AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
EUGENE W. MENTE

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BORN: 1857 DIED: 1951

1937

My father's name was William Heinrich Mente. My mother's maiden name was Sophie Fricke. Grandfather Mente was a small farmer; Grandfather Fricke a trained forester on the estate of King George of Hanover.

Father married twice - sisters. Thirteen children were born of these marriages, viz.: (in the order of their coming) Betti, Adolph, Marie, Louis, Emil, William, Alvin, Eugene, Charles, Ottilie, Julius, Richard and Emilie.

Of these thirteen children only two sons and three daughters married. Brother Louis married Winna Breitfelt, and Brother Emil married Mary Conard. Sister Marie married Louis G. Foertmeyer, Sister Ottilie married Reinhold Niemann, and Sister Emilie married Freiderich Thueme. I now have thirty-nine nieces and nephews, counting the in-laws and the grand nieces and nephews.

My father was a school teacher in Schnega, a village of about two hundred souls in the Kingdom of Hanover, Germany, and he also was the cantor of the Lutheran Church there. The Baron von Grote had authority over both church and school and had the appointive power of ministers and teachers. The Grote family were the owners of many hundreds of acres of land - partly good farming land and partly forest. At one time they owned practically everything in the village. The whole estate was entailed and always descended to the eldest son from Grote to Grote as far as I can remember, and I was told this had been going on in the Grote family for about three hundred years.

The children of five neighboring villages had to attend school in Schnega, and some had to walk five or six miles every day. The school day began at 8:00 o'clock, with the teacher reading some verses from the Bible, after which some of the older pupils were called upon to recite religious hymns from memory. The letters of the alphabet were on a large blackboard for the pupils to copy. The catechism was the principal text book for all grades. There was a recess period for a sandwich at 9:30 and lunch at 12:30, the day being over at 3:00 o'clock.

The principal game of the boys was a ball game somewhat like our baseball. The girls played either marbles or jacks. Boys and girls were permitted to play togeather.

My father was very proficient in the German language, much more so than several country teachers that I remember hearing in my childhood days. He wrote a good hand and had some little knowledge of geography and mathematics.

My father was also a very strict disciplinarian and followed the maxim: "Spare the rod and spoil the child". I was entirely too inclined to play and do mischief instead of studying in school, and so it fell to my lot to receive more whippings, I believe, than any of the other children.

At the age of fourteen when children were confirmed in the church, they were through at the village school. The Baron von Grote, the village store and hotel keeper, and the flour mill proprietor, each had two children of about my age, and they with father, arranged for a young college graduate from time to time to give us children lessons in Algebra, English, French and Latin. These lessons were given, as a rule, during four winter months and for two to three hours in the afternoons. The agreement was that father was to lodge and board the young man and the other parties mentioned would pay him some sort of salary.

The church diocese of Schnega took in eight villages, and the people therein were assessed according to their land and property for the support of the minister and cantor, regardless of whether they believed in the Lutheran faith or not, or whether they ever attended church.

Children were baptized in infancy and when they reached the age of thirteen they had to go to the minister's house once a week for about six months for religious instruction before they were confirmed at the age of fourteen.

If and when the time came that young people wished to get married, they had to give notice to the minister, and the so-called bans had to be read from the pulpit of the church four consecutive Sundays. Marriages had to be solemnized in the church - no civil marriages were permitted.

Many of the people within the church diocese were farmers, tilling anywhere from 50 to 150 acres, and quite a number who tilled smaller acreages. As far as my feeling in my childhood days went, I considered most of them in fair circumstances, and some few quite rich. As a whole, while the people lived quite modestly, none of them seemed to have any difficulty in their general living.

Years afterward when from time to time I returned to Schnega on visits, I was agreeably surprised to see that a large number of farm houses which I knew in my childhood days as having all straw roofs and walls of crossed beams filled in with clay, had been replaced by brick buildings with tile roofs. These made a very prosperous appearance as against the old time structures.

From what I remember I believe the salary of my father, as far as cash compensation was concerned, never equaled $100.00 a year in our money. About fourteen acres of land belonged to the school, and the teacher was supposed to raise enough on this land for his support. We raised rye, potatoes, flax, some little rape seed, and garden vegetables.

We took the rye to the village mill, and old water-power affair, as we needed flour for baking, which was about every five weeks. We also took the rape seed to a mill to be crushed and the oil was used for cooking purposes. We generally had three cows, four or five pigs, three sheep and some chickens.

Our staple diet at home was black rye bread, potatoes, dried beans, lentils, pork and sausages, a barrel or two of dill pickles and a barrel of slivered string beans, which we generally put away in the fall. Also a half barrel of salt herring, as well as the rape seed oil for frying.

In a rather small cellar we put away potatoes, yellow turnips and beets. Whatever potatoes could not be stored there, we buried in the ground, covering them liberally with rye straw.

We never had wheat bread except on holidays such as Christmas, New Year's and Easter, also Pentecost, all of which were celebrated for three days. Children were not allowed to put any jam or lard on wheat bread. We had no butter, using lard instead, which we really liked better than butter.

The flax was pulled out of the soil when the seeds were ripe, the seeds removed, the straw tied into proper bundles and taken to a creek nearby and there weighted with board and stones to sink it. After about four weeks, when the bark had rotted from the fiber, we spread it out on the grass to thoroughly dry. It was then broken and heckled, spun into yarn by the women, and woven on an old loom by them, after which the tailor came and made suits for the boys. Once a year a man called the wool carder came thru the village, and after he carded the wool the women spun it into yarn, and socks for everybody were knitted in due time.

Some years when the crops were not so good I recollect that our food necessities became rather scarce and father was worried to get enough credit somewhere to support the family.

There was very little time to be idled away by a boy over fourteen, as it required every hand to work the fourteen acres on which the school teacher had to make his living, and so I soon became familiar with the swinging of a scythe, spading up the garden, hoeing potatoes and such. We did not have a horse to plow.

For fuel we had no coal and very little wood, but used principally what we called "torf", known in this country as peat. On part of the property belonging to the school there was a deposit about five feet deep of a very black soil, presumably the remains of former forests. This substance I learned later will with age become lignite, and at a still greater age, coal. It was the duty of us boys to soften this substance with suficient water to make a sort of mud, then spread it into a wooden form lying on the grass which contained 24 compartments the size of a brick. When the form was lifted from the ground there the 24 bricks remained. If the weather was propitious they would dry sufficiently to be turned over so the sun would have a chance at the other side. A few days later when sufficiently dry, two of the bricks were put on edge and one across the two. This permitted the air to get to them to best advantage. Then a few days later these bricks were piled up in the shape of a small turret to be still further removed from the damp grass. All in all, if the weather remained dry, the bricks were in the proper condition in about a week or two to be carted home in a wheelbarrow. To strike a fire with these bricks a little kindling wood was necessary.

Drying the bricks on the meadows was rather a lark for us boys, since nobody supervised us, and we could play as we pleased, but the wheelbarrow did not appeal to us so strongly.

The first interest I had in real outside affairs of the world was in 1866, when war broke out between the then King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria. All the young men in our church diocese were called to the colors, and all the farmers were summoned to bring their horses to our village where father and one of the boys sat at a table on the market place while the horses were paraded for the young lieutenant to pick from them what he wanted. Father had to record the name of the farmer whose horseshad been taken and the price at which the lieutenant had appraised them. Our king, George IV, was supposed to remain neutral, but soon made up his mind to join the Austrian forces. However, before our army could join the Austrian army, the Prussians marched into Hanover and defeated our army. Some of the boys I knew did not come back, and a few came back wounded.

Our king ran away to Vienna never to return. His oldest son was invited by the Prussian king to return to Hanover and occupy his father's private estates, provided he would renounce the crown of Hanover forever for his family. This he refused to do, but in course of time his son thought better of it and married the daughter of Kaiser Wilhelm, now sojourning in Holland.

In 1870 war broke out between Prussia and France, and with the help of the armies of Bavaria, Saxony and Wuertenburg, the German armies almost walked over all of France until they reached Paris. Many French prisoners were sent to our part of the country, and we had quite a number to work on the farms. They were not imprisoned, only watched, all of which gave us boys great delight.

Schnega was about thirty miles from the nearest railroad station when I was born - July 24, 1857 - but it had railroad facilities within four or five miles when I was about nine years old - the first time I had seen a train. I did not ride on a train until I left for the United States when I was past sixteen, in September 1873, and it was then that I first saw a city, which was Bremen.

** A cousin or two of mine named Foertmeyer, had emigrated to the United States and evidently reported back home that it was fairly safe, and that the Indians were about driven out. So father concluded that since he did not have means to do much for the boys, it would be best for them also to emigrate to the United States. Brother Louis came to Cincinnati, Ohio, in the late 50's, studied medicine and served in the Northern army during the civil war. Almost each year after he left when a boy reached the age between sixteen and seventeen, he left home for the U.S.A., and so in course of time eight of the boys came here, also one sister, Marie, when she was in her twenties. **

In due time I reached the age when I had to declare whether I wanted to emigrate or not - one could not emigrate after seventeen years of age. I rather did not agree to emigrating, as I wanted to be a soldier, but of course I had nothing to say about it.

One dark September morning about five o'clock, father and I, with the help of a farmer who had a horse, drove to the railroad station. I had a wooden box which the carpenter had made a few days before, about the size of a small dry goods box, and this contained the little clothing I had, together with a few sausages to consume on my trip. We were too poor to travel third class, so we traveled fourth class, which was on the order of the baggage car in this country, and of course there were no seats, but that box of mine answered the purpose.

We reached Bremen about noon and stayed over night in a home, the head of which was born in Schnega and had gone to school under father. The quarters were rather cramped, but the night passed away fairly pleasantly after we all had been to a wirtshaus and had a few beers.

The next morning father and I took the train, again fourth class, to travel to Bremerhaven where the North German Lloyd steamers stopped, about one hour's ride from Bremen.

On the dock father bought a mattress filled with straw, a pillow filled with straw, and I believe a thin blanket, a tin cup, a tin plate, a tin spoon and a fork. He thought a knife would not be necessary since I had a large pocket knife. All of this we took aboard.

My quarters were in the steerage which was down three or four fleights of steps, and the beds, so-called, consisted of bunks three high and two side by side, making room for six. Very soon the whistle blew and father left.

At noon we took our tin cups and tin plates and marched past the window of the kitchen, two fleights up from our quarters, and received some soup, a roll and a boiled potatoe. In the evening we did the same to receive some sort of hash and a cup of so-called coffee and a roll. For breakfast in the morning a cup of coffee and a roll was all.

The North sea was very rough, and it did not take long to make this green country boy ill, which he remained practically the twenty-one days he was on the ship. All the fine sausage and ham I had in my box I could not enjoy and gave it to some one who could.

There were about two hundred of us - men, women and children - all in this one room, which had no port holes and practically no ventilation, and it was lighted by two or three old oil lamps suspended from the ceiling. Most of the passengers were ill, so the rest of us were able to get up and spend out time on deck where there was only a small space set apart for the steerage passengers, not sufficient to accomodate all of us had we come out at the same time.

At night some of us tried to lie down around the smoke stack and sleep there where at any rate it was a little warm, but the deck officer did not permit this very often. However, I have remained on deck for two nights when it was not so cold.

The steerage quarters, so-called, do not exist any more as far as I have noticed on the trans-Atlantic steamers, and that class of passengers, now fourth class, have quarters almost equal to what second cabin passengers had then, meaning port holes, good ventilation and fair food.

One fine day a young lady on the first deck threw me an orange, and I thought she was an angel indeed.

After twenty-one days from Bremerhaven the good ship Leipzig reached Baltimore, and I surely was homesick for Schnega. An old woman on the dock vending fruit pies and cakes, took my eye, and I changed my $5.00 bill - all the money I had - and bought an apple pie which tasted heavenly to me about that time. I also bought some cakes to take along on the train.

There were four other men with whom I had become acquainted on the ship who were destined for the west, two of them expected to remain in Cincinnati.

My ticket had been prepaid from Bremen to Cincinnati, and a railroad official pinned a tag on each one of us. I suppose the officials were afraid we might lose our tickets and forget the names of the places to which we were going. The railroad car was just a common wooden coach with hard seats. The railroad was the Baltimore and Ohio. It took two nights and nearly two days for us to reach Cincinnati, very tired, since we slept very little under these circumstances.

An expressman picked us up at the Cincinnati station, it being late Saturday night when we arrived, and drove us to a place which he no doubt thought was best for us to be. It was a beer saloon that had a few rooms upstairs - one very large room which was already occupied by two, and we four were also invited to make ourselves comfortable in that room on cots.

The next morning, Sunday, the stores were all closed of course, and I did not know where my brother lived, excepting to go to the store the next morning to hunt him up. While ** sauntering around the streets I saw the name of Foertmeyer ** over a drug store, and I concluded it might be safe to ask that man whether he was any kin of mine. It turned out that he was, and he had one of his boys in the store take me to the boarding house where he knew my brother lived.

Brother Emil rented a very small hall room for me temporarily and of course paid my board since I had nothing. After walking around the streets of Cincinnati for several weeks to get the location of streets, etc., a friend of my brother secured a job for me at a drug store about two miles away from the boarding house. So when the night was dark and there were very few people on the streets, I shouldered my German box for the drug store. I suppose I had to rest a dozen times on the way, since it was not so very light.

When I arrived at the drug store I was told to sleep in the room back in the store where the chief clerk and the second clerk slept. The chief clerk slept on the lowest bunk, the second clerk slept on the second bunk, and I slept on the top, which was very close to the ceiling. I needed a ladder, of course, to get up and down from it.

Next morning I went to work mopping up the drug store floor, washing windows and cleaning the counters and taking some old bottles down into the cellar. There was a large coal stove in the cellar on which I heated water and then started to cleaning old medicine bottles. In those days the druggist allowed a penny or two for returned bottles, and they were used again. I did not relish the work there and did not remain with the drug store more than about a month, having taken a dislike to the chief clerk.

My brother William was employed by a gentleman named Morris Spillard, who carried on a coal business in the suburbs of Cincinnati, and at the same time was railroad agent at a small station on the Cincinnati-Hamilton & Dayton Railroad. The Spillard family did not live in the station building, which was a two-story frame house, but my brother had one large room upstairs, and so could accomodate me. I therefore took my German trunk and went to him.

The following day I was employed to unload railroad coal cars and shovel the coal into wagons which took it to the Spillard yard, or to customers. I was a fairly strong lad, having worked on a farm in Germany, so it was no hardship and the pay of 75 cents a day appealed to me very much.

Brother William and I boarded with a Mrs. Davis, just a few blocks from the station, and we each paid $3.50 a week for board. This was in the early winter months of 1874.

Some time early in the summer I tired of the job and before long I secured employment in a small hotel as a porter, bell boy and general utility man at $10.00 a month and board. I still remember the board was very good. This hotel was a four-story brick building on Fifth Street, and without elevators, of course. Sometimes when the guests were fairly plentiful it was rather a strenuous job to run up and down stairs with a small tin oil lamp to show the guests to their rooms, leaving the lamp with them, since there was no other light.

The patrons of this hotel were mostly good people - Methodists, Shakers and Quakers, and small merchants from outside. The proprietor, Mr. Ryman, professed to be a good Methodist, and

his two sons of about my age and I had to go to Sunday School regularly. The two sons were nice boys, but they did tease me unmercifully as a green Dutchman while we three were mopping the office floors and attending to other duties in the mornings. One day I lost my temper and hit one of them over the head with a mop, and so my position there soon came to an end. I had been there about eight months.

The good brother Ryman to be consistent, of course, had opposed liquor, and there was no bar in this hotel. Quite a number of years afterward I saw in the newspapers that Mrs. Ryman had secured a divorce from her good husband because he had been rather too attentive to the chamber maids. He left the city and the hotel belonged to her. I read also some years afterward that the two sons, both of whom had become attorneys, likewise became too fond of liquor and both died in their thirties.

While I was employed in this hotel, one afternoon a very robust young man came in, his attire dishevelled and his nose bleeding profusely. I escorted him to the wash room. We knew him as a newspaper reporter. He told me the editor of a dirty sort of sheet had published a scurrilous attack on his father who at one time was United States Attorney General. The young man had gone to the editor's office to demand that an apology be published in this sheet, and when that was refused, he started in to thrash the editor. In my opinion the editor was worsted. The young man's name was Willaim Howard Taft, and he later became President of the United States.

After leaving the hotel I had no place to go and had no money either, but my brother Alvin was a clerk in a drug store and so we arranged that after the proprietor left in the evening, generally about 9:00 o'clock, as he lived some distance from the store, I would come in and sleep there behind the counter. There was only one small single bed back of the prescription counter, on which Brother Alvin slept. In the mornings he made coffee on the little gas stove contrivance, and I went to the grocery and got a little loaf of bread on which we used strained honey, which was quite cheap in the groceries of those days.

In about three weeks I took a job in a factory where I made cigar molds and wooden hand presses. I had to be at work at seven in the mornings and work until five-thirty, most of the time standing at the bench nailing little tin cups the size of a cigar to a wooden plank about one foot or so long. The board itself was maybe an inch wider than the cup. These cups were really half cups, and when the lower one was filled with

loosely rolled cigars, the upper one was clamped on it and then perhaps a dozen or so of these molds were placed in the press to press down cigars to a firmer consistency before the cigar maker rolled on the wrapper, or label.

Sometimes I had to tun the band saw to cut the boards, and twice a week I had to take the wheelbarrow and go to a factory about five or six blocks away from our place and wheel back a load of small hardware which we needed in some of the processes of our factory. The pay was $4.75 a week.

At a boarding house to which I was recommended, Mrs. Gault, the proprietor, told me I could have a room to be shared by another man who already occupied it, that I would have to sleep in the same bed with this man. Since the whole room was to be only $15.00 a month, I believe, I agreed.
At that time I had started to go to the free night high school in Cincinnati to improve my knowledge of English, writing and bookkeeping, and so it happened that I had my supper early and did not see the man before going to school, neither was he there when I came home. I slept with that man in the same bed for three nights before I ever knew his face or spoke to him. He turned out to be a fairly good man. His name was Schulte and he clerked in a rubber goods store.

The night school was attended mostly by boys of my age, maybe a little older or younger, who worked during the day, but who had homes, and as a class were a very good sort, mostly of Irish and German parentage. In later years one became a very prominent attorney and later president of a bank in Cincinnati, which position he still occupies, a rich man. One of the Irish boys later became vice president of the American Express Company. Another German later managed to build up a retail drug business and had several stores in Cincinnati.

After nearly six months in the factory, a prominent merchant for whom my brother Emil kept books, interested himself in my behalf and I got a position as a bank runner, which must have been the latter part of 1875. I received the magnificent salary of $16.75 a month. I then took room and board with an old couple at Newport, Kentucky, at $14.00 a month for the room and breakfast and supper. It took an hour to walk from their house to the bank, and of course it took an hour to walk home in the evenings, crossing the Ohio River on a ferry boat.

The bank was called the German Savings Institution, and was a partnership consisting of Mr. C. F. Adae and Mr. Adolph Seincke.

I had some knowledge that Mr. Seincke was a distant relative of my father's, but I never knew how, and he never intimated he knew anything about it and never said anything to me unless it were in the line of my duties. But after I was there about ** a year, I presume, Dr. Foertmeyer, who had the drug store I ** mentioned in the foregoing, and who also was a distant relative of the Seinckes, must have mentioned it to Mrs. Seincke. At any rate she sent word to me to come up one certain Sunday, which I did. Mr. Seincke had hardly anything to say when I was there and never referred to any relation, but we had a good dinner and a glass of wine, and he gave me a cigar, so everything was lovely.

The Seinckes had one daughter who was at that time, I would say, about seventeen years old, but she was at school somewhere and I did not meet her then. In 1877 a dashing young German lieutenant attracted the notice of us clerks in the bank, and of course the rumor soon spread that he had come over to marry Miss Seincke, which came to pass in due time. He was still in the German army and took his bride to Germany.

In 1905 when I was in the City of Hanover visiting an old supposed uncle of mine by the name of Seincke, who was distantly related to the Cincinnati Seinckes, he told me that the one-time lieutenant was then General Von Stein, and was at the head of the German cavalry.

I advanced rather rapidly in the bank from a clerk to one of the bookkeepers, and in about 1877 received the salary of about $100.00 a month, and was doing fine. But alas, the bank failed in the fall of 1878. I remained with the receivers of the bank until the spring of 1879, and after a vacation of a few weeks I took a position as bookkeeper in a wholesale paper house named Biedenger & Diem, at $50.00 a month.

After I had been with Biedenger & Diem two or three years the partnership dissolved, Mr. Biedenger went out and the firm became F. J. Diem & Company, and later on Diem & Blickle.

I worked for Mr. Diem for seven years and found him one of the most honorable merchants I have had the pleasure to meet.

In the summer of 1884 a young man of about seventeen came into the store and introduced himself as Emanuel V. Benjamin. He reminded Mr. Diem that once upon a time when Mr. Diem was carrying on a retail grocery business the young man's father and mother lived nearby and bought their groceries from him.

Mr. Diem remembered it very well, and when young Benjamin explained to Mr. Diem that his mother was a widow with five daughters at home and that he was the sole means of support of the family, Mr. Diem told him to take samples of various papers, which were mostly wrapping paper and grocery bags, and try to sell them of a commission basis. The young man did very well and very soon was placed on a regular salary, and in a few months became a traveling salesman, his territory being along the Ohio river as far up as Wheeling, West Virginia, and as far down as Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Benjamin was a hard worker and brought in good business for the firm. He and I became friendly from the start.

Finally I concluded to leave the firm of Diem and go into the jute bag business, and I asked Mr. Benjamin to come along. He, perceiving right away that he might have a better opportunity for advancement in the long run, was quite willing to do so and became a traveling man for me. But first it was necessary to get the consent of his mother, because he really could not afford to give up a job and take a chance. So one evening I made a call on his mother. She and I had about an hour's talk, and she concluded I seemed to talk sense and looked fairly decent and that she was running very little risk in leaving her boy in my hands.

In February of 1886 I rented a store and hung out the sign of Mente & Company. My capital was about $6,000.00 and my brothers, William, Alvin, and Charles, who had regular positions and had saved some money, let me have what they had, amounting to about $8,000.00, to help along.

There was also another man in the employ of J. F. Diem & Company, by the name of John Havlin, who had traveled for a firm that was engaged in the manufacture of burlap and cotton bags, and so he really was the one who had some idea of the merchandise we were about to handle.

The first year of Mente & Company showed a profit for me amounting to about the same as I had earned as bookkeeper, and Mr. Benjamin and Mr. Havlin received the same salary they had with Diem & Company. The second year turned out somewhat better, and the two gentlemen thought they should become partners in the firm instead of salesmen, and it was so arranged. The third year was rather bad, and their part of the profits did not amount to as much as they had previously received as salesman, which was rather hard on Mr. Benjamin, since everything he made went to his family, and so he concluded that he had best go back on a fixed salary as a salesman, which he did. However, after the fourth year we became partners again.

The business prospered fairly well and Mr. Benjamin extended his trips eventually as far down as New Orleans. In the fall of 1888 we concluded that it might be well for me to take a trip to England to see if we could not secure a certain class of second-hand bags for which there was a ready sale in this country.

One fine day in the early part of November 1888, the day Benjamin Harrison was elected President of the United States, I took passage on the SS UMBRIA bound for Liverpool.

It was an extremely foggy day when the ship left about 10:00 A.M. and at about 4:00 P.M. the Umbria bumped into a freighter and practically cut her in half. The life boats of the Umbria were lowered, and in a few moments they were away and out of sight of us on deck. I was on deck and plainly saw several men on the freighter running upstairs after the stern had dropped, and I never imagined they would have a chance for their lives. It may have been about two hours when our life boats returned with about thirty of the hardest looking men I have ever seen. Most of them had hardly any clothing at all, and it was bitter cold.

We learned this freighter had been out for one hundred days from the Argentine, and was creeping into New York. The Umbria had a hole in her plates as big as a barn door, but fortunately just above the water line. The captain turned around and we arrived back at the dock from which we started on Sunday morning. Steel plates and men stood ready on the dock, and as soon as the hawsers had secured the Umbria to the dock, the riveters went to work to patch the hole. On Monday morning we started out again, minus half dozen or so passengers who had become frightened and some of whom I had seen on their knees on the deck, praying for deliverance.

The Umbria made the fastest trip on record between New York and Liverpool on that trip, as the captain must have been anxious to make up for lost time. The weather was horrible and for four days the passengers were not permitted to come on deck at all, as they would have been swept overboard.

I read in the Liverpool papers that there was quite a discussion among the seafaring people as to whether the captain should slow down in a fog or run as fast as he could. The Umbria's captain - Captain McMillan - was a typical old swearing sea dog. He took the stand he would run as fast as hell in a fog, on the theory that the ship with the largest momentum would most likely be saved and he had his passengers to think of and not the other fellow's.

I did not know anybody at Liverpool or London and felt inclined at that time to think the English were a rather cold, hard lot, which I found later on is not the case at all.

From a commercial standpoint my trip was a failure because I could not find our kind of merchandise at a price that would warrent our buying it.

After two weeks in England I went to Germany to see my parents, and after an absence of fifteen years this was a great joy, of course, not only to me, but more so to them. They were then living in the City of Luneburg - about one hour's ride by train from Hamburg. Sister Emilie and her husband, Freiderich Thueme, live there now (1937).

Father had then retired after fifty years of service as a country school teacher. He showed me with great pride an imperial gold medal and remarked: "This is very nice, but I find it almost impossible for us to make both ends meet on the very meager pension allotted to me." We over here had not realized this. I recollect hearing father say frequently in school: "A father can support seven sons, but seven sons cannot support a father." The seven sons in this country, Louis having died in 1874, fooled him, for when I returned to the United States we promptly sent him $1,000.00 and from that time on father and mother lived in luxury according to their ideas of luxury.

Father died in 1898 at the age of eighty-six. The day after his funeral a government official came to my sister's house and asked for the medal, that being the law of the land.

Unfortunately I could not stay in Germany any longer than a week, and a day of it I spent at Schnega to see the old home where I was born and the old schoolmates. I have been to Europe perhaps a dozen times since then and always I have visited my birthplace, and just lately I heard from there that at least six people who went to school with me under my father are still living.

When I was in Schnega in the summer of 1925 there were very many more children than the school rooms would accomodate, and about twenty of them had benches in a barn where they were taught. This did not please me very much and I began to scold some of my old friends and ask why they could not prevail on a number of well-to-do farmers to provide the proper quarters for the school children. The answer was that even if they did want to do it, the government would not give permission, since

Germany was in such a deplorable financial condition that every makeshift must be resorted to before anything was expanded. I got some of the farmers and friends together and told them that I was willing to bear one-half the cost of a new building if they would do the same, and under these circumstances, perhaps, the government would give permission. The government saw there was a good chance for Schnega to get a new modern school building at a very low cost, so they sanctioned the building of the school. My portion of the cost, being one-half, amounted to about $8,000.00.

The new school building was not built on the same location of the old building, which is still standing. It was my desire that it should be there, but I was informed the land as well as the old building belonged to the church diocese, and under those circumstances, not wishing to give anything to the church myself, nor did the school board, the Baron Von Grote was prevailed upon to donate a few acres on which the new school building now stands, about a half mile from the old school building.

This new school building was dedicated with the proper ceremonies some time in 1927, and my sisters, Ottilie and Emilie, were invited to be in Schnega that day. They wrote me that everything went off very beautifully and they were highly pleased. I have not been back to Schnega since 1925, and have only seen a photograph of the school building.

During the first World War the German government removed from the church at Schnega three very large bells which they used in making guns, etc. These bells had been tolled in their day by every one of the Mente brothers who came to this country, it being the duty of the cantor to see to it that the small bell was tolled at 6:00 A.M., 12:00 M., and 6:00 P.M. daily, and that all three bells were tolled on Sunday mornings, also at funerals, provided the relatives of the deceased paid us boys to do the tolling. The work naturally fell to the eldest sons then at home.

After the war we Mente brothers agreed among ourselves to replace these bells in memory of our father who had been the cantor of the church and read the sermons when the minister was away. We sent a bank draft for 3,000 marks - about $900.00 to the minister of the church at Schnega to pay for three bells of the same dimensions as the old ones. He in turn gave the money to the bell manufacturer before the work on the bells had begun, because, as he wrote me afterward, the manufacturer was a perfectly honorable man and had been a man of means before the war, but now had no money to buy raw materials. The manufacturer deposited the money in a bank and then just about that

time the whole German economic and financial structure collapsed. German currency was waste paper thereafter, and so were all bonds and securities practically. All banks failed. We sent another draft for 3,000 marks to pay for the bells, which now hang in the belfry of the old church at Schnega, and on the bells are inscribed the names of the donors and the fact that they were presented to the church as a memorial to our parents.

This brick church at Schnega was built nearly 400 years ago, and seats several hundred people. While naturally some repairs have been made in course of time, it looked very good to me when I saw it last in 1925. On that visit to Schnega Sister and I attended the church service on Sunday morning. As we approached the church yard we saw the village band assembled, and when we entered the church they played a hymn in my honor.

In 1890 Mr. Benjamin and I concluded we should operate a warehouse in New Orleans, his headquarters. We rented a building on Decatur Street, opposite the customs house, but it soon became too small, and we moved farther down in the city to larger quarters. Business grew quite rapidly, and about 1895 we rented the old Cooper's Press on Thalia Street, and eventually the Shippers' Cotton Press on Tchoupitoulas Street, which occupied a whole square of ground.

In some years we did a business well over $5,000,000.00 a year. This took considerable money to swing. The bankers of Cincinnati, New Orleans and New York had confidence in our ability as business people, as well as in our integrity, and every now and then we were in debt to them for much over $1,000,000.00 on our own paper.

When business took Mr. Benjamin to Greenville, Mississippi, one fine day, there he met the sweet sixteen Rachel Goldsmith, and his heart was lost. In 1893 they were married and settled down in New Orleans. I found young Mrs. Benjamin a very charming lady. The friendship we formed then has continued through the years. The tact, understanding and kindness she has always shown as wife, mother and socialite has ever been the admiration of her large circle. She lives in one of the most beautiful homes in New Orleans, where I am always a welcome and frequent guest. Her two sons and one daughter are happily married. They have always shown me the greatest consideration. Mrs. Benjamin is now the grandmother of six.

In 1897 we gave up the Cincinnati store, finding it more advantageous to concentrate all our energies and finances

in the New Orleans establishment. The largest part of the merchandise we handled, viz.: jute cloth, we had to buy from Calcutta, India, and it was best for us to have our business at a seaport.

Mr. Benjamin attended to the business in New Orleans and I spent most of the time in New York for the purpose of buying merchandise from brokers who represented large Calcutta jute mills, and also for the purpose of keeping in close touch with the banking fraternity on whom we had to rely.

Between the years of 1890 and 1912 I made many trips to Europe on business bent in the cities of Liverpool, London, Manchester, Leeds, and Hull in England; Paris, Lille, Bruges, Rouen, Roubaix and Merseilles in France; Barcelona, Spain, Brussels and Antwerp in Belgium; Amsterdam and Rotterdam in Holland; Bremen, Lubeck, Hamburg, Munich in Germany; Vienna and Wienerneustadt in Austria, purchasing many millions of bags which had once been used for grain and various seeds, and thousands of tons of old jute bagging.

In 1914 the old Maginnis Cotton Mills which had been standing idle for almost ten years, were offered for sale at a low price, and Mr. Benjamin thought we should buy it. I agreed that it would be a bargain to buy at the price offered just as a speculation. However, he did not care to take that point of view, but wanted to re-establish the property as a cotton mill. My contention was that we knew nothing about manufacturing cotton goods, and that I did not care to go into that enterprise.

Mr. Benjamin eventually did buy the property and felt rather bad when I did not want to join him. So as time went along and he invested very large sums of money in the Maginnis Mills, he soon found out he could not do justice at the same time to Mente & Company, so in 1919 we changed the firm of Mente & Company into a stock company - Mente & Company, Inc. In a year or two both Mr. Benjamin and I had disposed of most of the shares of our stock in Mente & Company, Inc.

While Mr. Benjamin prospered in the cotton mill business for a number of years, due chiefly to the war times, eventually it proved a poor investment, and before his death in 1934, the mills had not been actively operating for about a year or two.

It was my intention to retire from any business which took my time and attention, when in 1919 Mr. Benjamin thought it would be a grand investment to buy out all the stockholders of the Myles Salt Company, and he persuaded me to join him in this, each of us taking one half, and I am now President of the Myles Salt Company, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Mr. Benjamin was a very energetic man, and excellent salesman, and a shrewd merchant. From the beginning to the end of our connections, which lasted over a period of nearly fifty years, I dare say we got along more amicably than most men who were partners in business. He was a loyal partner and a faithful friend.

In 1914 my friend Benjamin who took great interest in the Touro Infirmary at New Orleans, persuaded me to donate $50,000 to that worthy institution. I believe he was surprised at the time that the operation was so easy. He and his conferees on the Touro board, some years later, dedicated to me as a stone bench with a bronze plaque of my physiognomy on it. It stands in front of the Touro building in a pleasing little park.

During my traveling days I did not escape injuries altogether. One day in September 1902, while on the train from New Orleans to New York, as we entered the railroad yards at Meridian, Mississippi, a breakman on a freight train waiting for us on the siding, had overlooked closing the switch, and so our train ran right into the freight train. I was in the men's wash room, seated in a large chair smoking a cigar when I was shot toward the toilet room door. Luckily the Pullman conductor had just come in and was standing before the washstand and I bumped into him in my flight. He in turn was driven thru the toilet room door, which evidently was not closed tightly, and the fall broke some ribs for him.

When on my feet again I did not think I was injured very much, but it was not very long until several bumps appeared on my forehead. After waiting about two hours in Meridian, another train came along to take us farther. I did not feel particularly bad about the bumps, but when I retired that evening I found that my left knee had been bleeding rather badly, which I had not noticed at all. During the night I was very uncomfortable. When I arrived in New York the next evening I called in the house physician at the Astor, where I generally stopped, and he informed me I had fractured my knee cap and he considered it wise that I stay in bed at least two weeks. After that I walked around the hotel on a crutch for another two weeks before he thought it advisable for me to walk the streets again.

In the latter part of November 1922, I left Boston where we had a warehouse, on an afternoon train about five o'clock for New York. After dinner I went back to the last car, which was the library car and smoker, and was sitting very comfortably in one of the large, heavy chairs in such cars, smoking my cigar. Before I could realize what had happened of how it happened, I came to my senses under a lot of chairs

piled up on me. I realized I had received a tremendous blow on my head and another blow would soon come and finish my career, then consciousness left me again. The next thing I realized was a loud noise and racket when the car rolled over. In a few minutes the big chair and things were taken off me and I was carried out and laid on the grass where several others reposed already. In a few minutes I felt I wanted to stand up to see if I were still whole, and when I found I could stand, I remembered I had left my traveling bag in the Pullman car some cars ahead, and I started to walk in that direction.

Very soon I met a man carrying a lantern, and I think he was the engineer of our train. He asked me where I was going, and I told him, and he said he would go back with me. When we arrived at the particular car which I thought was mine, he helped me in, all of which seemed rather peculiar to me. When the porter in the Pullman car saw me he escorted me to the wash room and when I looked in the mirror I knew what the anxiety of the engineer might have been, for I was bleeding very badly. The porter wrapped a towel around my head and started to wash my head and face. In perhaps ten or fifteen minutes a doctor came in, flet over me to see if all bones were there. They seemed to be. He then said they would take me to a hospital at Bridgeport. I told him I did not feel quite that bad. He thought it best, but I did not wish to go to Bridgeport and told him if I had to go to a hospital I wanted to go to a certain hospital in New York, so he left me alone.

It must have been*two hours *(nearly) before another train came along to carry us to New York, and I began to feel rather groggy before getting there. On my arrival at New York, about midnight, I was put into a wheel chair by the trainmen and rolled into the station and asked where I wanted to go, as they intended sending the negro porter with me.

The place which I had in mind was a small hospital on Sixty-first Street near Broadway, where Mr. Benjamin had been treated for a few weeks a year or two before. The porter and I got into a cab and went up there. After he rang the bell a number of times a nurse came out to find out what it was all about. She came to the sidewalk, looked at me in the cab, and came to the conclusion it was some drunk from a fight, and said: "We don't take that kind of cases here." I persuaded her to go back to the superior and tell her this was a railroad accident, and I came to that hospital because my partner, Mr. Benjamin, had been there. Evidently that made things satis-factory, and I was admitted. Then it was a question of the

doctor I wanted, and I could not remember who had treated Mr. Benjamin. They looked up the records and found it was Dr. Grausman. They called Dr. Grausman's office, as he told me later, just as he was entering his home in his evening clothes, having attended a dinner in honor of his good friend, George Cohan.

Dr. Grausman came promptly and gave me a few shots of morphine in my arm, and then went to work. I was very much frightened when I saw a wound extending right across my abdomen which was still bleeding, and he strapped me up rather tight, ordering the nurse to keep a wet cloth over my left eye continually. He remained with me until about six o'clock the next morning. After he left and they brought me a light breakfast of coffee, or milk, etc., I found I could not raise my arm to feed myself, and the nurse had to feed me. Neither could I move my limbs or turn over in bed. This condition lasted for nearly two days, during which time I felt resigned to the inevitable end.

After about a month I was fairly well again and Dr. Grausman told me what he found when he came there at midnight. He said I had fractured four ribs, and another one was absolutely broken and lying crosswise, and if it ever gave me trouble he would have to perform an operation and tie it with a silver cord in its proper place, but he relied on the rib growing fast to the walls of the abdomen, and if it had not grazed the lungs it would not trouble me. I expectorated some blood the first day or two and he was a little afraid of that. He further said he put twelve stitches in my head and I remember very clearly the pain at the time, regardless of the morphine. The reason for the wet cloth over my eye was that I had received a hard blow on the cranium above the eye, and this might have led to my having fits from time to time the remainder of my life.

In the summer of 1912 I left Paris one day in June to go to Marseilles and from there to proceed to Barcelona, Spain. We left Marseilles at 10:00 o'clock one morning on a fast train and expected to reach Barcelona about midnight. About 2:00 in the afternoon a freight train passed a track where we had the right of way, and our train plowed into it. The first two passenger cars on our train were bodily lifted on the roof of the two following cars, crushing them in and killing people. These cars in those days were very flimsy material and not at all such strong cars as we have in this country.

The car in which I was riding remained on the track and I was thrown rather hard against the opposite seat. It was fortunate

that the very heavy traveling bags - two of them - which were overhead, one belonging to me and one to another passenger, did not fall on my head, as that might have finished me.

Naturally, the passengers all got out and stood around along the railroad tracks and chatted volubly, in which, sad to say, I could not join, since I did not understand French, neither could I ask any questions as to what the next procedure would be. We stood around for an hour or so until another train came along and everybody got on, so I thought it was the wise thing to do and got on too.

In another hour we reached a small city where everybody seemed to be getting out. I remained seated in my compartment until the railroad man came along and motioned for me to get out and made me understand at last that the train was not going any farther. I went into the station and showed my railroad ticket for Barcelona, and after much palavar, managed to grasp there were no further trains for Barcelona that day, or rather I thought I grasped it. The railroad man told the porter to show me when and from where the next train started. About five o'clock I found myself on another train, still under the impression I was bound for Barcelona, but at midnight the train stopped in a small town high in the Pyrenees Mountains, where in beautiful moonlight the Mediterranean lay below us.

Again everybody got out and I kept sitting until I was made to understand the train did not go any farther. I went into the station where they had a small restaurant and got some coffee, and said to the attendant: "Hotel", which at least gave him to understand what I was looking for. Then a man with a lantern took my grip and I followed him for about fifteen minutes thru what looked to be alleys with rather blank walls on each side, until we came to a wall with a door in it, on which he knocked and we were admitted to a very large court yard. It was a small hotel one story high. A small room with an iron bedstead looked neat enough, but I did not relish the idea of leaving the windows open so that anybody could walk right in, and the night was too hot to close them. I did not have much money and felt a little uneasy any way, so did not sleep much. At 5:00 in the morning I left with the same, man, the railroad switchman, and the train took me to Barcelona, arriving there late in the afternoon. The next day I went to the United States Consul, who recommended an interpreter to me, and with his help I did some business with various merchants.

The weather had been very hot ever since I left Paris, and I felt the need of a rest, so I headed for Geneva, Switzerland,

where the climate was fine and invigorating, and there I spent three days very pleasantly before proceeding to Germany.

I have been fortunate in enjoying fairly good health from childhood, and have not required the services of our good friends, the doctors, very often except on occasions of accident mentioned in the foregoing.

In the early part of the summer of 1910 Mr. Benjamin felt, and quite rightly so, that he needed a real vacation. While he had had a few short ones every year they never gave him much relief because business would pursue him and he would not keep away from it. So Mrs. Benjamin persuaded him to take the two children and her for a trip to Europe and to Bad Nauheim, and it came about that I had to stay in New Orleans that summer. Not being accustomed to the climate, it did not agree so well with me, and when I was ready to leave for New York I felt rather run down, and besides I had an attack of gout. While telling my tale of woe to a friend, he smiled and said, "I know just the place for you". I did not realize he thought he was playing a good joke on me when he said, "Go to Muldoon's sanitarium, about fifty miles from New York near White Plains."

I telephoned up to Muldoon's place and was told I could come up in three days. The price was $60 a week.

When I arrived at the sanitarium about noon a rather forceful lady of middle age received me at the door and said, "Take you bag and follow me." She led me up a flight of stairs to a small room with a little iron bedstead and iron washstand and a dresser as the furnishings. I was disappointed not to see a closet in which to hang my clothes, but had 4 pegs on the wall for that.

Just then a gentleman passed thru the hall whom I later learned was the president of the DeLong Hook and Eye Company, and she called to him and when he entered the room, said, "A new pin-head has arrived; take him down and introduce him to the other pinheads." I looked a little startled, thinking perhaps I had got into the wrong institution - one for the feeble minded - but the gentleman came in grinning and took me down to an open pavillion back of the house and said to the men, about twelve of them, that I was a new arrival. They all smiled, saying to themselves, no doubt, that it would be fun to see what would happen to a new arrival.

Lunch was over and nobody asked me to eat anything, so we all sat around until 6:00, different ones in the meantime telling queer jokes about the establishment. At 6:00 everybody went into the dining room, which contained about five tables, each

seating four, and arranged along the wall. There was one large table in the center of the room. Everybody stood behind his chair until that forceful lady came in and said, "Gentlemen, be seated", just like a minstrel show, and she took a seat at the table in the center of the room. After everybody was seated a tall handsome man walked in and took a seat at the same table with her. I was not sure, but my neighbor at the table smiled at me and said, "That is Muldoon."

Mr. Muldoon never glanced at me or let on that another unfortunate had come in, but when I accidentally left a spoon in my teacup when reaching for bread, I believe - something I was taught never to do - I heard a roar from Mr. Muldoon, "Hi, there, take that spoon out of your cup. That is bad manners." I felt rather crestfallen to have that happen to me with all those strange gentlemen present.

After dinner the pinheads were allowed to read or play dominos and at 9:00 P.M. the lights were out and everybody had to go to his room, and the rooms were without lights.

At 6:00 A.M. there was a pounding on the door and a shout told me to get up, put on my bathrobe, pick up my clothes and come down into the basement, which was the gymnasium. The gym clothing intended for me was hanging on a peg in the bath hall.

The experience consisted of throwing a large medicine ball to one's partner across the room just as fast as it could be done, and if the party was not fast enough, Mr. Muldoon took the place of the fellow who was partner to the slow one and hurled the ball to the slow one with all the force he could command, and he was an athlete. One time I did not open my left hand wide enough to catch the ball and the consequence was the ball bumped against the nail of my little finger and broke it. Mr. Muldoon said it did not amount to anything, and that I had to continue -- the finger would straighten out in due time, which it has not done to this date.

After throwing the medicine ball for about 15 minutes, one could hardly lift it any more, then we took up what seemed an easy job - keeping three small bounding balls in motion between the two men on opposite sides of the room. This tired one more quickly that the medicine ball did, and once and a while some fellow would drop on the floor, and himself slump down too tired to continue. Mr. Muldoon would look at him for a minute and say, "You think you are played out, do you? The hell you are, get up." The fellow generally did.

After these exercises everybody repaired to the bath hall and was required to drink two glasses of hot water. After that a cold shower with all the windows opens - no matter how frosty it was. After that Mr. Muldoon watched the crowd to see if they dried themselves properly, and woe to the man who had forgotten to bring his bath towel down to the room the night before, as well as his underwear and gym clothes. He did hear some choice language.

While I never noticed it particularly, but most men do not button the four buttons on their under shirts, so once while we were standing in line putting on our underwear, one man buttoned only three buttons, and there was a roar: "Hi, there what do you mean?" We looked around to see what Mr. Muldoon meant, and found his eyes fixed on a man from Chicago. "Haven't you any better sense than that, don't you know there are four buttons to be buttoned, button them." One had to be correctly attired according to Mr. Muldoon's standards.

Everybody then picked up his wet bath towel and wet gym clothes and marched out into the yard and hung them up to dry on clothes lines. We had to watch during the day and when they were dry enough, take them into the bath hall and hang them on the proper pegs belonging to us.

Some of the men tried to sit down on a little stool while they pulled on their socks, and they were promptly told such Slovenes was not tolerated, and a man should stand up to put on his socks. This was quite strenuous for some of the stout gentlemen that from time to time while I was a guest.

About the third morning I was there a very high-stepping gentleman in the banking business from New York, who looked like a real society man, and who had arrived the day before, balked at drinking the hot water. The attendant who served the water told him it was compulsory, but the gentleman insisted he could not drink hot water. Somehow Mr. Muldoon was always around to see what the new victims might do, so he roared, "What is that?" When told the gentleman did not want to drink the water, he said, "Why don't you drink that water, Halsey?" Halsey said, "It makes me sick." Mr. Muldoon came with, "Who in hell cares if it does make you sick, drink that water or take your damn duds and get out of here." The gentleman drank the hot water, but he told us next morning he would not stand for such abuse heaped upon him, and he left.

About 8:00 we had a very good breakfast - bacon and eggs, coffee and such, and most times while I was there new apples had come in and we had baked apples often. Of course newcomers were watched by Mr. Muldoon, and if it happened that some of the unfortunates did not know any better than to eat the apples and leave the peeling on the plate, the girl waiting on the table immediately took the plate to Mr. Muldoon. Thereupon he shouted at the man, "Haven't you the sense enough to know the peeling is the best part of the apple, eat it." The offender ate the peeling by itself.

After breakfast we were allowed to sit around for two hours. At all meals there was always a newcomer who said he could not eat spinach, cabbage, or potatoes, or what not, but if he chose to remain there, he had no choice in the matter and had to clean his plate.

Mr. Elihu Root, famous New York attorney and United States Secretary of State under two Presidents, had left a few days before I arrived. Most of the men who came there were from the walks of life - attorneys, bankers, and business men - whose nerves had been rather broken under too much work or too much indulgence in food and liquor, and they needed to be brought back to earth as it were. Among others there were the late Senator Chancy Depew, some of the Astors, Vanderbilts, Whitneys, and many of that stamp. Mr. Muldoon never called any patient "Mister", or gave any title, no matter if it were General or Professor.

After I had been there about a week a tall, straight, fine looking man joined the pinheads out in the yard, and it did not take long to learn he was General J. Franklin Bell, Chief of Staff of the United States Army. The crowd laughed, of course - they being like school boys under the circumstances - and shouted, "What the devil brings the Chief of Staff to Muldoon's?" The General took nothing amiss. He was very friendly and said as long as he was in active service he kept very fit, but when President Theodore Roosevelt had made him Chief of Staff of the United States Army, his duties were in Washington where he had to keep track of every damn bit and bridle in the army, and being shut up all the time had got on his nerves. Finally he went to the President and told him he needed a vacation for about a month to get fit again. Roosevelt asked where he was going, and when the general said he had not decided, Roosevelt told him to go to Muldoon's, and the general added, "So here I am."

One sunny afternoon when we were sitting out in the pavilion, we heard a roar from the second story window: "Hi, there, Bell, come up here." The windows were open so we could hear practically everything, and when Bell entered the room, Muldoon shouted: "Bell, you say you are a West Pointer - the Hell you are. You never saw West Point in your life. You are an old slob." When the general came back to us grinning, everybody of course wanted to know what had happened. He said, "I left my collar and tie on my dresser, and Muldoon, having been a sergeant in the army, seemed to know that if any cadet at West Point left a collar and tie on a dresser he would be put under arrest for several days, and of course I knew better than to do that."

After two hours rest in the morning the crowd was divided into squadrons, which we nicknamed Infantry and Cavalry, and I was placed in the Infantry. We had to walk practically on a trot over hills and dales, fences and plowed fields for about two hours, which, when we returned to the sanitarium, we looked as though we were ready to collapse. However, a cold shower and the proper calling out soon made us feel quite fit again and ready for a good dinner.

Muldoon had a stogy young Irishman a helper who generally went with the Infantry, and when he saw that a man showed signs of distress - which sometimes did happen among men who were in the sixties or more - he told the man to walk slowly back home, that he must not stop on the way, but must keep walking. One day a chap was told to walk back slowly, but soon he thought it would be nicer if he could ride home, and when the occasion presented itself in the person of a farmer hauling garden truck in a wagon along the road, he told the farmer he would give him a dollar if he would take him to Muldoon's place. While he was seated on the wagon, Mr. Muldoon came trotting along on his horse and said to the farmer: "What did that chap offer you to take him to my place?" The farmer told him one dollar, and Muldoon said, "I will pay you $2.00 to throw him off the wagon," which the farmer did. The patient was told if he did not like this to pick up his bag and get off the place, which the gentleman. [?]

Mr. Muldoon generally went with the Cavalry and amused himself occasionally when they were about fifteen miles from home by having the Cavalry dismount and take a walk into the woods. Meantime it was arranged for somebody to lead the horses home, leaving the Cavalry to get back the best way they knew how.

One day just before we started off on a trot, a young man from Mobile had come in and was talking to Mr. Muldoon outdoors, and we could enjoy what went on. The young man complained he had not been well for some time and was recommended to the establishment, but he learned since that the exercises were rather strenuous and he feared they might be too much for him. Mr. Muldoon gruffly asked: "What is the matter with you?" The young man replied he had palpitation of the heart. Muldoon answered, "How in the hell do you expect to live without palpitation of the heart?" The young man did not see the humor of the situation and left.

One morning at breakfast both Cavalry and Infantry were told that there was a county fair at Tarrytown and we might all go to this fair. Everybody was tickled and after breakfast we walked to White Plains, about five miles, and there took the trolley into Tarrytown. At the fair gates we were told we could scatter and do as we wished, but we must not go outside the gates and must not smoke or drink, and we must return to the gates at 5:00 p.m.

We were all at the gates at 5:00 p.m., when Mr. Muldoon and that forceful lady passed through the gates seated in a high vehicle drawn by two horses driven tandem. He stopped and said, "You may all walk home." Having walked around almost all day at the fairgrounds, we were pretty tired and as it was only 15 miles from his place, we did not relish it much, but we knew we had to obey orders. On the way it rained very hard and the roads up there are rather soap-stony and slippery, so it took us until midnight to get home, wet to the skin. The greeting was: "Under a cold shower, and any who wants a sandwich can find one in the dining room."

Mr. Muldoon came from Ireland with his parents and when a young man had served six years in the United States Army, becoming a sergeant. He was a very powerful man of the rangy type and later was for years the champion wrestler in the United States. Mr. Muldoon, as I later found out when I met him in New York away from his work, and had dinner with him at the La Fayette Hotel, where he used to go, was a very mild spoken, soft individual and used no bad language at all. He was glad to explain his theory somewhat, which was that most men who came under his care had been careless in their habits or had been pampered too much and had arrived at a place where they did not concentrate properly or pay attention to many matters in general. To bring them back into form was to bring them to the level of the ordinary working man and to get out of their heads they were any better at any time than other people who had not enjoyed their wealth and privileges. He found the best way

to do this was by being very stern and commanding, calling attention to every detail that was not done as it should be done and requiring everybody under him to take orders without demurring and complaining, and along with this, exercise and right diet, etc.

I remained with Mr. Muldoon a month, which he considered all that was necessary - he did not wish anybody to stay longer - and I was willing to testify that he was one of the best disciplinarians in the fullest sense of the word, as far as grown people were concerned, that I have ever known.

In later years I often met him coming from Chicago, New York, Cincinnati, and elsewhere, who had gone through Muldoon's school, and they had about the same experience as I had.

When Mr. Muldoon reached his eightieth birthday, some New York men thought it would be a good time to show their appreciation for his work by giving him a birthday party. When Muldoon was approached on this matter he said, "I will be glad to come for dinner provided there is no present made to me in any way, shape, or form." The dinner took place at the Biltmore Hotel in New York at a cost of $80.00 a plate, and there were present nearly 300 men. The promoters had found Muldoon took a great interest in a certain asylum for orphan boys in Westchester County, near his place, and that it would please the old gentleman very much if a sum of money were collected for it. Hence the $80.00 a plate, of which $2.50 went for the dinner and $77.50, went to the orphan asylum. It was a very plain dinner, without liquor.

Mr. Muldoon passed away about six years ago, and while one or two men have undertaken to carry on the establishment, it soon proved it could not be done because they were not of the stamp that could enforce Muldoon's rules. I visited the place in Westchester twice in the last few years and found it very dilapidated and without a tenant. It covers about fifty odd acres.

For forty years past I have spent three winter months of almost every year in New Orleans. Business, banking, and social circles have made my annual visits most pleasant.

I have been a member of the Mardi Gras clubs in New Orleans, also a member of the New Orleans Country Club, Metarris Golf Club, and the Boston Club.

My good friend Miss Sallie Steen persuaded me to dictate this story to her.

April 11, 1950, when I gave my age to the census enumerator as 93, she accused me of levity. I apologized and told her I was only 92 years of age, and 8 months having been born July 24, 1857.

Instead of asking me further questions, as I had expected, she dismissed me.

Muldoon