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THE STREHLKE SAGA

By

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Appendix (compiled by Sally Faith Strehlke from conversations with George Louis Strehlke and from notations by Nellie Mable Andrews Strehlke in family's Bible)

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- General Information
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Strehlke-Andrews - Genealogy

INTRODUCTION

My mother, Nellie Mable Strehlke, nee Andrews, was born in Concordia, Kansas, in 1876 - the centennial year. She was one of three children. Winifred and Florence were older and younger, respectively. All three were born in Concordia.

Shortly after Florence was born, the family moved to Montrose, Colorado. George Andrews, the father, was an energetic, buoyant personality, around whom family legends clung. So many things that I have heard about him have turned out to be wrong that I am now hesitant to state anything for sure. Apparently he was one of the founders of Montrose and in the process had fierce trouble with the Ute Indians. His motive was traditionally American--to make a few bucks out of the sale of building lots in this new town that was on the route of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway (then a building).

The U. S. Cavalry rescued him and his party when the Utes had them cornered on a hill known as Flat Top. The settlement of this rhubarb was interesting--Chief Ouray agreed to keep his people south of the Uncompahgre River. For this the Indian agent brought finished lumber over the mountains from Denver and built the chief a nice white man's house. It was a waste--the chief kept his horses in the house and he and his family continued to use tepees!

Mother had a happy girlhood in Montrose, even though she lost her sweet, aristocratic mother at an early age. She went to grade school there, and for a period after her mother's death, she lived with relatives in Concordia. In the meantime her older sister, Winifred, married a German by the name of Drost, and they were living in Colorado, Aspen I think, where he had a drugstore. He was a substantial citizen.

When Mother was about sixteen, she went to Aspen to visit her sister. That was when she met a tense and ambitious young man with the strange name of Strehlke. He was working for Drost and was determined to be a druggist himself. From here on his story is hers. They belonged to each other.

She was beautiful and gay. He was serious and belligerently determined. After this visit in Aspen, Mother went to a very fine finishing school in Philadelphia,

and Dad went to the school for pharmacy at the University of Kansas in Lawrence. Later to be sure he had the best, he finished at Northwestern University in Chicago. His parents helped him some, but mostly he worked his way through. He was the only one of four brothers (no sisters) that got a higher education.

The Drost's decided to expand their horizons, and they moved to San Francisco and set up another drugstore there. After Mother finished school, she joined them, and at about the same time Dad went to San Francisco too and began working for Drost again. Mother had a job in a bakery.

They were deeply in love.

One evening another young man called on our Nellie. Dad stood outside rolling rocks off the roof of the house. Very distracting. And when the other man came out, Dad challenged him, and they had it out then and there with fists. The other man never came back.

Another incident that could have been tragic occurred when the nation was shocked by the murder of two young ladies. Their bodies were found in the belfry of a church. The prime suspect was Dad. Several witnesses saw him at the church at about the time of the murder. He spent some time in jail, and since the San Francisco police were notoriously crooked at that time, Dad's lawyer was not at all sure that he could win the case. The police were after a victim, and they had one. It seemed that there were certain influences trying to save the real culprits.

Dad was near the church because his Nellie lived nearby. He finally got off--but he was badly frightened.

Dad went into business for himself. He borrowed \$400 from a policeman and rented the corner of Scott and Eddy. It was a small store. A little room in back of the prescription counter was where Mother and Dad lived (they were married as soon as they had it), and in that little room I was born.

It was a tough life. Competition was fierce, and Dad was operating on a shoe string. They decided to leave San Francisco and go back to Colorado--Meeker.

MEEKER

Grandpa Strehike had a cattle ranch at Meeker, and we all lived with him for a while. Mother was happy, everyone adored her, but Dad did not like ranching, so he found some investment money and set up a drugstore in Meeker (four hundred people).

I remember it so well.

I remember when he brought in the first phonograph. All those big men would stand around listening through rubber tubes. They would be so quiet, then all of them would roar with laughter at the same time.

Then came the telephone. Dad's store was the central office, and we had one installed in our house (a cute little log cabin). I remember the first call--Mother saying in her gay voice, "I can hear you just as plain."

Everybody loved Mother.

She was happy, she was crazy about dancing, she loved music, and she was so very attractive. But she had a terrible problem, arthritis.

It had been troubling her a long time, but in Meeker the deformities began to develop. She would beat out rousing tunes on the piano with two fingers of one hand, one or the other. It did not stop her from playing the banjo, and I can remember her, in great pain, lying in bed, knocking out ragtime on the banjo.

We went on a camping trip, all the Strehikes on horses excepting Grandad Strehike (I loved him) and me in the supply wagon. He told me stories of his life in the old country.

Mother would be nowhere in sight, and everyone would be getting nervous. She was up to something. Sure enough, here she would come around the bend at a wild gallop, yelling her head off. Naturally all the horses would stampede. It would take the men about a half hour to restore order. Grandad would get so darned mad! But no one loved her more than he.

Grandad Strehlke was forever scolding my father for not being nicer to Nellie.

We camped near Marvine Lakes, a beautiful spot. Years later (1925) I went there again with my cousin, LaPool. It took us all day on horseback from Meeker--a virgin wilderness. I'll never forget Marvine Lakes, and it seems that I remember my first trip there better than my second.

The hundreds of deer marching along the skyline at dawn--the fright I got from a snake with a great big head (he had a fish in his mouth)--the wonderful swing Grandad built for me on the hillside. I would sail out over the tops of the trees down the slope--what a wild thrill.

We moved to Montrose, Colorado, when I was five years old. High points of my memories of Meeker are:

1. The sweet little log cabin we called home. The back yard was full of a root cellar, which made an ideal snow-coasting hill for a four-year-old. At the back of the lot was a neat little chick sale (privy)--two holes.
2. Grandpa Strehlkes sleeping with us on Christmas Eve to be with me the next morning. What a wonderful Christmas--great big tree full of burning candles--the most beautiful rocking horse I had ever seen. I had to use a stool to mount him. I can still see his flaring red nostrils and fierce, glassy eyes. There were playthings galore. I remember especially a little cattle ranch complete with outbuildings, chickens, horses, and so forth. Grandpa said Santa Claus had left all this for me. Then suddenly he looked out the window and cried, "There he goes now!" That nearly broke up the party. I wanted to see him; I wanted to run after him. "Where is he?" I cried. "Where did you see him?" "Where did he go?" "Come on, let's find him." "I want to see Santa Claus," etc., etc.
3. The Utes' coming to town. They set up their tepees in the park across the street from Dad's drugstore. What excitement. I was in and out of the tepees and all over the place, and I remember how friendly the Indians were. One big squaw was very jolly with me. I liked her.

I found several little Indians to play with, but it all came to a sudden end when my mother found me. Home I went, being scolded all the way, to a big, hot, soapy bath. I guess the Utes were pretty dirty.

4. The U. S. Cavalry coming to town to take the Utes back to their reservation. I can see them now... big, friendly men (everyone was friendly in those days--I guess a little boy rates a lot of smiles) in blue, riding fine sleek horses. The column marched right past our log cabin home.
5. A big revolver that I found under the culvert in front of our c. l. l. c. (cute little log cabin). There was an irrigation ditch on each side of most every street in town, which accounted for our fine stand of cottonwood shade trees, and where streets crossed, the ditches went through culverts. Dad took the gun away from me. Years later I asked him about it--how did the gun get there, what did he do with it, and so forth--but he could remember nothing about it.
6. The daily stage. It would come galloping in every evening about supper time--six horses and a big rocking coach suspended on leather straps. It was Meeker's only transportation with the outside world, carrying passengers, mail, and express to and from the rail head at Rifle, Colorado, fifty-four miles away.

My first trip on it that I remember was when we went from Meeker to Montrose. We changed horses at several corrals in route. It was a dirty, dusty ride, very rough because the route was full of deep ruts from freight wagons that had gone through during muddy weather. I was stage sick most of the way. From Rifle on I was train sick. What a trip!

7. Getting to know my cousin, LaPool, and hating him. He was a mischievous Katzenjammer-type just one year older than I, and he teased me continuously. One day I could stand it no longer, and I clouted him with a screw driver. He screamed. So did I when I saw the blood. His mother and father (Dad's brother, Al) picked him up and marched right out of there. My mother and dad, to my surprise, were kind and considerate to me--no scolding or anything. I guess they understood what terrible problems a little boy can have. Later during Harvard days, LaPool and I became fast friends.
8. Falling in love with Auntie Winnie. My mother's older sister, Winifred, had married Mr. Drost (from whom Dad learned the drug business) when she was sixteen. Now because he had become mentally deranged, she no longer had him, and she, with her daughter, Florence (Toots), came to Meeker to live with us for a while. She was wonderful. I could not leave her alone. She was so sweet, so understanding, and so full of love. I would do anything for her.

Never sell a small boy's love short. When thoroughly aroused, it never fades. I loved Auntie Winnie deeply and with ardor till the day she died, and may God bless her forever and ever.

MONTROSE

Montrose was a big town (2,000 people) and we thought, about to have a boom. The Government was going to build a six-mile tunnel under the Rockies to bring water from the Gunnison River to the Uncompahgre Valley (our valley). The soil was rich, and with abundant water, it could support several thousand more people. Father decided that this would be a great place for another drug-store. There were already two of them, but that did not bother him.

Montrose was familiar territory for Mother. Her father had been in on the original promotion of the town, and she had lived there during her school days.

Dad had become quite a pro at financing new drugstores. He had strong wholesalers behind him, and he lined up bank loans in short order. Within a few weeks he was in business. And did he work!

His brother, Al, had been out of a job, and Dad had taken him into the Meeker store as a partner. Now he made Al a partner in the Montrose store as well. Both places were known as "Strehlike Brothers Pharmacy." Al managed the store in Meeker, and Dad, the one in Montrose. A few years later they unmerged, and Al took over as sole owner in Meeker, Dad in Montrose.

I remember Dad's first Montrose store well. It was on Main Street a few doors from the corner of Cascade Avenue, and it was very narrow, about eighteen feet. It had a soda fountain, show cases, and so forth, and a beautiful, big music box that stood a good six feet--a little higher than Dad. The steel recordings were round and stood vertically. It made wonderful, metallic music.

Our home life was kind of transient the first few years. First, we lived at the Belvidere Hotel on South First Street; then we rented a little cottage on South Second, the McCrimmon house. It was while we were here that Dad got that white steamer automobile.

It looked like a buggy and was steered with a bar instead of a wheel. The front dash would fold forward to make an extra seat for two. The steam boiler was under the regular seat. Boy, would it go!

Dad was fussing with it all the time. Tires gave him a lot of trouble. One day he was washing it with a garden hose, and the force of the water opened the throttle, and I saw Dad sprinting down the street after his car. He got it stopped before she got to the next corner. That sure was exciting.

Everyone in our town was leery about autos anyway--and here one of the blamed things had gotten loose.

There was one other white Steamer in town, and Dad challenged the owner to a race. They and about five hundred others all went out to the fair grounds, where the County maintained a one-half-mile circular track for horse racing, but a sudden shower turned the track to mud, and both cars got stuck. They never got around to trying it again.

We had some lovely drives. It was really a spunky little car. Frequently we got stalled. Whenever we started out, Mother brought some sandwiches along, just in case.

One problem was the safety mechanism to avoid a boiler explosion. It was a plug that would blow out and release the steam when the pressure reached the critical level. Dad used to swear at this thing. She would blow, the car would stop; then Dad would go looking through the brush for the G. D. plug. He always found it, but sometimes it took some extra vigorous profanity. Then when he had the plug back in, we would have to wait half an hour to get up steam again.

From the McCrimmon house we moved to the Grand Central Hotel, a house on South Third Street, the Calloways (a boarding house), and the Reddings (another boarding house) until Dad finally bought the place we could really call home at 721 North First Street. Our problem was Mother's health. She was in miserable pain from her arthritis, but she always wanted a lovely home. She just couldn't handle the work. After a few months Dad would move bag and baggage to a hotel or boarding house, and there we would live till she could convince him that we should try having our own home again. She never quit!

In the meantime I met Mr. Fellows.

A. L. (Abraham Lincoln) Fellows was the chief engineer for the Gunnison tunnel project. He was wonderful to me. I spent all my free time with him. I would draw pictures with his typewriter, and he would make blueprints of them for me. I loved Mr. Fellows.

He gave me books, many of which I still have, by Ernest Seaton Thompson, the great naturalist. He became my godfather, stood up with me when I was confirmed in the Episcopal Church. I still have the lovely prayer and psalm books he gave me.

One time he had to make a trip to Meeker, and he took me with him. It was by rail to Rifle, and I didn't get sick once; then we went by horse and buggy, which he rented, from Rifle to Meeker. We talked a blue streak all the way.

I remember we stopped and got out of the rig while Mr. Fellows proved to me with his pocket knife that that yellow stuff on the rocks was moss and not gold. I loved Mr. Fellows, or have I already said that?

On my sixth birthday he gave me a beautiful toy sailboat--it was almost two feet long. What a beauty. He took me out to Pelton's Lake and showed me how to sail it.

One day at the drugstore one of the local loafers said that Fellows was a terrific engineer but really he was sort of fuddy duddy. I did not know what he meant, but I didn't like it, and I cried, "He is not either a Fuddy Duddy." People had to speak well of Mr. Fellows around me.

My love for this wonderful man persists to this day. It almost lead to a great mistake when I became engaged to marry his daughter, Ella Jane. I realized in time that my love was for him, not for her, and a tragedy was averted.

A. L. Fellows was a remarkable man. He was reticent and quiet and an intellectual. He graduated as a civil engineer from Yale University, built the cog railway up Pike's Peak, explored the Colorado River by boat, mapped the Bad Lands of the Dakotas, built our Gunnison tunnel, etc., etc., and with no trouble at all, completely won the heart of a little boy in Montrose, Colorado, more than a half century ago. Though he has been dead many years, he lives on in my thoughts. It is hard to avoid tears when I think of him. I still love him dearly.

721 NORTH FIRST STREET

Our new house was just what we wanted. It was two stories, frame, and had a complete set of outbuildings, including a stable, carriage house, wood shed, a general utility shed, and a fine upstanding chick sale.

Our back lawn was surrounded by gooseberry and raspberry bushes and flowers of all kinds. The front yard had a row of big cottonwood trees along the street and was edged by big bushes of yellow roses and lilacs.

Mother fixed it up beautifully. No one in town had a more attractive place. I remember the jungle pattern wallpaper, plate rail, stylish dark woodwork, and the lovely mission-type furniture.

Everything went beautifully because Mother had help. Katherine Gerber, a ward of the Court from a broken home, lived with us as one of the family. She finished grade school and went on to high school, from which she finally dropped out over my parents' heated objections. When she was about twenty, she left us to live with her father.

Katherine was a godsend to Mother but a pain in the neck to me. Being some five years older than I, she had an advantage in our disputes and arguments, and she pushed this advantage to the utmost. She was always criticizing me and finding fault, and I found myself retreating from one position after another in complete frustration. One day, however, I enjoyed a glorious victory. She had to spend the entire afternoon in the chick sale because I had the garden hose trained on the door--full force.

Mother became quite social. As in most small towns we had well-defined social hierarchy, and Mother was always right up there around the top. She went to everything, played cards, held office in the church ladies' groups, Eastern Star and such, and she dressed like a million dollars.

People were forever dropping in. On Sundays most of the unattached eligible males could be counted on for dinner. Mother never knew how much to prepare, so she just had plenty, and leaves would be added to the table as needed.

Herman Elliott, the reclamation engineer, was always there, generally at the piano. Charlie Nickell never missed--he worked in the bank with his brother, Robert, who owned it. Charlie Moynihan, a promising young attorney, who later ran for governor of Colorado, would always show up, and there were others, many others, who were not so regular.

The conversation was fast and scintillating. I always sat in on our Sunday nights and enjoyed them enormously. Dad loved smart repartee, and he was invariably in good form.

One Sunday night we were expecting George Harrington, a terrific young bachelor, and he was a little late, so Dad and the others rigged up a gag. He finally got there, everyone sat down for dinner, and Mother asked Charles Nickel to give grace, which he did with considerable unction. Dad then asked if he could add a few words--and his ran for a full half hour. He even knelt beside his chair while delivering it. Then Moynihan got into the act, and when that Irishman wound up, he was really eloquent. Elliott took it from there and did an excellent job. The only man who had not been heard from was Harrington. He was asked if he would like to add a few words, and he said, "I pass." That was a new expression: Contract bridge was just being introduced, and to use it connection with prayers seemed utterly fantastic. The explosion of laughter could be heard clear across town.

Mother's social success was matched by Dad's success in business. After two years in the little eighteen-foot store on Main Street, he landed a big corner location at Cascade and Main, and his store forever after was known as the "Busy Corner Pharmacy." He had beautiful fixtures, the best fountain in town, and a big stock of drugs and sundries. He drove his business hard, and he never missed a trick. No matter what was going on, he was in on it--all the way.

Where would you find all the latest baseball scores? At the Busy Corner Pharmacy, that's where--chalked up on a big board on the side of the building. I, personally, put them up every day after school.

Where would you meet your friends after the movies at night? That's right--Dad's store was open, and the gang was always there having sodas.

If you were one of the elect, you would slip back of the prescription counter and have a snort of good liquor, which became quite a feature after our town went dry.

How would you know it was the fourth of July? Easy--at 12:01 a.m. Dad would have a terrific explosion set off on the edge of town. Everybody would get up, lights would snap on all over, to see whether any windows or dishes were broken. Like it or not, everyone was sure aware of the Busy Corner Pharmacy.

His gross receipts kept climbing, but profits did not keep pace. One big problem was inventory. Wholesalers were always pushing package deals that Dad couldn't afford to ignore. For instance, one firm would offer him one gross free Lydia Pinkham Pills if he would buy one gross Paragoric. How could he refuse? But if he went for it, he would be overstocked. Finally, after the back room and basement were almost full of surplus merchandise, Dad decided to do something about it.

He called on druggists in Grand Junction, Delta, and several other towns and set up a buying pool. From then on they all got in on everything and divided the stuff so that no one store would have too much. As soon as the wholesalers got wind of this, the good deals became even better, and Dad really drove some tough bargains. It worked great.

Those were strenuous days for him. He worked terribly hard, from early morning to late at night, and he seldom took any relaxation. He was a tense, sharp, driving sort of fellow, who could become quickly irritated with the irrational behavior of a kid who was forever underfoot. His temper spasms frightened me, and for a few years I avoided him whenever possible. I would hear him come in the front door, and out the back I would go on urgent business.

I now realize that I was on his mind continually. Through the perspective of time it is clear to me how close we really were and what a wonderful heritage I receive from him.

I was very shy and sensitive. For a time my self-confidence was nil. I was even diffident towards the other kids. One peculiar thing I had was a loud, contagious laugh.

When the movies first came to town, they were shown in a tent, and films were changed twice a week. I always got free tickets. Why? I really didn't know, nor did I care, but I was the envy of every kid in town. The reason was simple.

My laugh would set off the whole audience, and people outside would queue up to buy tickets. Did I have a good racket!

I was happy out in the shed making things. My two closest friends, Don Davis (later a commander in the Navy) and Don Shingler (later a brigadier general in the Army) shared my interests.

We had a telegraph system between our houses and those of several other kids. The wires were strung between trees using bottle tops for insulators. We all learned the Morse Code, and our messages were highly exciting and generally had to do with battles and Naval engagements. Many happy hours were spent over the telegraph key.

Then I began experimenting with wireless telegraphy. In fact, I was the only person in town so engaged. That was a handicap because I had no one within range to work with. One day, which I shall never forget, I heard voices on my set. Audio transmission by radio was not yet developed, but the boys' magazines were full of it, and here I was getting reception.

Then I noticed that everytime I tried to transmit, our telephone bell would ring. The mystery was solved. My aerial had sagged and was touching the telephone line.

I had great fun experimenting with wireless. For instance, I built a big battle ship--one-yard long--that was propelled by an electric motor and guided by wireless. It was quite an ambitious project, and it contained many inventions, at least the ideas were new to me, and it worked.

The hull, for instance, was made of one-inch boards, stacked like a layer cake--each board cut out by jig saw to give the boat proper lines and a fine, open area within. It worked fine.

About this time I built a canoe, following a plan in the AMERICAN BOY (my favorite magazine). I used barrel hoops, cut in half, for ribs, and the skin was heavy canvas well painted.

It gave me trouble. There was a twist to the top deck so that no matter what its position in the water might be, there was some place where the free-board was a minus one-half inch. All we, the two Dons and I, ever got out of this was dunking.

Another skill that absorbed my attention was drawing. Hours on end I spent in my upstairs room practicing pen strokes, colors, and so forth. In fact, by the time I got to high school, I had decided that I was definitely going to be a cartoonist.

My drawings were everywhere--on the bulletin boards at school (I would just stick them up), in our local newspaper (merchants would use them in their ads), at the motion picture theater, where you always had to sit through about ten of George Strehlike's slides between films (I sold them to merchants for \$1 each). Finally, all of this activity culminated in a chalk talk.

I stood on the stage, told my canned jokes, drew political and newsworthy cartoons with big, fast, strong strokes. What put the show over big was my using a mirror to reflect my spotlight on individuals in the audience--then I would draw their pictures. There was a trick to this.

First, I practiced on some people with strong features that I knew would be there. Then when I did the show, I began the picture by laying down the flesh tone with colored crayon. On the stage I could see the outline of this mass of color distinctly, but it was not that sharp to the audience. So when I went over it with black outline, I would make my corrections, and the finished job was okay.

The local motion picture theater had me put on my act several times and paid me with half the gross take each night. It sure gave me a local reputation.

Incidentally, I got the idea of these chalk talks from the Chautauqua Circuit. We had one every summer. National celebrities, statesmen, musicians, educators, and so forth, would come to our town and talk to us in the big tent they had in the school yard. One of these was a cartoonist who spellbound the audience with a chalk talk, and that set me off. After six months of preparation and practice, I was giving them too.

Every father has the duty of teaching his son how to work, and mine started on me quite early. As a very young boy I had chores, both at home, where I was the yard and furnace man, and at the drugstore, where I scrubbed and cleaned. These paid me nothing, and I didn't like them. Dad had quite a time getting me to buckle down and really do a job.

I soon learned, for instance, that Dad would judge my lawn-watering job by the amount of mist that blew over on the sidewalks. So I would water the walks and give the grass a couple of squirts for good luck and call it a day. But he got on to that!

One chore I particularly detested was to eliminate the dandelions on the lawn. I simply could not keep up with them.

Dad had been riding me about the dandelions, so one day I pulled a fast one. I went over the lawn with great care, knifed every dandelion but did not lift the severed plant. When he got home and saw that the dandelions were still there, he blew his top, grabbed a knife and to the accompaniment of slamming doors, stomped out to do the job himself. Pretty soon he came in quietly and sat down and read his paper. All he had to say to me was, "Wise guy!"

The chores at the store were an utter bore. One was to wash up all the old bottles. Some of them had stuff in them that I simply couldn't clean out. In my desperation it did not take me long to learn to dump about half of them up the alley in the restaurant's rubbish.

As for washing shelves and sweeping floors, well, the less said the better. Every once in a while one of the clerks would lose patience, take my rag or broom and do the job. Maybe this was the way Dad planned it. He was a very smart gent.

I got interested in washing the showcases because I found money between them. The cases on each side of the cash register always glistened.

One of my tasks delighted me. Each Christmas I was the delivery man for the store. Dad would bring the parcels home with him the night before, and on Christmas morning, after I had had my predawn orgy of opening presents and after breakfast, I would start out with my sled piled high. Some of our friends thought Dad was giving me cruel treatment, but I loved it.

Everyone was so glad to see me. Everybody was happy, and I was very much in the spirit of the season. I felt like a junior Santa Claus. It was wonderful.

Incidentally, everyone gave me a handout. I received more candy, cookies, and fruit than I could possibly eat.

But generally speaking, all those unpaid for chores were making me rebellious. Dad knew it, of course, and he began a new approach--adding incentives.

He offered to pay me \$3 a week if I would sweep and mop the store every morning before going to school. Well, that was different. Three bucks a week. You bet. I grabbed that job and did it real well. It gave me other ideas too.

Soon I was sweeping out the Home State Bank. It paid me extra for cleaning the spittoons and a bonus for cleaning the windows. I then got a job from Herman Elliott, keeping his office and apartment clean. He sometimes regretted this deal because I was forever breaking in on him before he was ready to get up in the morning.

Dad then proposed that I peddle bills for him on Saturdays about once a month. I could cover the entire town in one day on my bicycle. He paid me for doing it too. That also gave me ideas.

I wrote letters to those national firms who advertised in our local paper, offering to deliver their message, sample, or whatever to every house in town for \$2, and I got some business. Some days I would be carrying as many as six items on my job. In fact, I couldn't always use a bicycle. Often I needed a little wagon.

Speaking of bicycles reminds me of my first one. Like every boy, a time comes when he must have a bike. I had the fever bad. I was riding every bicycle I could get my hands on--it was all I could think about.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE announced that any boy who would bring in forty subscriptions could have a brand new Columbia bicycle. That was for me. I enrolled pronto, got all the sales pitch, subscription forms, and so forth, and went out to sell Munsey subscriptions or else. The first twenty were a cinch; they went to family friends that just could not refuse me. The next ten were rough, but I got them. I was still ten short. Nobody, I mean nobody, would take another subscription. I decided to discuss my problem with Mr. Reeves. He handled insurance, and he knew how to sell. His son was a friend of mine, and he always liked me.

I showed him my list of best prospects, all of whom had refused me. There were twelve. In fact, Mr. Reeves was one. He said, "George, if you sell nine, I'll take a subscription too, just for you."

So I went down the list and got nine others to say the same thing; then in a final whirlwind flash of activity I had the ten signed up, and my bicycle came two weeks later. It was absolutely, positively, emphatically a thing of magnificence and beauty. I could hardly stand it.

Dad was proud too. We walked home from the store together, me wheeling my new bicycle, he so straight and with his hat on the back of his head. To everyone we passed, he would make a flourish toward the bicycle and say, "The kid just earned it selling magazine subscriptions."

Dad, seeing how I responded to incentives, got me interested in selling merchandise in the drugstore. He told me interesting facts, gave me ideas, turned over projects for me to handle.

I learned to make snappy show cards so we could put real punch in his window displays. Dad and I would set them up together.

He had a Rexall store, and we pushed that line hard. There was a money-back guarantee, but the Rexall Company would not back it up unless we made a strong effort to keep the merchandise sold. This money-back stuff was new. We were afraid, as were Rexall, that the public might take advantage of it to get merchandise free. Result: I don't think we ever gave anyone any money back. We always talked them into giving the stuff another try. How wrong could we be.

The annual one-cent sale was a BIG DEAL. The store was covered, inside and out, with pennants. Windows blazed the story. Dad not only ran extra ads in the newspaper, but he chiseled a lot of free publicity. I blanketed the town with handbills. Boy! Did we sell!

I loved it. No one ever bought anything from me without receiving a suggestion about something else that "we happened to have on special." I learned to make the long profit stuff conspicuous and to pay strict attention to what the customer said. If he wanted something that we did not have, I made sure Dad knew about it--chances were he would order the stuff. And when it came in, I would telephone the customer.

You should have seen me at the soda fountain. I made more people sick with my banana splits! But that was the way I liked them.

Dad gave me a thorough indoctrination in the business of running the drugstore with the exception of the prescription department. During my high school years he even had me keeping the books. In addition, he encouraged and inspired my many other projects.

All of this was great experience for a growing boy. It has been gratifying to me to see how well my own son, Louis, ran the same course. He became terrifically active--giving magic shows, painting houses, door-to-door selling, and so forth, and it is no accident that he is succeeding in business.

This brings me to the ice cream factory.

Dad could not get good ice cream. He bought it from the local creamery, and it was poor quality and not uniform. He talked to me about the ice cream business. I was all for it.

I had \$200 saved up. Dad put in a like amount as did two others. With a capital of \$800 we were soon in business. I found myself in a small building down the alley with a ten-gallon ice/salt freezer, a bunch of cans, equipment for keeping things clean, cold, or cool--and ready to go. Everything was spick-and-span and white.

The farmers brought their cream to me, which I sampled in my Babcock centrifical butter fat tester and paid for at \$.35 a pound butter fat. I would then mix the creams so that the ice cream would contain 20 per cent fat.

Business was good. Besides Dad's store, I got the principal outlets in Ouray, Telluride, Delta, Olathe, and some even in Grand Junction. Dad would soften up these people on the telephone; then I would call on them and sign them up.

I tried to save some money on the ice cream mix. The trade journals were discussing the use of solids instead of butter fat to give more body to ice cream. I sent to Denver for twenty gallons of evaporated whole milk to experiment with. When it came, it was churned to butter--illustrating graphically the rough road bed of the D.&R. G. Railroad and explaining why I always got train sick going to Denver.

I'll never forget the cloud burst that hit Telluride. I stood on the big bridge that spanned the Uncompahgre River at our town (normally the river was about five feet wide, but our bridge was built for cloud bursts) and watched the trees, sheds, and rubbish sweep below me. Of all things, along came the big front of the Silver Bell, the bar and bawdy house--also my biggest ice cream customer. What a blow--twenty gallons a day down the river.

But the Silver Bell was soon back in business, bigger than ever. Some things live eternally.

Business fell off in the fall, so I took to making hot tamales and chili con carne for the winter trade. It was Dad's idea. Both were popular dishes in this area that was formerly part of Mexico.

The tamales were rolled in corn husks and tied in packets of twelve. The chili was molded like meat loaf. All a restaurant had to do was slice off a chunk and put it in a bowl of hot water and serve. These did not bring in the money that we got in summer from ice cream, but they did pay the overhead in the winter.

I also got hold of a machine for making popcorn crunch. Popcorn and syrup were pressed into round cakes about three inches in diameter, and a stack of five of these were rolled in wax paper. They sold well in drugstores, candy stores, and wherever people were gathered, such as at the movies, ball games, county fairs, and so forth. Again it was Dad's idea.

There were many more things that an active boy could do to make a buck. For instance, I had two newspaper routes. I sold subscriptions to and delivered the MONTROSE DAILY PRESS and THE DENVER POST.

I had the PRESS job first, and it occurred to me that I could deliver the POST at the same time. Many of them even to the same people.

To get my POSTs, I had to meet the three o'clock (p.m.) train every day, and for this I got special permission from school.

When news was hot, a lot of people would meet the train with me to buy my papers. I cleaned up when the Titanic sank.

Another venture was the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Several of us kids were peddling them, but within two years I had it all to myself. It was a great experience because they had a circulation manager who knew how to get action out of kids. I went into every contest, and one year I tied with someone in Pennsylvania for a first prize that came to \$100. I got \$50--pretty fine.

While I was still in grade school, our town voted itself dry. The beer drinkers had to ship in their beer by rail. Since I was at the depot every day anyway, I would list those receiving beer; then about once a month I would call on them with a horse and wagon borrowed from the local bottling works to pick up the empty bottles. I got \$.05 each for them.

Incidentally, if there were any empty gunny sacks around, I would ask for these too. The local feed store gave me \$.10 apiece.

Add to this a group of lawns that I kept manicured and the basements I would clean up for hire, and I was doing pretty well. Frankly, I had quite a local reputation as a money-maker.

The Coal Strike

The AMERICAN BOY gave me lots of ideas besides how to build wireless sets and canoes. One of them, a canoe trip through the lakes of Minnesota, stayed with me until I could do it one summer when Louis was home from college. It was a wonderful experience.

Another was the idea of being a Boy Scout. This appealed to me very, very much, but we had no such organization in Montrose. I got interested in the next best thing, the town militia, and when I was fifteen years old, I enlisted. I was tall, so I told them I was seventeen. Another fellow, my best friend, Frank Wilson, enlisted with me. Mother and Dad went along with it for me, although Mother did it without enthusiasm. Two weeks later we were called out on strike duty.

After two days and a night on the train, we finally wound up in Walsenburg, Colorado, where there had been some serious rioting. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company was being struck, and the leaders of the strike were considered a bunch of dangerous radicals. Many of the miners were newly migrated from Balkan countries, and they took to these disorders quite naturally. In fact, they had their own training grounds where they drilled and practiced military tactics. I am quite sure that they were at least better prepared for open fighting than we were.

Our first sergeant noticed how exhausted I was and put me on sentry duty instead of building the camp, digging latrines, and so forth. It was a terrific experience.

It was cold that night. Along about two in the morning, I heard someone and yelled, "Halt! Who goes there?" Everything was quiet. Soon I heard the same noise again, closer, and again I yelled, and again it was quiet. I had visions of some big, hairy Bulgarian sneaking upon me with a knife. The next time I heard the noise I shot--and away streaked a dog, yelling at the top of his voice! I hadn't hit him, but I sure gave him a scare. Me too--I had no idea that those rifles made so much noise.

The whole camp was instantly alert. The sergeant of the camp came tearing out to my post, followed by all the sentries who were on relief. What a lot of commotion. And did I get a lot of kidding!

We were around Walsenburg for several weeks when some people got killed at a mining complex called La Vita. Our company was sent there.

It was high in the mountains, beautiful country, and colder than anything I had ever before experienced.

Mine guards had been hired to protect the property, and they had the job well-organized. We took over where they left off.

The mines were in a small, high valley, and at the head of this valley was a big railroad trestle over which the coal was hauled. This, of course, was a prime target for saboteurs. To protect it, a small fortified lookout post with a big searchlight on the roof was situated at the top of a rise that commanded a view of the entire area. Two of us were assigned to this post until midnight the first night.

The man with me, Sergeant Franklin, I liked very much. His folks had a small greenhouse on the edge of Montrose.

We were terribly tired. I found myself actually failing to sleep while standing up, but we stayed right on the job, sweeping the trestle and approaches with our big light, watching intently for a suspicious move anywhere. Midnight came and went, no relief. At about one o'clock we tried to get headquarters on our telephone, and it was dead. Just then our big light went out. Well!

It looked as if someone out there was cutting wires. This was it! Franklin and I got out of that lookout post, which now took on the aspects of a trap, and worked our way down to the trestle so we could have some hope of protecting it. The night was black. It was cold, cold, cold.

I heard something--so did Franklin. It was moving on his side of the tracks, so I joined him there. We caught the sound of metal, of muffled voices.

Franklin told me to open fire as soon as I could make out any forms at all. Were we tense! Just then I heard Sergeant Woods's voice; there was no mistaking it. Those fellows were our relief party!

They were late because they had seen our light go out, and to guard against an ambush, they had been slowly working their way up the hill, spread out as skirmishers. If we had not recognized Sergeant Woods's voice, we might have opened fire on our own men. What a terrible thing it could have been.

I spent about two months on this strike duty. I had my school books with me and kept up with my class pretty well by studying at night while the rest of the gang were playing poker and black jack, etc.

My one recreation was checkers. I carried a small fold-up set in my haversack and was always ready for a game. No one in our company could beat me, so our guys would match me with strangers and make a few side bets. They generally won because I really had become an excellent player.

Most of the men in our company were nice guys, but we were surrounded by some of the roughest, dirtiest gutter types that I have ever seen, before or since. On two occasions I was part of an emergency detail to rescue militiamen who had gotten themselves in trouble in the local bawdy houses. There was a lot of venereal disease. In fact, some men in our own company had to be sent home because of it.

Mother was determined to get me out of this thing. One day when our colonel was in Montrose, she grabbed him and asked what could she do to get me released the quickest. He said, "Get me two new recruits, and I'll send your boy home right away." She had them that same afternoon.

I don't know how she did it, but she got the help of the local pool room operator, and with the judicious use of a few bucks, the job was done. The next day I was on my way home.

It had been a great experience, but I had had enough. I was glad to get back to school and my myriad activities.

* * *

You will note that nothing has been said about sports. The other kids were in baseball, football, basketball, track, and so forth, but not me. I tried them all, but the only one that caught my fancy was boxing. During my school years I wore out several sets of boxing gloves.

My greatest love was outdoor living. Dad took me on fishing trips to the Gunnison River and to Black Canyon--they were wonderful. For several years we rented old broken-down cabins at Lake San Christobel--an extinct mining area, where we fished and roughed it in moderate comfort. Mother could enjoy it there, and we had grand times.

Generally we went by rail. The D. & R. G. had a spur from Salida to Lake City, and it operated a one-car train over it once a week each way. The car was half baggage, half passenger. The male passengers wore old clothes so they could help clear rocks and debris from the tracks. From Lake City to Lake San Christobel was five miles of mountain road, which we would cover in horse-drawn buggies.

Once we made the trip from Montrose to the lake by automobile. Dad had a new Chalmers, which he had had to buy because he inadvertently ran it into a fence while on a demonstration. It was a good car.

Auntie Winnie was with us on this particular trip. We got along fine and were spinning up a steep grade in the mountains in the rain when we came to a strata of slum gullion--a talc-like substance that is very slippery when wet. The car started to skid. The road was narrow, and Dad could not maneuver, so he let it roll backwards. As soon as he was out of the slum gullion, he tried to swing the car into the mountain on a leveled off approach to a rough log bridge. But he missed, and we went off the bridge right in the middle, some thirty feet above a rushing mountain torrent. It was a very rough bridge; the logs cut for the roadbed were of varying lengths, and one of them stuck out far enough to stop the car from plunging. We found ourselves just teetering on the edge. Dad and I scrambled onto the hood to keep the car from sliding while Mother, Katherine Gerber, and Auntie Winnie climbed out. It was a close call.

It was getting dark. We built a fire, cooked dinner, then rolled up in blankets for the night. When we awakened in the morning, everyone's hair had turned white. A most amazing demonstration of what can happen when you are really frightened--so we thought--until we discovered that it was only hoar frost.

We finally found some help and got underway again, arriving at the lake about ten hours later than we had planned.

A few days later I took Auntie Winnie fishing on the lake. A sudden rain storm hit us, and I rowed like mad for home. Progress was terribly slow. I would yell to Auntie to sit in the middle, lean forward, sit a bit to the right, and so forth, secretly wondering why she had allowed herself to get so darned heavy. As we reached shallow water near our dock, the boat stopped completely. It was then that I realized that I had been dragging the anchor all the way. Did I feel foolish!

COLLEGE

I couldn't seem to get interested in going to college. I wanted to get going as a cartoonist.

Mr. Fellows introduced me to a man named Spear, who headed the art department for the DENVER POST and who drew the daily political cartoon for the front page. Spear thought my work was quite good and said he would be glad to have me on his staff whenever I was ready to go to work. I was way up on Cloud 9-- who wanted to go to college, anyway?

But Mother kept after me. Colorado College had given me a tuition scholarship, and she finally got me to accept it if only to see how I liked it. So I went to Colorado College for one year--and I liked it.

In fact, I got the bug. I decided college was for me. I wanted to go to the best one there was. Why not Oxford?

Dad didn't think so. I would have to work my way through, and that would be difficult in England. Okay, so I settled on Harvard.

Phenie Marshall, one of Mother's aunts, heard about all this, and she came to Montrose from Concordia, Kansas, to get in some persuasion. Her son, Joe, who now lives in Altadena, California, was just finishing a brilliant career at Harvard, and she insisted that that was the place for me. So I went.

Joe met me there, helped me find a room in a private home and steered me toward the registrar's office. The dean of admissions was flabbergasted. There had been no correspondence, no nothing. College was to open the following week, and there I stood in his office with my mouth full of teeth, expecting to move right in as a sophomore. Well!

He told me to write him a letter. Joe wrote it for me, and I signed it. There was a lot of discussions and meetings with certain members of the faculty. Finally, I was admitted as an unclassified student.

My credits from Colorado College were not allowed, but I was permitted to take examinations on some of the subjects to see whether I could qualify for Harvard credits. I found myself up to my ears in study, trying to pass these exams and trying to keep up with my current assignments.

At the same time, I was trying to make the Harvard Lampoon--finally became an editor--and the boxing team. I lost interest in the boxing because intercollegiate sports were upset by the war, and anyway, I just didn't have time.

To get ahead of my story a bit, I made the grade at Harvard, got my full degree in the record time of 2 1/3 college years. The fraction was because I enlisted in the army in May, 1918, and was not discharged till the following December. I was able to make up the lost time and graduate as originally planned. I shall never cease being amazed at this because no one knows better than I how tough it was to do. Nothing came easy for me. I am sorry to say I am no intellectual.

I worked harder and was under greater pressure at Harvard than I have ever worked or been before or since. It was a great experience and has given me an extra confidence that I feel to this day.

The financing of my college education was a problem. Father's health began to fail, and I couldn't look to him for everything.

The first year at Colorado College gave me no trouble. I had a tuition scholarship and \$800 in the bank, and I had to spend only half of it. The second year, at Harvard, was another matter. After spending my own money, I had to turn to Dad, and he very generously saw me through. This brings me to the summer of 1917. I spent a month on maneuvers with the R. O. T. C. and had to face up to the realization that I had just two months left to get some money together for the following school year.

John Lerew, a student in the Harvard Business School and an exfootball player from Lehigh, lived in the same private rooming house that I had found. We became fast friends.

When our country declared war on Germany (World War I), John was made an ensign in the U. S. Navy and given a production responsibility at the Boston Navy Yard. He offered me a job--and I sure took it.

I was in the Rigging Loft, and I worked with three other men turning out hammock clews, the spread of rope work that was fastened to each end of every hammock. I could either get paid by the hour or by the piece, and I chose the latter. Boy! Did I turn out those clews!

Needless to say, I was not popular. Whereas the other men were making about \$.50 an hour, I was knocking down about a dollar. They resented it so much that they made trouble for me at every opportunity, but they hadn't seen anything yet.

John and I drew up a design for a machine to make these hammock clews. The most time-consuming part of the job was weaving a sword knot in each. With this new apparatus, the sword knot could be put in by the use of two foot pedals--similar to a loom--saving at least 3/4 of the usual time in making the clew. John had one of the machines made in the metal shop and asked me to find out just how fast it could go--at regular piece rates. Did I make money!

When the college year began, I had enough to see me through nicely till spring. On three different occasions over the next two years, I had to explain to naval boards of inquiry how I got paid so much.

Financial problems became acute again when I was mustered out of the service the following December. Acute? I was flat broke. My Lieutenant's pay of \$125 a month just had not been enough. In fact, I was still in debt for my O. D. overcoat.

Father was very ill. He was selling the drugstore and planned to move to California. He wrote me not to try to return to college--he couldn't help me, and there was nothing for me to do but to consider my education complete.

Dick Strout, my closest friend and the man I planned to room with, wouldn't hear of it. He insisted that there must be some way to finance my last year, and he suggested that I talk my problem over with the dean. It was good advice.

The dean thought it was important that I get a degree. My record was good, and he said I was the kind of man the college was ready to help. He dug up a list of small and medium sized endowments that were earmarked for needy and deserving students on a loan basis, and the two of us picked out the ones best suited for me. So I finished Harvard on borrowed money, which took me more than four years to pay off. But pay it off I did, with interest, and I am forever grateful for the help I received.

Now a few words about my college life.

Frank Wilson, the boy who enlisted in the militia with me, enrolled in Colorado College with me also. We arrived in Colorado Springs before dawn and were met by a fellow who said his name was Beaver. It turned out that he was a Kappa Sig and they had good reports about Frank and me. Within a few weeks we were pledges, and as soon as our first-term grades were official, we were initiated.

Frank and I never regretted our choice. We lived at the Kappa Sigma house and loved it.

While we were still pledges, the freshman-sophomore hair-cutting war broke out. It was all in good collegiate fun. Every man carried a pair of clippers, and whenever he could overpower a man in the other class, he would clip his hair. Battles broke out in the library, before breakfast in dormitories, even in Chapel. Finally, the dean of men cracked down, and the two classes agreed to let bygones be bygones. To demonstrate the peace, they got together that night for a night-shirt parade through the business section of Colorado Springs.

What a contrast all of this was with Harvard. The two colleges were poles apart in every thing pertaining to social activities. At Harvard I ran into walls of indifference. I was mowed down from time to time by snobbery. No one ever came up to me as a stranger to just talk and be friendly.

In the beginning I was lonely and very homesick. But as the work piled up, I didn't have time to be friendly with anyone anyway, so I gradually adjusted to the new environment.

Somehow I met a very friendly fellow by the name of Jay Myers. He turned out to be a Kappa Sig like me, and he got me admitted to the Harvard chapter.

Incidentally, it was an excellent group. It was the only national fraternity at Harvard (too much snobbery--all other fraternities had long since converted themselves into exclusive clubs), and because of this you might say Maverick status, it was able to enroll men who also belonged to clubs, an action which was something no club was permitted to do. We had a really first-class roster, and I often considered how fortunate it was that I chose Kappa Sigma at Colorado College.

THE WAR

Jay Myers and I heard that the 19th Division was about to sail to France. It was being trained at Camp Devons, just forty miles from Cambridge. We decided to enlist. It was May, 1918.

As soon as we were full-fledged privates, we were reassigned to Officers' Training School at Camp Lee in Virginia. We hadn't planned on this. The division of our choice sailed without us, fought brilliantly, lost hundreds of men-- and neither Jay nor I even got across. Maybe it was just as well.

After ninety days of strenuous work under great pressure, we were both commissioned second lieutenants. Jay was kept at Camp Lee, and I was sent back to Camp Devons, where I was given a company in the Depot Brigade of some four hundred men. I shall never forget the first morning when they marched past me to the drill grounds. I was almost overwhelmed. I just did not feel the confidence a man needs who must direct so many. But that was only temporary.

The culmination of our training at Camp Lee was a big maneuver and sham battle. Half the camp was marked with blue ribbons, half with red. The Blues were ascendant and in pursuit, and the Reds were seeking to disengage and re-organize, so they could open a sharp defensive maneuver. I had been given command of the Reds' rear guard.

We were stampeding pell-mell with the enemy at our heels. I spotted some terrain I thought we could hold temporarily and threw the rear guard in a skirmish line at the edge of some woods. The Blues had to form a line to engage us. Just then gun fire opened on their extreme left flank. The Reds were thrown into confusion, and I dashed around to investigate. They finally got organized and drove out my ^{Blue} rear guard, but by that time the main body of ^{Blue} was out of trouble and ready for battle.

When the exercise was over, I was called front and center and cited for a brilliant rear guard action. I said nothing, but I felt as phoney as a three dollar bill. Hell, I had been lost! I never did find out where that gun fire on the Reds' left flank came from. In fact, I had trouble finding my own Blue army when the battle was over.

I have often wondered how many military reputations have been based on just such flukes.

My cousin, La Pool, who was in Harvard with me, had an entirely different war experience. He wanted nothing dangerous. While I sought to join the 19th Division that was headed for real military effort, he dashed out and joined an ambulance unit. He figured things would be safer where the wounded were. Well...

He saw terrific action. He was shot up, his ambulance was destroyed, not once but several times. He was given a Croix de Guerre for heroism under fire. And me? I never even got across.

The war ended November 11, 1918. By the time I had checked Government property back to the quartermaster and had been mustered out myself, it was December. I have already explained how I happened to go back to Harvard.

After an especially happy Christmas with Dick Strout and his family at Middlebury, Vermont, the new college term, with six months of gruelling work, began.

CAREER

What was I to do after college? That question tortures nine out of ten undergrads, and it had me squirming. I had decided not be a cartoonist. Guyous Williams, a very successful one, had pointed out to me that only the very top men in any line of artistic endeavor were in demand. The top ones do well, the others live in garrets. He explained that it might take twenty years to get recognition, if ever. I should not go into it unless I had an overwhelming ambition along that line. I did not.

I had decided against cartooning anyway, although I did not realize it. The thought of being chained to a drawing board was abhorrent. I was too restless.

What else?

I haunted the Harvard Placement Bureau and chased down several dozen leads. For a while I thought I would go with Swift and Company to be a wool buyer in South America. Then I decided to take a job in the sales promotion department of Gillette and Company (safety razors), and there were other such ideas, but everything went by the boards after I had made a careful study of the ice cream business.

Being my own boss was a delightful prospect. I knew that I would have a lot to learn, but even so, my experience during high school days gave me a feeling of confidence.

I made a careful survey of the market, of the equipment and finances I would need, of the volume of business necessary to survive. I could see that my break-even point would be about eighty gallons a day; anything sold above that amount would net me \$1 a gallon. It was exciting.

After forming a corporation, I went out to sell stock. Finally, it was John Lerew, my old friend at Harvard, that put up most of the money. We were ready for business on September 1, 1919--just 2 1/2 months after my graduation from Harvard.

Dad took a dim view of all this. He wrote me a strong letter urging me to forget ice cream and take a job with a big growing company where I could develop myself into a really important citizen. It was too late for me to change, but his letter haunted me for years.

The first account I went after was the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. It served lunches in all the public schools in the Boston area, and it used well over sixty gallons a day during the winter too.

The day came for me to make my presentation, but my equipment was not yet all installed. I bought a small hand freezer, made up a rich cream mix, and served this handmade product at the time I made my pitch. It sure was good--the ice cream, I mean. I myself had two helpings. I won the account--a most auspicious beginning.

Next I went after schools and colleges. There are a lot of them around Boston, and they all had dining rooms. Its being September, I was going after winter business with all my might. I landed every one of them.

There was a big cafeteria at Harvard Square that would not buy my Old Colony ice cream. I went to the frat house and told everyone to complain about the ice cream when they paid their checks at this cafeteria. It worked great. The very next day the cafeteria gave me their account BUT I was unable to switch off these complaints from my fraternity brothers in such a short time. They kept pouring in, and I came within an ace of losing out again.

We had to expand. More trucks, more teams, more inside equipment. All this took money. Creditors were breathing down my neck. We were broke, but we hoped for a break of some sort, and we got it.

I had heard about Eskimo Pie. When they sent a letter asking all New England ice cream men to meet in Springfield, I was there.

There was no question about the market for Eskimo Pie; that had been demonstrated in other sections of the country. It would take a couple of months for the manufacturers to get in the proper machinery and to get organized generally, so it was proposed that no one would begin for two months. In the meantime Eskimo Pie Corporation would stir up demand with a mystery advertising campaign. Everyone agreed--except me. I didn't say anything.

Why should I wait two months? I was broke anyway. What could I lose if I began selling the stuff right now?

I got busy making "Ice Bergs." They were dipped and wrapped by hand--no machinery--and I soon had forty girls on this job. Things happened fast.

Eskimo Pie opened suit. They soon dropped it. I didn't think they had a case.

The telephone was ringing constantly as people began to hear about Ice Bergs. My answer was always, "Sorry, all I am doing is supplying our regular customers...Well, yes, if you want to be a regular customer, I guess we would have to take care of you too." And I picked up new accounts all over town. What a coup.

Shortly before this Eskimo Pie venture, we had a most unusual experience.

It was Saturday, and I didn't have enough money to meet the payroll. I spent the morning chasing around to some of our bigger accounts to get cash advances, and I got precious little. I walked back to the plant wondering just what I could do, and what I saw was like a miracle.

A thousand volunteer militiamen were being transferred from the Armory next door to other parts of town. It was during the famous Coolidge police strike. As they sat on the ground in the hot sun in back of our ice cream factory, waiting for trucks to move them, they began banging on the back door for ice cream. Charlie, my foreman, rigged up a counter out of two sawhorses and a plank, and he sold ice cream as fast as he could dip it at \$.25 a dish. We took in over \$400, and we were out of trouble. How about that? I almost started going to church again!

The ice cream business was exciting. Everything happened. I had fist fights with the help. We lost our horses (eight of them) in a stable fire. I took over an employee restaurant at one of the candy factories for bad debts and was in the restaurant business for a while. We took in one Mark Davis, who wanted to invest. He turned out to be crook of the most bizarre kind. I caught him tearing up the plant one night (he had sold our accounts to a competitor and sought to prevent our deliveries), took a gun away from him, and made him put everything together again. Trucks froze from both cold weather and hot weather. We were robbed. We were raided (the night of the police strike), and we were sued by creditors till it got funny. For a while I always expected to find the sheriff in charge on Monday mornings. We became good friends.

Our basic troubles were falling prices and increasing costs. The big creameries were going into the wholesale ice cream business, and they could get their butterfat for half what it cost me. I explained our problems to the stockholders, and I wound up by buying them out. Then I got busy to see whether I could salvage anything by selling the plant. I developed a number of deals, and I finally sold it to my first customer, the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. It was opening its own ice cream business.

I cannot leave this story of the ice cream business without at least a mention of my experiences as a boxer. The two are related in that it was the vigorous work that I was doing that put me in such top physical form. Handling three hundred pound cakes of ice, 140-pound sacks of salt, loading and unloading trucks, packing ice cream, cleaning, and so forth, were great exercise--the kind that fills a young man with vigor and vitality. I had never felt better in my life.

One day I watched a young policeman arrest two men at Kendall Square and pack them into the paddy wagon. One of them resisted. The cop gave him a fast one-two and at the count of three had him sailing into the wagon by the nape of his neck and the seat of his pants. It was like magic. The cop threw out his chest, flexed his arms, and cried, "Kay-rist, but I feel good!!"

I knew exactly what he meant. I was boxing out of sheer exuberance, not because of a killer instinct or anything like that.

Tryouts for the Golden Gloves were at the YMCA. On Thursday nights we would perform at Mechanics Hall. I saw considerable action, enough to convince me that I was not a fighter. My problem was the lights. Just when I would be getting interested, they would go out and generally come on again while someone was counting. In other words, I was a sucker for a left hook--very discouraging.

California

After a few months with the new owners, getting the ice cream business integrated, I joined my mother and dad in Oakland, California. Things looked good. I had a bankroll, and I was free to choose a new career.

It turned out to be real estate in Los Angeles. I took a desk with R. A. Rowan and Company, a well-established and very respectable firm.

It was slow work. I soon became disillusioned about making any killings as a broker. A living was all I could expect; so I turned to promotions.

I had a good friend, Bert McKee, who was in his family's lumber business and was soon to become the manager of it--the San Pedro Lumber Company. With him I built some houses and sold them. Good going. I was making money again, but I was using up my capital. It was being frozen into second mortgage paper.

I then became more versatile and got into quite a variety of deals in which my hard cash participation was comparatively small. One was the Alsace Apartments.

This job took about \$70,000. It was financed by a first and a second mortgage and an issue of common stock. The lessee was to supply the furniture for the apartments and put up the last six months' rent as security on his lease. This was the customary agreement.

Dad had long been talking about such a deal, and he decided he wanted this one. Fine! I was sure it would work out well for all of us.

Shortly before the building was finished, I began to have misgivings. Real estate was slowing up. I suddenly became afraid that this Alsace might be a trap for Dad; so I found another lessee and got Dad off the hook. He wasn't sure that I was right, and he gave me a little trouble, but I got him out anyway.

I was right. The bottom fell out. The new lessee took a frightful loss. As a matter of fact, the whole deal went sour. Finally, after eighteen years, we were able to liquidate the thing at a profit. It was a terribly long wait.

As I said, the real estate business in Southern California was in the doldrums. I went to Oakland to see whether I could do anything around there to profitably use my newly acquired skills in developing properties. One thing that I launched and that had me jumping was a million-dollar hotel promotion--strictly blue sky. Commitments were made by the property owners, builders, architects, underwriters, and many, many others--all contingent on everyone else's fulfilling their commitments. One domino goes down, they all go down. And down they went.

It was a bitter experience. My losses in time and money were not trivial, but I learned plenty, and as I turned to other things, I kept my feet firmly on the ground. I got interested in the cracker and cookie business.

Sunshine Biscuits had bought out the California Cracker Company, and a group of the California men wanted to go into business for themselves. It sounded good to me. They knew the business, and there was an idle cracker factory in Sacramento to be had under bankruptcy liquidation; so I joined them. We had a flourishing business in short order. My end of it was sales, and I saw to it that every grocery store in Northern California and Western Nevada was hit and hit hard every week--every restaurant, every two weeks. At the end of one year we were operating in the black, and prospects were rosy when...

Lindbergh flew the Atlantic.

That was in 1927. I was thirty years old. Suddenly I knew that I had to make a choice. For years, ever since those boyhood days at 721 North First Street in Montrose, I had thought of a career in aviation. How about it?

If I delayed my decision, I would never make it. It was now or never. So...

I made a study, the pros and cons, and balanced them out on paper. I decided that I had two decisions to make: (1) Could I be sure that the airplane could become a commercial vehicle, (2) If so, how much of a market would there be for its services?

The nation's periodicals were full of articles on both points, ranging from high optimism to low pessimism. I had to know what George Strehlke's opinions were and whether he was willing to bet his working career on them.

I decided "yes" for each point, although No. 2 gave me pause. I could think of no way to measure the commercial value of air transportation. Personally I was afraid to fly (I still am, in the kind of airplanes we had then). The only time I had been aloft was a few months previously, when I had gone up in a captive balloon--and that scared the hell out of me.

I talked to others who had flown, however, and most of them were enthusiastic about it. None of them seemed to be afraid. I decided, therefore, that there would surely be a market--how big, I had no idea.

So far so good. Now I had one more thing to consider. There would be a time lag before aviation would be accepted. How long the development or "pioneering" period would take was anyone's guess.

There was another face to this same coin. A lean pioneering period would shake out many people, leaving the real future in aviation to those with perseverance enough to hang on. I decided to be one of them.

I sold out my share of the cracker business, went to San Francisco, and through Kenneth Humphrey (I knew him in Montrose; his father had a clothing store there), I got a job with Pacific Air Transport, which was just beginning a mail contract on the West Coast, servicing Seattle, Portland, Medford, Oakland, Fresno, Bakersfield, and Los Angeles. He was the general manager; I was the traffic man.

Traffic man? I looked it up. I found that I would have nothing to do with directing airplane traffic at the airports. My job would be getting and handling the traffic carried by the airplanes. Nothing like knowing exactly what your job is.

Soon I was doing the same thing for the Boeing System (San Francisco-Chicago with all stops in between) on an intercompany arrangement, and I was sent to the new Chicago office, where I met Gwen Whitehouse.

It was love at first sight. I knew that Gwen was for me, and she seemed to feel the same way because we didn't even discuss it. All we talked about were possible wedding dates. The sooner the better. I was completely and irrevocably sunk. Without Gwen life had no meaning. Everything, I mean everything, depended upon our living our lives together. We were married in Bay City, Michigan, on January 10, 1929.

CONCLUSION

After some thirty years of every experience an honest and active young man could get into, I had suddenly made my two big, fundamental decisions-- I had chosen my career and my life partner. Now after having lived a full and happy life and especially as I contemplate our two wonderful children, I attest that those decisions were good. I thank Almighty God for guiding my judgment.

And I leave to other and younger hands the future chapters in the Strehlke Saga.

APPENDIX

ADDITIONAL ANECDOTES

1. Jack Dempsey, the great prize fighter, lived part of his childhood in Montrose (he had a different name then). He lived literally on the other side of the railroad tracks. Unlike some of his friends, Dad would succumb to the taunts of Dempsey's friends (especially of two particular boys--one white and one colored) and get into fights. However, whenever Dempsey was around, he would step in and break up the fracas. Jack Dempsey was well-liked and respected (probably because of his demonstrated strength!) by the people in his neighborhood. Dad too liked him.
- *2. As soon as camp was established at Walsenburg, our first job was to gather up all the arms and ordnance in the hands of the people in the area. Many weapons, of course, were hidden from us, but it was surprising how much we did gather in. Some of the items were real interesting. For instance, we got two machine guns. We in the militia had no machine guns whatsoever, and we were glad to get them. We also found a homemade cannon. Its principal parts were a large steel cylinder with a reinforced concrete breech mounted on a pair of wagon wheels. We never fired it, but we understood it was designed to be loaded by a keg of blasting powder with a keg of nails shoved in front for shrapnel. Frankly, I doubt whether it had ever been fired. We all figured it would take just too much courage!
3. Dad enlisted as a private on May 15, 1918; detailed to Officer Training School, Camp Devens, Massachusetts; transferred to Infantry Central Officers' Training School, Camp Lee, Virginia, in June; commissioned Second Lieutenant Infantry, August 25; assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Massachusetts, September 5; discharged December 13, 1918. He graduated from Harvard June 19, 1919, with a Bachelor of Arts degree.
- *4. I had always been excited about things aeronautical, and it was during the period in Los Angeles that I came in contact with a very interesting phase of it. I had found a very wonderful rooming and boarding house at 2525 Wilshire Boulevard (now occupied by a service station), a big, old home leased and managed by a very high caliber lady from New England whom we affectionately called Mother Crow. Among my roommates were E. Lawrence Chaffin, a young surgeon who is now rated tops in Southern California and who patched up Howard Hughes after he crashed while test piloting his own airplane; E. Richmond Ware, a young physician who is, as far as I know, still a colonel in the U. S. Army Air Corps; and others who have been close friends ever since.
MEDICAL

Also Cyrel Chappellet, a pilot on the Western Air Express run to Salt Lake, and Bob Gross, a classmate of mine from Harvard, bought a bankrupt airplane factory after some strenuous effort for about \$40,000 known as Lockheed. Yes, you are right, this is the famous Lockheed airplane factory. Bob Gross had died, but I think Cyrel is still treasurer of the corporation.

*5. A month after I was employed by Pacific Air Transport, I was sent to the Chicago office, and I found a room at the Allerton House. At that time this was a collegiate setup, and in the middle of each floor were a community bath and washrooms. While taking a shower on my first morning, I became acquainted with a James White, who was very friendly and since it was Sunday, asked whether I had any plans for the day. I, of course, did not. He suggested I might like to go for a ride or something with some friends, to which I agreed with alacrity. One of the friends turned out to be a very attractive, vivacious young lady named Gwen Whitehouse.

We had a wonderful day, and I couldn't keep her off my mind. This turned out to be a true example of love at first sight. After some three weeks of ardent wooing and a lapse of six months while she took a trip to Europe and I was busily getting established in my new assignments in San Francisco and Seattle, the inevitable happened--we were married.

This was not as impulsive as it sounds because during our absence we were in daily communications with each other. I would say that mine was a case of a sales job by direct mail.

As the day approached for the wedding, both of us began having the usual second thoughts and apprehensions. After all, six months had passed. It was hard to recapture the original sentiments, and there was a nagging chance that we might have oversold ourselves in our correspondence. But when my train pulled into the Bay City depot and I saw my Gwen, all doubts vanished. With suitcase in hand I leaped to the platform to learn that the train had not yet stopped, lost my footing, and skidded to her feet across the icy platform--with suitcase flying! Gwen's father, who was understandably disturbed by our tempestuous romance, broke out in a great laugh, and everything got off to a great start.

GENEALOGY

12/1961

ANDREWS

Parvis Andrews
 b. 1/16/1802 - Bemington,
 Vermont
 d. North Liberty, Indiana

m. Julia O'Dell
 **b. 12/11/1818 -
 Salem, New York
 d. ---

Jacob White
 b. 7/19/1792
 d. ---

m. Martha Sammis
 b. 9/9/1818
 d. ---

(2 children)

George W. Andrews
 b. 11/12/1847 - South
 Bend, Indiana
 d. 1/16/1906

m.
 (m. someone else after death of
 Hortence Florence White)

(13 children - one m. John Marshall)

Hortence Florence White
 b. 7/4/1853
 d. 7/8/1890 - Denver,
 Colorado

Winifred Florence Andrews
 b. 2/19/1874 -
 Concordia, Kansas
 d. ---

m. Hans Drost
 (m. Martin
 Kronenberg after
 death of Hans Drost)

*Nellie Mable Andrews
 b. 8/20/1876 -
 Concordia, Kansas
 d. 5/21/51

Florence Andrews
 b. 11/23/1880 -
 Concordia, Kansas
 d. 11/30/1950

Florence Anna (Toots) Drost
 b. 1/6/1892 - Aspen,
 Colorado

m. Peter Della Vedowa

Richard Della Vedowa m. Katherine Schumann-Heink

Winifred Della Vedowa m. Howard Tharsing

Margaret Della Vedowa m. Roy Hjersman

Caroline

Penny (m. Art Deleray), Pat, Marianne, Chip

Peter, Peggy, Rinky, Cindy

*See "Genealogy, Strehlke-Andrews"

**Family Bible gives this date as her death; because 1818 is inconsistent with birth dates of children, I assume it to be her birth date.

GENERAL INFORMATION

ANDREWS

1. Other Children of Jacob and Martha Sammis White (total of 13 or 14)

Ann	Wert
b. 1/10/1836	b. 2/14/---
Aren	Ambrose
b. 9/9/1837	b. 1/---/---
Trusdale	Josie
b. 1/13/1840	b. 1/12/1851
Hank	Wealthy
b. 4/13/1841	
Let	Marie White Houston
	b. 5/7/1857
Mattie	
b. 1/19/1845	
Phenie White Marshall	
b. 10/24/1858	
George	
b. 8/10/1882	
Joe T.	
b. 10/11/1889	
Sarah White Barnhart	
b. 12/1/1862	
d. 4/23/1925 - San Jose, California	
Maud Barnhart	
b. 5/11/1883	
Pearl Barnhart	
b. 9/1/1884	
Olive Barnhart	
b. 12/14/1885	

2. Other Children of Parvis and Julia O'Dell Andrews (total of 2)

Cynthia Andrews LaFong
b. 5/21/1849 - Eagleville, New York

d. 9/21/1920 - Kimmell, Indiana

3. Winifred Florence Andrews

m. 4/22/1891 - Denver, Colorado - Hans Drost

m. 8/5/1925 - Oakland, California - Martin Kronenberg
b. 2/10/1867 - Saukville, Wisconsin
d. 4/27/1937 - Oakland, California

Florence Anna (Toots) Drost
m. 5/19/1912 - Oakland, California - Peter Della Vedowa
b. 9/18/1889
d. ---

Winifred Della Vedowa
b. 5/8/1913 - Oakland, California

m. 11/4/1939 - Howard Tharsing
b. 10/25/1911

Richard Della Vedowa
b. 6/14/1917 - Oakland, California

m. 6/27/1942 - Katherine Schumann-Heink
(divorced and m. another 1961)

Margaret Della Vedowa
b. 12/14/1922

m. 2/5/1943 - Roy Hjersman
b. 7/29/1918

PERSONALITY NOTES

ANDREWS

I. George W. Andrews

A. Civil War

1. Ran away from home
2. Was courier at Gettysburg - 17 years old
- a. Used to joke with a pal in Montrose about the various battles

B. Occupations

1. Helped with the promoting of Concordia, Kansas
2. Laid out Montrose before railroad got there and was the town subdivider
3. Was glorified saloon keeper - saloons in Montrose, Salida, and Gunnison
4. Was miner - Cripple Creek, when Ganna was young
5. Owned Manitou Gardens in Manitou, Colorado
 - a. Glorified roadhouse
 - b. Combination of hotel, theater (only one around), sweeping lawn, huts on the lawn, which sold beer and refreshments
 - c. Vaudeville and traveling plays in theater
 - (1) Ganna, Auntie Winnie, Toots, and Dad went there for several months (put Toots and Dad in school there) because he was ill (bad heart and liver). All had a ball.
 - (2) Dad did some child-acting for the vaudeville shows, etc. Remembers one, "East Lynn," in which he had to sob--he had no trouble since he was supposed to be abandoned and he did not like the idea!
 - d. Great place for parties
 - e. Big business--had 50 to 60 people on the payroll

C. Personality

1. Had many friends and widely thought of
2. Was great poker player
3. Was great story teller
 - a. Never sacrificed the facts but glorified them
 - b. One thing that people remembered about him after his death
4. Was an extrovert
 - a. Loved people but never double-timed them
 - b. Never stayed angry long--just used his fists
 - (1) Knocked cold one of his employees for getting insolent. This occurred when he was an old man, shortly before his death!
 - c. Had an infectious laugh

5. Known as "Black George"--had a black beard when young
6. Was husky
7. Bought Dad his first suit of clothes--the ones George Louis, Jr., wore in the photo as a child

D. Death

1. Died at his Manitou Gardens
2. Died of a bad liver--probably from liquor

II. Hortence Florence White

A. Family

1. Lived in Connecticut
2. Dates back to Revolutionary War days
3. Came from well-to-do family

B. Courtship

1. Andrews "swept her off her feet."
2. Both very much in love
3. Andrews took her to Colorado

C. Personality

1. Sweet--not the dominating type
2. Active in community and school affairs
3. Captain of Anti-Saloon League
 - a. This movement occurred before Prohibition and was instigated by the hearty drinking of that time
 - b. The text books at that time preached against drinking
 - c. There were arguments in the home about the subject of saloons--Andrews just let her talk and ignored her speeches. He got a kick out of them, since he had saloons.

D. Last Days

1. Had poor lungs
2. Andrews took her to California and back in a covered wagon for her health--supposed to do the trick in those days. The trip was too much.

III. Phenie White Marshall (sister of Hortence Florence White)

A. Came to Colorado from Concordia, Kansas, to persuade Gannadaddy to let Dad go to Harvard

B. Son, Joe, was attending Harvard and had finished a world cruise. The pictures of Joe in white flannels on a boat very much impressed Dad. His sons did not live up to expectations--one was a carpenter. (This subject to later information.)

IV. Second Marriage of George W. Andrews

- A. She was generally considered a "battle-ax"
 - 1. Dad's family hostile to her--Dad doesn't even know the woman's name.
- B. Ganna and Winifred held the woman responsible for Florence's going wrong when she was young.
 - 1. Florence, upon encouragement from her stepmother, began dating an undesirable man. For many years thereafter she worked in "seamy" places.
 - 2. At one point the place she worked in caught fire, and she was severely burned. Gannadaddy claimed "they" burned it purposely to "get" Florence (for some mysterious reason). He did not come to her aid because of fear of what her reputation might do to a young man's struggling business in those "straight-laced" days. But Auntie Winnie flew to the rescue and nursed her sister for many months, eventually back to health.

GENEALOGY

12/1961

STREHLKE

Christian Strehlke

b. Gross Polobeen (Pallbain?)
(village), West Prussia (farmer)

7 children

Julius Leopolt (d?) Strehlke
b. 4/14/1837 - Gross
Polobeen, West Prussia
d. 5/20/1904

m.
8/8/1869

---Pischel

**b. Wilkau (village), Schlesien
(Silesia) (province), Prussia

---children

Alvina Ida Pischel
**b. 5/27/1849 - Wilkau,
Schlesien, Russia
d. 11/5/1932

Albert LaPool Strehlke m. Edith Waters
b. 5/21/1870

Fred August Strehlke m. Grace Fancy
b. 2/5/1872
d. 12/18/1938

*Louis Ferdinand Strehlke
b. 3/14/1874 - Black
Hawk, Colorado
d. 1/1952

GOTTLEIB
Carl Strehlke
b. 12/9/1877

Albert LaPool Strehlke, Jr.
b. 8/16/1896

Louise Alvina Strehlke
b. 1/10/1904

Margaret Lillian Mary Strehlke
b. 5/18/1913

Celeste Loretta Miriam Strehlke
b. 7/28/1916

*See "Genealogy, Strehlke-Andrews"

**I am assuming this Schlesien (Silesia) was in Prussia and not in Austria.

GENERAL INFORMATION

STREHLKE

1. Christian Strehlke

d. 61 years old

2. Other Known Children of Pischel

Fred J. Pischel (wife's first name was Julia)
1st Brigade, 3d Division, 5th Army Corps

3. Other Names in Strehlke Family

Alvina ~~Amelia~~
b. 3/22/1875
d. 4/2/1875

Edith Trelease
b. 8/15/1875
d. 7/5/1918

Grace (Mary Amelia)
b. 4/22/1883

Mae Frederica
b. 2/20/1902
d. 6/3/1912

~~Charles Gottlieb Strehlke~~
~~b. 12/9/1877~~

~~Carl Gottlieb Strehlke~~
~~b. 12/9/1879~~

4. Albert LaPool Strehlke

m. 2/10/1895 - Aspen, Colorado - Edith Waters

5. Fred August Strehlke

m. 10/18/1900 - Grace Fancy

Louise Alvina Strehlke
m. 10/24/1928 - San Diego, California - George Parsons

PERSONALITY NOTES

STREHLKE

I. Julius Leopolt Strehlke ("Strehlke" means "arrow man")

A. German Days

1. German Army
 - a. Drafted into peace time army
 - b. Then political problem caused Government to redraft those who were ready for discharge..
 - c. He refused to be redrafted.
 - d. Deserted to Holland--just made it across the border with the authorities literally racing to catch him

B. American Days

1. Came to Leadville, Colorado, with Alvina, his wife
 - a. Was a blacksmith and made ore wagons
2. Organized 40 other Germans to migrate to Rio Blanco County (Northwest Colorado) shortly after the Meeker Massacre to go into cattle business

C. Personality

1. Appearance
 - a. Was big and strong
 - b. Had a beard
 - c. Loved beer and wrestling--would wrestle with anyone
2. Vibrant personality
 - a. Had many friends
 - b. Had a temper
 - (1) This story is told by Dad: Dad was his favorite grandson, moreso than Pool (son of one of Gannadaddy's brothers). Hence the two were together very often with Dad keenly observing all. One day Julius Leopolt came to the house and stood dumbfounded as he saw dishes and pans being wildly thrown out of the kitchen. What was happening? Dad was merely copying his grandfather's angry moods. Contrary to what Dad expected, his elder howled with glee instead of raging with anger. Julius Leopolt never again threw kitchen utensils.

c. Had a sense of humor

(1) Talking about the troubles they had, he told this story:
"In Meeker the German settlers mounted guards at night
against the Ute Indians and the Mormon Black Angels
(Mormon military group). These Mormons would make off
with the women, and the Utes would steal cattle. We
sure couldn't spare any cattle."

D. Death

1. Died in Meeker
2. All the stores closed
3. Carriages stretched for a long ways (little boy's observations - Dad)
4. People came from miles around

II. Pischel

A. German Days

1. Born in Schlesien (Wilkau) in Russia
2. Owned an inn--gast haus
3. Was a colonel in Liberal Army--Revolution of 1848 (?)
 - a. The Liberals were about to overthrow the Kaiser and were in the process of negotiations when the Kaiser secured help from Austria.
 - b. He was put on "the black list."
 - c. Thus the family legend: "Pischel came over for his health!"

B. American Days

1. Manufactured pianos in Chicago
2. Made a fortune in real estate (Dad does not know exactly where-- maybe in the South or in Utah.)
3. Settled in Salt Lake City, Utah
 - a. Descendents still live there.
 - b. A prominent Utah lawyer killed in a plane accident in 1937 was one of his sons.

III. Alvina Ida Pischel

A. Came to America when six years old, to Colorado in 1869

B. Marriage

1. Didn't get along too well with husband, Julius Leopolt Strehlke
2. Ran a boarding house for miners while Strehlke ran his wagon factory (she was accustomed to hard work before marriage)
 - a. Made plenty of money
 - b. Gave all this money as grub stakes and never got anything out of them. Sucker for any grub stake that came along

IV. Sister of Alvina Ida Pischel

- A. Fine person
- B. Wealthy--lived in the West Wilshire district in Hollywood
- C. Socialist--didn't appeal to Gannadaddy very much

V. Children of Strehke-Pischel

- A. Brothers of Gannadaddy: Carl (simple), Al, and Fred (drifter)
- B. Compatibility: not much in common, although Gannadaddy helped them all at one time or another
 - 1. Gannadaddy was ambitious and educated.
 - 2. Al and Gannadaddy should have hit it off, but Al held himself aloof and superior.
 - a. Gannadaddy gave Al half interest in his drugstore in Meeker. Later gave him all of it. Al ran this store till he was an old man, then retired to Long Beach, California.
 - b. Al was in Long Beach for years while Gannadaddy was in Los Angeles before Gannadaddy knew it. Al was like that.
 - 3. Fred was venturesome.
 - a. He went to Alaska during the Gold Rush.
 - b. Afterwards he worked in the mines in Nevada.
 - 4. Carl stayed on the ranch in Meeker with his mother after his father's death. Later went to California and lived with Fred till Fred died and then lived with Al.

GENEALOGY

12/1961

STREHLKE - ANDREWS

Louis Ferdinand Strehlke (Gannadaddy)
b. 3/14/1874 - Black Hawk, Colorado
d. 1/1952

m.
3/22/1896 - home of
Winifred Drost - San
Francisco, California

Nellie Mable Andrews (Ganna)
b. 8/20/1876 - Concordia,
Kansas
d. 5/21/1951

George Louis Strehlke
b. 6/19/1897 - San Francisco,
California

m.
1/10/1929 - home of Gwen Whitehouse -
Bay City, Michigan

Gwen Whitehouse
b. 5/21/1901 - Bay City,
Michigan

George Louis Strehlke, Jr.
b. 11/20/1929 - Seattle,
Washington

m.
11/30/1959 - Los
Angeles, California

Gloria Bonando
b. 1/13/1936

Susan Faith Strehlke
b. 10/23/1933 - Los Angeles,
California
d. 1/28/1934 - Los Angeles,
California

Sally Faith Strehlke
b. 4/18/1936 -
Los Angeles,
California

Brian Howard Strehlke
b. 10/3/1959 - Alhambra,
California

Sabrina Strehlke
b. 10/27/1960 - Alhambra,
California