

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

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

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

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

Michael Munroe, January 2007

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

PREFACE

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

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 The last, hitherto unpublished, was written for my friends and family and draws on my own experiences in the early twentieth century.

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

PROLOGUE

A Literary Autobiography

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

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 I have written "Tales of My Father" in an unpublished article for my children.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

second year if my work was satisfactory.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Three 19th Century Immigrants

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

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

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

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

Andreas had been born in the village of Dettlingen (the accent is on the middle syllable) in the principality of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, a detached part of the Kingdom of Prussia. The village lies in beautiful hilly country on the eastern side of the Schwarzwald (the Black Forest), a low range of wooded hills that form the boundary between Baden (on the west) and Württemberg in Germany.

Though politically united to Prussia in 1853, the people of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, including the villagers of Dettlingen at the principality's western extremity, were not Prussians, but Swabians, for this area, like most of Württemberg, which almost entirely surrounds it, was part of the ancient Duchy of Swabia, home, I believe, of descendants of the barbarians Julius Caesar called the Suevi.

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

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

These comments helped me in 1962 when I visited Stuttgart, the thriving capital of Württemberg, during my first trip to Europe. One window of a bookstore near my hotel was filled with copies of a book bearing a title that would otherwise have been an enigma to me. It was *Die Schwaben Sind Auch Menschen (Swabians Are People Too)*.

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

Through the boy we tried to place an order for some lunch, but all the proprietor had to offer was a string of wurst, so shriveled and unappealing that we decided to be satisfied with some beer. It came in reusable bottles with old fashioned ceramic stoppers held on by wires.

Though the facades of the houses were decorated by window boxes with flowers, their attractiveness was spoiled by the utilitarian compost heaps, from which the residents, probably mostly farmers, could load their carts as they trudged out to their fields in the morning.

I saw few people in my brief stop at Dettlingen, but later on the same trip when I visited Sindringen, another community, I saw people—practically all women—trudging beside their carts to and from their fields at noon time. Here beside the Kocher River, in a section of Württemberg, northeast of Stuttgart, the countryside was beautiful and hilly, as around Dettlingen, but women were living in a socio-economic world that was at least a century behind the stylish urban mode of life in Stuttgart. I was very glad that three of my ancestors had left these towns where they might have been very comfortable but where opportunities for advancement, particularly in any intellectual field, seemed very scant. (I had a similar feeling when I visited the Irish village that my father's family came from.)

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

Why he settled in Delaware is not clear, but probably he had family connections. When he came to America in 1853 his notes show he was in New York briefly and at another time in Philadelphia and also in Schuylhill Haven, Pennsylvania. Apparently he moved around where he could find work as a carpenter.

At some time he was in Salem, New Jersey, but he may have been in Delaware as early as April 30, 1853, when he began recording payments received from a man named

Paullin and recording expenditures for board and laundry to someone named M. Benson. Soon he is keeping his notes in English, which he is struggling to learn. Through a number of pages he has written vocabulary lists, and on one page he copied the Lord's Prayer in English.

On April 26, 1854, he was in Dover, where he appeared before the Kent County prothonotary to register his intention of becoming an American citizen. He completed the citizenship process on September 14, 1858, when he appeared in Wilmington before Leonard Wales, clerk of the United States District court. There Christian Knauch testified on Andreas's behalf that he had resided for at least one year in Delaware, and for five years in the United States. Finding he was of good moral character and receiving his promise to support the Constitution of the United States, the court issued the certificate of naturalization he sought. He had probably lived in Wilmington at least since 1857, when his name appeared in a city directory as a resident at the boarding house of Sarah Zourns.

Presumably he was married soon after information was compiled for this directory since his son, a second Andrew (as the name now appeared) was born on March 24, 1859. This child became my grandfather. His mother was another immigrant, Wilhelmina Maier (or possibly Mayer), of whom more anon.

I have few hints of what my great-grandfather was like. I know that he had some social instincts, for he became a charter member of a new lodge of Odd Fellows, the Herrmann Lodge, when it was established in June 1859. (Scharf, *History of Delaware*, II, 823.) Like the name of the lodge (for an ancient German hero) the names of the other seven charter members—Greiner, Keinley, Krouch, Reh fuss, and Pretzscher among them—reflect a Germanic connection. My great-grandfather seems also to have been a Mason, for in a newspaper obituary his widow is said to have credited his Masonic brethren for coming to her aid at his death. (*Wilmington Every Evening*, June 25, 1900.)

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

I have no idea whether these sisters preceded or followed Andrew to Wilmington. Family lore has it that there were two other sisters in Wilmington but they were not on close terms with Andrew because they were Catholic, whereas he and Theresa and Agnes were not. Andrew and Wilhelmina, his wife, reared their children in the Lutheran church.

The wife, my great-grandmother, arrived in America in 1854, traveling with an uncle from Ohio who had made out well in America and was visiting in Germany.

Wilhelmina Maier was the daughter of Martin and Maria Margaretha Maier, who lived in Adelmansfelden, today a pleasant small agricultural village with two inns and one church (Lutheran), set among the fertile rolling hills of the Hohenlohe, an area of Württemberg east of Stuttgart.

Why she came to America is a mystery. Probably her father had died and the family, including two boys and one other girl, faced hard times. Her uncle paid her passage, but she was to repay him later and intended to go west with him. On the ship, however, she became friendly with a girl who was going to Philadelphia. This friend was met there by a relative and went into service in Bridgeton, New Jersey. To be near her, Wilhelmina took a job as a maid in Philadelphia and later came to Wilmington.

Perhaps she came to Wilmington as a domestic servant, but her first job mentioned in family stories was in Stuck's bakery, which later became Staib's bakery, for after Mr. Stuck died his widow married Staib, who took over the business. Apparently the bakery served meals, for it is said that Wilhelmina met her future husband, Andrew Dettling, of Dettlingen, because he ate where she worked.

This would not have been necessary to their becoming acquainted, since the Germans in Wilmington, or at least the Lutheran Germans, largely immigrants, formed a community. Their language and their religion distinguished them from other Wilmington residents, and by associating together they could enjoy the customs and the food and drink that had been part of their lives in the old world. Except for an Amish colony near Dover, established during the First World War, few descendants of the large number of German immigrants who had settled in neighboring Pennsylvania in colonial times had ever come to Delaware.

The immigrants Wilhelmina Maier and Andrew Dettling had five children, including a one-year-old baby, before Andrew died at an early age (about forty-three) in June 1871. They owned a house (without indoor plumbing) at 211 Walnut Street and here Wilhelmina raised four children (one daughter died early) from the proceeds of a store she began with the help of an aforementioned raffle conducted by Andrew's lodge brothers.

At first the business of the store was listed in Wilmington directories as "varieties" but in 1881 it became "notions" and in a short time "groceries." From the beginning Wilhelmina's daughter Mary helped with the store and in its last years there was usually also a granddaughter helping after school and on Saturdays, as well as all day during vacations.

Within the family the store was jokingly called "Wanamaker's" after the large department store in Philadelphia because Wilhelmina would sell anything on which she might make a profit. Nothing was wasted. After an unwise investment in candy soldiers that did not sell, the family was required to use them in coffee in lieu of sugar until they were gone.

All water had to be carried into the house from a pump outside. The day began at 4 a.m. when the bread man and the milk man had to be met. At ten Wilhelmina stopped work for a sandwich and a cup of coffee or, preferably, a glass of beer. The availability of beer depended on whether a child (my mother at one time) was available to be sent across the street to Feldmeier's saloon with ten cents and a pail—a procedure called

“rushing the duck”—through a side door, not into the saloon proper. The ten cents would furnish beer enough not only for Wilhelmina but for any friend who might stop by.

Beer, in the Dettling family, was regarded as a rather ordinary comestible. Not so whiskey or gin. These “hard” liquors were thought to be dangerous, almost evil. Money made in the liquor business does no one any good, said a family adage. Beer, however, was generally viewed differently.

Wilhelmina kept busy. Every fall she made sauerkraut, which meant coring and trimming one thousand heads of cabbage. She also made ketchup, chow chow, pepper sauce, and preserves of all kinds. Something—apple butter, perhaps—was always on the stove, with pickled fish in the oven.

Life in America was sufficiently good for Wilhelmina that she encouraged her widowed sister Dorothea to come to this country and to bring her five children. Having been forced by her situation to work in the fields, Dorothea was amenable to persuasion and, despite her mother’s worried attempts to dissuade her, undertook the long trip with her children—Katharine (aged 16), Frederick (15), Bernard, George, and Jacob.

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

The Kleitz voyage must have occurred before 1883 because in that year Dorothea’s name (shortened to Dora) appears in the Wilmington directory. Wilhelmina met the immigrants (whose name was spelled Klaitz in Germany) in New York and guided them to their new home.

I have heard how the excited Dettling children sat on their front steps waiting to meet their German cousins. The newcomers were heard before they were seen because they came down the street from the railroad depot with pots and pans rattling at their waists and carrying feather beds—five children preceded by their mother and their aunt. Wilhelmina had rented a house for them. It was in Spring Alley, around the corner from the Dettling home at 211 Walnut, and here they were installed after the excitement of the sisters’ reunion and the children’s becoming acquainted had quieted down.

As she had come to the aid of her distressed sister, so Wilhelmina looked to the advancement of her own children. The elder son, Andrew (my grandfather) was trained as a machinist and won success in his short life, dying at 39 as foreman in Slocomb’s shop. The younger son, Charles, became a draughtsman and worked at this trade until his retirement. One daughter, Katharine, probably married early and moved to Philadelphia, where she lived when I remember her, the mother of six children.

The remaining daughter, Mary, helped run the store until she married when nearing 40. She had been sent to New Jersey, to learn to make funeral wreaths and may also have had some training as a milliner. But above all, she had an excellent head for business and was a wise advisor to her mother, to her husband (a very shrewd business man himself), and to my mother, who was named for her and was almost treated as a daughter.

With Wilhelmina and Mary in command, the business prospered to the point where Wilhelmina was able to buy the three-story brick house next to her little store. Before she moved into it, however, as was her plan, she died June 27, 1900, at 64. Wilhelmina was buried from the new house, which had marked the achievements in the New World of a once lonely teenage immigrant.

The story of another teenage immigrant, Wilhelmina's daughter-in-law and my grandmother is basically similar. Sophia Julia Hanselmann (usually called Sophie by friends) was born in Sindringen, in the Kingdom of Württemberg, on June 7, 1862, the daughter of Johan and Barbara Hanselmann. Johan was a carter, but he also owned a farm of about 100 acres and a house in the town, which had once been walled, in a hilly area beside the Kocher River.

Sindringen (sometimes spelled Sündringen) had been part of Württemberg only since 1806, when Napoleon reorganized the territories of the German states. Previously it was in the principality of Hohenlohe Bartenstein. Its residents, almost all Lutherans, spoke a Franconian dialect (not Swabian).

Sophie's mother died when the young woman was fourteen, and her father died about three years later. She then moved to Stuttgart, the capital of Württemberg, to live with a married sister, Kate Goetz. The oldest of her three brothers acquired the house in town, but from it or from the farm or both Sophie had a small inheritance, though it would not be hers to dispose of until she reached the age of maturity. The money became a bone of contention in the Goetz household for her brother-in-law, a tavern proprietor with political ambitions, wanted control of it.

Reluctant to yield control and eager to find an escape from this embarrassment, Sophie seized an opportunity offered her of accompanying acquaintances to America in 1881. The acquaintances were an older couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Adam Wagner, from Ober Ohrn, a town near Sindringen. Newly-married, they were traveling to visit Mrs. Wagner's son from an earlier marriage who had settled a few years earlier in Wilmington, Delaware. On their way to America the two Wagners and Sophie ran into an even greater adventure than they anticipated. They sailed from Hamburg in northwest Germany on the *Vandalia* of the Hamburg-America Line. (In that year, according to the *New York Times*, July 19, 1881, 74,633 German emigrants passed through Hamburg en route to America before the end of June.) Disaster hit Sophie's ship, the *Vandalia*, when

its screw propeller ceased to function (“broke its shaft” according to the *New York Times* of July 6).

Unable to make any headway, the vessel lay at the mercy of the waves and the wind, driven this way and that, for over three weeks. The ship was sighted in the Atlantic northwest of Scotland on June 26, and two days later two tugs were sent out from the River Clyde, but their first searches were unsuccessful. The captain of one tug, giving up the mission, reported that “he met a heavy westerly gale and thick weather”; even if he had found the ship he could not have towed her. Another tug was being sent out from Thurso on July 5, and the manager of the Hamburg-America line had gone to Glasgow, trying to get a large steamer to go out. The Admiralty had ordered a steamer then at Queenstown, in Ireland, to join the search.

Meanwhile on the *Vandalia* affairs were becoming desperate. Food ran short, and fresh water was exhausted. The crew managed to distill some sea water, and finally after 22 days they were sighted thirteen miles off the Hebridean island of Lewis by a Scottish mailboat which towed the *Vandalia* to within four miles of Stornoway, the island’s chief port; from there tugs took the ship in tow to Glasgow for repairs. (*New York Times*, July 9, 1881). Eventually, whether on another ship or on the repaired *Vandalia* is not clear, the Wagners and Sophie Hanselmann reached New York, and then by train, Wilmington.

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

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

A year after their marriage, Sophie and her husband bought a two-story brick house at 302 Lombard Street, not far from Wilhelmina’s little store but, in general, a better property, boasting indoor plumbing. For a young woman of 23, a new bride, who had come almost alone to the New World, this was a promising beginning. There was, however, a \$500 Wilmington Savings Fund Society mortgage on the house, which was probably bought with Sophie’s inheritance.

Andrew Dettling was in no hurry to pay off the mortgage. In the following thirteen years of marriage he lived well in the style of a young German-American artisan of the late nineteenth century. He went out many nights by himself, my mother told me. Sometimes it was to a lodge like Delaware Tribe No.1 of the Improved Order of Red Men, where he was “keeper of wampum” (treasurer) in 1887 (Scharf, *History of Delaware*, II, 824). He also belonged to the Saengerbund (Singing Society), and my mother remembered him singing “The Bulldog on the Bank and the Bullfrog in the Pool.” I have seen his name on several social committees in connection with events at German-American Hall. On some evenings he brought cronies home, like Andy Spiegelhalter.

My grandfather was a sport. He made twenty-five dollars a week, and spent it. Probably he was a good machinist; certainly he was regularly employed. In 1895 he founded his own business, A. M. Dettling and Company, in partnership with George A. Henry. Apparently the business failed. It was still listed in the 1897 city directory (but at a new address). However, in 1898, the last year of Andrew’s life, he is listed as foreman with F. F. Slocomb and Company.

By the year of his death, Andrew and Sophie were the parents of five children, four girls and one boy, the oldest twelve and the youngest less than a year old. Sophie, heretofore the consort of a promising young artisan, with a home of her own, became a thirty-six-year-old widow, the single mother of five young children, an alien in a new land.

To make things worse Andrew had let his insurance lapse. Perhaps it was a casualty of the closing of his own business. But Sophie was equal to the challenge. She took in washing and ironing for single men and she rented out a room for three dollars a week. In the evening she had the whole family (those who were big enough) sit around the table and string tags on goods, either price tags or shipping tags. Some of the children would have used brother Andy’s wagon to bring the tags home in boxes. Then the children would put on string through the hole in each tag.

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

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

The two older children, Mena and Mary, spent a lot of time at their grandmother’s. They were not being entertained, however; they were useful workers in

the store. They were fed and housed during the week (they returned home on Saturday evening to go to Sunday school the next morning), but they were not clothed. My mother at twelve, received five cents a week as pay, but the money was not hers to spend; it went into a little bank to be used for new stockings. Her grandmother kept the key to the bank.

It broke Sophie's heart when she had to require her two oldest children to leave school at the end of the eighth grade and to work in a textile mill. But Sophie did not intend that her daughters would remain mill workers. Almost immediately they began attending night school, a private business school run by a man named Beacom (and eventually part of Goldey-Beacom College). As soon as possible they left the mill and took clerical jobs. The one boy in the family learned his father's trade (though he did not work long at it). The youngest girl finished high school before going to work.

With her children soon becoming a resource rather than an expense, Sophie's situation soon improved. She paid off the mortgage quickly and in fifteen years was able to move to a better house in a new and more upscale section of Wilmington. In less than a decade more the family was able to acquire a summer home in the country, a small cottage in the "single tax" village of Arden, where Sophie could have a vegetable garden, a row of raspberries, flower beds and a grove of her own trees, as well as, in theory, resting a weak heart by life on one floor, without stairs.

Before she died, in 1925, at the age of sixty-two, Sophie was receiving appeals for financial help from the relatives she had left in Germany. For Sophie, as for her mother-in-law, life in the New World had been challenging. But it had offered opportunities which they had the spirit to grasp, permitting their children to enjoy an easier life in more comfort than the stresses faced by the immigrants.

The Trip to Philadelphia

It seems fitting to close this volume, which begins with “The Philadelphawareans,” first published in 1945, with “The Trip to Philadelphia,” a previously unpublished glimpse at my early involvement in the Philadelphia-Delaware connection.

When I was a boy there were three ways of traveling to Philadelphia from Wilmington, Delaware, my home town. The first was by trolley car. This trolley ran out Market Street past my home at 3031 Market. It followed the route of the Shellpot trolley to the amusement park at the foot of Penny Hill and then the route of the Holly Oak trolley through northern suburbs. Its ultimate destination was Darby, a suburb of Philadelphia.

In Darby, at a small stone waiting room, trolley passengers could board a Philadelphia city trolley to continue the trip down town, where my mother loved to shop at Wanamaker’s Gimbel’s, Strawbridge and Clothier’s, or Lit Brothers’, the four leading department stores. (The only credit cards she possessed were to two of these stores, Lit’s and Wanamaker’s.)

The ride was long and unpleasant. The only sight I remember was of a man reeling across the street in Chester. “He’s drunk,” my mother explained. This was very interesting to me because I had heard of men being drunk but had never seen one before. It was the era of Prohibition, when public displays of drunkenness, at least in my world, were uncommon.

The discomfort of the long ride was increased by the swaying of the trolley as it picked up speed in moving through open country between such suburban towns as Claymont and Marcus Hook or Eddystone and Ridley Park. Though I loved trolley cars, this was our least favorite way of going to Philadelphia.

The fastest but most expensive route was by train. Two trains were available, the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania. We always took the Pennsylvania, which had more frequent service and ran to a grand terminal in central Philadelphia, Broad Street Station. I remember getting the train there when I was very young and, with my parents’ amused encouragement, waved to William Penn, whose statue stood atop the City Hall across the street from the station.

But my favorite way of getting to Philadelphia—and also the cheapest (25 cents each way)—was by a Wilson Line boat. The trip took two and a half hours on the water, but for me this was a happy time. We took a trolley to the Wilson Line dock at the foot of Fourth Street, transferring at Fourth and Market from the Shellpot trolley we boarded at 30th and Market. At least once my mother and I were worried about being late and had to run into the Wilson Line terminal in a hurry to buy tickets.

Once on the boat we would pick seats on the open rear main (second) deck. I remember the names of some of the vessels—"boats" I would have called them. The *Brandywine* and the *City of Chester* were the oldest and smallest; the *City of Wilmington* and another boat, the *City of Trenton*, were newer; the *State of Delaware* and *State of Pennsylvania* were the newest and largest, but used mainly for moonlight excursions, not for the daily run.

As soon as we were settled my mother and I would eagerly scan the Christiana (so it was then) River shoreline. We would see "The Rocks," site of the Swedish landing in 1638, and pass a railroad bridge, which would swing open (sideways, not up) before we came to the main attraction for us, Lobdell's foundry. Before it, on the south shore of the Christiana, we passed the Pyrites plant and then the Lobdell ship canal, a dredged harbor for barges (bearing coal or ore) at right angles to the river. Then came the main foundry building with a big open door facing the river but some distance back. In that doorway my father would be standing, waiting to wave to us.

In the Christiana besides the Wilson Line boats we would see smaller cargo boats of the Bush Line, which was more than one hundred years old and also served Philadelphia. Ferries to Penns Grove left from a dock beyond Lobdell's where the Marine Terminal was later built. Somewhere an excursion steamer, a side wheeler, the *Thomas Clyde*, was docked. I remember one trip on the *Clyde*, probably to Augustine Beach, on the Delaware below Port Penn. Near the Wilson Line wharf was a dock just west of Third Street Bridge, where very small river boats brought oysters or other products for sale in Wilmington.

In my earliest memory of the Delaware River I recall many vessels under sail. All of them were, I believe, coal barges, for sail lasted in the coal trade up the coast from Philadelphia until the 1920's. Most thrilling to me were the freighters, bound for Europe, the Caribbean or elsewhere. I was so thrilled by them that when I was still a boy of ten or so I examined the shipping news in the papers to keep track of arrivals and departures from Philadelphia, and from New York, as well. I cut out rectangles of paper, wrote on them the names of vessels, and tried to keep track of their movements.

Some shipping lines advertised their regular sailings. I could keep up with the major Atlantic lines by occasionally buying a New York paper. (I have forgotten my favorite, but it was either the *Herald* or the *Tribune*, while the *Record* and the *Ledger* were my chief news sources for Philadelphia traffic.) I can still recall that the main Cunard passenger vessels were the *Mauritania*, the *Aquitania*, and the *Berengaria*, and I can still name ships of the Anchor Line (connected to Cunard), the White Star and Red Star lines, the French Line, the United States Line, the North German Lloyd, the Hamburg-American Line, and so forth. I recently came across a brief correspondence I had with a French company in Vera Cruz, Mexico, seeking information on their sailings to Europe as I tried to widen my scope.

Leaving the Christiana we passed a long jetty extending out into the Delaware and then our boat headed for a pier at Penns Grove. Once, with my mother and Aunt Mame

(my great-aunt and closest relative) we had disembarked here, probably from a ferry, and boarded a trolley at the foot of the pier for a trip to Salem, just to look around. The trolley, as I recall, had a stove in the middle, for use in winter.

Usually my mother would have a friend along. My father was sometimes with us, but in my earliest memory he worked a half day on Saturday and, never having a vacation, had little opportunity for this trip. Later he was part of the traveling group. In the late 1920's he took me by boat to Philadelphia to attend a baseball game at Shibe Park or (just once) Baker Bowl (the former for the Athletics, and the latter for the then woebegone Phillies).

Not every Wilson Line boat stopped at Penns Grove, but they all stopped at Chester, where the dock was near the Scott paper plant. Here or nearby was a sign declaring, "What Chester makes, makes Chester" to which we boys added "stink." It was part of an inter-city rivalry that extended to high school sports. Chester was a grimy industrial city, but it was Marcus Hook, a suburb with oil refineries, that was odorous. (However, so was Wilmington in the vicinity of its morocco plants.)

Below Chester there were narrow strips of white sand beach along the Delaware, as there were above it, on the Jersey side, beaches that were eventually fouled by oil.

The Bush Line boats docked near the Wilson Line at Chester and so did the Ericsson liners. These were high, narrow ships that ran through the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal between Baltimore and Philadelphia. I recall the *Lord Baltimore* and the *John Ericsson*. I was never aboard an Ericsson Line boat, but I believe they had staterooms for passengers on the long journey. The ships had to be narrow to pass through the locks, for this was before the canal was enlarged.

As we neared Philadelphia, the shipping grew denser. We passed the Navy Yard and Cramp's ship yard, inactive then, but a major ship builder during World War I. On the southern edge of Philadelphia one plant—Publicker?—gave off a worse smell than Marcus Hook. Ferries darted back and forth across the river in the days before there was a bridge connecting Camden and, south of it, Gloucester with the big city.

My father told me of a large amusement park that had once been riverside below Gloucester. Boats brought holiday crowds here, he said, and an aerial ride took them from the wharf to the center of the park. Near the site of this park was some sort of children's home, where one or two excursion boats belonging to this home were usually docked.

Besides the sights I enjoyed on the river trip, there was the vessel itself to be explored. The top deck was exposed and windy but had to be visited. Much of the lower deck, where we boarded, was given over to cargo, but near the gangplank toward the stern were one or two booths and some mechanical toys activated by a coin. I loved a machine that had two boxers facing each other. Two people were needed to operate it, each using one of two pistol-like handles with which he could raise the arms of a boxer

with the aim of knocking down the opponent by landing a blow on his chin. Another attraction on this deck was a view of the engine room below, where mighty metal plungers surged up and down, powering the propellers that moved the ship.

A booth sold candy, tobacco, newspapers, and magazines, including the exciting pulp magazines that I loved—*Argosy*, *Blue Book*, *Black Mask*, *Amazing Stories*. How happy it made me to settle down with one of these as I tired of the sights and of exploring the ship.

When we arrived in Philadelphia, docking at a pier not far south of Market Street, we could walk into the city or to a trolley or to the elevated line, which became a subway in the city center but ran above the ground north to Frankford. Occasionally we visited relatives, for both my father and my mother had cousins in Philadelphia. On several occasions we went to amusement parks, once to Willow Grove Park, where Sousa's band was playing, a long tiring trolley ride, but also to the closer Woodside Park, within Fairmount Park, riding there once on an open trolley (without sides).

Most often, the trip involved some shopping and also, to my delight, lunch in an automat. I loved to put nickels in slots, releasing a small door to get an item of my choice, like lemon meringue pie. Later, as a student at Pennsylvania, the hot table for chicken pie or beef pie (at about fifteen cents each) suited me best, but not in boyhood. Occasionally a vaudeville show, probably combined with a movie, at the Earle, near Ninth and Market, topped our day.

Shopping with my mother in a department store was a terrible bore unless I could be allowed to stay in the toy department or, as I grew older, the book department. I remember being there when I was so small that my mother took me in the ladies' lavatory. When I was eleven a glorious day arrived when my parents bought me my first bicycle, a full-size Raleigh, and at once I graduated from the express-wagon set to mobility on a vehicle neither of my parents had ever enjoyed.

One errant memory survives of walking along Market Street with my parents when I was small and of frequently stooping over to pick a cigar band from a discarded stump. My father, normally tolerant of my collection of stamps, bottle caps, cigar bands, etc., disapproved of my sidewalk and gutter grubbing in retrieval of bands, but my mother was more tolerant and occasionally pointed her shoe, wordlessly, at a band.

When our day in glorious Philadelphia was over, we usually came home by train. Hang the expense. We were tired and we could not enjoy such a grand outing very often.