after we got started I was allowed to dabble my hands in the water and I

screamed again when they took me out of the boat.

Earlier in 1884 I remember being taken to the Maumee River to see how part of the bridge had been carried away by the flood. It was then that "Papa's bridge" was designed and built, the old Cherry Street bridge.

1884 seems to carry many memories for in the fall there was a presidential election when Blaine and Logan were running against Grover Cleveland. Father belonged to the Republican Club and marched in torchlight processions wearing a plumed helmet. Blaine was called the Plumed Knight. When he was defeated by Cleveland Father was very disappointed. For a long time afterward, Willie and I played with the helmet.

It was late in the summer of 1885 when Willie and I both had scarlet fever and my respiratory troubles began at that time. I must have been very ill and was stone deaf for some time afterwards. Sinus trouble and a discharging ear left me quite a problem for years.

Later that year Father had to go to New York to help Uncle Robert and Aunt Ada. They had been married when both were very young, and Uncle Rob earned so little as an artist. Aunt Ada was pregnant and desperately homesick for the Isle of Jersey. At that time Father brought Aunt Ada home to live with us until after the baby came. Mother was also pregnant and Grandmother Wickenden was not too pleased over Uncle Robert's marriage, so the situation was complicated. I have pleasant memories of Aunt Ada, however, since she brought me a French doll and made such cute little French dresses for it.

Mother's baby, Ida, was born February 11, 1886, and Aunt Ada's Alfred a month later. When Uncle Rob came from New York he was asked to choose the baby he thought was his and he picked the blonde, which was Ida. While with us he painted my portrait, which bored me very much, as I did not like to sit still that hour each day. But bored as I was, I wanted to look nice in the picture. One day I fell asleep in the Chair and on waking I was afraid he had painted me with my eyes closed. I was so relieved when he assured me that he would paint me with my eyes open.

It is time, probably, to speak of the old Second Baptist Church across from the Franklin School. My earliest memories are connected with the family pew up in the front with Grandmother Consaul and her children sitting just behind us, although Jennie, Jessie and Frank sang in the choir when they were old enough. Mother always took her babies to church but sat at the rear with them. When Willie was two or three years old he was apt to be a little bit noisy, and one Sunday when Mr. Schaff, the minister, was preaching Mother told him that if he did not keep quiet she would have to take him out of the church. When Willie didn't keep quiet she took him out and he was indignant. He stamped his feet and yelled "I want to go back and hear Schaff preach." His favorite game at that period was to pretend he was the preacher at church. He went through the program of the service and when it was time for the sermon, I remember he would throw up his arms vigorously and say "Blism-blasm!" over and over.

Grandmother Consaul was still living on the farm and I have memories of visiting there during this period, going to the country school with Jennie and Jessie, of playing around the log house in which Mother had been born, and also going over to Uncle Jason Consaul house not far away. His farm is now a part of Collins Park and at this time his house is still standing and occupied by one of the park caretakers. The original farm of Great-Grandfather Consaul is now the site of the Toledo Filtration Plant and Water Works Pumping Station. Grandmother sold her farm and moved to the city on Oswald Street about 1885

#### School Days 1886 - 1896

In the summer of 1886 Father had a new house built at the corner of Starr Avenue and Sixth Street, across from the St. Louis Catholic Church. Neither street was paved, and at that time there were no houses or streets between our house and Oak Street. There were only a few shanties occupied by Irish immigrants between Oak Street and the river. We could see from our windows the masts of the old sailing ships as they came down the river toward the Cherry Street bridge. All this territory between our house and Oak was "the commons" and every day a one-armed woman, whom we always called "the cow lady," came with a herd of cows to graze on these commons.

Mr. and Mrs. John Moon lived next to us on Starr Avenue and between their home and Cherry Street (now Euclid Avenue) was the Maddox peach orchard. Garfield Place later was cut through the orchard.

We moved into our new house in September 1886. Mr. Samuel Jarrett had been the builder, a brother of Uncle Robert Quaife's wife, Aunt Sarah. The house had no bathroom at that time, but we did have a barn, and a horse and buggy.

In that same month I started in public school at old Franklin and Irene Rennelsbecher was my first teacher. About this time natural gas was piped into Toledo and I heard Father and Mother discussing having it put into the house. I was terrified because all I knew about natural gas was that I had seen it flare up in a huge flame from some exhaust pipe. But one day I came home from school and saw a meek, little, blue flame in our kitchen stove in which previously had burned wood. It was a great novelty in the neighborhood as we were the first family to have it installed and I brought all my school friends to see it.

In May 1888 Tom was born and I think it was later in that summer that Father rented a small cottage at Lakeside with only one room and a loft upstairs. I was now seven and felt very much disgraced at having to live in a place like that. Mother took Jennie and Jessie to help take care of us children, Will being five, Ida a little over two and Tom a baby. There was a kindergarten in Bradley Temple in which Mother enrolled me. A Miss Roebuck was the teacher and I was thrilled with such a new experience and after that did not mind the small house.

We returned to Lakeside the next summer to the new house which Father had built on Jasmine Avenue, two rooms downstairs and two up, quite a mansion for those days. Poor little Tom was eaten alive with chiggers the first summer we lived in the new cottage. From then on Lakeside was our chief joy in life and we counted the months from one summer to the next. As I look back now I realize that our parents were wiser than they knew in taking us children away from our neighborhood environment in Toledo each summer to a place where unconsciously we were exposed to influences which gave us higher ideals than those of most of our playmates.

Father at this time had left the Smith Bridge Company and had become the City Engineer of Toledo. That meant, among other advantages, that Mother could afford to keep a hired girl at two dollars a week.

On December 17, 1889 Father and Mother celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary and that night a group of friends from the church gave them a surprise party. I was allowed to stay up for it and was so pleased with all the gifts which the guests brought. I think it was at that party that the combination golden oak bookcase and desk was given to them, but I am not sure. In any case it was during that period that we got it.

Homer was born December 20, 1890 and I have the name associated with The Iliad which Father was reading at the time. He was reading the Knights of the Round Table when Arthur was born in April 1893. When Ruth came I think it was Mother who named her, but when Dorothy was born on August 7, 1898, the brothers and sisters wanted to give her a modern name and we voted on it. Tom did not like the name Dorothy and was allowed to choose the middle name May, so Dorothy May it is.

In July of 1893 Will and I had the thrill of our young lives when Father took us to the Columbian Exhibition In Chicago. We had talked about it for weeks beforehand. I was twelve and Will ten. We were there a week and saw everything. I remember especially the electric lighting, the July 4th fireworks, and the day when the replicas of Christopher Columbus's caravels arrived. Father took us to all the exhibits and to some of the places on the Midway.

Uncle Robert had a painting on exhibit. His family had come from France and lived in Chicago for several months, but Aunt Ada was so unhappy in that crude (to her) American city that they had already returned to France. They had stopped at our house on the way back some months before the Fair opened. Uncle Robert made frequent trips back and forth to the States in those days. His stories of travel and of interesting people whom he had met were always fascinating to us youngsters. We prized the little mementoes he brought us the miniature Eiffel Tower, and little glass perfume containers from Italy. Also, there were always pictures and talks of artists.

Other events of this period were frequent boat rides to Put-in-Bay, to Detroit, and to Sunday School picnics at Presque Isle on the Pastime. Then Father often would take Will and me to Ironville with him on Sunday afternoons where he and Mr. Dawkins were keeping up a little mission Sunday School begun in 1876. Bess Quaife's Grandmother

Weaver lived nearby on a small farm facing the river. I often it went there with Bess to visit. Our grandmother by that time had sold her farm and lived in town. I loved being near the river at the Weaver's.

Going to school was a matter of course and I went through the first seven grades at Franklin. Then the eighth grade was known as the Grammar Grade and the only Grammar School was over at the old High School building, the one from which Mother had graduated in 1873. Usually I walked back and forth to school, two miles each way, but thought nothing of it. It was cold going over the bridge in the winter. Sometimes I crossed on the ice when the river was frozen solid. During my first year in High School proper the old building burned, and classes had to be scattered all around the neighborhood.

It was about this time that Ida Jarrett came to Toledo and lived at Quaife's. She and Bess were the same relation to each other as Bess and I were. We struck up an immediate friendship which has survived all these years.

Whatever social life I had in these teen age years centered in the church and the people I remember most vividly are not the ones who were my own age, but the older one's of Aunt Jennie and Aunt Jessie's age. I was with them so much all through my childhood that they seemed like older sisters. A Christian Endeavour Society was organized in the church and I, although younger, went to all the meetings and the socials. Uncle Frank and his friends were usually the life of the party. There were quartets which he formed including at various times himself, Dave McClure, Earl Perry, Will Schaff, Al Kuehnle and others. There was Lew Owen who worked with Father and often came to our house evenings where he would join us all in a Parcheesi game on the sitting room table under the hanging lamp. Also there were Jennie's and Jessie's boyfriends. I liked them all and always wanted to be one of those present when they came to see the girls. Jennie and Jessie were very popular at that time. At eleven years I remember going to Uncle Frank's and Aunt Cora's wedding at the church.

When I was thirteen or fourteen Father lost the election for City Engineer and he and Mr. E. E. Clark opened up an engineering office of their own in the Spitzer Building, just newly built. Lew Owen worked for them. Several years of depression came on and Father suffered business reverses. Life became full of problems for him from then on.

#### Depression and Illness 1896 - 1906

The winter of 1895 - 96 was especially cold and there was widespread unemployment with soup and bread lines in all the cities. Ruth was born in September, and in December Grandmother Wickenden became very ill with pneumonia. Mother had a hard time. On December 31st I had gone out on a very cold day to see a friend of mine, but she wasn't home. By the time I reached our house again I was thoroughly chilled, and that night became violently ill with pneumonia although Doctor Wilson diagnosed it as acute inflammation of the liver. I remember distinctly how very ill I was, and I did not get better. Finally, after I had been in bed a number of weeks the doctors decided that I had

emphysema, wet pleurisy they called it then, and they did not know what to do for me.

When I was so ill that I was about to die. Dr. Wilson brought in two other doctors for consultation. I can see them yet, three old men in long Prince Albert coats standing around my bed and looking solemn, but not one of them having the least idea of what to do for me. Probably also they were full of whiskey, judging from what I knew about them later. Finally in desperation Father called in Doctor Beckwith, a young doctor recently out of medical school. As soon as he saw me he said, "We must drain off the fluid at once" and proceeded to order boiling water and other necessities for the operation. That afternoon Drs. Beckwith and Wilson, assisted by Dr. Wilson's colored coachman and various members of the family, all crowded into the little bedroom over the dining room, drained off a large amount of pus from the lung cavity. At that first operation he went in with a trocar without anesthetic of any kind, but I was too sick to care what happened. I knew I was very ill and that probably I was going to die. The lung itself was so crushed that the doctors feared it never would expand again. In two weeks the lung had filled again and the operation had to be repeated. The lung cavity kept on refilling with pus and the doctor finally went in under a rib, again without anesthetic, and inserted a small rubber tube which kept slipping out of place. One day it disappeared inside the incision and the doctor had to probe around for it. These operations took place on my bed, Father holding me up with my back toward the edge of the bed. Recovery came very slowly and as I look back on it now it seems that I lost just about ten years out of my life. I was too much of an invalid to share very much in the companionship of the group of my age.

I tried once more to go back to high school and pick up my studies but each time I had another breakdown. In the winter of 1900-1901 I was so wretched that the doctor was afraid that I might develop T. B. and advised a change of climate. It was impossible for anyone of the family to go with me and Father was hard up financially as always in those days. The only relative we had in the west was Grandmother Consaul's sister, Aunt Paulina Oles, who at that time was keeping house for her bachelor son in Oklahoma. After some exchange of letters it was arranged for me to go out there.

I was twenty, never had been away from my family, and I was frightened at the prospect of taking this long journey alone. In those days a few dollars could be saved on railroad fare by buying transportation through "ticket scalpers", as was done in my case. I left Toledo one night in February 1901 and had to change during the night at some point in Indiana but arrived safely in St. Louis the next morning. There I had to pick up the rest of my ticket, and after a few hours wait boarded a Rock Island train for Jefferson, Grant County, Oklahoma, where I arrived the next morning. I was greatly relieved to find Cousin "Perley" waiting for me. We then had to drive eighteen miles to reach his farm.

At the farm I found myself in a new world with few of the conveniences we had at home, and at first I was terribly lost. Fortunately I was able to take the new experiences as an adventure. Aunt Paulina was a comfort and in spite of having lived through many years of hardship she had a cheerful, happy disposition. She was older than Grandmother Consaul and had been married when only fourteen to Russell Oles.

Aunt Paulina and her husband lived by the Black Swamp in the Toledo area where nearly everyone had malaria which was called "the ague." Her first babies died in infancy. Later the family moved to Michigan where a number of children were born. In 1870 they moved to Kansas. The older daughters were married by this time and the sons. Maurice, William and Perl grew up on a farm near Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. Maurice became a Free Methodist preacher. He married young and had a large family. The last I knew of them they were living in New Mexico. Will Oles married but had no children, and Perl never married. He was a peculiar, frustrated person, homely and awkward, but worked hard cultivating his 160-acre claim with little equipment and little cash. He had learned the carpenter's trade and occasionally would earn a little money that way. He had built a two-room house on his claim but only the larger room was plastered. As that northern part of Oklahoma had been opened for settlement only a very few years, many families were still living in sod houses or crude shacks, so Perl's frame house with two rooms was better than the average.

My new life on the prairies, eighteen miles from the nearest railroad station, was as different from life at 602 Starr Avenue as anything one could imagine. The country had had settlers for only three or four-years, and everybody was poor. I remember Father had agreed to pay Perley and Aunt Paulina \$2.00 a week for my board and that was quite a sum for them. In fact, I think it was about all the cash they had to spend for groceries for all of us. They had a few chickens and usually there was a cow and milk. The country was overrun with jack rabbits which made it hard to raise much garden stuff. However, Aunt Paulina had several gallons of pickles and a few sand hill plums canned without sugar which they could not afford to buy. Until summer came there were no fresh vegetables. Salt pork, white beans, bread, eggs and an occasional chicken made up the usual diet. In spite of diet limitations, I began to grow a little stronger and think that just getting out of the rut I was in at home, where I felt myself to be an invalid and was treated as one by all the family, did is much for me as any change of climate could do.

The country was rolling prairie land, much of it still uncultivated I had been there only a short time when I saw a prairie fire weeping across the country toward our place. Perl and his neighbors rushed for their plows to plow up a strip wide enough so that the flames could not jump across. Another time I saw a dust storm and no matter how tightly all doors and windows were closed the dust came in thick over everything.

We were three miles from the post office at Barley which was just a cross roads place with a store, a blacksmith shop, a half dozen houses and a church. Going to church was the high spot of the week but usually we went in for mail two or three times a week also. There were few diversions but occasionally someone would have a "party," usually with no refreshments.

Through the school term of six months we boarded the teacher and that winter Perl also had a hired man. Aunt Paulina, the teacher and I had the bed room and Perl and the man slept in the bed in the other room which was also kitchen, dining room and living

room. The teacher was Albia Houska, a Catholic of Bohemian descent. I spent a weekend in her home near Enid, Oklahoma. At that time Enid consisted only of a few one-story frame buildings built around an open square. There were no pavements and the mud in the street was literally up to our shoe tops.

After I had been in Oklahoma nearly seven months I came home for the month of September and then returned and stayed until the following May. When Perley drove me into the railroad in September we learned that President McKinley had been assassinated the day before. Two years later I spent another winter in Oklahoma but was glad to come home again. It did not seem quite so much of an adventure that winter. One interesting experience was the visit to the Salt Plains, some 10 or 12 miles west, all white salt as far as one could see. In the wind it looked like snow and it was dangerous to drive over as there were quicksand spots.

In the spring of 1898 I had gone back to high school again trying to make up some of my work but could not keep it up very long. It was that spring and summer that the Spanish-American War excitement came on. Some of the young men in our church were enlisting and one day (and I did not tell Mother about this) another girl and I went to the Armory where the men were being mobilized, to see if we could find any of our friends. We were admitted and fortunately found a man we knew who realized that two young girls had no business being in a hubbub like that in the Armory. Anyway, he showed us around and saw us safely out of the door again. For us girls, of seventeen it was very romantic and thrilling. A day or so after that the regiment marched to the train and was sent off to some camp. Not many of the men ever saw actual war although some did go to Cuba or Porto Rico, among them Lloyd Whitcomb who later married Aunt Jessie. But the man we girls saw at the Armory never did get back as he died of some disease contracted at the camp at Chickamauga where sanitary conditions were so bad.

#### 1902 - 1910

When I came home from Oklahoma Will was in Denison and Ida was about ready to finish high school. The big disappointment of my life was having to give up school, and especially college. Occasionally I was able to visit in Granville, once in the Thornton home when Will was a student and later with Ida in her dormitory. I tried to keep in touch with what was going on there as much as I could.

When Ida was getting ready to enter college I helped make her clothes and I fear her wardrobe was far from adequate. Later, In 1907, when she was preparing for China I again helped with her sewing and packing, but my own life seemed rather drab in comparison to what Will and Ida were doing.

It was when I was about twenty-five that Bess Quaife, who was then employed in the office of the Y.M.C.A., suggested that I come and help with addressing envelopes and some filing during a financial campaign that was in progress. I did that for a few weeks and the few dollars that I earned looked big to me. I was so thrilled to find that I was



able to do the work. Later my friend Alice Lampman found a similar job for me at the Ransom and Randolph Co., a wholesale dental manufacturing firm. I earned about \$7 a week and was happy to be doing something regularly. I believe I worked there a year or more.

During summer vacation in that period Alice Lampman invited me to go with her to the Soo in northern Michigan. We were to visit some friends, and Alice's uncle, who was an official in the Pittsburgh Steam ship Co., had arranged for us to come back as far as Detroit on a freighter. The freighter was bound for Buffalo and had a tow at the end of a big cable following behind. We had two nights on the boat and then as we came down the Detroit River a mail launch came out to meet us. The freighter did not even slacken speed, but a ladder was held over the side by the deck hands, and we girls gingerly climbed down, one at a time, hoping that the launch would still be there when we had to jump off the end of the ladder. The rather high waves kept the launch rolling and the ladder had to be lifted and lowered as the launch bobbed up and down. While visiting these friends at the Soo about 8 miles down from the city, we had a number of interesting rides up and down the St Mary's River in their launch, one night getting lost in a heavy fog. We found we were going around in a circle because we passed the same channel light twice, so one of the boys hung a lantern over the bow of the boat and kept the boat going down stream by following the lines of seaweed in the current of the river. Another experience was going through the locks in the launch. At that time there were only two parallel locks on the American side and only one on the Canadian side of the river with a broad expanse of swift rapids in between. One day we went through the rapids in a big Indian canoe with an Indian to guide it. That was in the summer of 1906 or 1907, as I recall.

It was in the summer of 1907 that we were all so interested in Ida's prospective trip to China in the coming autumn. The sewing, packing the big trunks, the farewell parties and talks all were important. The last picnic that we had at Lakeside, when Justin Nixon and his sister came, was especially memorable. We all went on the recently constructed Toledo-Lakeside Interurban Railway line, the building which father had engineered, and had a picnic dinner on the rocks of the shore.

The last five or six years of Grandmother Wickenden's life were very difficult for Mother. I was not much account, and there was a large family to care for with never quite enough money to meet the necessary expenses. Grandmother had a series of slight strokes, and during the last year of her life she was completely paralyzed. Mother had but little help either for the housework or for the nursing.

During these years Father's business ventures were many and varied. Through all the ups and downs Lew Owen stood by faithfully as his assistant. I do not recall them in detail, but at one period there was a bridge to be built near Hillsboro, Ohio. Another time they were building a bridge or some construction work at Romney, West Virginia. Then there was construction of a grain elevator in St. Louis, Missouri. In one interval between contracts he was Park Engineer for the city of Toledo, and the developing of Ottawa Park and Jermain Park came under his supervision. One of his most satisfactory

projects was the building of the Toledo Lakeside Interurban Line. Fortunately, his later years were on a regular salary. At times I know there was scarcely any income at all, for I remember his telling in later years that during that winter when Ruth was a baby and both grandmother and I were so ill his income barely averaged \$25 a month.

While he always seemed like a rather rugged man physically, yet when a young man in his early thirties he had what was evidently an ulcer somewhere in his digestive tract. Mother had to be very careful of his diet, and I remember he had a good many broiled steaks and malted things to drink. He avoided everything of an acid nature. Whenever there was an Influenza epidemic he always had a serious attack.

Will and Marion were married in September 1908 and went to live in Madison, Wisconsin. They invited me to come out to visit them In April, and I was with them when Betty was born some weeks later. I was supposed to be helping Marion, but I can't recall that I did very much. However, I greatly enjoyed being with them, and the new contacts among their neighbors and faculty friends inspired me to read more and develop new interests. While I was there I was invited to go with them and the Steen family for a camping experience in a cottage out on Lake Mendota, which was a very enjoyable experience. Since Will was soon to leave the university there for another position at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, I stayed on with them until they came on east.

After the Madison visit I realized my need for an aim in life and became very anxious to take some kind of a training course, but not having a high school diploma few lines were open to me. Finally I heard of a two year course that was being given at the Battle Creek Sanitarium in dietetics for which no high school diploma was required, and after some correspondence I decided to try it.

My friend Ida Jarrett had, some years before, finished high school and had started to take a nursing course. First, she spent a year at the old Maternity Hospital In Toledo, but eventually she 'went to New York and entered Roosevelt Hospital from which she graduated. Before entering Roosevelt she had worked for a summer at Sea Side Hospital at New Dorp, Staten Island. She suggested that I apply for work there in the diet kitchen where all the formulas for the sick babies in this children's hospital were prepared. I was very glad to go and during three months of that summer of 1910 I saved a little money for my expenses at Battle Creek. By this time I was nearing my thirtieth birthday. On arriving at Battle Creek, I found that most of my classmates were as old or older than I was and many of them had even less formal schooling. We all helped to pay our tuition by waiting on tables in the big Sanitarium Dining Room, and we were housed in one of the older buildings where the less prosperous Sanitarium patients stayed. We had our meals in a cafeteria provided for the many nurses and helpers working in the institution.

The year 1913 stands out as a very special year in my life. I had had one year of the course at Battle Creek and had the fall term of my second year when our Director told me that a request had come from the National Cash Register Co. at Dayton, Ohio for a

dietitian to be an assistant to the manager of the commissary department, and she wanted me to go. I was reluctant to go since I felt so unprepared, but finally I went and began my duties there on January 1. The man I was to assist did not want an assistant, but he was very polite, gave me a desk and left me to my own devices. The department was quite extensive with thirty or more helpers. Lunches were served in a large dining room to all the officers and foremen and were also sent out in carts to the various buildings where girls were working. I made the acquaintance of all the helpers and lent a hand where needed, and I occasionally made some suggestions about the menus. The president of the company, Mr. Patterson, was somewhat hipped on dieting, and he gave the orders about what to have or not have. Anyway, I was there and was being paid \$50 a month (good pay then), and as my living expenses were only \$10 a month, I was able to save a little money.

I had been there only three months when the terrible 1913 flood hit Dayton. The National Cash Register was the headquarters for all the relief work since it was the only place in the city that was not flooded. Moreover, a little one-horse railroad into the plant was the only way relief could get in. Our department head and about half the helpers had not been able to get to the plant, so in the meantime I had to direct the few helpers that we had. Relief workers called for coffee, and flood refugees were brought into the buildings until by night there were a thousand or more homeless people there to be fed and cared for. We had no gas in the ranges on which to cook, but we did have four large steam jacketed kettles, and for a week all the cooking for the whole city had to be done in them. I started one kettle for coffee which was kept going twenty-four hours a day for two weeks, another one for bean soup, another one for smoked hams, eight or ten at a time, and the fourth for whatever else could be found to cook. For two nights I did not go to bed. By that time the Red Cross had come in and taken over the organization for relief, but we all worked long hours for the next two weeks. It was terrific, and my part in it was something to remember.

That year, 1913, was the one for which Father had been making plans for Mother and himself to have the long-looked-forward-to trip to England. He had never been back since he had come over here in 1870, and he had made his plans with much happy anticipation, especially as that was the summer that Ida was returning home by way of Siberia, Europe and England. But the same flood that devastated Dayton wrecked all his plans also. He was at that time Maintenance Engineer for The Miami and Erie Canal which was still being used for transportation. The high water had so damaged the canal banks that he said it would take his crews all summer to make the necessary repairs. Consequently his plans for England had to be given up, and he never made the trip he had so eagerly anticipated.

Since I, on my princely salary of \$50 per month, had been able to save a little he suggested that I go to England to meet Ida and that he would help me out financially. The Cash Register people agreed to let me have the time off and so, as surprised as anyone could be, I found myself making plans for a trip abroad and sailed from Boston on June 10. Will and Marion were living there then and saw me off. When the boat pulled away from the pier and I realized that I didn't know even one person on board

and that I was cutting myself off completely from family and friends, I had almost a panicky feeling. But within an hour I had found three other young women, each of whom was traveling alone. The week proved to be one of the most enjoyable I ever had, but even so, the voyage narrowly escaped having a tragic ending. We had had such good weather that we had made exceptionally good time, and the morning of the last day we were at least six hours ahead of our schedule, but we were found to be six miles off course. It was a calm, sunny morning and we were clipping along, but suddenly the ship stopped and shook in every timber, and as we looked out just a few feet away was the huge rock on which is Fastnet Light. Just ahead of us water was tumbling over rocks. The lighthouse keeper called to the captain asking, "How much water do you draw?" Our captain replied, "28 feet." Then the keeper said "Well, you have 30." It seems a light fog had shrouded the rock and we were right on it before it was seen. It was a miracle that we could get in and out of such a tight situation without having any damage.

The next morning I arrived in London at 4 A.M., with no busses, no trams, no underground running until 6 A.M. We were at Paddington Station and two kind gentlemen who had been fellow passengers offered to stay with me until I could get a train for Rochester. It was broad daylight, so being characteristically American, the three of us started out for a walk, much to the amazement of the London Bobbies. We walked to Kensington Park in the Mayfair section and saw behind the tall iron fence with locked gates a beautifully kept dog's cemetery, while on the outside of the fence derelict human beings were sleeping, slumped over on iron benches.

Not knowing just what day Ida was to reach London after her long journey through Siberia and Europe, I went on to our cousins, the Edmonds, in Rochester. At noon a message came from Ida who had also arrived in London that very morning. The next morning she came out to Rochester and we met after her six year absence. I had forgotten the sound of her voice and that seemed strange. We had five wonderful weeks together. Following a visit with the Rochester cousins we spent four days in Paris and the remaining time in England, Scotland and Wales, including a very delightful visit of several days with Cousin John Poynter in Oswestry.

1916 - 1959

In September I returned to Dayton, then to Battle Creek in January 1914 where I finished my studies. On completion I was asked to take charge of the cafeteria at the Y.M.C.A. there. After a year and a half I resigned, but I was asked to stay on for several more months, which I did. That was in 1916, and I had a few days leave so that I could go to Tom's and Dee's wedding at Covington, Ohio on March 9th. That was the day that changed my life completely.

The first person I met in Covington was a cousin of Dee's, a Mr. Stephen Ogden of Ashland, Kentucky. He was very pleasant and agreeable. The wedding, of course, was the big event of the day, and early the next morning Mr. Ogden left for Kentucky and I departed for Battle Creek. A letter arrived a few days later, all unexpectedly, and more letters continued to come. In June we arranged to meet for a day or so at Tom's and

Dee's home in South Bend, Indiana. In July when I was at Lakeside he came up for a few days and at that time we settled the matter of an engagement. On September 5, 1916 we were married, a little less than six months after we first met. having seen each other only three times!

James Stephen Ogden, Jr. was born November 10, 1917. Stephen and I had over thirty-three years together with many pleasures and many problems. The happiness and satisfactions outweighed the problems, as I realize now when I look back. Stephen died on February 15, 1950, and on October 1st of that same year I began the finishing chapter of my life at Foster Memorial Home in Huntington, West Virginia. It was good to have Steve and Ruth, with Nancy and Susan, so near that they could come to see me often.

In looking back over the years of our family life so many memories come to mind of our growing up in the home at 602 Starr Avenue. An ever-present fact for all of us was the ringing of the bell in the Catholic Church across the way. We got up by it. ate by it and went to school by it for many. many years. At home there was always a houseful of us, eleven when Grandmother was with us. and preparing meals for that number was a problem. We all remember the huge pans of dough for the bread bakings and Father kneading the dough for Mother with his large hands. I remember the hot days in summer when the winter supply of canned fruits and jellies was prepared. There were the Saturday night suppers of baked beans and brown bread, and the Sunday night suppers when the English blue china was used and we all sang Grace together.

The old organ and mother's piano were always a part of the family background and pleasure. Father loved to sing with Mother playing for him. "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep", "A Sailor's Wife", and "O Rest In the Lord" were among his favorites. There were the books of poetry on the parlor table and Uncle Rob's pictures on the walls with the old duck picture also. There was the old center table with the hanging lamp over it, oil at first, later gas, then electricity. Many games were played on that table in the evenings as Mother sat nearby with her darning. An outstanding memory is Tom building his boat, the false start in the attic, the rib steaming days, stitching the sail in the backyard, the Fourth of July launching and the capsizing in the river. Homer's "pipe organ" building is another vivid memory, also Arthur's patient reading of the Old Testament every night to Grandmother.

There was the old apricot tree which came to a spectacular end one Sunday noon when it quietly toppled over, a solid mass of full bloom. Remembered also are the old mulberry tree, the grape vines in the back yard, and the old rose bush in the side yard whose original root came from the grave of Grandmother's two children buried in England. We did not have many pets, but at one time there was a dog named Sport, and later a cat named Rhubarb which the boys called Pie Plant. I remember our old horse Dollie, but Dollie had long since gone when the younger children came along. Old Dollie made many trips to the Ironville. Sunday School on Sunday afternoons when Willie and I often went along. That was one of Father's projects that he kept up for many years. He was always interested and active in the Toledo Baptist Association and

occasionally would preach the sermon for some church without a pastor at the time. He had an open and inquiring mind, and the fact that he was able to develop into a Competent engineer, with no formal schooling after he was twelve years of age showed his innate ability.

While there were not many financially prosperous periods in our family history, yet we were not allowed to grumble much about that. Mother managed always to serve three nourishing meals a day with pie for Sunday. Now that I observe the hit and miss meal habits of many modern families, I admire Mother for insisting that we all sit down together three times a day in the dining room. Once during house cleaning we ate in the kitchen. It seemed like an adventure and a novelty, and we asked why we didn't eat that way every day. Mother replied, "I'm afraid if I let you eat in the kitchen every day you would grow up with kitchen manners."

The ideal of an education at all costs was held up to us always, and both Father and Mother took much pride in the fact that the other seven of you went to Denison University. As for me, it was always a major disappointment that I could not go there also.

In later years Father was one of the moving spirits in organizing and carrying on the East Side Research Club. I realize now that this was an unusual project for busy men to give time and study to writing thoughtful papers on many subjects.

It is good to remember that after all the years of sacrifice and struggle to raise and educate the family that our parents were relieved somewhat of financial pressure and were able to take a few trips together before Father's health failed, through the Great Lakes, to California and the Canadian Rockies. Also they rejoiced in knowing that each of the eight children had made happy homes for themselves and that there were grandchildren coming along to carry on family hopes and aspirations. Each lived seventy-one years, but they lived fully every one of those years.

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Lottie departed this life on November 23, 1959.

James Stephen Ogden, Jr. married Ruth Hensley of Ashland, Kentucky on June 6, 1944. Their family includes two daughters by adoption, Nancy Lynn, born January 24, 1950, and Susan Leslie, born February 7, 1952.