

Hochscheid Family  
**L**etters Across the Pond  
1906 - 1918



Translated and Annotated by  
John Hoeren

Dear Reader,

These letters, with a few exceptions, come from two main sources: Primarily they are letters sent from Cologne, Germany to August Hochscheid soon after his 1907 immigration to Kalispell, Montana. Most unfortunately the corresponding letters sent back home apparently did not survive the many moves of the Hochscheids, not to mention two world wars. But August saved what was sent to him, over two hundred postcards and letters kept tightly pressed together in three wooden Kalispell cigar boxes.

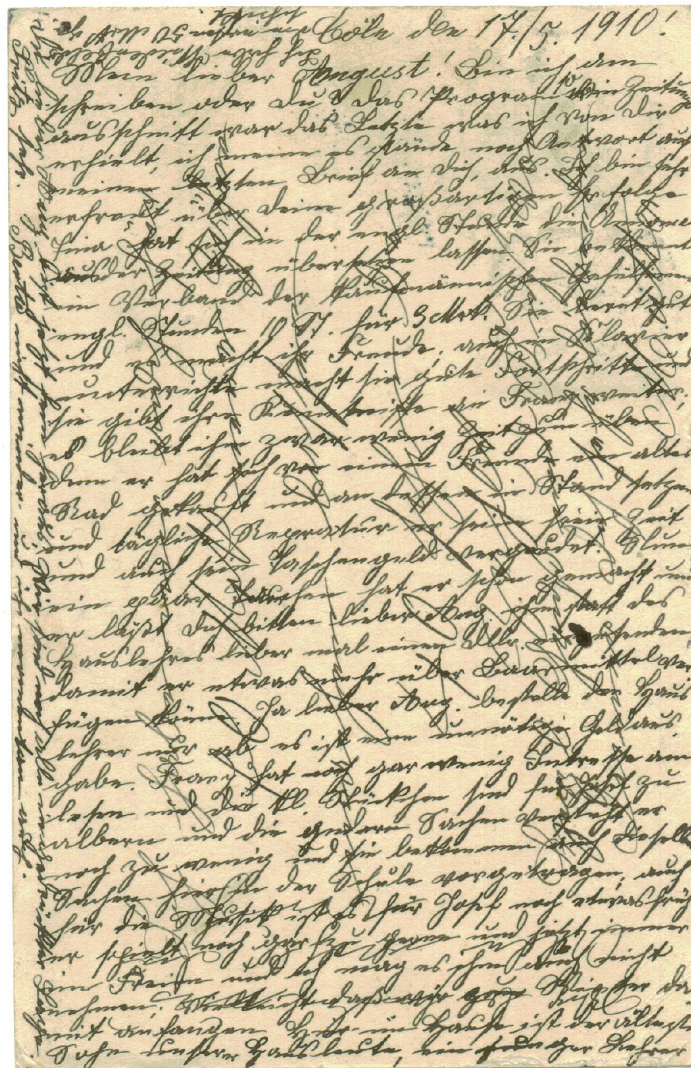
Added to these are letters by his sister-in-law, Traudchen, also newly immigrated, written to her good friend in Germany. In 1958 they were passed back to her daughter, Annette, who later sketched out a first draft translation to share with her sister and nieces. "I've been simply enchanted at the details (of historical value) which reflect in part the newness of the New World to an immigrant," Annette wrote to her sister.

During my spare time over the last ten years I have translated them from German to English. I hope you enjoy reading them. Although there are many gaps and lost threads, there are also many jumping off points for leaps of imagination. It is my hope that through your safekeeping they will be preserved a twinkling longer for others to enjoy down the road.

Heartfelt greetings,

John Hoeren

Kingwood, Texas  
14 May 2007



The original cards and letters were written in the old style German script. The above shows, in actual size, a postcard written by Christina on May 17, 1910. She often wrote on top of her own writing, crossing over in the opposite direction to get even more onto a card.

The often difficult and sometimes nearly impossible to read script was transcribed by my mother, Rita Hochscheid Hoeren, who was among the last generation to learn it formally in school.



## A SHORT FAMILY HISTORY OF THE HOCHSCHEIDS AND HOW THEY CAME TO COLOGNE & KALISPELL

In 1875, at age twenty-six, Friedrich Hochscheid, a chemical engineer in Cologne, married nineteen year-old Christina Zopp, the daughter of a barber whose family had lived in Cologne as long as anyone could remember.



Friedrich's ancestors had strong ties to Cologne also; although, the Hochscheid family is said to have originally come from the Hundsrück region, the hill country just south of the Mosel River, where, not far from Trier, is the village Hochscheid. His more immediate ancestry can be traced back to Meckenheim, a little town located south of Bonn, where by the end of the seventeen hundreds the Hochscheid family was affluent and well established. Friedrich's grandfather, Henrich Hochscheid, a magistrate licensed in Roman and Civil Law, was mayor there, and well connected particularly through his wife, whose cousin, Johann Peter Kramer, was mayor of Cologne from 1801 to 1803 during the French rule.



*Fritz Hochscheid*

*Christina Zopp*

A glimpse of the direct, outspoken nature that reappears throughout the family line is illustrated by an item from a local history book regarding this period:

*The peace tribunal established by the French government was at first held in Meckenheim under the direction of Judge Eschweiler; however, the mayor Hochscheid of Adendorf-Meckenheim had a brother, Ferdinand, minister of Witterschlick (1780-1799), whose harsh and loud criticism of the French government caused, as punishment, the removal of the peace tribunal from Meckenheim to Rheinbach.<sup>1</sup>*

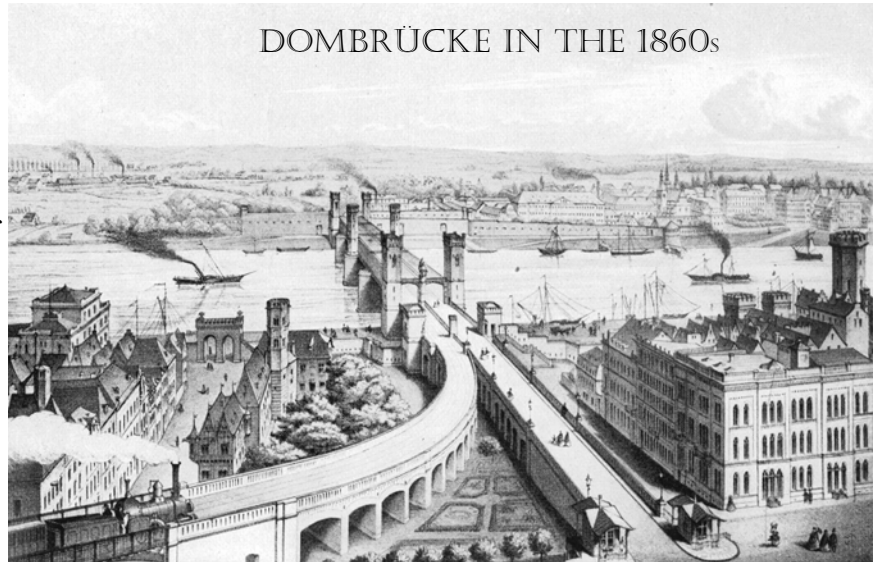
Henrich Hochscheid had thirteen children, but only three boys and one girl survived to adulthood. Changes in the local political and economic climate caused the children of Henrich to move away from Meckenheim in order to make their living. Two of the brothers moved to Nörvenich, a small farming town about 15 miles southwest of Cologne. Both had learned trades: Anton Jacob had learned the leather tanning business from relations in Meckenheim; and Friedrich's father, Johannes, had learned beer brewing and baking in Cologne, and soon had his own Wirtschaft in Nörvenich. The brothers lived, worked and raised families in the small town of Nörvenich until they were in their sixties, when both decided to move to the big city.

<sup>1</sup> Heusgen, *Die Pfarreien der Dekanate Meckenheim und Rheinbach* ©1926

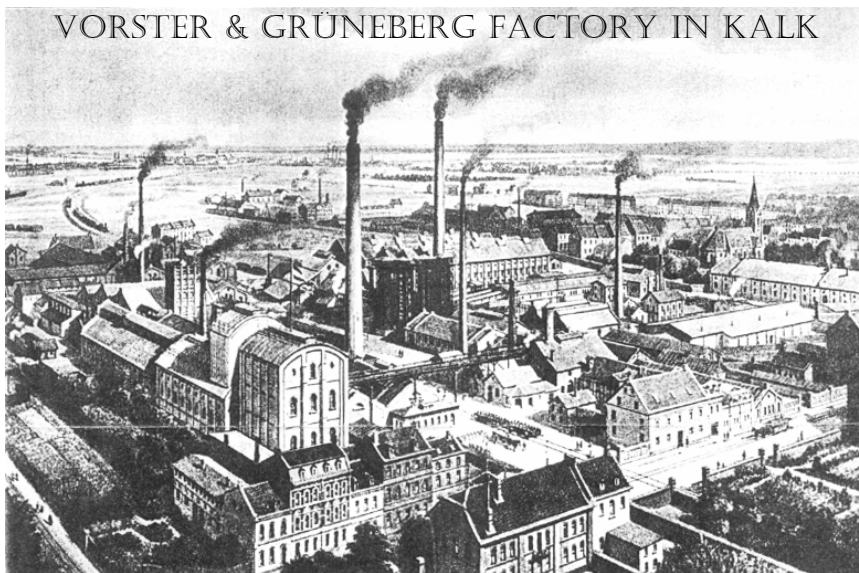
In Cologne Anton Jacob opened a leather goods store on the Hahnenstrasse in the fall of 1861. The business passed to his son, Carl, in 1865, then in 1896 to Carl's son, Paul. The name Hochscheid remained on the door as late as 1939.

Johannes followed his brother to Cologne in 1865, moving to the Raderberg district. By then he was married to his second wife, Magdalena Hett, his first wife having died of consumption in 1843. Having fathered seven children in his first marriage, Johannes had six more with Magdalena, but only three survived to adulthood: Berta, Friedrich and Paul.

The brothers had moved to Cologne while the city was regaining its place as a major metropolis after a period of decline that began in the late middle ages. Although a floating pontoon bridge had spanned the Rhine since 1674, the completion of the Dombrücke in 1859—the first fixed bridge since Roman times—brought the railroad into Cologne from the East. Industrialization, population and trade were on the rise, and the smokestacks of factories had begun to dot the landscape. Among them were the chemical works of Vorster und Grüneberg.



At age seventeen, Friedrich began forty years of service to the company. During this time, he often traveled to other European countries and was sent to cities such as Odessa, St. Petersburg and Moscow, setting up chemical producing machinery for branch factories.



Julius Vorster, a druggist, and Dr. Hermann Grüneberg, industrialist began the manufacture of saltpeter in Kalk, a suburb of Cologne, in 1859. In 1865, when Friedrich started working at the factory, they were just beginning to manufacture ammonia from gas water. In 1869 a second factory was built in Nippes just for this purpose. Both founders died in the 1890s. Their

sons continued the enterprise. The factory was sold in 1965 to BASF and finally closed and demolished in 1993.

Christina Zopp came from a large family also. Born at midnight on March 29th, 1856, she was the tenth of thirteen children.

Her father, Andreas, apparently had a hard time providing for his large family and entertained the thought of improving his circumstances by moving to America. His sister, Caecilia, had immigrated to New Orleans, Louisiana in 1851 with her husband, Peter Vogel, a tailor by trade, and four children. In November 1858 she and her husband wrote a letter to Andreas:



ANDREAS ZOPP

*Dear Brother Andreas,*

*We often speak of you, that you have a lot of courage to provide for your large family with your small income. Soon you may hope to receive help from your children.... We received both of your letters and thank God that you are all well again. So far we are hale and hearty as well. We were lucky to spend the summer here in Covington, since the yellow fever hit hard in New Orleans and thousands of people died.... In your last letter you inquired about the barber business here. An employee receives between fifteen and twenty-five dollars a month. To establish your own barber business would be very easy. In the average parts of town a shave costs five cents, or two Silbergroschen, and a haircut twenty cents, or eight Silbergroschen. In the fancy parts of town this is doubled.... If only you were all here, you would get by much easier. One of the best trades here is barrel staving, since everything large and small is transported in barrels. Perhaps because of your large family, though, it will not be possible to make the trip.... We would like it very much if it were possible for Anton to come to America after his military service has ended; then, at least, one of the family would be here, and it would likely be easier for him to make a living here than in Cologne. If he cannot afford the trip, tell him to write to us, and we will do whatever possible to bring him here.... We hope to receive more and better news from you in your next letter. We imagine paying the postage may be difficult for you, but please write as often as you wish, we will be happy to pay the postage due in order to hear the latest news from you.*

Within three years of this letter the American Civil War would affect the Vogel family's lifestyle. At this point it is not known whether they returned to Germany or stayed in America; and, if so, what became of them.

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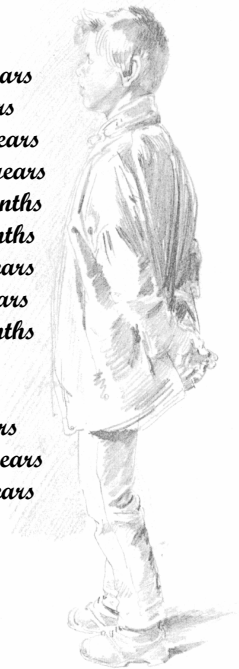
Christina's aunt was not the only relation who had started a new life in the New World. Three of Friedrich's uncles, Magdalena Hett's brothers, had also immigrated to America. Two were musicians by trade, one worked as a tanner, all settled in Milwaukee, Wisconsin in the 1840s and started families whose descendants were living in Milwaukee as late as the 1970s, and are possibly still there now.

In 1876 Friedrich and Christina began their family with their first child, Fritz. Twenty-three years later, at ages 50 and 43, respectively, they completed the family with the birth of Josef, the fourteenth child.



1. "Fritz" Friedrich Wilhelm Andreas
2. Johann Paul Wilhelm
3. "Willi" Wilhelm
4. Peter
5. Maria
6. Anton Jacob
7. August
8. "Berta" Maria Magdalena Barbara
9. Johann Paul Wilhelm
10. Maria Magdalena
11. Franz
12. "Fina" Christina Maria
13. "Franz" Maria Franz Josef
14. Josef

- born 20 Jan 1876, lived 80 years  
 born 30 Jul 1877, lived 4 years  
 born 26 Nov 1878, lived 39 years  
 born 25 May 1880, lived 85 years  
 born 18 Nov 1881, lived 11 months  
 born 23 Jan 1883, lived 5 months  
 born 26 Apr 1884, lived 94 years  
 born 14 Jun 1885, lived 84 years  
 born 24 Sep 1886, lived 5 months  
 born Feb 1888, lived 6 months  
 born May 1889, lived 2 hours  
 born 6 Apr 1891, lived 74 years  
 born 20 May 1895, lived 91 years  
 born 26 Apr 1899, lived 79 years

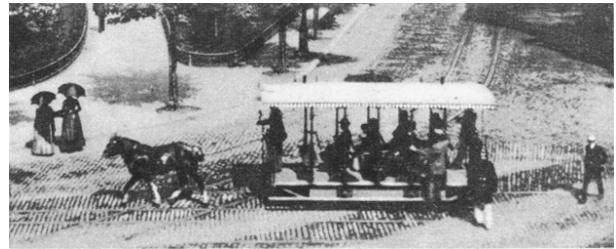
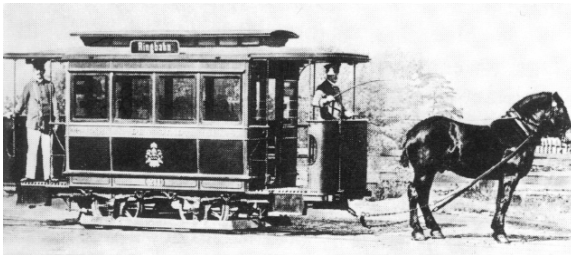


Only between 1895 and 1903 would there have been more than six children living in the Hochscheid household at the same time; but, given the military service of Fritz and the out-of-town baker's apprenticeship of Peter, only briefly could all eight of the surviving children have lived together under one roof. But large families were the norm. One of Franz's earliest recollections was being accidentally separated from his family on the streets of Cologne as a very young boy, two or three years old. "The families were so large back then," he said, "that they didn't even notice I was gone!" Somehow he attached himself to another large family, which took him in for the noon meal. He remembered sitting at an enormous table with many other children, and no one particularly cared or thought it unusual that a strange child had joined them.

The additional mouths to feed probably prompted Christina to start a little bakery business at about this time. August's daughter, Genie Adams, recalls: *Pete told of working in his mother's bakery very near the Cologne Cathedral. Every morning Pete and August took large trays of rolls—hot from the oven—and delivered them door-to-door. Homeowners left a little bag hanging on the door. The rolls were delivered to the homes so that people could enjoy fresh hot rolls with breakfast. He also said few kitchens had ovens in those days, so the hausfraus would stir up their own cakes and Stollen and put them in pans. They then took them to our grandmother to be baked. Christmas was an especially busy time.* Also Franz recalled in a letter to August written in the 1970s: *Mondays when I go to my Stammtisch in Cologne, which is in a Wirtschaft in the Eigelstein, I pass by where the bakery was where our mother procured the baked goods, as you wrote. It was called "Schreiber," but it no longer exists, today. That you still remember it today shows how hard it was on you then, schlepping six to eight loaves of bread, each weighing two to three pounds. You were at that time only eleven or twelve.* The bakery was not a huge success, and Christina gave it up. It was up to Friedrich to provide for the family until the children were old enough to contribute.



Peter's birth in 1880 coincided with a blossoming age for the city of Cologne. In addition to the long-awaited completion of the Dom, the massive cathedral begun in 1248 to house the relics of the Magi, the medieval walls of the city came down to be replaced by a wide, park-like ring of boulevards. As population and industry grew, the *Pferdebahn*, a network of horse drawn streetcars, was ever expanding to outlying areas. In 1900, in spite of a one-day walk-out protest of coachmen and conductors, electric streetcars began to replace horse-drawn ones, and the first automobile cabs made their appearance on the streets as well. Genie Adams recalls: *August had such a long life, from horse carts to space travel. One little story about progress in his youth points this out. August, and I believe Fritz, had gone into Cologne. Until this time streetcars were drawn through the streets by horses. As they didn't go very fast, men and boys were in the habit of running to catch and board the streetcar anywhere at anytime. When they arrived in Cologne for this visit they discovered the horse trolleys had been replaced with electric streetcars. Not knowing better, they ran to catch and board the streetcar in the usual fashion. Panting for breath, they were scolded by the conductor who said, "You two must be country bumpkins. Don't you know you can't jump on these new streetcars as you did the old horse-cars?!"*



The leisurely pace of Cologne's horse-drawn trolleys—convertible during hot weather—soon gave way to progress. Below left: Fritz and Willi Hochscheid in the late 1880s or early 1890s. Center: Willi a few years later. Right: Fritz (right) looking dapper during his military service.





PAUL AND CATHARINA

Paul, Friedrich's younger brother, was technically inclined and as a young man worked with Friedrich at Vorster and Grüneburg before going his own way. At age 30 he married Catharina Lutzerath, and together they sailed to America on the S.S. *Rhymland*, arriving at New York Harbor on June 27, 1884. They headed to Milwaukee, Wisconsin where Paul's uncles lived. Catharina may have had relatives there too. The following year she died during pregnancy. The next six years of Paul's life remain a mystery until on June 20<sup>th</sup>, 1891 Paul married 20 year-old Marie



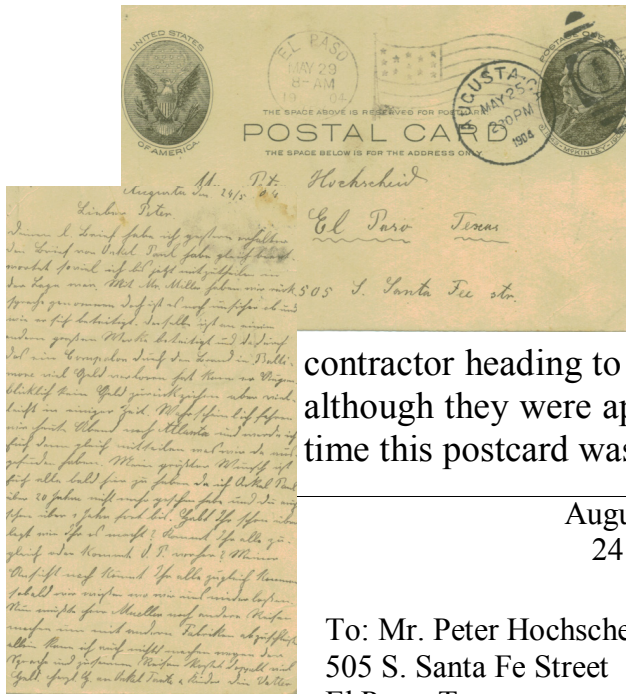
PAUL AND MARIE

Malchow in El Paso, Texas. Paul was working as an electrical engineer at the El Paso Power Plant, when electricity was still cutting edge technology. Marie had come over with four brothers the year before. During the next seven years they had three children, Paul Jr., Alice, known as "Ollie," and Paula, known as "Mamie." Paul was said to have had many experiences during his early years in America, including farming, before finally setting up his own ammonia producing factories in the South, some with the help of his brother, Friedrich.



Peter was the first of Friedrich's sons to come to America. In 1901 he had worked as an apprentice in the Bulzer Bakery in Sulzbach bei Höchst am Main, near Frankfurt. He also worked at a cousin's Wirtschaft in Cologne before embarking on ships as a baker. In May of 1903 at age 23 Peter was living in Lehe bei Bremerhaven waiting for his next assignment, which would take him across the Atlantic. Peter did not work for a large shipping company like North German Lloyd; most likely, he worked aboard transatlantic freighters, which often transported small groups of passengers who, in addition to the crew, required freshly baked goods. Having sailed back and forth more than once, in 1903 he jumped ship at a port in the southern United States. He then took a walking trip to El Paso, Texas where his Uncle Paul was living with his second wife, Marie, and their three

small children. Even from a port as close as Galveston this would have been an 800 mile trek, yet his experiences on that journey were inspiring enough for him to hint at making another long cross-country walking trip six years later in a letter to August.



Not much is known about Friedrich's first trip to America and the efforts to establish ammonia producing plants with his brother Paul. Friedrich arrived in New York on April 26, 1904 after ten days aboard the S.S. *Finland* sailing from Antwerp. The ship's record states he was a contractor heading to Charleston to be met by his son and brother, although they were apparently still in El Paso a month later at the time this postcard was written. He brought along \$80.

Augusta, Georgia  
24 May 1904

To: Mr. Peter Hochscheid,  
505 S. Santa Fe Street  
El Paso, Texas

Dear Peter,

Yesterday I received your dear letter. The letter from Uncle Paul I answered immediately, in as much as I was able to contribute any news up until now.

We have been consulting with Mr. Miller, but it is still unclear if and how he will invest. He has an interest in another large plant, and because a colleague lost a great amount of money in the Baltimore fire, he is at the moment unable to spare any funds. But, perhaps in time.

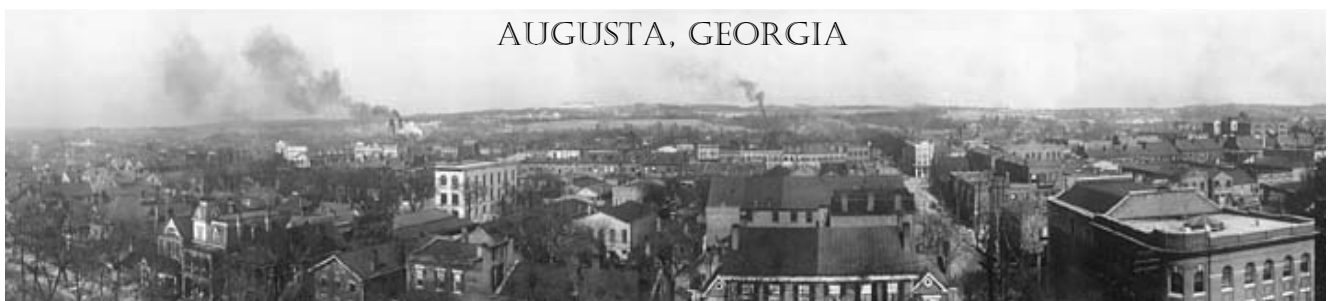
We will most likely be going to Atlanta this evening, and I will let you know what we are able to find out there.

My biggest wish is to have all of you here soon, since I have not seen Uncle Paul for over twenty years, and already you have been gone for over a year. Have you given any thought to how it will be done? Will everyone come at the same time, or will Uncle Paul come ahead? I think perhaps you could all come together as soon as we know where to settle.

Presently Mr. Miller must make other trips to close deals with other factories. Alone, I can't do anything because of the language, and traveling together would double the costs.

Heartfelt greetings to Uncle, Aunt and children.

Your Father



**T**wo years later Friedrich returned home, unsuccessful, after capital to expand the ammonia producing venture was lost through Paul's speculation in a gold mine.

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5 April 1906

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Elsdorf, Rheinland

Mr. Peter Hochscheid  
148 Houston Street  
Atlanta, Georgia

My dear Peter,

Last night at around 11:30 we picked up your dear father at the train station in Elsdorf. Words cannot describe the joy in seeing him again.

Willi and Fritz were in Antwerp for two days, waiting for Papa's arrival. In spite of many snags, Papa arrived here safe and sound, although with a bad cold. Now he will have some time to recuperate.

Many thanks for your long-awaited letter. I'll soon write you another. Papa told me that you, my dear boy, are doing well and looking good. How happy that makes me!

Accept many heartfelt regards and kisses from us all, and especially from your loving,  
Mother

P.S. Write to Tina, also. She would enjoy that very much.

**P**aul and "Mary" Hochscheid were listed in the Atlanta directory of 1906, living at 127 North Boulevard. While in Atlanta Peter came down with Typhoid fever, and Aunt Marie nursed him back to health, which explains his mother's joy at hearing he was doing well and looking good.



25 May 1906

From: Marie Hochscheid  
1003 N. 24<sup>th</sup> Street  
Birmingham, Alabama

To: Mr. Peter Hochscheid  
148 Houston Street  
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Peter,

This is to let you know our new address. Since May 14<sup>th</sup> we live at:  
1003 North 24<sup>th</sup> Street

So that when you once again find you have a penny to spare you can drop us a sign of life. On May 10<sup>th</sup> we received a long letter from your father and mother. Did you also get one, or have you still not answered your mother's letter, as you still have not answered mine, which I wrote before your father left?

Best wishes from us all,

Your Aunt



L to R: Friedrich, Tina, Josef, Christina and Franz

18 June 1906

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Elsdorf

To: Mr. Peter Hochscheid  
Freundschaftsbund  
117½ Whitehall Street  
Atlanta, Georgia

My dear Peter,

This morning we received your letter and were delighted to hear something from you again. So at the moment you are playing the role of a man of independent means. A little rest certainly can't do much harm, only mind it doesn't linger on too long, so that you become unaccustomed to work.

Once again you wrote so charmingly, we are always extremely amused and entertained by your letters, and it's too bad they come so seldom. This one will now begin the rounds among all the brothers and sisters and nephews and nieces. Soon you will be a nephew or niece richer, due to Traudchen.<sup>1</sup> Make sure you come back as a rich uncle.

On the 16<sup>th</sup> I sent you a letter. Pick it up at 148 Houston Street.<sup>2</sup> Papa says you had a good position there. It may have been better not to grumble your way out of a job so soon, don't you think, dear Peter? But that's how the Hochscheids are.

In the letter you will find a thousand Namenstag wishes, am sending you a thousand more.

With love and kisses from your Papa, brothers and sisters and from your loving,  
Mother.

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<sup>1</sup> Annette was born 9 August 1906.

<sup>2</sup> Address of a bakery owned by a Dimitres Zakas.

**F**ritz married Gertrud “Traudchen” Blumenthal on July 30, 1904 in spite of her family’s disapproval. Fritz had been engaged to Traudchen’s sister, Nettchen, and the breaking of that engagement and subsequent courtship of Traudchen did not sit well with her father. In 1905 she wrote to her lifelong friend, Minchen, *We traveled a long road until we could call each other man and wife; now we wander on together happily united. The bad omens that were predicted for our path did not come about, and those that pronounced them have, in the meantime, listened to better reasoning. Just think, I’m now reconciled with my parents and sister, Nettchen! But it didn’t happen as quickly as you might think. I had to write them repeatedly. While my mother agreed to rendezvous secretly with me outside of town, my father remained hard-hearted for a long time. There’s nothing as touching as the reunion of mother and child after a long separation, and it was difficult for us to part again. My dear mother then played the role of mediator between me and my father, and as we spent the first day of my husband’s vacation in Elsdorf, I received an invitation from Nettchen, written on behalf of my parents, to come to Etzweiler. Then everything was all right. I walked in with my Fritz for a two day visit with my family, and now we write to each other as before.*

Very much the modern woman, Traudchen may have clashed more than once with her parents’ traditional values. Her daughter Annette recalled, “Mother spoke of taking canned food home as gifts to her parents. It was new then. She thought it great to just open a tin, but our grandparents refused the gifts—too dangerous, etc..” An accomplished seamstress, Traudchen worked as *Direktrice* for a large clothier in Leipzig during an age when clothes were tailor made. It is said she even designed clothes for the German aristocracy. Rita Hochscheid Hoeren recalls Traudchen saying that women who could not afford up-scale designer dresses would sew designer labels into dresses she had made, and no one would ever know the difference.



Taken in Bedburg, near Cologne, a few days before their departure for America, this photo shows Fritz and Traudchen (right side) during a goodbye visit with their friends Carl and Wilhelmina Neudorff. Traudchen corresponded with her lifelong friend, Wilhelmina, or “Minchen” for over 40 years. Fortunately most of her letters were saved.



→ **Hochscheid residence just prior to emigrating and the birthplace of Annette.**

At the beginning of May, 1907, Fritz, age 31, Traudchen, age 34, and their infant daughters, Dorle (also called Dorchen) and Annette left their flat in Lindenthal, a suburb of Cologne, for destination: Montana. The photo shows Traudchen revisiting the building in the late 1930s or early 1940s.



## Regeneration and Immigration

In the early years of the century Fritz belonged to a group called Lebenskraft des Deutschen Bundes für Regeneration (Life-Force of the German Alliance for Regeneration). The local group was headed by Emil Peters, who had achieved national fame as a speaker and author. Peters advocated better living through a free expression of the life force that operates within the soul, and called for a crusade against all double standard morals and modes of thought that deny this force. His own experience helped develop his ideology. Following in his father's footsteps, he was apprenticed to a tailor but didn't enjoy the work. In 1896 he went to London with a letter of recommendation in his pocket and soon found work for an upscale clothier. His first assignment was to create a suit for a lord. When he presented it to his boss he was fired. Not wanting to return home to work for his father he found work at the docks and divided his time between work and self study. One evening he crashed an upscale party in a palace, and no one found him out. A year later he returned home, rich with experience and confidence. He studied acting and performed on the stage until he was called upon to help at his father's Tailor Academy, which was near bankruptcy. Bringing the business



Emil Peters



“People should leave their houses every spring, go into the meadows or the mountains where the sunlight streams and fervently raise their hands and open their hearts to the heavens. Truly, such a prayer to light will be rewarded with a new vitality and begin a new springtime of life.”—Emil Peters, *Strahlende Kräfte*

back up, he published a newsletter, and discovered he liked teaching. Although he wasn't a good tailor he could formulate thoughts clearly and published several books such as *The Hygiene of Clothing*. The many faceted questions and problems of life interested him most. Emil became acquainted with Dr. Alfred Damm, a neurologist who fought against social decline for many years through his regenerative teachings and his published work, *Neura*. Dr. Damm founded and headed the Deutsche Bund für Regeneration (The German Alliance for Regeneration) and published a monthly newsletter, which was meant to extend an understanding of life that was lacking in the instruction given by schools, church and state. His premise was that every person can be happy and healthy if he learns to apply the life energy extant in his nervous system in all his activities and mode of living. To find and nurture the life force one must look to nature, to sunlight and fresh air. It was a philosophy that Emil Peters adopted and furthered, eventually writing and publishing more than a dozen books on the subject before his death in 1925. Today Peters is considered part of Germany's “Lebensreformbewegung” *Life-Reform-Movement*, a social ideology developed in reaction to the industrial age and encompassing many different spheres of life. Women's rights, vegetarianism, natural healing, socialism, youth programs, hygiene, theosophy, metaphysics, alternative education, nudist colonies and hypnotism were some of its many branches.

The regenerative, back-to-nature theme of Emil Peters' philosophy struck a chord with Fritz, who quit his job as postal clerk and joined a group that traveled to Montana together to work on a homestead. This colonization expedition was sponsored by Ludwig Schwiers. Schwiers, the son of a wealthy industrialist, had formed a lodge with a group of young idealists at the turn of the century in Bremen. In 1942 he wrote: *The young enthusiasts then...started a new paper on January 1, 1901 and named it Volkskraft (The People's Strength). The name itself indicated clearly that love for the common people was the main inspiration of these young men. [I] became the responsible editor of the Volkskraft, whilst Otto Melchers, a relative of the well-known commercial firm of Melchers in Bremen, became its publisher. He also was one of the twelve German idealists who proposed to lead culture out of unnaturalness, cynicism and decay upon the clear heights of a true culture, which rested upon the sound basis of naturalness and perfect conformity with the eternal laws of human nature. The influence of the Volkskraft was far greater than the number of its readers because a regular exchange with about twenty of the foremost German periodicals for a healthy reform of human life was kept up. ...After three years of existence, the Volkskraft was taken over by traditional German imperialism and...to end increasing harassment, [I] immigrated to the United States and become a 100% American citizen.*



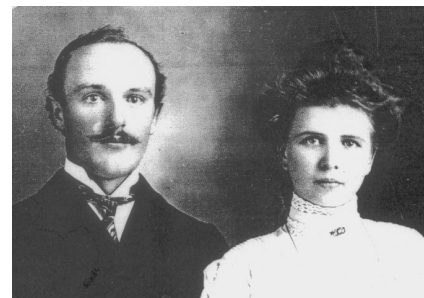
Ludwig Schwiers

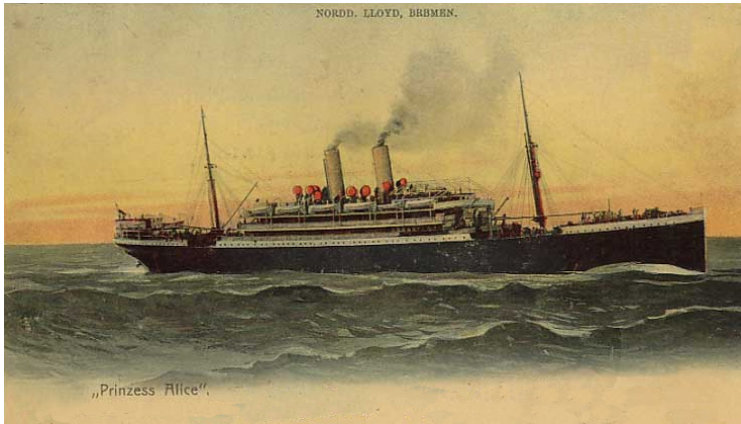
Ludwig Schwiers had a brother, John, who preceded him to America in 1902, settling in Kalispell in 1906 and opening the Schwiers Garage & Machine Repair Shop. By 1907 Ludwig Schwiers at age 32 had acquired a 160 acre homestead in Athens, Montana near Ashley Lake, which he was planning to farm using members of the colonization expedition. He called the homestead, *Wiedergeburt (Born Again, or Regeneration)*. The group consisted of seven adults and four children. Three married couples: the Hochscheids from Cologne, the Scholles and Dietrichs from Bremen, and one single lady, Dora Meyer, who would become Mrs. Ludwig Schwiers soon after her arrival, probably all met face to face for the first time in Bremen just prior to the voyage. "The members of the group were expecting to live on a farm, in a commune type existence," Annette wrote. Aboard ship they had a chance to get to know each other better and discuss their ideologies. Already there were disagreements strong enough to eventually dissolve the Bund completely. How long—if at all—the group stayed together after their arrival at the Schwiers homestead in Athens is unknown; however, the Fritz Hochscheids were settled on their own in the lumber mill town of Kila less than three months after their arrival. Ludwig Schwiers' granddaughter, Cathy, recalled: *According to my father and the other brothers and sisters, my grandfather, Ludwig, was not a very practical man. While very well educated, he was a philosopher and a dreamer. I know he came to Montana because his brother, John, was already there. I have often heard about the homestead on Ashley Lake, but apparently it never worked out well. I know my grandmother used to talk of life being very hard so far from town. My aunt has been to Kalispell a couple of times...When she and her husband went in 1949 they found the old homestead and cabin.*



Ludwig and Dora Meyer  
← Schwiers

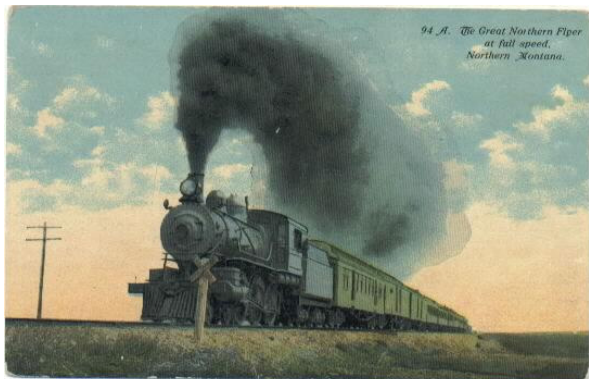
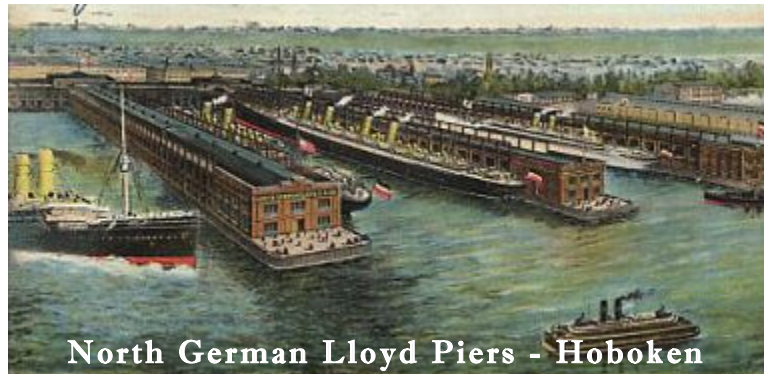
Co-travelers Christian &  
Marie Dietrichs →





The sea journey aboard the *Prinzess Alice* took ten days. First and second class passengers had comfortable accommodations and were treated well, since repeat tourism brought in much revenue for the steamship lines. Upon reaching the entrance to the Lower Bay of New York Harbor, medical inspectors boarded the ship to conduct quarantine examinations of all first and second class passengers. After checking the passengers for cholera, plague, smallpox, typhoid fever,

yellow fever, scarlet fever, measles, and diphtheria the inspectors climbed back down to their cutter, and the ship was allowed to resume its course through the Narrows and into the harbor. At this point most passengers were on deck, watching for the Manhattan skyline to appear on the right hand side and the Statue of Liberty on the left. Finally tug boats piloted the ship into its berth at the North German Lloyd piers in Hoboken, New Jersey. From there the steerage passengers were ferried off to Ellis Island to begin their examinations, while the Hochscheids and their co-voyagers, already having been examined on ship, cleared customs, collected their luggage, exchanged money, and headed to the railroad station. As part of a group—and with two small children in tow, it is unlikely they saw much of New York City or even stayed overnight in a hotel. To conserve funds they probably figured they could sleep on the train.



The first leg of the train journey took them north along the Hudson River then west to Chicago. Although the Twentieth Century Ltd could make the trip from New York to Chicago in twenty hours, the more affordable Erie Railroad with five daily west-bound trains leaving from New York made the 999 mile distance in one night and two days. It was on the train that most immigrants began to get a feeling for the vastness of their new world. From Chicago the journey continued to Minneapolis, Minnesota, where it was necessary to transfer to the Great

Northern Railway. The Great Northern took them northwest to Fargo then Minot, North Dakota and west into Montana, across the endless flatlands before suddenly climbing up over the Rocky Mountains at Marias Pass and descending into the Flathead Valley, their new home. The train journey of over 1700 miles, which had taken over two days and nights, on the heels of a ten day ocean voyage, was almost over when the group detrained at Columbia Falls. A small branch-line train sometimes known as the “Gallop’in’ Goose” made the final 15 mile trip to the Kalispell Depot in about an hour, where they were no doubt met by Ludwig Schwiers.

17 October 1907

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Elsdorf, Rheinland

To: Fritz Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana  
Via Kalispell

My dear Children,

Yesterday evening at six o'clock we received your long, very delightful and very interesting letter, for which we all thank you. Accept our love with this card for the time being, until we are in our new rooms, because from here there isn't much left to tell, and also we are sitting in the thick of moving clutter.

The letter that tells you August will soon arrive at your door must by now be in your possession, and no doubt you were as surprised as you were pleased.

On November 5th he sails from Bremen aboard the ship, *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, and will be in New York six days later (express service). From there you can easily figure out how long it will take August to reach you. Franz is now also filled with enthusiasm toward coming over, and eventually I'll have to come as well, if only to mend everyone's socks.

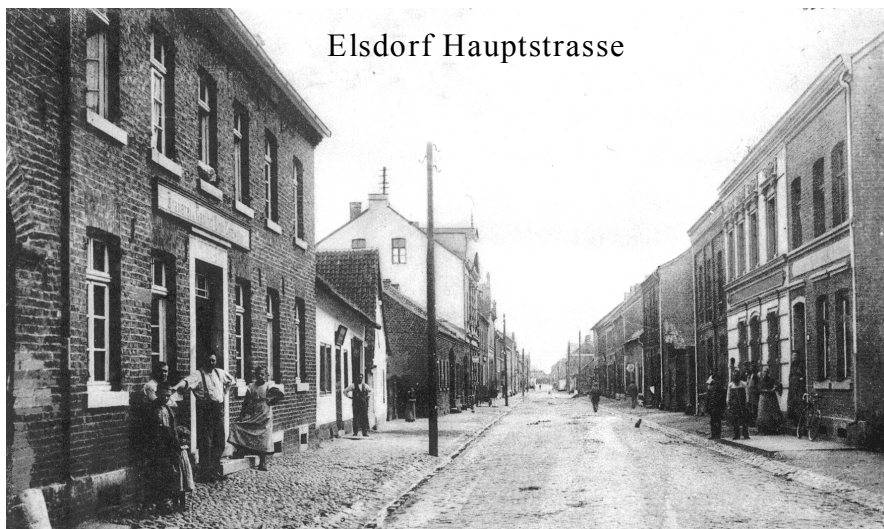
Dear Traudchen, I have given your letter to your dear mother. She thanks you very much and was very delighted and sends her heartfelt greetings.

Berta is in Cologne.

Heartfelt greetings and kisses from your loving,

Mother

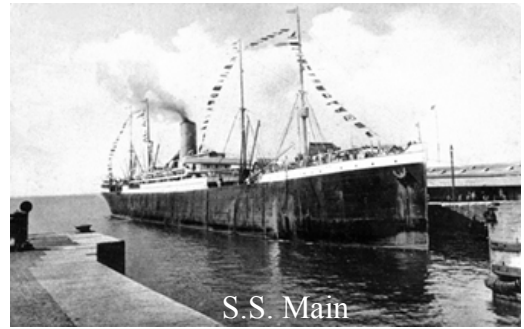
Also from father, and your brothers and sisters.





August in his teens

August's immigration voyage took the same course as Fritz's did six months earlier, except the November seas may have been a bit higher and the *mal de mer* a bit rougher. August did not sail on *Kaiser Wilhelm der*



*Grosse* as planned. The ship was delayed in Hoboken for repairs so he sailed on the considerably slower SS *Main*, instead. The *Main* left Bremen on November 2nd, 1907, arriving in New York on November 14th. August traveled second cabin, as Fritz had done, and declared \$100 cash at US customs. On the day of his departure in Bremen, August was entrusted with a letter written by Adele, a relative of Hermann Gerke. She wrote to her aunt in

Brooklyn, "You'll receive this letter from Hermann's brother-in-law who visited us on his way through Bremen..." Apparently he intended to deliver the letter personally, indicating at least a brief stay over in New York; however, ninety years later it was still among his personal effects.



New York Skyline

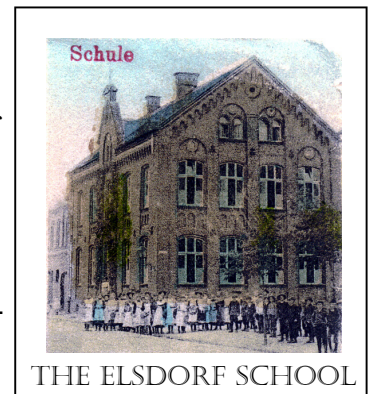


← Cologne Hauptbahnhof: Point of Departure

Kalispell Depot: Point of Arrival →



In Germany August was a school teacher, first in Fühligen then Elsdorf. While the family lived in Elsdorf his brother Franz was one of his pupils. August and some of his colleagues were not happy with the status quo of the educational system in Elsdorf, which was one of the main reasons he emigrated. Just prior to August's departure, a fellow teacher wrote, "Are you really going? Compared to me you are a hero in your quest for independence; every step I take toward freedom seems to end in misery." Later, in November, another friend wrote, "Ommer has taken your place [at the school]. The singing has stopped since your departure. Today I saw a light burning in your old lodgings, apparently someone else has moved in."



12 December 1907

From: Christina Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

Dear August,

We received both cards, one from Kalispell and the other one from Kila, as well as the 62.67 Marks, which arrived the day before yesterday, but we await a detailed description of your trip and your experiences. Don't think for a moment you can get around this. Fraulein Lerner wrote that you wrote her a sixteen page letter. We would like at least twenty. You can imagine how pleased we are to hear you arrived safely after such a long journey. In the summer it would have all been quite different and certainly much nicer, but we should be satisfied that at this time of year you got there in good condition. Frankly I was worried. Traudchen wrote to Berta that you like it there, and I hope also that you enjoy your work and become fit as a fiddle doing it.

The money you sent, and that which Fritz and Peter sent, had to go to Berta and Hermann, because as usual much more money was spent on the wedding and household acquisitions than intended, and they still have to pay for a number of things, such as bedding, a stove and cookware. I withheld 22.67 Marks, and if I don't come out all right at the end of the month, Hermann will lend me a little, since he'll receive his salary on the 23<sup>rd</sup>. So you can deduct 135.60 Marks from your debt to Hermann. The sooner you're able to send more, the better, since they have to pay 5% interest, and their circumstances will become that much easier the sooner they are rid of the debt. How they like married life is something they can write you themselves, I don't want to divulge anything.

As far as our apartment is concerned, we are completely content. Although simple, it is pleasant and comfortable. Berta's place is roomy and very nice. We live together in the best accord, visit each other often, and frequently go downtown to look at all the beautiful things displayed for Christmas. Looking is as far as it goes, though, since there is no money for buying. I'd like to give everyone a nice present, but we must all wait for better times. The boys will receive toy trains and machines from Geicht<sup>1</sup> on father's account. Father has been working in Godorf for the last three days. Herr Grüneberg asked him to disassemble a machine there, along with Adam from the factory in Nippes. They may finish this evening. We hope that in return for the favor he'll receive a small New Year's bonus. Father is in Cologne almost daily, partly at Geicht and partly at Paula's<sup>2</sup>. It's good; otherwise he would become too bored here.

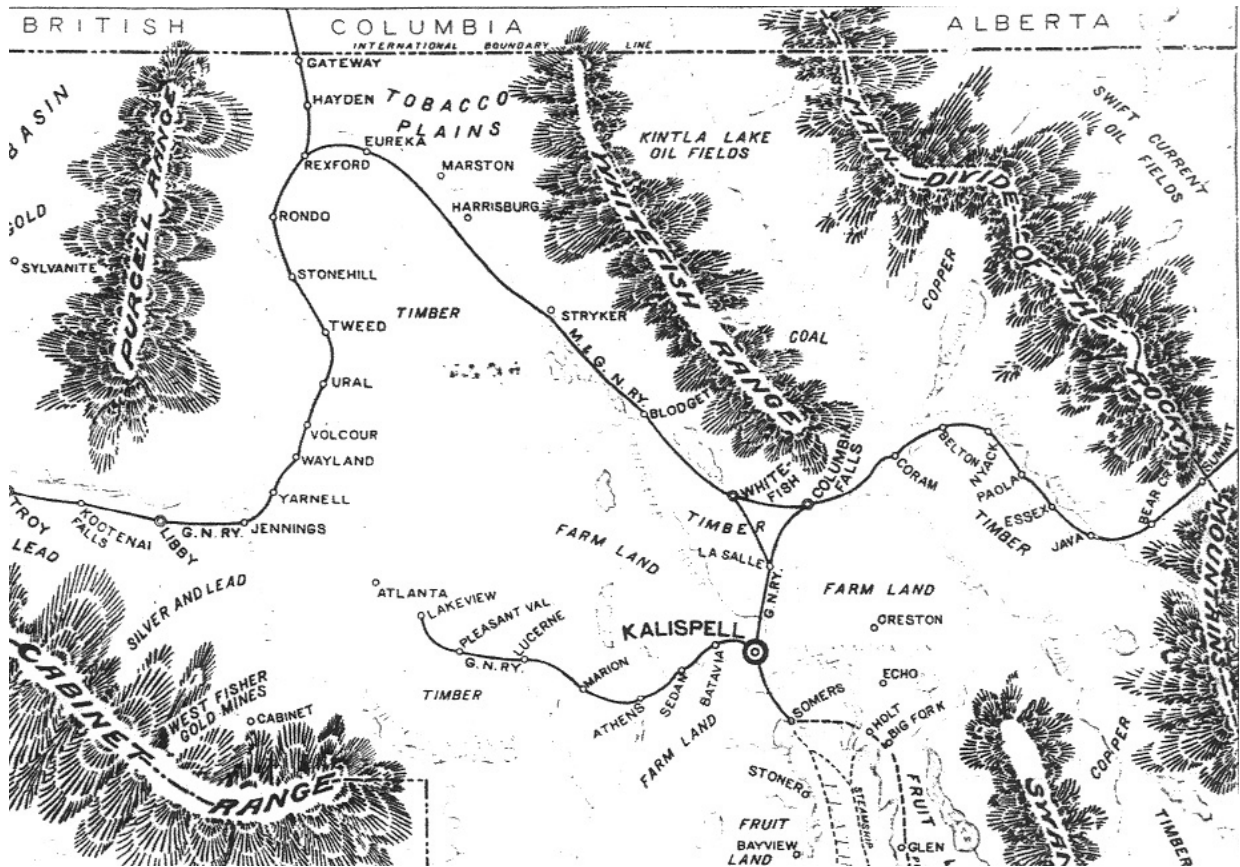
I know of nothing else to write that is noteworthy and so remain, with love and kisses,  
your loving,

Mother

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<sup>1</sup> Geicht was a cousin, related by Friedrich's leather goods uncle, Anton Jacob.

<sup>2</sup> Paula Schaefer-Schauff, Friedrich's niece, who owned a Wirtschaft.



Early regional map showing the railroad line connecting Sedan (Kila) with Kalispell.



Two photos showing the beauty of the Montana countryside. Top taken in Kila and left near Kalispell.



The Hochscheid Kila house complete with wooden gutter over the “mosquito door.”  
L to R: Fritz, Dorchon, Annette, Traudchen



12 December 1907

From: Christina Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

To: Fritz Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

Dear Fritz and Traudchen,

How are you, and how do you like living together with August? Is the new worker industrious, and how is he adapting to the work, Fritz? Well?

Do write us a long letter again soon, especially about the children. How is little Dorchen? Isn't she speaking yet? How pretty she looks in the picture. I don't remember if we already thanked you for it, so I'll do so now. We were delighted to see you at your American home. The house appears to be quite large, and Father thought it had fairly large windows. Traudchen, I think, looks good, but Fritz doesn't look any fatter than in former times, or it just doesn't show, seeing him from the side.

Dear Traudchen, I've enclosed the letter from your mother because undoubtedly you'd like to see it and know that she is still healthy and lively. You know that I also value the letter, but if you'd like to keep it, I'd like to give it to you.

A photo of August will follow in the next few days.

I wish you all a merry Christmas and happy New Year, and with the heartiest of greetings and kisses to my dear children and grandchildren, I remain, always, your loving

Mother

P.S. Please send a picture to Peter and Uncle Paul. Hopefully things are better there.

16 December 1907

From: Christina Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

Dear August,

On Friday at 1 p.m. we received your beautifully written, very interesting letter of November 17<sup>th</sup> with remarks from Traudchen and Fritz. We thank you for it and are now quite satisfied with you. Everything pleased us, especially that you seem to have settled in so quickly there and that you enjoy working. Fritz is probably your foreman, and so you both have the advantage of being able to converse comfortably.

Franz is so enthused that he would like nothing better than to come over immediately. Hermann also thought the day will come when we are all there. God willing, let's hope things go well for you until then.

In the meantime you've probably received Berta's and my letter with the photos, and so we can look forward to another long reply from you. Here we scramble politely to see who may read your letter first.

With heartfelt greetings from all of us to all of you from your loving,

Mother

Greetings from Father, Berta, Hermann, the boys and all the relatives and acquaintances.

29 December 1907

From: Hermann & Berta Gerke & Christina Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße  
Cologne-Sülz

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

Dear August,

When we returned from the Christmas holiday in München-Gladbach we found your letter with the enclosures. For now, many thanks for the wedding present. On New Year's Day I'll go into more detail with a letter and packet for our Americans. Heartfelt greetings to Fritz, Gertrud and the children.

Yours,  
Hermann

My dear Brother,

Best of thanks from me, as well, for your dear wedding present. If only we could have a wedding with such presents on a monthly basis! My letter describing the wedding has probably arrived by now. Till later, with loving greetings to all,  
Your sister, Berta

Dear August,

Best of thanks for your good-natured donation, which came in handy after the Christmas holidays. We were at Willi's for three days. He especially wanted us to spend the holidays together.

We are happy to hear that you continue to like it there, and that the work isn't altogether too difficult. If, however, you would rather teach, you should do so.

We will probably write another letter following New Year's. In the meantime we await one from you. I'd like to hear more from Traudchen as well.

With the best of greetings from all of us to all of you, I remain your loving,

Mother

We just received your New Year's wishes. For two days we've had heavy winter weather with snow and ice.



R to L:  
Hermann, Hermann's  
sister, Berta, two  
acquaintances and  
Hermann's parents.

5 January 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

Dear August,

Here is the letter I promised. I can only write about everyday things, and even those don't amount to much. The Christmas and New Year's holidays are now over, and the routine of the old year has resumed its humdrum course. At the moment it is very cold here in Cologne and the surrounding areas. We have the heat on day and night in our hole in the wall and can just about keep warm. What would it have been like if we were still living in Elsdorf? In the last few days the temperature reached 5° F. during the days, colder in the mornings and evenings. The windows in our bedroom are frozen solid day and night, even though we keep the bedroom door to the well-heated adjoining room wide open at night. There is ice-skating on the pond in the park. Franz is unhappy he cannot join everyone there because he caught a bad cold with severe sore throat, couldn't eat for three days and can barely speak. Josef, naturally, caught it just as Franz was starting to improve, but because he is more robust, it didn't get as strong a hold on him; nevertheless, I'll have to keep them both nice and warm for a few more days.

As I mentioned before, we spent the holidays at Willi and Finchen's in München-Gladbach, as per their wishes. Although it was very nice that we were all together, I doubt I'd do it again, since no place is quite as comfy as one's own home. Tina couldn't join us, she only had one day off, so Father and I didn't go to München-Gladbach until eight o'clock on Christmas Eve. Tina spent the night at her girlfriend's in Nippes. Tomorrow is Drei Könige<sup>1</sup>, and so the last of all the holidays before everyone resumes his work and regular activities.

I am very well off now because I hand the laundry over to a woman here in the house who does it as cheaply as if she were to come here to do it, but for that the apartment would be too small, especially in the winter when everyone stays in. I feel well; the rest is good for me. Only when I lie down there is a persistent pain in my right leg, probably gout. Father has been dealing with toothache, especially at night.

Now, dear August, I must burden you a little with financial affairs. First of all, thank you again for the twenty dollars. I was a rich woman on the first of January, but it didn't last long. Soon after I sent Willi your letter, he wrote back saying that after they had paid off the most pressing debts and settled everything, they were extremely strapped for cash. Since we were virtually swimming in money, Hermann or I wanted to send him a little. I sent 25 Marks, but had already paid Hermann 20 Marks that was still owed to him from the money that Willi had sent us in October to settle the account in Elsdorf. After the 25 Marks I paid him, we now owe Willi 105 Marks of the money that he withdrew for us from his savings in order to pay Hummel; the plan is for me to pay back 25 Marks every

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<sup>1</sup> Epiphany or Twelfth Night, Jan. 6th

month. Aside from this we also owe Willi the money that he had sent Father for his traveling expenses, in round figures 160 Marks. Add another 58.50 Marks for loans made here and there, and it brings the total owed to 323.50 Marks. After I have paid back the 105 Marks for Hummel, I'd like to, if possible, gradually pay back the remaining debt as well; but, since Franz will go to Communion on the 19<sup>th</sup> of April, I'll have to provide for him first, as well as a new suit for Father. If you, dear August, can send money on a regular basis then hopefully all will go as planned. We'll have to be especially thrifty this month because the little Christmas presents as well as the trips made the prior month has put us in arrears. I now intend to keep very exact books and will let you know, now and then, how things stand. Perhaps this may not interest you very much, but I'd like you to know what we do with all your money each month.

Dear August, we were very pleased that you wrote so much and in such great detail, and we hope that you will continue to write often and much; however, dear Fritz and Traudchen, this doesn't mean that your writing may now become idle; we treasure your letters as well. All three of you could contribute something of interest in each letter. If you wrote every fourteen days it wouldn't be too much and a month would pass before we heard from you, and vice-versa. Now you have another letter from us. Also I sent off August's photos on December 13<sup>th</sup>, and on the 20<sup>th</sup> a parcel containing newspapers, the fabric patch for August's suit and a necktie that he forgot to take with him. As you must have guessed, Father sent the newspapers because it featured sketches of the new bridge.

So my three dear ones, not knowing what else to write I close with the wish to hear something from each of you soon, how and what you are doing, how the children are, what the weather is like, etc..

Receive the heartiest greetings and kisses, from Father, from the boys, and from your very loving,

Mother

Dear Traudchen,

Nettchen visited us for a few hours on December 31<sup>st</sup>. She had come from Elsdorf, was cheerful and looked well. She appears to be in good spirits.

I wanted to ask how you're coping with your two toddlers. Are they kind and sweet to you? Berta is also enthusiastic about living in the South. I'm enthusiastic about Cologne.

Dear Fritz,

On the 22<sup>nd</sup> we received a letter from Uncle Paul and Aunt Marie. They wrote that they are saving money so we can all move together into one state. They too would prefer it to be a southern one. She still has her business<sup>1</sup> and already managed to save \$100.

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<sup>1</sup> The term used, "Wassergeschäft," means *water store*, or *water business*.

6 January 1908

From: Hermann & Berta Gerke  
285 Luxemburgstraße

Cologne-Sülz  
To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

Dear August,

Enclosed is the sheet music. I hope you like it. Mixed chorus in English was not to be found at Tonger.

Not much has been happening in Germany with the exception of the reopening of the Moltke-Harden case by the public prosecutor.<sup>1</sup> They absolutely want to convict Harden. Yesterday he was finally sentenced to four months imprisonment and ordered to compensate both parties for the legal fees. During the first trial, he was cheered, now he is generally condemned. The testimony of experts who had earlier directly accused Moltke of homosexuality (i.e. Hirschfeld) has collapsed. Suddenly nothing happened after all among the upper crust. Even Prince Eulenburg is now personally daring to indict himself. And all the honorable philistines are again satisfied that things really weren't "that bad at the top." Harden was present in the courtroom in spite of being ill. Under the circumstances it wasn't expected he would stage an energetic defense. I'll look for newspaper articles and send them.

How are we? Outstanding. So good that we don't find the time to write even a few of the most pressing letters, for the time being at least.

My dear brother August,

Hermann and I bought the sheet music together; the pricey one came highly recommended, hopefully you like the songs enough so that, as always, the cost is unimportant. By and by we'll send you all the sheet music, except for the very easy ones, which I can use myself. I'm at the piano every chance I get. It's coming along pretty well, only when I want to display my art to Hermann, then it doesn't come at all. We have a lovely little song by Mozart, which I can almost play reasonably well when my *Herr Mann* sings along. We bought you a new copy of the duet by Mendelssohn; the old one is probably no longer worth sending. When it is before me on the piano, and I have a burning desire to be able to play it, you can well imagine that I also feel a nostalgic longing for you and all that once was so fine and good. I sing very rarely now, and my voice becomes ever weaker.

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<sup>1</sup> Maximilian Harden, political journalist and editor of the weekly *Die Zukunft* published accusations of homosexuality against associates of Emperor William II including the military commander and chief of the German general staff, Helmuth Johannes von Moltke, and the emperor's advisor and friend, Philipp, Prince von Eulenburg. Magnus Hirschfeld, "The Einstein of Sex," physician and publicly acknowledged homosexual who founded the Scientific Humanitarian Committee in 1897 and The Institute for Sexual Science in 1919 (which was destroyed by the Nazis in 1933) supplied supporting evidence. Social democracy was on the rise, and it was Harden's aim to do as much damage as possible to the ruling classes and imperial aristocracy.

Otherwise, we are doing well. I still don't comprehend being married. I don't feel that way at all.

Please write in detail about the Gesangverein. Do you have good singers there? Did Miss Lerner write to you? Did you know that the engagement is off? She wrote that she only wanted you and me to know the truth. I think she'll pay a visit here within the next few days.

Give Fritz and Traudchen our best. How are the children? Can Dorchen talk?

In spite of all the preparations, no one came by on my Namenstag. This is always how it goes. The Wiedenfelds promise to visit soon. Kloth and Gronen were here on Sunday, a week ago. My, but they are both unpleasant characters, never saying what they mean! Have you written to Dick? He wasn't here during the holidays but sent me a card for my Namenstag and a telegram for the wedding, as did Kramer, Schmitz and Gronen.

In my last letter I forgot to write that we received a splendid coffee service as a wedding gift from Hermann's colleagues, —very fine; Traudchen would surely appreciate it, if she saw it.

Heartfelt greetings to you, Fritz, Traudchen and the children,  
Hermann and Mrs. Berta

P.S. A few days ago Berta expressed a wish also to go to America. Will something come of this?

The sheet music cost 3.50 Marks, and 0.80 Marks.

21 January? 1908

(This letter was apparently sent inside a parcel containing tobacco.)

From: Christina Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße  
Cologne-Sülz

To: Hochscheids  
Kila, Montana

Dear Fritz and August,

Hope you savor the tobacco. Best of thanks for your card, dear August.

I don't follow your calculations. If you asked Peter if he doesn't want the \$15.00, and if you paid Fritz back the \$8.00 and don't want that taken into account, then I understand, and we will settle it here among ourselves. You probably mention it again in your upcoming letter.

Yesterday Willi sent us your letter from the beginning of January. Apparently it was not as cold there as it was here. What wonderful Christmas festivities you had! But what Traudchen wrote us about dear Dorchen is downright sad, although we will hope for the best for her.

Dear Traudchen, be very kind to the poor child, the little one is especially dear to me, and everyone, here. Yesterday we met Wilhelm and Sofie<sup>1</sup> at Dünnwald on the Herzogstrasse. We spent a few hours together. Also Herr Reden from Kalk was with us. He was very nice to all of us. He gets on with Father as though they were best of friends. On May 1<sup>st</sup> Mr. Fritz Vorster will celebrate his silver anniversary, and on November 1<sup>st</sup> is the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the founding of the factory, at which time all of the matters regarding the pension will be settled. Herr Reden said Papa would draw the highest pension. It remains to be seen what's in store for us. I sighed and grumbled a bit, and hope that Herr Reden, if he's able, will put in a good word for us. He also confided to Papa, yesterday, that he receives a 7000.00 Mark salary. The two of them practically sat on each other's laps, as Sophie put it. They meet every Sunday evening at Dünnwald. Wilhelm also wants to go to America. I wonder if he is serious about it.

Enough for now. I'll write again soon after I receive your letter. Stay healthy and in good spirits as you have up to now. A thousand kisses from your loving, but not wishing to come over there,

Mother

All send greetings and kisses.

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<sup>1</sup> Traudchen's brother and sister-in-law.



24 January 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße  
Cologne-Sülz

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana  
Via Kalispell, U.S.A.

My dear August,

This morning we received your payment. Many heartfelt thanks for it.

It's too bad you had so many unwanted holidays, causing you to overspend; in the meantime, you've earned new wages, and Fritz could have fronted you some money if absolutely necessary. Now you have an extra income, and probably don't get as exhausted on days when you give lessons, although it is an advantage to keep busy in that one sleeps better at night than if one is idle. Hopefully the work isn't doing you harm. Traudchen writes that you already look better.

Hopefully by now you've received the tobacco. Did you empty it? There was something inside. We'll send you a packet now and then. Write us what kind of tobacco you'd prefer.

I'll write another letter in eight days. For now the best of wishes and kisses from your loving,

Mother

Greetings from Father and the boys. Tina also sends greetings.

Dear August,

I too want to thank you for the money. I'm doing well. Greetings to all of you.

Hermann

5 February 1908

From: Christina & Friedrich Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße  
Cologne-Sülz

To: Hochscheids  
Kila, Montana

My dear Children,

I mentioned I'd write a letter in eight days on the card I wrote after receiving the money. My excuse for not keeping my word is that I was waiting for a letter from you, which I could have answered at the same time. Unfortunately none has arrived up until today; although, Willi did forward the letter you wrote him. It was a grand effort by all of you, and especially August. How interestingly and well he writes. How could he not, when he takes dictation from my oldest? You're right, Fritz, make it easy on yourself. Why else are you the oldest, and what else do you have a younger brother for? He isn't a married man with children, yet, and he has young bones that can accomplish much, isn't that so, August? You enjoy writing lengthy pages, and we enjoy reading them. Write still more, the more the better.

As mentioned before, dear August, you had unwelcome days off, hopefully not too many. On the other hand it's good to have a day of rest now and then, it lightens the workload on the other days. The work in the woods seems to be a little hard on you, dear Fritz, I mean the long walks in the mornings and evenings and the strenuous work all day long. Yet both of you seem to be in good spirits and, I would think, sensible enough at your ages not to overwork yourselves, and should you come to dislike the work, something else will come up in its place. You are multi-talented chaps—pardon, I meant gentlemen—who aren't lacking when it comes to earning a living.

Yesterday we received newspapers from Peter in Atlanta from which Father read me an article about Cuba. It is said to be a very fruitful land that enjoys an excellent climate, where property is relatively cheap to acquire. Father still raves about the South, and I have to agree with him. Winter has few attributes. One can see that here. Eight months of miserable weather, which has lately been unpleasant and hostile, makes one want to stay inside, huddled around the stove. What do you think, dear Traudchen? By now you must know which you prefer, the cold winter months or the nice summer months. In the South it is always pleasant and always summer. Since Christmas we have had non-stop wintry weather, in addition to a thunderstorm on the night of January 31<sup>st</sup> from eleven to one o'clock. Thunder upon thunder, lightning upon lightning, rain and hail, and when we awoke the following morning there was snow several inches deep on the ground. When I see snow I begin to worry that you could get snowed-in there, although Fritz mentioned he was hoping for more. In the eastern part of America entire cities have been snowed in, and I always fear it will happen to you. You wrote that the weather has been relatively mild up to now, but for fourteen days we have heard nothing from you, and now we are anxious to receive news.

Dear August, I kept forgetting to tell you that your certificate arrived a few days after you left here. It was mailed here from the mayor's office in Esch. Herr Pastor Pontz noted on it that he didn't have our address, and having just found it at the last minute, he gave it to the mayor's office. We have heard nothing further from the authorities. Hopefully they don't want anything else from us and will leave us alone.

Good night till tomorrow, then I'll continue. It's 10:30 p.m. and I'm tired and will now go to bed. Sleep well,

Your Hungsfresser!!!

February 6<sup>th</sup>

Good morning! Today is Dorchen's Namenstag. I congratulate her and wish her love and best wishes, and since she doesn't understand it yet, I'll wish her parents prosperity, and all the best for the dear little ones.

Yesterday the Postal Association had their ball. Berta had tickets from Herr Noll. They had invited Marlchen. After much hemming and hawing, Hermann had agreed to go, but Berta didn't count on Hermann's ingrown toenail, which started hurting a couple of days ago (he has this frequently). Marlchen Noll called it off as well. Our last hope was Willi, who announced his visit for this week, but he couldn't make it either so the whole thing fell apart. As consolation for not going, Berta brought a kettle of wash to a boil yesterday evening; it's the first time she has done her own wash since married. You should see the new detergent she tried, Traudchen. It's called *Persil*, and it comes in half-pound packets costing 35 Pfenige apiece. You simply dissolve a packet in a kettle of cold water, add the wash, and without soap or soda bring it to a boil, then let stand overnight. Then all that's left is to rinse out the wash, no scrubbing whatsoever, just rinsing and bluing and it's done. I saw for myself how white and fresh it looked. The wash consisted of delicate items, but tonight she'll try it on the heavy items, and next week I plan on using it. Although I've been getting the wash done cheaply, I'll be able to save more with very little effort. You should try and see if you can get the stuff there, Traudchen, it would ease your wash load. Soon your children will be past the crawling in the dirt stage, and you can be glad that another isn't on the way. The boy has time, and should you not have a boy, it doesn't matter either, since the girls will bring the boys into the house eventually.

Finchen will visit again within the next little while. Poor dear, her children are coming so close together. Through Willi she told me she would stay until I threw her out, then stay with Berta. Willi is going on another long business tour, so she'll stay with us for a while. Between the Gerkes and us, we have eight rooms, so I'm sure we'll find a place for her. When the weather is a little better, the children could go to the park located just a seven minute walk from here. It is really a very nice park with sand banks for the children to play on. Too bad we don't all live in Cologne, or the surrounding areas, that would be so nice, wouldn't it?

My dear Boys,

Did you receive the tobacco? Over fourteen days ago we sent you a packet of Sorgenbrecher, and yesterday a larger packet of genuine Holland Feinschnitt, which Jean Schauff contributed. Tucked inside the first packet was a short letter and pocket calendar; did you



August Hochscheid

# OREGON

Stop! Look! Listen! If you want to come to one of the best countries you ever saw for gardening, fruit and dairying, where crops never fail, without irrigation, where cyclones and disastrous storms are unknown, with good schools and churches, and one of the best climates on the Pacific coast, where you can get good land from \$15 to \$100 per acre on easy terms, come to Philomath, Benton county, Oregon. For further information and booklet, write

—Arthur L. Rainwater,  
Philomath, Oregon.

→  
Jean Schauff, husband  
of Friedrich's niece,  
Paula, owned a  
Wirtschaft in Köln  
←



Ads like this appeared frequently in the Kalispell newspapers.

find it? If so, we can always smuggle a few things to you now and then.

About the pictures, dear August: I sent one to Lerner, and Willi and Berta each received one. Traudchen and Gretchen Wiedenfeld were here for half-a-day over two weeks ago, and they wanted to have a picture—you had promised them one—but forgot to take it with them when they left. Tina and I also want to have one. After the four I sent you, two are left over for you to decide who should have them. Your friend, Dick, would probably like one, although he didn't stop to visit here during his vacation.

I just received a card from Tina. She sends special greetings to the Americans. She'll be seventeen in April and will soon lay claim to young womanhood. Of the 1000 things she longs for and must have, there are 999 she doesn't get. In spite of this, at the moment she costs me the most money, and I'll be glad when her apprenticeship ends, and she'll at least make enough money that I'll no longer need to subsidize her purchases. I will write to Breuers before July and ask if a two-and-a-half year apprenticeship wouldn't be long enough; naturally I'd have to let her stay there longer. Dear Traudchen, if you get a chance, why don't you see how things stand over there for young ladies seeking work. Tina would have to know English thoroughly, though, wouldn't she?

Now I will close so I can take my afternoon nap. I feel relatively well and haven't had my time of the month for three months, now. It's probably not in the cards for us to have yet another baptism; that would be the jest to end all, wouldn't it? No, I'll leave that to other people, for example, the Gerke family who lives across from us, where there's been a lot of activity lately. "Oh, I feel so sick... Ugh, Ugh, Ugh..." But now it has gotten better, it happens less. Not that you should think something came; no, it just seemed as though something wanted to come. You know how it is, Traudchen, after seven months, fourteen days and several hours, then something will come after all. Berta still isn't pleased about it, but it will come nevertheless.

Live happily, my dear ones, stay fit as a fiddle, as you have done and write very, very often. A thousand kisses from us all, especially from your very loving,

Mother

Special good wishes for the little ones from their German grandma. Hermann will tuck a few pens into the next shipment of tobacco. Be sure not to smoke them.

My dear Ones,

I'll also try and put a few thoughts to paper, especially in regard to your plans to settle down in Oregon. First of all, I want to advise you to get a good, detailed map of the state, and if possible the county in question. As far as I can see from my maps, the side of the mountain range leading to the Pacific Ocean appears to be the best, but there is probably no more free land available there. The climate there must be very, very nice. The other side of the mountain range appears to be very dry, except in the south where there are many large and small lakes. The main problem appears to be that there is no railroad on the east side of the mountains, with the exception of the northern corner.

Perhaps you can inquire about Nevada. There ought to be free land still available there, the climate is more southerly, yet by all appearances there seem to be numerous streams and lakes. As you mentioned, it's important to get as much information as possible, since

so much hangs in the balance.

How are things going with Peter? Has he decided to come up there in the spring? Hopefully he has. We hear so little from him.

Best wishes and kisses for all of you from your,

Father

20 February 1908

From: Malchen Noll  
Düren

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana  
North America

Dear Mr. Hochscheid,

Since we've not heard from you for several months, I'm taking the liberty of asking, are you still alive? If the answer is yes, please write and tell us how you are doing and how you like it there. Or have you forgotten us already?

Thank you for the card from New York. Was the ocean voyage as marvelous as you thought it would be?

How are Mr. and Mrs. Hochscheid and the children?

You're probably just ambling around the forest, and have six days of leisure and one day of work! Are you able to work at all?

My parents, siblings and I are doing well. Nothing much has changed in Elsdorf, except that the singing has stopped. I believe the mixed choir no longer exists. It's too bad, since it often had a very congenial and cozy character.

Please do write, Mr. Hochscheid. We would enjoy it very much.

My best wishes,

Malchen Noll

Karl, Anna and my parents send their best wishes.

21 February 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

To: Hochscheids  
Kila, Montana

My dear August, Fritz and Traudchen,

This morning we enjoyed reading the long and highly interesting letter we received from our dear August and the short appendix from our dear oldest, which we wished could have been four pages longer; nevertheless, we thank you, Fritz, for the short one and you, August, for the long one. We've done you an injustice to say you write too little, or too infrequently. You write in such detail of such wonderful things that we always long for more.

It's great to hear you're able to earn so much money, but you shouldn't overexert yourself so much. It would be better to take a day off now and then from the timberwork, or at least on the days you give lessons, so that you don't end up getting sick and having more unwanted days off. Be careful. You too, Fritz, safeguard yourself when necessary, and take care you become an old father for your children. No doubt Traudchen will see to it that you do.

You have written so little, Traudchen. I wonder whether it's possible I'm guilty of having unknowingly committed a transgression with you?

Yesterday Mrs. Noll visited us for a few hours. She wanted to come back in the evening but didn't come after all.

--February 22, early morning--

Mrs. Noll told us August had written a card to Emil Vorreiter, which the boy then showed to her. Mr. Noll evidently enjoyed the card so much that Emil had to read it in front of the class at school. Emil's classmates apparently liked hearing that the American children often ride to school on horseback, and that they have such long vacations.

Also Mrs. Noll knew from Miss Lerner that the singing group had disbanded, and that Mr. Kloth had written to her husband that he would no longer be able to attend because he had had relations with one of the ladies in the group, whom he didn't wish to name; but, which Mrs. Noll assumed to be Miss Lerner. Mr. Kloth has also stopped going to Elsdorf on Sundays, only Wednesdays for bowling. Mr. Kramer had visited her last Saturday, but he had nothing new to tell.

Finchen and the children have been here since Wednesday, which has brought about a pleasant change of pace. If only the weather would improve so we could take the children to the park. Willichen<sup>1</sup> has grown larger and chatters and sings the entire day; except for those moments when everything doesn't go his way and he becomes nasty and wails, then he is sent into the corner until his little Adam has calmed down again. Fredy is the

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<sup>1</sup> Little Willi was later called Walter.



loveliest little fathead, much quieter than Willi; he mumbles the whole day long and is very easy to please. He reminds us of dear little Dorchen, and whenever we speak of her it is with fondness and love. Dear Traudchen, please write a little something about the children in each letter, I'm interested in whatever they do.

Father just gave me a new pen, one of six he bought yesterday in Cologne. He will tuck the other five inside the packet of Oldenkott Kingenkerl tobacco. Do you boys like that brand?

Now I must tell you why you still haven't received an answer to your letter, with enclosure, to the Gerkes. Berta had started to write you over a week ago, when I came in and disrupted her. Monday I wrote a small note to enclose in her letter, but as of today it is still unfinished, for a number of reasons Berta can tell you about. Because I had waited so anxiously for news, I'm answering your letter immediately; now Berta was just here and said she will enclose her letter in this one. I'll also enclose the little note I had written over a week ago.

Now I must ask again whether you boys received the tobacco, since we've had no acknowledgement of it from you. Including yesterday's, three shipments have gone out. In the first was a letter and pocket calendar, and I'd really like to know if you got it. Also, please mention whenever you receive something from us, even newspapers.

I will close now, since it is already nine o'clock, Saturday—time to start cleaning house. In closing I want to mention, dear Traudchen, that I was very pleased with the new detergent and will start using it on a regular basis.

Live well and be happy! Many thanks again for the wonderful letter. The best of wishes and kisses from your loving,

Mother

Also best wishes from Father and your brothers and sisters.

I'm here again since last Wednesday. Now if only the weather would improve so we could go on some brisk walks. Willi will be gone five more weeks, during which time you won't be getting any more newspapers. Or has he ever sent them from other localities? If the Düsseldorf newspaper will do, I can also be of service. Father exchanged the dollar bill, here. Sending all of you my best wishes,

Finchen

My dear Fritz,

For your Namenstag I'm sending you my best wishes, especially for your hope that you'll still have warm feet after fifty years. Father and the children also wish you the best.

22 February 1908

From: Berta Gerke  
285 Luxemburgstraße  
Cologne-Sülz

To: Traudchen Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

Dear Traudchen,

Please forgive me for having taken so long to thank you for your dear letter and the money. I won't go into phony excuses; when one neglects something for so long, one is always at fault.

Many thanks from us both for the money. Money just seems to dissolve in our hands. I was happy to receive it and thought I'd put it into our savings, instead I'll be bringing it to our dentist. I had a terrible toothache, which persisted day and night. When I finally went to see the dentist it became apparent I needed a lot of work on my teeth. At the moment I look like an old hag, as Mrs. Noll put it. No matter, my Hermann loves me anyway, and it will soon be better.

Dear Traudchen, you asked whether I'm nursing Finchen, or she's nursing me. Exactly what will happen is anyone's guess. According to Finchen's calculations, we are only one month apart. But how will it go with your due date, or is it a false one? My goodness, three Hochscheids and one Gerke! Come what may!

Well, Traudchen, this will have to do for now. I'll gear myself up for a longer letter soon, I hope; or, as you put it, *condescend* to write. Then my poor conscience will be at peace.

Best wishes to my dear brothers. Hermann will write them a longer epistle soon; that is, when the mood strikes him. Send Dorle to me via periodical rate mail! My best to you in hopes we will see each other again, soon,

Your Sister-in-Law

Dear Fritz,

All the best wishes for your Namenstag!

Hermannus and Berteste

Dear Fritz,

Congratulations on your Namenstag from me too!

Finchen

26 February 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana  
Via Kalispell

My dear August,

Yesterday we received the funds for which we thank you very much. Also, many thanks for the splendid letter with the even more splendid advice, over which we were highly amused. What you wrote is all fine and well, but much easier said than done. For example, my good mathematician, Fritz, enumerated only the main monthly expenses, yet he knows only too well how many unforeseen, everyday expenditures occur in the course of a month. No taxes, no insurance, no laundry expenses, etc. were taken into account. His financial plan wouldn't work, even with the utmost thriftiness. I could point some of these unforeseen expenses out to him using his own account book, where lately I've had to make regular entries, and so have had an opportunity to examine his own household expenses.

I will do whatever is possible, that you may count on.

I'll write a letter later, since you've just received one a few days ago. Receive our best wishes and kisses, especially from your loving,

Mother



Kila town center. Hotel is on the right.



The Kila General Merchandise store, also called “The Casey Store” where the proprietor, Seth Everett, “sells out each item before reordering.”

Fritz and August’s employer, The Enterprise Lumber Company mill with Smith Lake in the background and timber covered hills beyond. The town was originally named Sedan by the Great Northern Railroad but was later changed to Kila for William Kiley, partner in the lumber mill.



5 March 1908

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
Sedan (Kila), Montana

To: Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Badburg, Germany

My dear Minchen,

Would you believe I could not send you timely birthday greetings because I was out of ink? There is only one store in town, and the owner sells out each item before reordering, so things one desperately needs are often not to be found. In Kalispell everything is available, but the inconvenient trip is seldom made. The train from Kalispell comes here twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays. The train returns the same evening, so, if one uses the train, one is obliged to spend almost three days in Kalispell to await the next train back. That costs much money. There's another way to get there, namely by horse and buggy, which rent for two to three dollars a day. Everyone here can ride horseback and drive a carriage—the latter I am unable to do yet. Once I took another lady with me who understood how to maneuver a horse and buggy.

My brother-in-law, August, brought me ink from the school, so at last I can send you birthday greetings, my dear Minchen. Besides his work at the mill, August thankfully has an additional sideline; he teaches German to six students, using the Berlitz method. The lessons are twice a week, and he receives 6.50 Marks for each.

8 April

This long has my unfinished letter lain here, and today I received your dear card with congratulations. How happy your heartfelt words made me feel! Is that really you, dear Minchen? The features in the picture are just like yours. Did you model for it, or is it chance likeness? I can't believe my eyes! The expression in the eyes, the mouth, even the hand—everything is familiar, my dear Wallerchen.<sup>1</sup> Do write and explain how this all came about. Most of all, please don't let me wait too long to hear from you again.

Actually, it is not entirely my fault that you haven't received a letter until today. We have been waiting for a dollar bill, which is hard to come by,<sup>2</sup> and before we had it I thought there would be plenty of time to finish the letter. Now at last the dollar bill is with the letter, but it's time I'm short of! So heartfelt thanks for your letter and your card, and now to answer them.

Through my brother-in-law, our lives have taken a pleasant turn. He is quiet, entertaining, and considerate; we would miss him terribly if he left us. I believe he is already toying with the idea of finding his niche somewhere else. In fact, he has written to the plumbing

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<sup>1</sup> Waller was Wilhelmina Neudorff's maiden name.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning coinage was primarily used.

school in St. Paul. A half-year's tuition costs \$75. We figured \$200 would be enough to get by on while learning the trade, feeding oneself etc., then one can earn \$8 per day, sometimes more. But the work is not healthy. Fritz wants nothing to do with it. I think August will have second thoughts as well. Once we have saved enough money to invest in or buy a farm, August will probably do the same and stay close by.

Meanwhile, we must have patience. Wages have gone down. Fritz gets 25 cents less per day than he did, which totals out to about 25 Marks less per month. From the beginning August earned no more than \$2.25 per day, but he has that nice extra income from teaching. It is likely wages will drop even more over the summer. In Kalispell a mill stopped operations for the entire winter. Now it is going again but doesn't pay more than \$1.80. Isn't that a shame? How soon before it happens here? It is much worse in the East. Many thousands were said to be without work last winter. It will probably take another year before the country recovers from the many bank crashes. That it is an election year is also said to be a contributing factor for these bad times.

We have all kinds of plans for the future. For a long time we've been considering buying land in Oregon. It lies another two-day trip west from here, has only two rainy days a year, and would therefore need to be artificially irrigated, but reputed to yield fruitful crops without fail. Forty acres cost \$1,000—that is, the land itself costs nothing; it is the irrigation that swallows the money. It doesn't have to be paid for all at once. A good harvest year should pay for the cost. I don't know exactly how the payments need to be made. Fritz is already asleep, or I'd ask him.

By nightfall he is dog-tired, especially recently. He got a new job in the mill, which is very difficult.<sup>1</sup> He has long since delegated letter writing, even to his relatives, to August or me. Besides, in the evenings there are a few household chores for him to do, such as chopping wood for the heating stove and for the cook stove. (Only wood is burned here.) Every evening he must fetch milk down by the lake,<sup>2</sup> about a seven-minute walk away.

Only if we get a cow will the pathway for milk return to wilderness, but one thing that will always remain is the pathway to the store, which we use three or four times a week. There we buy in bulk, as do most of the people here: 20 pounds of lard, ten pounds of meat, 50 pounds of flour, etc.. Fritz transports all this in a wheelbarrow; we live on a terraced hill. If there is less he uses a wooden crate, appropriate to size.

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<sup>1</sup> Genie Adams tells a story from the time August and Fritz were lumbermen: "Following instructions, they proceeded to cut down a huge tree. (Probably seemed huge to them anyway.) They actually felled the tree without being killed in the process. But that's when the real trouble started. The butt of the tree had hung up on the stump instead of falling clear. Righting the situation was dangerous and difficult. I guess they did manage that too. When the boss heard about it he was really angry. He said from then on they were to work in the office. 'You're Germans, aren't you? All Germans can read, write and figure, so you better work in the office!' As added information, August told about the evenings the lumbermen were paid. The boss would arrive with a big sack of gold coins, which were dumped on the table. When a man's name was called he'd step up to collect the coins due him."

Annette Hochscheid recalled: "Fritz could tally lumber (measure and mark boards as the men stacked it), but, because he was a new man and a foreigner, they swamped him—only Fritz and the bosses could do the tallying; swamping him gained nothing for the men—which made him so angry he started a fistfight. I can hardly believe this, but probably the only fight ever?!"

<sup>2</sup> Smith Lake

Flour is not available in less than 50-pound sizes; yet, we need a new bag every two weeks. What we eat in the way of bread and baked goods must all be homemade. Now I'll tell you how I've divided up my weekly chores: Mondays I bake six loaves of rye bread (Schwartzbrot [black bread] doesn't exist, here) and 14 rolls. Tuesdays I do the wash<sup>1</sup> (pooh!) and Wednesdays, I iron (ah!). Thursdays I laze about (how sweet!). Fridays I make two raisin breads, two pounds each. Saturdays I bake two "pies," (apple tarts with covers). Between times I bake all kinds of other things, such as pound cakes, fried cakes, wheat flour fritters, potato cakes and pancakes, which are customary here. I make the pancakes about twice a week in the evenings; they are covered with generous amounts of syrup and taste good. We each eat three or four; some people supposedly gulp down a dozen, even though it's just a side dish! My husband has requested pancakes for breakfast for a long time, now, and I've gotten used to making them for breakfast twice a week. The morning schedule is as follows: At 6:20 a.m. breakfast is ready. (In the winter it was ready at 5:20 a.m., since the men had to fell trees in the woods across the lake, half an hour's walk away.) It consists of "Quakers," thickly cooked in salt and water, alternated with "Korn Kings," served with milk and sugar, which everyone adds according to their own taste. This is followed by hash brown potatoes with meat. (My brother-in-law says it's the other way around, for meat is cheap—10, 12, or 14 cents a pound, depending on what it is. Butter is 20 cents a pound in the summer, and in winter it can go as high as 45 cents here.) Then we have bread, butter, cheese, coffee, and milk, followed by an apple, if the fruit is not too pricey. At 12:00 noon sharp we have dinner, which consists of soup, meat, potatoes, vegetables or compote, pie, coffee or tea, cheese, bread, and an apple. For supper, at six o'clock in the evening, we have the same menu as for dinner, except for the soup and vegetables, and the addition of some kind of cake.

The people here all live well—entirely opposite to the workers in the Old Country. In the boarding house where the unmarried men or straw widowers live, the workers eat with silver utensils! One simply cannot visualize that in a German Gasthaus. I can't tell you of the work itself, except to say that it is hard. Anyone who is strong and healthy can do it. My brother-in-law looks the picture of health, my husband too!

When I have a lot of sewing or mending to do, I send out the wash. Fritz wants me to send it out always, but I find that too expensive. Just think, my dear Minchen, currently it costs \$1.60 to have one week's worth of wash done. That is about 6.40 Marks.

The winter is gone now. We did not suffer too much from the cold. There were only three days when it was so cold that the eggs froze into solid lumps, and the bread had to be warmed in order to slice it. Now we have nice, warm spring weather. Yesterday the last piece of ice disappeared from the lake.

Do you still remember, dearest Minchen, when I learned how to ice skate in Leipzig? I felt so dreadful that day. The news of your departure from the Musenstadt left me with no desire to practice runs on the ice. I took the news badly and haven't forgotten it to this day. We humans are far too egotistical.

This winter I did go ice-skating with August a few times—twice straight across the lake to a farm on the other side. The owners have a piano, and we are often invited there. Fritz

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<sup>1</sup> Annette recalled, "When she washed clothes, it was on a washboard in a big round tub, which no doubt was the bathtub, too!"

would then take the children over on a sled. Christmas we were invited there to dinner, and since then twice to supper.

My men contributed very much to enhance the Christmas festivities here in the village with singing and piano accompaniment. On Christmas Eve the celebration was held in the schoolhouse, and all the local villagers and farmers from outlying areas attended. I can tell you those two had a very receptive audience for their first “official public performance” as they called it.

The schoolhouse is used for every kind of gathering, including Sunday services by the Methodists and dances for every occasion. A dance is given for any reason imaginable; for example, if someone is visiting or leaving town, if there’s a birthday, etc.. Everyone is personally invited. Every woman brings a homemade cake, and the men each give a dollar toward music, which consists of violin and organ. The dances are a harmless and very pleasant form of entertainment, which the older school children participate in voluntarily. Children here have the same rights as adults. A 13-year-old miss is considered a young woman. At twelve o’clock, coffee and sandwiches are passed around, contributed by whoever organized the dance. One sits on school benches, which are placed in a circle around the dance floor. There are no tables. Beer and other alcoholic beverages are never served—not even at the costume ball on New Year’s Eve! I again went as a rococo lady’s maid and had the prettiest dress there.

My husband went to the first dance; to all the other dances I have had to go alone. Then at one or two or three o’clock, depending on how much I’ve amused myself, I drag my tired legs home, up the dark, lonely hill. The American dances give me great pleasure; one dances one measure to the right, and the next around to the left. The dances are pleasant and take little effort. Plus I enjoy the feeling I’m not molding away. When I get home I first look to see if my two men need anything, after which I let myself become annoyed for a while because my snoring bears do not even hear me, much less ask if I had an enjoyable evening! But then it’s off to bed, after turning the little house key, and I sleep until the oncoming morning, which for me begins at a quarter to six—no matter whether I got home at twelve or three.

Our house is not built of blocks, but out of simple cleft wood. Even the inside walls show raw wood, and I like this very much. It looks *Altdeutsch*. Only the ceiling is covered with gray paper. Just four days ago about half past seven in the morning I had a good fire going in the heating stove to warm the children while I dressed them. In the blink of an eye the paper began to smoke, then it began to burn. Standing on a chair, I pushed a blanket up against it. It was too late for that; the wooden boards on the other side of the stovepipe were already burning. I saw there was nothing else that could be done. “This shack is going to burn down,” I thought, “the wood is bone dry! Now, keep your head and see what you can save.” I knew I couldn’t count on any help; nevertheless, each time I lugged something out I screamed as loud as I could, “Fritz! August! Fire!” First I managed to get the mattresses and bedding out. Then I had to go through a door behind the stove into an adjoining room where all the clothes were stored. I grabbed the best things first, carried them back underneath the burning ceiling where shreds of burning paper were falling to the floor, threw them onto a mattress and hollered vigorously in the direction of the mill before making another trip. In the meantime, the children were reacting to this unusual occurrence by screaming and running back and forth in their nightgowns. The kitchen was



still safe, so I sat the two girls down at the table and gave them our only card game, which was something new to them and gave me a few minutes quiet. Finally I heard an answer to my hollering, "We are coming!" Suddenly, all my strength left me. I picked up my babies and sat myself down in our new rocking chair. (We now have three, but six are customary.) Meanwhile all the mill workers and the two bosses, headed by my two men, had arrived up here, each carrying a bucket of water. The fire was soon put out.

We didn't sustain any losses, if one doesn't count the wages Fritz and August lost while being off work that day. One piece of the roof had to be torn off and one piece of an outside wall; both were fixed immediately. Right before the fire was completely out, August took a book to hand and read us a poem, which fit the occasion perfectly. That's how he is!

My dearest Minchen, now I must ask about you and your family. You wrote you were ill. Nothing serious, I trust? You timid girl! By nature you're a bit nervous; that would soon disappear if you lived here in the solitary heights and had to listen to stories of bears being sighted here and there. Half an hour from here is a mountain—its peak can be seen from our house—where all types of bears are said to exist. They do not venture close to human habitations unless they are in a grave state of hunger. Only the little wolves, called "coyotes," allow themselves the fun of being able to come close to human settlements. They are supposed to be dangerous only to children. I've not seen any, but one hears their terrible baying and howling in the evenings or nights. It's as if there were an entire herd of them, and sounds a bit like suppressed dog-barking. I have no fear at all. This little danger—actually I don't consider it as dangerous at all—makes it more interesting for me to live here. My little ones are outside all day, even evenings at twilight. When I want them home, I holler in all four directions. They'll turn back toward the house at once, but it still takes a long time before they get here because they go so far into the woods. You should see the girls, dear Minchen. They simply radiate good health. For Dorle it is a bit harder. She seems to have an exceptionally fine gift of observation, which I could write you pages about. Give me time! Give me time!

If you have a taste for the kind of life we live here, dearest Minchen, come over with Carl and the little ones. It's only a stone's throw away! Then we would each have a sympathetic soul near at hand, which is worth a lot. A woman is never completely understood by her husband. Only before the wedding! As friends, one is able to read the subtle nuances of the other's soul; but, for a husband, it isn't worth the effort to look into his wife's soul in order to understand her better. In my husband's case, I have much to find fault with on this point. Since the Bund dissolved,<sup>1</sup> he has changed disadvantageously. To him the regeneration was as necessary as religion is for certain people, at least this is the way I see it. A certain mainstay was taken from him, leaving nothing in its place. When he improves, I'll surely tell you, my dear Minchen.

If I may give some advice, I'd recommend waiting there until the situation here has improved. At the moment things here look bad all over. Two ship acquaintances of August—one is a pharmacist who graduated from a university—wrote that they still haven't found work and wondered whether August felt prospects would be better here. One of

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<sup>1</sup> Traudchen's actual words were, "Seitdem der Bund zu Wasser wurde" *Since the Bund went to water*, an appropriate choice of words, considering differences of opinion developed among members of the group (Bund) while crossing the Atlantic.

them lives in New York, the other in Chicago. August wrote them to try anywhere but here. The men from Bremen who came over with us—the “Bund comrades!?”—lived in Kalispell without work all winter long. Now they work in Athens, returning to Kalispell on Saturday evenings, then back to Athens on Sunday evenings. They’re away from home the entire week. I don’t know what they earn. We heard that Schwiers was superintendent of the Methodist congregation.

Live well, dear Minchen, and allow yourself plenty of rest. Work slowly, and only take the very best things to heart; then you’ll stay healthy and make your Carl happy. Best wishes to him from my two men and me. Heartfelt greetings and kisses,

Traudchen

P.S. You know which parts of this letter you may mention when you write back, don’t you?

6 March 1908

From: Christina & Friedrich Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

To: Gertrud Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

My dear Traudchen,

This letter, wishing you all the best on your Namenstag, will probably arrive a few days too late. The blame rests entirely on Carnival. Not to say that I've unrestrainedly participated in every event, but the days bring with them such a reckless abandonment of everything else that I actually forgot it was time to congratulate you, dear Traudchen. I hope you will temper justice with mercy and accept our belated best wishes just the same. I wish you the best of everything and that all your dreams become fulfilled. Many times past I've sent you my best wishes on this day, even from a distance, but they've never been sent from so far away as now, and hopefully they will find you in the best of spirits. May you enjoy this day in health and contentment for many more years to come. Heaven only knows whether we will celebrate it together again someday.

Your letters sound so fine and full of hope. Who wouldn't be tempted to sail away to such an auspicious land? But I always consider that it would no longer be worth the trouble for us old folks; that we'd be better off clinging to our native soil. I don't want to be the spoilsport, though, and if it must come to pass, I won't stand in the way. The scrub brush will always be found near the kettle. But if I should come, it must be to an already feathered nest, where I can be assured of a secure, peaceful existence. August has known this for some time. He's looking after us very well, and if his expectations of making a great deal of money come to pass, it wouldn't be difficult for him to continue to care for us, be it here or there. Naturally he mustn't entertain any thoughts of marriage. Hopefully he'll remain true to his principles and not marry, and if fate brings us together again I'll take just as good—or better—care of him than a wife would. Presently he also has a sister who would fulfill all his large and small wishes, such as finding sheet music, getting his handkerchiefs, even being prepared to sing if needed; all he has to do is ask. Next month Tina will be seventeen, and you, dear Traudchen, know what that means, and over there perhaps more so. Franz is also enthusiastic about coming over, especially when the letters arrive, which he reads with the greatest interest. He had started to write a letter, but didn't finish it. He should write another one soon. Josef has little understanding for the situation, which isn't really necessary at his age.

I hope the three of you will not be upset if I don't answer everything you write about in detail. I've understood it all and am interested in the smallest particulars; but, it is too difficult for me to delve into it all again. I can only say that no good advice or suggestions are lost on us, and that I always look forward to your letters. Especially yours, dear August, stay just as industrious in your letter writing as you have been, we will do our best, as well. For now it is enough. Best wishes and kisses for all of you from your loving,

Mother

Dear Gertrud,

Best wishes for your Namenstag, and greetings to my dear brothers-in-law and your children.

Hermann

Dear August, Hermann will send what you wished for within the next few days. Both of them are working so hard, they never get anything done. In the next tobacco shipment you'll find a little calendar for each of you, all are from Gretchen Geicht. The one with the greeting is for August. Finchen is waiting for Willi to arrive today, after which they'll both return home. You'll then receive the emulsion.

Mother

My dear Ones,

First of all, I'd like to add my best wishes to Mama's congratulations on your Namenstag, dear Traudchen. Then I'll say many thanks for your best wishes on my Namenstag and the nice present that accompanied them. We've postponed the festivities until next Sunday for reasons Mama will tell you about.

Writing is difficult for me, so you'll have to be content with just a few lines. I must advise you to be most cautious regarding your plans to move to the state of Oregon. Twenty-five dollars per acre of irrigated land is much too expensive. The land in the south is much more reasonable and doesn't require artificial irrigation. The unirrigated land for two-and-a-half dollars per acre wouldn't be of any value without water. If it doesn't rain, it means there are no woodlands, making the land worthless.

A few weeks ago at Paula's, I spoke with an upper-class gentleman who had been abroad since 1880. If I recall correctly, he had been living in Cleveland till now, but also wants to buy land in Oregon, but only in an area where there is natural rainfall. He described the state as a good place to live, which he knew about from detailed descriptions by an acquaintance that lives there. He was visiting here with his wife and planned on returning home in the beginning of March.

So make sure you have all the information before making any firm resolution.

Let us know whether you've received the tobacco, regularly. Tomorrow another shipment will go off.

Best wishes and kisses for all of you from your loving,

Father

Dear Traudchen,

Accept my heartfelt wishes for your Namenstag, as well. Once we are in America and make lots of money, I can honor your next Namenstag with dollar bills, how many and

where they will come from remains to be seen. Best wishes to everyone there, your sister-in-law,

Berta

Dear Traudchen,

My best wishes and congratulations as well. Greetings to both my brothers-in-law and the children.

Finchen

16 March 1908

# J. POHLIG,

Aktien-Gesellschaft

**Drahtseilbahnen u. Hunt'sche Umlader.**

Adressen für Telegramme:  
aus Deutschland: **Pohlig, Köln-Zollstock**  
vom Auslande: **Jpohlig, Köln-Rhein.**

Fernsprecher Nr. 1840 und Nr. 859.

## Filialen:

**Brüssel, Wien und Budapest.**

Bahnsendungen sind zu richten:  
Stückgut: nach **Köln-Bonnathor.**  
Eilgut: nach **Köln.**  
Waggonladungen: **Köln-Süd.**

From: Hermann Gerke

J. Pohlig Corporation  
Manufacturers of  
Funicular Railways and Mining Transports  
Cologne-Zollstock  
Affiliates in Brussels, Vienna and Budapest

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

Dear August,

I'm sending you the books you wanted plus two volumes of *Kölsche Krätzcher*,<sup>1</sup> one *Simpli*<sup>2</sup> and the latest *Kölnische*.<sup>3</sup> I wanted to add a few *Zukunft*<sup>4</sup> periodicals, but it got too heavy. They will follow soon.

Your assumption that we all intend on coming over is correct. Your mother, who wanted nothing to do with coming over, is now making plans how such a move could be best made; for example, she thinks it would be most expedient if the families of Willi and Gerkes go as early as this summer. Willi is primarily delaying his departure because Franz Hövel<sup>5</sup> had promised to go with them as soon as his military service ends; although, Mother and Willi both agree this can't be relied on with any degree of certainty, especially since he's found himself a young lady in Düsseldorf whose parents will most likely approve of him; so the main grounds why we should wait another two years seem to be falling by the wayside. One added consideration is that Willi is once again tired—dead tired—of traveling, due mainly to business having been poor, and just in general. Also your mother thinks the fewer children that go along, the more pleasant the journey would be, which finally brought us to the question, is it practical for two more men to come over there this summer? Will there be enough steady work available? Please consider this question carefully, also in connection with your intended expeditions in order to look at land for sale, and write us your opinion.

It is election year in the U.S.A., and I've heard this brings a general decline of the work force because the industrial capitalists hold up production. Whether this crisis is only felt in the industrial areas, or whether ripples are felt all over I don't know; I just wanted to mention it.

Your reports always produce happy faces here, and invariably one or the other says, "We really must go over, soon."

Enough for today. Best wishes,

Hermann

<sup>1</sup> Krätzcher = jokes

<sup>2</sup> Simpli = *Simplicissimus*, a German satirical magazine

<sup>3</sup> *Kölnische Zeitung*, the local newspaper

<sup>4</sup> Zukunft = future

<sup>5</sup> Finchen's half-brother.

P.S. I welcome your offer to continue sending money after your debt is paid off, so that I may pay mine off sooner. Write and tell me in what time frame you think you would need the money back.

Greetings to Fritz and Traudchen. Berta has probably given them our thanks for the wonderful wedding present already, but I'll repeat it, here. Such a gift is always the most practical; one can use it immediately. Tomorrow is my first grass widower day; Berta is going to Elsdorf for a few days. I did manage to get a few *Zukunftte* into the package; hopefully you haven't read them yet.

March 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid & Berta Gerke  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

To: Hochscheids  
Kila, Montana

Dear August, Fritz & Traudchen,

Yes, it's true I'm making the plans Hermann wrote about. I'm thinking of all the money Willi and Hermann could earn over there, and that Berta and Finchen would be better off traveling now, than with another child; but whether this is the right idea you'd be best able to judge. I've spoken with Finchen about it, but couldn't say whether Willi now knows. We intend to write him about it, perhaps you could do the same.

It feels as though we haven't heard from you for months. Why don't you send a card every now and then, since one letter a month is a little sparse. We did receive a card from August over a week ago. He mentioned that very little of the aromatic tobacco made it over. That's too bad, hopefully the latest shipment will arrive in better condition. Father will send another packet of Feinschnitt in a few days. Jean has donated it again.

Otherwise everything here is back in its old course. Finchen took the train back to München Gladbach last Tuesday. She'd had enough of traveling with the two nippers, who were anything but well behaved. Children seem to be at their best in their accustomed home environment, isn't that right, Traudchen? Surely you know this well enough.

I'll close in the hope you are all healthy and in good spirits. It could almost be said for everyone here, except March has mercilessly brought an outbreak of coughs, sore throats, and so forth. God help Cologne!

With heartfelt greetings and kisses to all, from your loving,

Mother

In the Book of Moses, 20:08 it says: "Remember the Sabbath, to keep it holy."

Dear August,

First I'll answer your question. The piano is in no better shape than it was, on the contrary, one "b" key is starting to stick when pressed several times in succession. I mentioned it to Kramer, who said he'd come and take a look at it. It would cost 20 to 25 Marks to fix, which up to now we haven't been able to spare. We always have it standing open, and whenever I come into the room and have an extra minute or two, I'll sit down and play. I've been practicing *Der Schiffer fährt zu Land* for the past 36 weeks; it is coming along well enough and Hermann sings splendidly along.



We didn't hear from Schmitz; he didn't buy any books, nothing at all. Dick and Kramer paid, naturally. Regarding your comment that the sheet music and singing is all rubbish, when those horrid fellows visit, they want nothing more than to show how well they can still sing, and their heads swell and they puff up like peacocks. It never occurs to them that I also have a longing to sing, as in days gone by, and the little Christian in me would never feel right begging to do so. Well, when we're together again things will be different.

For now my very best wishes and kisses,

Berta

The same to Traudchen, Fritz and the little ones.

23 March 1908

From: Franz Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

Dear Brother,

I've read all the letters you've written and have a great desire to come to America. When Willi goes in two years we will hopefully join him.

In one of your last letters you wrote we should make field trips. We make field trips every year at school. Our teacher told us to save up for a big one, which is to take place in June. A while back we made a short excursion to Fort Denkstein, which we toured. You also asked when I'm going to communion; it is on April 26<sup>th</sup>, your twenty-fourth birthday.

The other thing you suggested depends on time and Mother's budget; but, I go swimming almost every week, and I could probably do it if my feet wouldn't reach the bottom. When Willi visits us again and has some time, perhaps he'll go with me once and teach me.

Yesterday there was a party in our house, and I dressed up in my first trousers with suspenders, dickey, stiff collar and necktie. My sister, Tina, who arrived unannounced, managed to join us. She complained that she still hadn't received any news from you. She hopes that you'll write her a letter soon.

I'll close for now with my best wishes to you, Fritz and Traudchen as well as the little ones.

Franz

24 March 1908

From Christina Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

To: Hochscheids  
Kila, Montana

My dear Children,

As you can see, Franz is turning out to be quite a nice letter writer. He composed almost all of it himself. In time I'll have a personal secretary, since I have to admit I get lazy about writing every now and then. This doesn't mean you should ease off on your letters; I will answer everything, even though it may not be immediately.

It's already been a week since your letter for Josef's Namenstag arrived punctually with the first post. We were very pleased to receive it. You, August, wrote such a stirring letter to the little rascal. Josef has grown quite a bit and retains his well-fed look; Franz looks good too, and we all think he's gained a little weight. Our Tina has gained some weight and looks quite pretty that way; she is strong enough to work alongside you in the sawmill. She is homesick and came for a short visit Sunday afternoon, which cost me two Marks train fare, but we were happy to hear her high-spirited laughter once again.

We spent a few nice hours at Gerke's. Mrs. Geicht, Mrs. Heund, Gretchen Geicht, Aunt Billa, Agnes<sup>1</sup> and Johannes Kind were present, and our tongues were set to wagging. Mrs. Geicht contributed the coffee and cake. Then yesterday morning at 9:00 o'clock I brought Tina to the train station, on foot, since we've had the nicest spring weather for several days now. This morning it's cold and foggy, but we hope the sun will break through and it stays nice for a while.

How are things going with you? Is it spring there, or still winter? We just received a card from Peter. He didn't remember if it was his turn to write, since he hadn't heard from us for so long. I'll write to him today.

I spoke with Father about the possibility of Grünebergs paying one year's pension in a lump sum, or maybe 2000 Marks, if Papa waives everything. Then if we were able to draw an additional 200 Marks from the insurance, we would have enough to pay for the trip over. I also thought it would be better for us old folks to go to Atlanta or Birmingham, since we both can't tolerate the cold weather anymore. Papa suffers from colds constantly. Perhaps we too could open a water store, and if Papa got a small position in the factory—as he said, he hardly had anything to do there for his two-and-a-half dollars—we would be in good shape. We're doing all right here, too, but Papa is always thinking about coming over. We're getting older all the time and still have to bring the boys up, but if August

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<sup>1</sup> Two of Christina's older sisters, Sibilla and Agnes.

opens his Berlitz school, maybe it would be just as good to be there. These are just some thoughts for you to mull around.

When she was in Elsdorf, Berta heard from your parents, dear Traudchen. They said you had written that August must support himself from lessons alone; he is not able to do the logging work. How can this be? Berta protested vehemently, saying August had written us the contrary; but Mr. Blumenthal thought one doesn't write the blatant truth to one's closest relatives, although he certainly wasn't reticent in conveying it to Berta. Should there be any truth to this, we'd like a full explanation; if not, Traudchen should write to her parents to clarify the matter, since something like this gets around, and it doesn't do August's reputation any good to have written one thing to us and the opposite to his Elsdorf acquaintances.

I'll close now since the page is almost full. Berta wanted to add a few words. I hope all of you stay well and in good spirits. Greetings and kisses from your loving,

Mother, Father and Tina

Dear August,

I have a number of greetings to send you from Elsdorf. Doctors Lerner, Noll and Wiedenfeld send you extra special heartfelt greetings. I had a very nice time there. Mrs. Lerner was especially kind to me, as was Miss Lerner. I had dinner with the Lerner's and spent the night there. Both Mrs. and Miss Lerner promised to come and visit me soon. I had to hear a great deal about Kloth, which strengthened my negative opinion of him; a loathsome person—no, much worse than that!

For now, heartfelt greetings, also to Fritz, Traudchen and the little ones from,

Your Berta

It doesn't seem like we'll be able to travel over there this year, after all. The train ride is much too long for expectant women, a misfortune could all too easily occur.

24 March 1908

From: Josef Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

Dear brother August,

I was very happy to receive your letter with the Namenstag congratulations, and especially the enclosed dollar bill. The money will come in handy if we make a field trip this summer. I like school. We have four afternoons off: Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

I often accompany Franz to Cologne. Sometimes we go to the cinematograph, which I enjoy because there is always much laughter. One time a frame burned. It wasn't so bad, though, a stream of water shot in and put it out.

I thank you, dear August, for the dollar and the nice letter. Also, many thanks to Fritz and Traudchen for their best wishes. I ate a lot of delicious treats on that day, which didn't cost me a penny. I went with Mama to Uncle Dammer<sup>1</sup> on my Namenstag, and he gave me ten Marks.

Greetings and kisses to all from your brother,

Josef

P.S. Everyone may read this letter.

I've cut out a large ink blotch. Writing this has been a difficult task for the wild little rascal.

Mother

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<sup>1</sup> Joseph Dammer, second husband of Friedrich's sister, Berta

3 April 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana  
Via Kalispell

Dear August,

It's already nine days ago that I received your letter and payment, and I still haven't responded with a letter. This is because I sent your letter away to Finchen, who was to send it on to Willi, who would then return it to me. Up until now I haven't received anything from them.

There isn't anything to report. Hermann will get the things you wished for within the next few days. In the meantime you'll have received the books with enclosed letter. Another shipment of tobacco will go out today. I'll also send Traudchen a sample of Persil, although for everyday purposes it would be too expensive for her to use because of the shipping costs; the stuff is expensive enough as it is. She must follow the directions exactly, and then she'll see the results. A one-pound pack costs 65 Pfennige; with postage it comes to a Mark. The small pack costs 35 Pfennige, without postage. She should write and tell me if she wants more.

Heartfelt greetings and kisses to all from your loving,

Mother

Dear August, Greetings from us too. Thanks for the payment.

Berta and Hermann

Best wishes,

Fr. Gerke

12 April 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

To: Hochscheids  
Kila, Montana

My dear Children,

I'm finally able to write you a letter. It seems when one starts to postpone something, it can take a long time before one manages to get back to it.

A few days ago Willi returned your letter of March 3<sup>rd</sup>, as well as one from March 13<sup>th</sup> written by you, dear Fritz, and August. I'm happy that at the present time all of you seem to be most contented with your lives.

Finchen wrote me that Willi would like to join you immediately, but that she doesn't want to go along until after their third child has sprouted a bit. In the meantime her brother, Franz, was released from the military and is now free to decide if he wants to go along.

Last Sunday Wilhelm Blumenthal was here, and I was surprised to learn that he apparently is also serious about going over. What is his motivation? I didn't want to ask. I thought it could only be on account of family relations, which he probably wouldn't want to discuss. I asked him if his wife was in accord with his going, and he said yes, or if not, she would have to come to terms with it; she doesn't want to go along, nor does she want to follow at a later date. I wonder if it will come to pass. His parents want to hear nothing of it. His mother told him he needn't come home anymore; and his father thought he would turn out just like you, in matters of religion, of course. I asked what his thoughts were regarding these matters, and he said he imagines it will probably be as Traudchen wrote him; everyone there has the freedom to do as they wish and refrain from doing what they don't wish, and the subject need not come into play at all. Eventually, though, he would probably go to church, on horseback or by train.

August wrote Willi that he would write us again soon, and that's also why I put off writing, since it's maddening when the letters cross.

Now I have some news to tell you. Haven't you been amazed at how long we've lived here? I'm sure you have! So listen to this: on the first of May your old parents will be moving to Cologne, Martinsfeld 47, I Etage. The apartment has two rooms consisting of a very large kitchen and living room combination and a small bedroom. The rent is 24 Marks per month.

Berta never liked it here. The apartment itself isn't too bad; but the house is dirty and disorganized, with no laundry-room and no attic or any sort of storage room. At first we didn't want to move out, since the landlord had promised us the moon, but up until now nothing has changed for the better; on the contrary, he continues to bring rabble into the house. It happened that a colleague of Hermann who was moving into a new apartment recommended his old apartment so highly that Hermann took it. It isn't far from here, on Gottesweg 177. Papa decided he didn't want to live here anymore either and said we would

move into the middle of the Altstadt<sup>1</sup>. Bravely we went apartment hunting. It wasn't easy to find anything decent at a low rent that would suit us, since we don't want to do a lot of stair climbing, but the apartment at Martinsfeld appealed to us. There are airy windows to the front and back, even a view of gardens out back, plus we are allowed to use the house's garden and courtyard. There are some drawbacks; namely, I have to go one flight up or down in order to fetch water, and the toilet is downstairs, as well. Hopefully these things won't be insurmountable. It would be much worse to be squeezed between two towering walls on the fourth floor of a house that encroaches upon heaven. Father would like nothing more than to live right in the middle of the city; he ordinarily takes the streetcar into the city twice a day, which costs a lot of money. He says it is warmer there. He can't seem to shake off his cold, always coughing and sniffing, and doesn't want to see a doctor. That can't be good so I let him have his way, and as of May 1<sup>st</sup> we'll be living in my old neighborhood, even my old parish where I went to school and where we were married.<sup>2</sup> On the 10<sup>th</sup> was our 33<sup>rd</sup> anniversary.

The Hochscheids will soon be separated from the Gerkes without once having gotten into each other's hair and without once having seriously fought. We wanted to try and live close together again, but Hermann would have had to commute to work, and it would have been too expensive. It's difficult to find anything in the city for less than 65 or 70 Marks.

Monday, April 13<sup>th</sup>

This letter was interrupted yesterday by a first-time visit from Maria and Bernard von Bömmel.<sup>3</sup> They've been living in Deutz since April 1<sup>st</sup> and are happy to be here.

Actually things did almost come to a serious rift once between Berta and me. It was while Finchen was here. You know how it is when three women get together. It was on the day that August sent money and wrote about Peter's funds, the gist of which remains unclear to us to this day. I mentioned that if Peter didn't ask for the money back, it should come to us. Berta wanted to keep it for herself, and a number of remarks were made which didn't sit well with one or the other; the talk also came around to the furniture. Finchen made intimations here and there until feelings began to run high. I spoke to Father about it. He said Berta should keep the furniture she already has, with one or two exceptions, and we should split the money if Peter doesn't want it back. With that the subject was settled, and everyone was at peace again.

Being apart won't be pleasant for either of us, since we were together a lot especially in the evenings when it was often downright cozy; but it has its good side as well. For one thing Berta will become more self-reliant. So, children, there you have a little family gibberish, something you haven't received until now.

Now to mention a few things from your last letter. I'm happy for you that the forest work has come to an end because I can well imagine how hard it was on you both. I felt sorry for you whenever I thought of how you had to trek those long distances through the cold and snow, wearing soaking wet clothes and shoes in order to do your job. Without a doubt it was a bit too much for spoiled city urchins. For August it probably wasn't quite so bad,

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<sup>1</sup> The oldest part of the city fronting the Rhine.

<sup>2</sup> St. Pantaleon church. Christina was born a few blocks away at Grosser Griechenmarkt #79.

<sup>3</sup> Maria, Friedrich's sister's daughter and her husband, Bernard von Bömmel, a postal official in Münster, Westfalen. August recalled that Maria got him tipsy once when he was a young boy.



since he is young and still has all his strength; but my oldest—already thirty-two years old, family man, who has enough work to do around the house as it is! All kidding aside it's good you're back in the sawmill, especially since August has lessons to give in the evenings. I don't doubt for a minute that you enjoy giving the lessons and that your pupils are making great strides. Many times in Elsdorf I listened to your lessons and know what extra effort you put into them. At least over there you receive decent compensation for them. You should certainly keep all the money you make from the lessons for yourself so that you may reap a little joy for all your hard work. Once you've accumulated the first hundred dollars, you'll start becoming enthusiastic about having a savings account.

Dear Traudchen, I wanted to send you the new detergent, Persil, even had it packed and ready to go, but they wouldn't accept it at the post office. The clerk said a small sample would be all right to send without declaring a value, but anything more would be considered merchandise and would have to go parcel post. Because the stuff comes in one-pound, and half-pound cartons at 65 and 35 Pfennige, it would become too expensive to send parcel post, since you would need a 35 Pfennig packet per three buckets of water. Naturally the stuff is meant for people who do their own wash. The washerwomen want as little to do with it as they do washing machines.

You promised to write about the little girls in your next letter, and I hope you keep your word. I'd also like to hear something about yourself; how you're feeling, if everything is back to normal, or if you again warded off something. It is terrible that Finchen fell back into the stinging nettles again; that's what happens when one boasts about one's cleverness. I sympathize with her; but, after all, she wasn't born yesterday.

I hope this eight-page letter makes up for my long hiatus in writing. Eight pages is quite an achievement for anyone, and I am now truly tired of writing. I have to start cooking, now, and this afternoon our money sack will lose a little weight when Franz and I go buy his new clothes for communion. Last week Father received his new black suit—very nice, which he had tailor made for 60 Marks. He needed it to attend the funeral of Mrs. Grüneberg.<sup>1</sup> Josef and Tina also needed new shoes, and for Easter, Tina had a dress altered for 15 Marks, which she had received as a Christmas present from the Breuers. Papa's insurance premium of 42 Marks is also due this month, as well as a bill of 30.35 Marks from Scheffer. I had written to him that I wanted to pay installments of 3 Marks per month, but if he would reduce the balance to 25 Marks, I'd send him the whole amount on August 1<sup>st</sup>. No such luck, dear August. Scheffer wrote if he didn't receive a payment from you before March 16<sup>th</sup>, he would turn the whole amount over to collections. I wrote him that you are in America since November, and that I've taken over making the payments. We'll see what he writes next.

When you hear of all these expenses you can see how things stand here regarding saving, dear Fritz; but I hope to sail through it all with August's next imbusement. Then we can pay Willi twenty-five Marks a month on the money he fronted us, and I hope to be able to save a little too, since Papa has been staying at home mornings and evenings for some time now.

Enough for now. I'm dog tired. Live well and accept my heartfelt greetings and kisses,

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<sup>1</sup> Frau Kommerzienrat (councilor of commerce) Dr. Grüneberg, widow of Friedrich's original boss. Upon her death she bequeathed 140,000 Marks to various charities.

Your loving Mother

Dear brothers and Traudchen,

Today I went to my general confession, and in fourteen days the big celebration will be over. Heartfelt greetings,

Franz

Jüppchen<sup>1</sup> sends his best also.

Dear Ones,

My most heartfelt greetings as well. Traudchen, you'd laugh if you saw how big and wide I've become. Yesterday I examined myself in the mirror and started laughing, so that Hermann came to see what was the matter. I'm being teased from all sides.

Dear August, Dick and Schmitz sent a card this week; both will visit me during the Easter holidays. Also Maria Noll spent a day here.

Berta

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<sup>1</sup> Kölsch, for Josef

16 April 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana  
Via Kalispell  
USA

Dear August, dear Fritz and dear Traudchen,

Today we received your letter of April 3rd. August wrote "March 3rd" as the date—still our absent-minded professor! Many thanks from Franz for the good wishes and generous money gift. It really is too much. Think about yourselves for once. It seems you are always sending money here in massive amounts.

Yesterday Hermann and Berta received your letter. Both letters didn't contain much good news this time. We hope that the slack in business will end soon.

My dear August, you called it a pretty story that you almost burned down. No doubt you all received a great shock. It would have been very sad indeed had your home burned down. How did it come about? Did Traudchen over heat the house? You must all exercise more caution. Is the damage great? Where were the children? What luck that you and Fritz were not far from the house.

Jean has contributed two more packets of tobacco, one for each of you. I'll send one off tomorrow. How do you like the stuff?

Many greetings and kisses to all of you from Father, Franz and from your loving,  
Mother

P.S. Hermann will get everything you want soon and will write then. Scheffer is satisfied with 25 Marks if I send them on the first.

23 April 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
285 Luxemburgstraße, I Etage  
Cologne-Sülz

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

Dear August,

Many thanks for your payment, which arrived yesterday morning. We can well use the money, now. Although Franz's outfit has been bought, the celebration will cost a little more; our move is coming up next week; and I need to send Scheffer the 25 Marks on the first. This doesn't mean you should send any more. I'm able to pay it all, hopefully including 50 Marks to Willi on June 1<sup>st</sup>. We also paid the 42 Mark insurance premium from our savings account this month.

Father earns more than enough pocket money as well as his cigars at Paula's, and I'm able to save about fifteen Marks on household expenses, since he's seldom here for the noon meal and afternoon coffee and cake. Normally I can get by with 70 Marks per month. Once we're in Cologne we'll save a little more in trolley fares, although we'll be paying two more Marks for rent. Berta intends to visit every day, and I've promised to visit her once a week. On fair days it would make a pleasant walk.

So you are moving as well. What will happen with Fritz's property? Has he sold the house?

Dear August, I hope you weren't upset that I asked for an explanation regarding the work, etc.. No one here doubts for a second that the news we receive from you is the whole truth. The remark was probably just something mentioned in passing and has practically been forgotten. When he was here, Wilhelm mentioned he had read Traudchen's letter in Elsdorf. She apparently wrote that August couldn't work in the forest because he didn't understand enough English, yet, etc.. His father thought Wilhelm wouldn't be able to do the work because he never did much at home, particularly when he didn't help during the move from the little house into the big house, which his father never forgot. This would explain the matter, but to avoid further unpleasanties Traudchen should avoid the subject when writing home.

So dear August, you wanted to know what other outstanding debts we have. My ledger entry for Willi shows 328 Marks; then there are approximately 20 Marks owed to Breuers, and about fifteen or sixteen Marks to the seamstress in Euskirchen. If everything continues to go as well as it has we should have it all paid off within a year, maybe even sooner if Tina starts earning wages. She'll probably have to continue her apprenticeship for the full three years, though; because, as she said, the Breuers mentioned they are only interested in having apprentices work for them who would contribute money toward their keep. Nevertheless, maybe in July, when she will have been there two-and-a-half years, I'll ask whether she could receive a small salary.

Yesterday we also received a letter from Peter. He decidedly advises against the plan to come to Atlanta. A plethora of small businesses abound there already, and it would be of no use to start anything on a shoestring; to succeed one would have to start something on a grand scale, which would require an abundance of dollars. So the plan has been dropped. Peter also wrote he would like to come to you in a few months, and we should all wait patiently here until all of you are settled in. That would probably be best, since you, yourselves, don't recommend we make haste in the matter. You've known my attitude for a long time; most of all I'd like to stay here. But who's to know what the future may bring. For now we'll wait quietly to see how things develop there with you. As far as Willi is concerned, he would rather come immediately, but it isn't that easy for him either.

Yesterday Carl Hochscheid<sup>1</sup> wrote us from Bad Nauheim that business is slow. He asked for your address. He probably wants to come over as well. In the end more will want to come than you would like.

If you ever need to write something you don't want everyone else to read, write it on a separate piece of paper.

Dear August, how is the bump on your cheek? Hopefully the whack didn't have any bad aftereffects. We all feel sorry for you. Does it, or did it, hurt much? It would be good if you got insurance. Is Fritz insured? As a family man he has twice as much need to be extra careful and insured for any eventuality.

Your last letters didn't contain much encouraging news, but we are consoled that things are not so very grave. Hopefully you'll manage to hold a job after all.

Wilhelm and his wife were at Paula's, and Father told them you had written that lumber production would cease over the summer, and you would have to seek other work; also, that Traudchen would write to Wilhelm about this. Wilhelm thought in that case it would be better to wait a bit before coming.

Dear August, be good enough and ask Peter where things stand with the fifteen dollars. If he doesn't want them we would like to split them, half for us and half for Berta. She could consider it as a wedding present from Peter. I would rather not write to Peter about it myself. If he wants to have the money back, Hermann will have to send it to him; if not, we must write and thank him. Maybe he would rather determine where it should go. So please ask him right away, and let us know in your next letter.

I'll close with the hope this finds you in the best of spirits. Hopefully you'll all write something soon. Heartfelt greetings and kisses to all of you from your loving,

Mother

Greetings also from Father and the boys. Franz composed his letter all by himself; I only helped a little at the end. Josef also wrote much of his letter himself.

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<sup>1</sup> A cousin.

The weather here has been anything but beautiful for the past fourteen days. We had poor weather for Easter. On the second Easter day it snowed, naturally it didn't stay on the ground for long. Now it has been raining the entire week. If only it were nice on Sunday.

Dear August, don't forget to deduct the nine dollars from your next imbursement. I'm sure you can use the money, since you still owe Fritz 300 Marks.

We receive between 4.15 to 4.17 Marks for each dollar. Once at the very beginning we received 4.20.

That Fritz has been promoted is great news, except of course that you will no longer be working together, which must have been satisfying for both of you.

Dear Traudchen, give my heartfelt greetings to my little granddaughters. Berta will get you the belt as soon as possible. Again, greetings and kisses for you and my boys,

Mother

Willi has your letter to me and will bring it on Sunday. I'll answer it in detail, then. Greetings to Fritz and Traudchen.

Hermann

Dear August,

I've made so many comments in the margins, yet have to write another little note because I just remembered when I wrote you, in a previous letter, that you should think of opening a savings account, I had misread something in your letter. I must have read that you gave Mr. Neffner<sup>1</sup> 50 lessons, instead of 5 lessons, which would have clearly been impossible. This occurred to me when I read in yesterday's letter that you receive six dollars for lessons, and that seven lessons are still to be paid for.

One should read each letter three times, but the letters are practically on their way before one has finished reading them; Father takes them to relatives and acquaintances before they are sent on to München Gladbach, where they remain for fourteen days. By the time they get back here, a new letter has arrived. But I'll make sure to read everything more carefully from now on.

Time to go to sleep. Goodnight.

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<sup>1</sup> The big boss. Harry Neffner co-owned and ran the Kila Enterprise Lumber mill with William Kiley.

6 May 1908

From: Tina Hochscheid  
c/o W.A. Breuer  
Euskirchen  
Germany

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana  
Via Kalispell

Dear August,

Since you've not personally sent me any sign of life I'm assuming you forgot my address so I'm writing this to refresh your memory. It is written above.

How are things going in America? I'd like to be there too. Maybe Fritz will keep his word and put five dollars aside each month, so that I can come.

I hope all of you will write me a letter; it would bring me much joy. Don't put it off too long, since it can take awhile to get here.

I also wrote to Peter this morning.

Best wishes and kisses to Fritz, Traudchen and the children, and especially you, from your sister,

Tina

Greetings from Kath. Müller

Heartfelt greetings from Liesel Neuendorf, as well as Helene Lamberti & Anna Barion, all unfamiliar to you.

12 May 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne on the Rhine

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana  
Via Kalispell

Dear August,

Till now I haven't answered your card of April 25<sup>th</sup> because we are still waiting for a detailed report of your plans. Also I believe there are still letters and cards from us that haven't had a response.

Is Herr Wuebel there? Give him our best.

So far we don't like the sounds of your plans at all. Don't always go chasing after the highest wages. It would put great demands on you, and only be for the summer anyway. It must be terribly cold in Alaska. Stay together; otherwise, the whole thing has no rhyme or reason, since we all should come over. Father thinks so too. Hopefully it was a spur of the moment idea that has already been dropped.

Today we'll send off another shipment of tobacco. Did the last one arrive intact?

How are you, Traudchen, Fritz and the children? Is everyone in good health? We are both well, thank God, and are enjoying our new apartment. Airy and cozy. It's also very nice at Gerkes' new place. Best wishes and kisses to all from your loving,

Mother

Also from Father and the boys. We are having typical May weather, much rain.



21 May 1908

From Willi Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: Hochscheids  
Kila, Montana

My dear Ones,

For several days, now, Finchen has been pressing me to send newspapers and to write you. For the past three weeks I've been working here in the vicinity, leaving early in the mornings and not returning till late in the evenings; and, because of all the walking during the day and the sliding around on the train, feeling slothful in both mind and body, the good intentions I have in the mornings all vanish by evening.

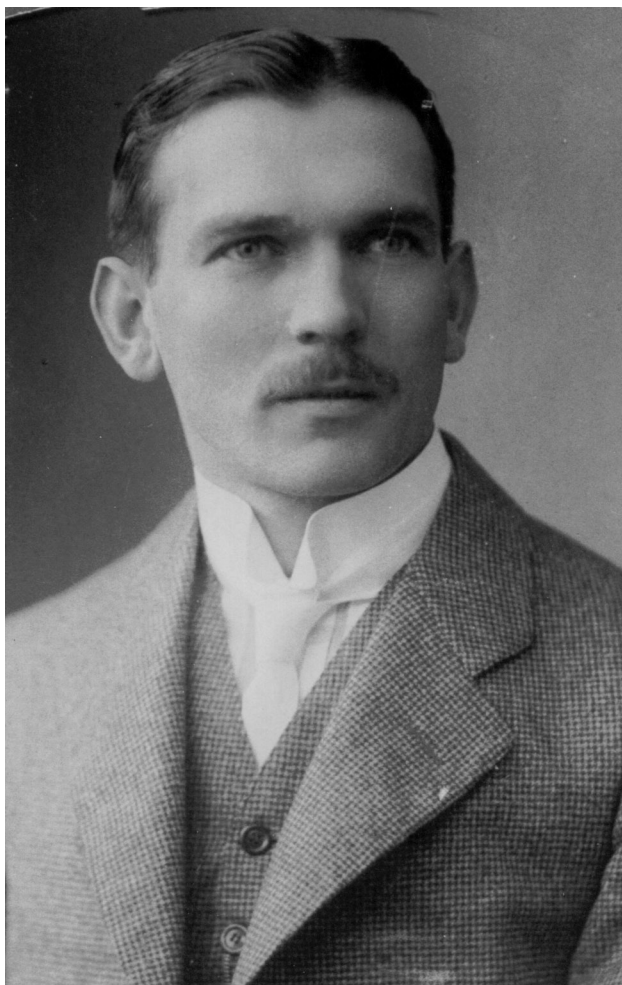
Then today your letter arrived, admonishing me that it's time to take up the dreaded quill and finally carry out my intentions. At the moment it isn't easy to address the urgent matters, since Finchen is making herself scarce. She has, in ninety-five degrees—a bit exaggerated, but what of it—shed her winter skins and taken a bath. A consequence is I have the dubious pleasure of watching my two sons, “whom I needn't trouble myself with” play, which consists of constant hollering, stalking, threats, jumping up and down, etc., etc., so that to write anything comprehensive isn't easy. I therefore beg your indulgence in case I make too many errors, and now take care to review your letter once again.

Regarding your critical assessment of my reasoning, I am heartened that I am at least in accord with Fritz, “the married one.” If, in contrast, August considers a fourth and fifth accident<sup>1</sup> inevitable, Finchen and I consider it unlikely, in spite of Regeneration, Dr. Daumen, Emil Peters, and last but not least, Fritz. Regarding Fritz's candid question, “What can we do so that it stays with three?” truthfully this was a disquieting question, alluding to the small cure, herbal mixtures and such; but for us there is still a respite until Finchen's anxious hour arrives. It will, however, according to nature most likely come down to something “counter-regenerative.”

Considering we are multiplying like rabbits, the piece of land in the New World would have to be too large if our lives continue for several more decades, requiring too much capital. It strengthens my resolve of not letting it come to paying the price you gave, dear Fritz, of \$100.00 per acre. Let's hope you can find a nice spot for less money. If the land, or let's say the prime land, is that expensive, it would probably take some time for you to settle in, since it would require more than the \$10.00 per month payments to live. Traveling expenses, purchases of equipment, etc., would swallow a lot more. One thing is for sure; whether you buy for the long or short term, you must buy for us as well. It goes without saying that we should live as close together as possible; otherwise, the whole point

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<sup>1</sup> pregnancy



Willi worked as a sales representative for a textile manufacturing firm. His district apparently extended beyond the borders of Germany, which kept him traveling for weeks at a time. Franz would later follow in his footsteps.

Finchen was born April 18, 1884 into an unconventional family. Her mother, a mid-wife, was unmarried at the time and gave Finchen her maiden name, Frohn. Later she married, and Finchen had a half-brother named Franz Hövel.



is lost. If you're unable to consider it for another year, we will have saved that much more, and won't hesitate to make these funds available.

Now the big question! Is Peter there? We received a card that he intends to surprise you; did this occur? We are very curious to hear more and eagerly await being filled in, in case you haven't already done so. What astonished faces you must have made as our "Pitter" arrived. He must tell us all: how the journey was, what things he saw, the details of your reunion, etc.. We are very curious, and my only anxiety in asking is, if Peter's journey was delayed, we would—that is, I would—feel guilty in having spoiled his surprise. I hope, however, that it all worked out as planned, and that you are reading this letter together. In that case do write us, dear Peter, what your plans are. With the bad economy, you were probably not able to find immediate employment. Are the nickels and dimes insufficient to begin a business, even if for the moment it would be a small one? In your line of work, you are probably not so terribly bad off, since bread is always eaten, and delicacies as well.

But soon we will hear of all that, and for today I'll concentrate on answering your letter. Just one more thing.... Fritz, Peter and August are three men who could apply for a homestead and, in order that we live as close together as possible, apply for us as well. Then things are as though we were there with you, isn't that right? Hopefully after three or four months of putting up with the situation the boss will again receive orders to cut wood.

Now on to Fritz's epistle of May 9th, payday. To remind you of what I told you shortly before your departure, it is absolutely understood that you, dear Fritz, only send the money if you can spare it. The piano purchaser paid 100 marks on the first, the rest we will receive on the first of next month, so that we will then be prepared to hand Hummel the 400 marks. It isn't yet certain that we will be able to raise the entire sum, since we have to hold some crib money in reserve; but in any case, Hummel will not have to wait too long for the balance, since Mother intends to begin making payments on his installment loan, providing of course that August is in a position to continue sending money to her. In any case, it is important to pay Hummel the 400 marks as soon as possible to avoid paying additional interest. I will pay the interest to date, so that the June first accounts payable stays in round sums. So this question is answered.

Finchen will answer Traudchen's lines, but I just wanted to completely absolve myself of any suspected boasting on my part. Shocking to think it may turn out to be more than one; no, Trudel<sup>1</sup>, you are on the wrong track, I am far from wanting to boast or brag. On the contrary, an ass, idiot, and other words come to mind in reference to my unfortunate past deed. Also, considering Fritz's comments, your prose was not too clever in disguising that I've only myself to blame. No, boasting it is not. Pity me, and to begin with my poor wife. It is just shameful, this mishap for the third time. This child deserves to experience the light of the world with joy, but then no more children.

August, I wish to thank you for the compliment to my wifely apparition (Finchen will no doubt address the "Weckkrüstchen"<sup>2</sup> comment, herself).

Also a word regarding the English and German mixture in your letters: It seems to me that everyone going abroad is at risk of promptly making hash of his German. I think either

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<sup>1</sup> a nickname for Traudchen

<sup>2</sup> crusty roll

German or English, but not both, should be the rule. But, who knows, later I may follow your example. Hopefully soon.

Many, many greetings to all, especially to Peter.

Willi

21 May 1908

From Finchen Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: Traudchen Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

Dear Traudchen,

I live in the loveliest of fantasies thinking I don't owe anyone a letter. Now you've shattered my illusions. You can't imagine how much of a task writing is for me; but after the first of the month I'll have time to write you something more substantial, when my helper arrives here.

Before anything else I'd like to thank you and both my brother-in-laws for the Namenstag letter. Forgive me that it has taken so long to thank you, I must have thought I'd already done so.

My crazy little rascal who sits by the window observing an intense thunderstorm is distracting me from writing. "How pretty, come and look," he shouts, or "Wow, that's really beautiful, you should see this," or even "I can't see enough from here, I should go stand on the roof." I can't repeat everything he says, but at any given moment he is beside himself with ecstasy, which makes it difficult to write.

Now for some everyday news: on the first we'll get a better housekeeper. She's 34 years old and will do everything except the wash for 20 Marks. It's a lot of money, but we have no choice, since there is no one else here who will tend to me. Hopefully we found the right person. If Berta didn't need help herself, she would have come. It will be nice when it's all over. How is it with you, dear Traudchen? Are you still as thin as a beanpole? You may well laugh now that Dorle is already three and Annette almost two. You wrote that Annette is so wild; I could say the same of our little ankle-biter.

Willi has become much quieter; that is to say not quite lively enough. He still often speaks of Dorle and Uncle August.

Yesterday I stopped writing because Willi broke my concentration. Thursday is Willi's Namenstag, and Mother has announced her visit. I'll try and keep her here until after the Pfingsten holidays<sup>1</sup>. Father could then follow with the two boys when the holiday begins. This will be your second Pfingsten holiday in Montana. Peter will perhaps have joined you by then. Please do write us, dear Traudchen, whether Peter managed to surprise you. Fritz wrote if we don't come sooner than in two years, it would be questionable whether we would be neighbors. Personally I think there wouldn't be much point in coming then. It should be in the next little while or not at all. So I'll put all my trust in my brother-in-law, August, who will most likely see to it that the matter gets completely botched up.

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<sup>1</sup> Pentecost, the birthday of the Christian Church.

Once you're ready to buy, we'll probably be able to put some money in. We play the Lotto regularly and have been breaking even lately.

How is your garden? Are you growing fruits and vegetables? We are already eating lots of asparagus, cucumbers and new potatoes. I get them cheaply here at the marketplace.

I must stop now. Heartfelt greetings to you and your hubby, August, Peter, Dorle and Annette from your,

Finchen

26 May 1908

From Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne on the Rhine

Family of Fritz Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana  
Via Kalispell

My dear Children,

Yesterday on the 25<sup>th</sup> we received your letter of May 11<sup>th</sup>. I can well imagine your joy and surprise as Peter arrived so unexpectedly. Too bad there is so little work available now. Hopefully this trend won't last long.

Your letter arrived here open but intact; the glue strip had not been moistened. Which one of you was responsible for this stroke of genius? Probably our absent-minded professor.

So you've had bad weather as well. How is it now? Papa thinks if your weather is similar to ours, you should try and make your way south, otherwise he won't come. Here it has been raining for several days after a few days of warm weather.

Yesterday the crown prince and his wife were in Cologne. The reception, as well as the exquisite display of lights, was completely drenched. In spite of this thousands of people gathered to watch.

There is nothing new with us. The seamstress is here working on my new summer dress, which I'll wear when I go visit Willi for his Namenstag the day after tomorrow, God be willing. I'll be staying there until Friday evening.

My heartfelt greetings and kisses to all. Your loving,

Mother

Father and the boys send their greetings also.

Yesterday we mailed a parcel of Feinschnitt tobacco. We sent one last week also.

29 May 1908

From: Wilhelm Noll  
Elsdorf

To: August Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

Dear Mr. Hochscheid,

Today the three-week long school vacation began, and the pouring rain outside makes this a good time to write letters. First of all, my very best thanks for the detailed account of your travels and the descriptive sketch of your new home environment. I found it all extremely interesting, especially since I'm a fan of true-life travel narratives, so did the others with whom I shared your letter. Parts of your letter had magical, fairy tale qualities. Had I read it as an article printed in a newspaper, I would have doubted its veracity. Beyond any doubt, I hope you find contentment in your new life there, for now and in the future. If there is a shortage of teachers there, this move will open a good career path for you to follow. Or do you no longer want to teach? A Berlitz School!

A few days ago in the newspaper I read a warning for Germans thinking of emigrating written by a German-American doctor from Siegburg who now lives in one of the northern states. He describes the plight of the German immigrant who is no longer able to find work anywhere and, without wages, must now endure the worst. Indeed many Germans have returned from America within the last few months and continue to do so. What are the true facts? Even at my age your report generates enough wanderlust to want to experience the freedom in the land of the Yankees for myself. To go bear hunting would probably be my downfall, and the physical work required to live there would be too difficult at this age. So if I came, it would only be for a visit. If I were to win in the lottery, nothing other than seasickness would prevent a journey to America. And yet the ocean voyage is said to be so wonderful.

I'll try to write what little news may interest you. Everything here seems to run its old course so that one has to stretch one's mind to think of something new to write. Yesterday we had our big riflemen's and folk festival, for which the Elsdorfers had their usual fair weather amidst a series of rainy days. Falling between the festival and vacation, my Namenstag was rather uninteresting. Mr. Kramer began on April 1<sup>st</sup>, and we are all glad everything is back in order at the school. You probably already know that in consequence of Klothe's resignation, our singing group has completely fallen apart. The reason behind my colleague's action, as well as the concurrent resignation of Miss Hillemanns remains unknown to me. But life goes on without the singing group, although I'm sorry for the loss of all the effort we put into the art, and the many pleasant evenings spent practicing. Bowling on Wednesdays is still going strong, and your name as newest record holder is often mentioned. Also Mr. Lerner has rejoined the group.



We received the raise in our base salaries, even though the official government go-ahead won't be granted until the fall.

Not much has changed with our family. Willy is still in Cologne, Malchen and Karl went to Düren; Maria is again in Malstatt-Burbach, after visiting here for the Easter holidays; and, during Pfingsten I will bring Anna to live with a family in Belgium, so she may learn French. During the vacation I will visit my brother-in-law and also enjoy a golden freedom, wandering around through the woodlands.

6 June 1908

I'll now finish this letter, which was set-aside for a few days. The second day of the festival also went well, and a tropical heat prevails here. How is it over there?

Also the "hot" election of members of the Abgeordnetenhaus,<sup>1</sup> who starting in the fall will help decide our welfare, is over: Center Party! I wonder what these gentlemen will cook up. Hopefully the conservatives will prevail as the strongest party.

I hope your brother and his family is doing well, also. Please give him my, and my wife's, best wishes. To you we send our most heartfelt greetings and best of wishes. We hope you'll write to us from time to time.

Yours,

W. Noll

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<sup>1</sup> House of Representatives

30 May 1908

From Willi Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: Hochscheids  
Kila, Montana

My dear Ones,

Now I'm supposed to send tobacco for three men?! I have four packets at hand, and to avoid any awkwardness will smoke one myself.

We too read your last letter and are glad to know you are all together and in good health. We long to hear more from you and hope that your letters will at least be as long as our last one was. Peter should write us an account of his experiences, especially those he's kept to himself until now.

There's not much new here. Today I sent 426.25 Marks to Hummel. The guy who bought the piano was supposed to pay 100 Marks on the first, but he mumbled something about business being bad and asked for a fourteen-day extension. From Hummel we (through Hermann) requested a statement of interest. He's charging 3¼ percent. That's why we decided to send the money before Pfingsten and not wait for the other 100 Marks. Hopefully the rest will come in soon so that we are done with the whole affair.

Tina is kneading dough for Pfingsten. She sends many heartfelt greetings, and I'll close with the same.

Your Willi

4 June 1908

From: Friedrich & Christina Hochscheid  
Cologne

To: Fritz Hochscheid Family  
Kila, Montana

My dear Children,  
Heartfelt greetings from a short but lovely Rhine journey.  
Your Father

The pleasure boat trip up the Rhine is only 1.75 Marks, which includes music. It was wonderful to be on the water, traveling through the hills. Heartfelt greetings.  
Mother

August will receive a proper epistle from me within the next few days. Best wishes,  
Berta

A thousand greetings!  
Your Paula



8 June 1908

From: Willi Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: Hochscheids  
Kila, Montana

Dear Ones,

It is Pfingsten Monday, 3:00 p.m.. Finchen and our youngest are sleeping. The oldest is sitting next to me, blathering endlessly while looking at the family photos that I'm sending you copies of, which were my Namenstag present from Finchen. We're capturing these rascals on film, since it will be nice to look back, someday, at how they looked today. At Christmastime there may be cause to have a new portrait taken of the W. Hochscheid family, which will show sons one, two and three next to their mother and father.

Pfingsten this year is uneventful. We have no visitors, which is rare with us, and are filling up alone on cakes and delicacies. The weather isn't too unreasonable, and this morning at 7:30 we were already on our way to the park with the children. Finchen is resting up so she'll be fit for today's second outing.

Yesterday I sent off newspapers and tobacco.

Write us a long letter. We are practically writing more than you! Greetings to all of you. Make haste that you will soon become homesteaders. Now that the three of you can pool your efforts we ought to see some tangible results soon. We wish you the best of luck in that regard and are anxious to hear what develops. Again, best wishes to you all.

Willi

My dear Ones,

How did you spend the Pfingsten holidays? Willi already told you what we did. We didn't return from our walk until 9:00 o'clock, yesterday.

How do you like our two boys? Willi was very surprised to receive the photos.

Mother was here for two days. I couldn't persuade her to stay longer. It was easier for her to be away from home for a few days when Berta was still living next door

I don't know what else to write. My heartfelt greetings to all of you from your,  
Finchen

Coincidentally I'm also in München-Gladbach, half walked, half rode to get here. I'm happy to be able to send my best wishes, as well.

Your brother, brother-in-law and uncle,

Franz

This letter has been sitting here till today, June 11th, because there were no envelopes in the house. In the meantime, your auspicious card arrived. More than your greetings, for which I thank you, I'm happy to hear that something is about to happen in the state of Montana, and we are all in great suspense as to exactly what will take shape. Hopefully we will hear more from you soon.

Your goldmine is a Konditorei and your farm a sawmill! Did Peter by any chance bring bread starter with him? I wouldn't doubt it of him.

Willi



11 June 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
P.O. Box 520  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Best of thanks for your card of May 28<sup>th</sup>. It seemed like an eternity since we last heard from you.

So something wonderful is about to happen; we are on tender hooks.

Why didn't Peter write anything on the card? He was with you wasn't he? Many thanks for the greetings from Fritz, who also writes too little. Today I sent the photos to him; hopefully they will arrive intact.

Two days ago Papa received a letter from Uncle Paul. He wrote that he has started an ammonia factory in Augusta on a small scale. The gas company loaned him the start-up capital of four hundred dollars, and he thinks Father could go over this fall to produce spirits of ammonia. The rest of the family is to follow next summer, or Uncle Paul will come back over to get us. Father is again making sketches and sending them over. We hope it will finally succeed. More later.<sup>1</sup>

Greetings and kisses to you, dear August, as well as all the other loved ones.

Mother

Greetings also from Father and your brothers.

---

<sup>1</sup> Paul's ammonia factory experienced a setback in August 1908 when *The Freshet of '08*, a devastating flood, hit Augusta, Georgia. His daughter, Mamie, recalled that two tons of ammonium sulphate were ruined when lime started a fire. Paul's factory was likely near McDaniel's Lime and Builders Supply warehouse, which burned to the ground during the flood and was located on the South Carolina side of the Savannah River, opposite the city. Two bridges were washed away, and Paul was trapped and couldn't get back to his family until two weeks later, as Mamie recalled, when he walked across a trestle. She remembered people walking over rooftops of houses while the city was inundated in six feet of water. The gas plant managed to stay in operation, and Mamie recalled getting done with baking bread just as the flood waters reached the gas line. A lucky thing, since food and uncontaminated water would be in short supply for many weeks to come. Mamie recollected that neighbors were very helpful during the recovery process.

15 June 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: Peter Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana  
Via Kalispell

Hurrah dear Peter!

For your Namenstag fest we are sending you our best wishes. From this day forward may you have many more years of good fortune, happiness and contentment. Have fun on this day and also think of us here in Germany. We will raise a glass to your good health. With the best of wishes to you, Fritz, Traudchen, August and the little ones, I remain always your loving,

Mother

My dear brother Peter,

Since I happen to be here I'll use this opportunity to congratulate you, otherwise it will again be put off until it's too late. So take my best wishes for your happiness to heart, and celebrate heartily with all the others.

Your sister Berta

Mother and I are just going into the city to do some shopping. It is ten o'clock in the morning.



Kalispell was only sixteen years old when August and Peter set up shop there in 1908. The coming of the railroad in 1892, coupled with rich resources of timber and fertile farm lands, had created a boom town. The 1908 City Directory tells us that Kalispell is “a modern city in every particular” with a sewer system, macadamized streets, electricity, telephone service, fire department, three banks, opera house with seating capacity of 600, hospital, library, hotels, two local newspapers, and “numerous substantial brick and stone business blocks and many fine residences.”



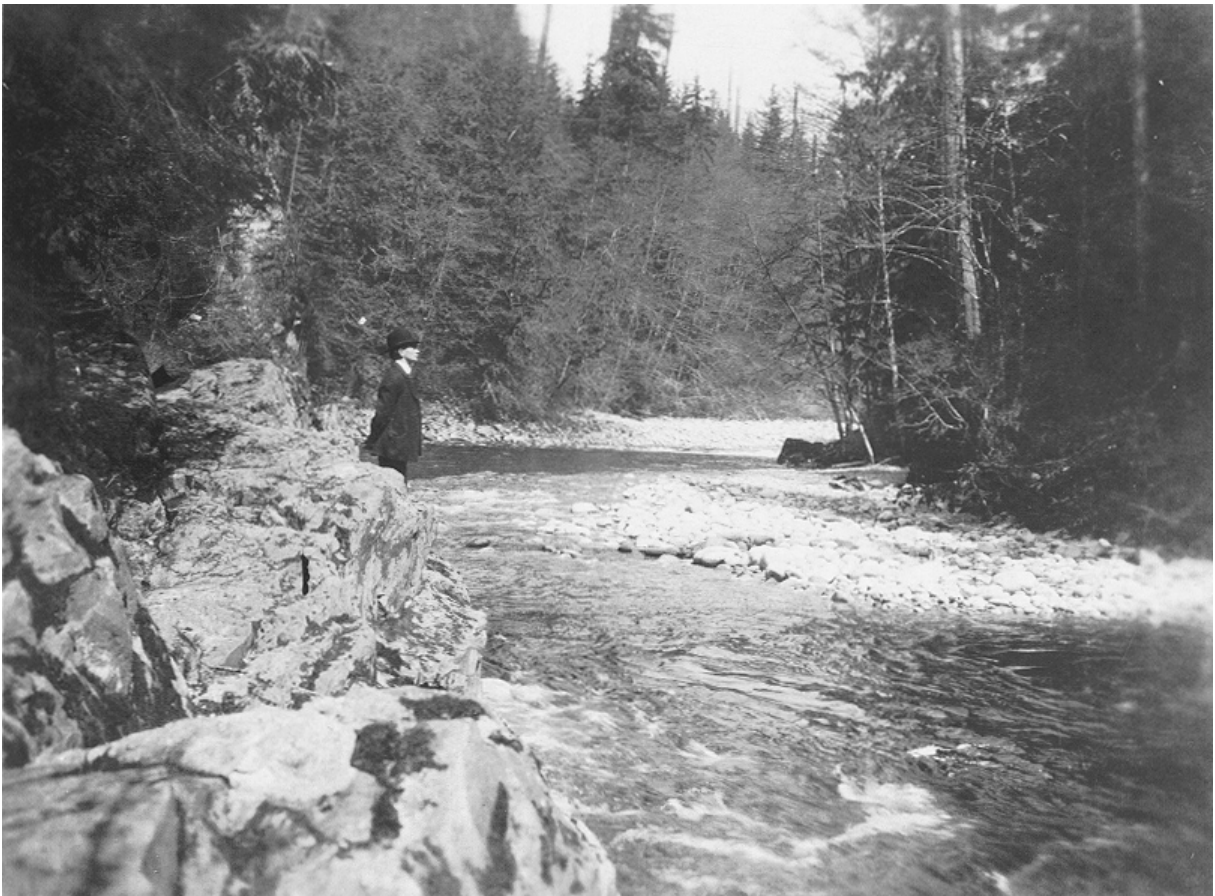
### Kalispell & Flathead Valley in 1908:

- Population 6,751
  - Boxes of apples raised: 40,000
- Fifty carloads of lumber (yellow & white pine, larch, fir, spruce, cedar and cottonwood) shipped daily.
  - Three steamers operate daily on Flathead Lake.
  - Wooden boardwalks are being replaced with cement sidewalks.
    - Wireless electricity is the coming thing.
- Mesmer the Mystic performs at the McIntosh Theatre. The show includes music, Mesmerism, singing, dancing, illusions and moving pictures.
  - Weekly specials at the Brewery Saloon include Bear Stew, Antelope Stew and Buffalo Fricassee.
    - Prohibition was talked about, having been voted in regionally in 21 of 33 counties in Oregon.
- The first water heater in the State of Montana is installed July 17, 1908 in Mrs. Conrad’s residence at a total cost of \$200.00. It took 15 minutes to bring the 30 gallon tank to a boil.





The country near Kalispell is some of America's grandest. Although Glacier National Park was not established until 1910 and was not as accessible as it is today, there was plenty worth seeing in the Flathead Valley and its surroundings. The photo shows August on the banks of a stream near Kalispell.



25 June 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August and Peter,

Yesterday we received your card postmarked June 10<sup>th</sup>; it took fourteen days to get here, as usual. Did you send the card off before the money? The money hasn't arrived yet. I will write again as soon as it does.

You bad boys, why are you leading us on for so long with the news of "something wonderful?" We all think you have probably started a bakery, or baker's wares store or business of some kind, where you are presently up to your necks in hard work. I suppose we'll have to wait a few more days before we learn exactly what it is.

As a newsworthy item, I have to report that our five-year-old canary, which made four moves with us, has gone in pursuit of the wide and open spaces. Usually singing from early morning to late evening by the open window, he made his escape unnoticed through the opening created when the cardboard holding his feeding dish came loose. He sang in the adjoining garden the entire morning, and I thought he would come back if I called him, but he enjoyed his freedom too much and suddenly was gone.

Till later, heartfelt greetings and kisses from us all.

Your Mother

6 July 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: Hochscheid Brothers Bakery  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear Children,

The money just arrived, for which we thank you. No one was more pleased about it than our *Fuss*,<sup>1</sup> who is just here on vacation, and again in need of many things. You should have received a card saying that nothing had arrived yet; this card is to confirm it did.

Dear boys, we are on tender hooks to learn more about your business. From all we've gleaned, our conclusion is it must be very elegant.

There's nothing new with us. Father is suffering of a toothache and will have to seek a doctor's help after all.

With heartfelt greetings and kisses from your loving,

Mother

Heartfelt greetings and kisses from your sister, Tina. I'll write more later.

Papa and the boys also send greetings.

---

<sup>1</sup> Tina is referred to here as "Fuss," a Kölsch word meaning *red haired gal*.

**MONTANA BAKERY**  
CONFECTIONERY AND CAFE

**BREAD, PIES, CAKES**

BEST MATERIAL USED IN ALL GOODS  
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS

**ICE CREAM PARLOR**  
HOCHSCHIED BROS., Props.

213 1ST AVENUE EASTKALISPELL, MONTANA

*The Inter Lake - June 12*

A new bakery, to be known as The Montana, will be opened by Hochscheid Bros. in the Mulany building on First Avenue east next week. The necessary alterations in the building are being made this week. A confectionery and cafe will be conducted in connection with the bakery. The proprietors are experienced bakers, and will endeavor to get business by the excellence of their product.

But there was competition as well...

*The Kalispell Bee - June 9*

**Change in City Bakery.**

W. Knapp has bought out Gustav Bischoff, owner of the City Bakery, and takes possession at once. Mr. Knapp is from Chicago, and has had ample experience in bakery business. He will renovate and remodel the old City Bakery and hopes to please a large number of new customers as well as keeping the old ones.

*The Kalispell Bee - June 16*

**Montana Bakery.**

The Montana Bakery, Confectionery and Cafe, at 213 First avenue east, will be opened tomorrow. The very best bread and cakes and confectionery will be produced for customers and at reasonable prices. The new proprietors, Hochscheid Bros., are both capable journeyman bakers and thoroly understand their business. They will be pleased to meet the people of this city and enlist them as customers.



**200 Block of First Avenue East, Kalispell in 1908**

The bakery is on the right, in one of the store fronts with awnings, between the poles. The men are replacing wooden boardwalks with concrete sidewalks. The big building on the left is Missoula Mercantile, Kalispell's largest "department store." Note the City Bakery on the left. Although August and Peter had a chance to buy it, they opted to open a new bakery of their own. Under new ownership the City Bakery changed its name to the Kalispell Baking Company.

13 July 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: Fritz Hochscheid Family  
Kila, Montana

My dear Children,

Thank you again for the nice, long letter. When you write, Traudchen, there is always something to be amused by, although your letter also contained very serious issues. Hopefully by now all has been overcome, and you are again in perfect health. With Finchen it will happen in August, and Berta in September. We hope both will come through well.

We still don't know anything more from Peter and August. On the day we received your letter, three newspapers arrived from Kalispell, which contained three announcements recommending their business and goods. The paper itself recommended the business and wished the brothers Hochscheid much success. They wrote that the proprietors of the business were experienced in their trade, which was very amusing. Peter, yes, but August is a schoolteacher and lumberjack! Well, I suppose he has a basic grasp of the business from days gone by. We are all wondering how it will go. They certainly weren't lacking in courage to start such an enterprise, without means or funds borrowed from strangers. We are anxiously awaiting a letter from them to find out some of the details, such as who is working for them, and who is playing the role of salesperson. The best would be if August himself were behind the counter, if solely for the purpose of keeping his eye on the money; or are all the people there completely honest?

We have thought of Tina in this position, if only she were there and knew enough English. It is certain she won't be able to stay in Euskirchen much longer. For the moment she is on vacation, here, but based on something she told me, which occurred there, perhaps it is best she didn't return at all. The son of the household, a strong fifteen-year-old high school student has allowed himself advances, the details of which I cannot write about, but you can easily enough imagine. Father thinks Tina should return to Euskirchen; that if she is not sympathetic to the boy he will not risk anything further, and if he does then she should immediately let his parents know and return home. Finchen arrived here yesterday with little Willichen to spend a few days before Willi returns from his tour on Thursday. She, as well as Hermann and Berta, thinks it would be far too dangerous for Tina to return to Breuers; I should accompany her, discuss the situation, and see what they say. So we will think about it some more, and I will write about it again later. There's always something the matter when one has girls.

The von Bömmels are happy they have married one off. And what a nice person the groom is! Everyone likes him, especially me. It was a beautiful wedding, a little formal

perhaps, but otherwise everything was tiptop. The brother of the groom, a pastor in Altona who performed the marriage ceremony, was seated to my right. To my left sat the Administrative Judge Hartong, another brother of the groom. Next to him sat Maria, the mother of the bride. Across from her sat the mother of the groom, Mrs. Hartong, next to her sat postmaster von Bömmel, next to him Pastor Lehmitt from Wanne and Mrs. von Bernhard. To her right the sister of the groom, a pretty lady. Then there was another salesman brother and a postal inspector. Seven family members represented the Hartong family. Tina and Else von Bömmel were also at our table. At an elevated table, perpendicular to ours and heavily decorated with flowers, sat the bridal pair. In an adjoining room connected by a double door (just like at Tina's<sup>1</sup> wedding, as you may recall, Traudchen) sat the Schauff family, the bridal attendants and the rest of the guests. Papa wasn't there. He looked after Paula's Wirtschaft, but was a witness at city hall for the civil ceremony the previous day. It was a noble company; the men dressed mostly in tuxedos, the women nearly all in silk dresses with trains, trimmed with lace. I wore the simplest, black silk blouse and satin draped gown that barely touched the floor, and had my hair coiffed. I wasn't at all uncomfortable, became acquainted with one and all, and was even honored by the Hartong family. Berta made a pretty bride. This description was meant more for you, dear Traudchen, since I know you are interested in such things.

I would very much like to send you the belts that you wanted, if only I could be certain of your taste. With Berta and Gretchen it is the same. Berta and Finchen are on their way from Klettenberg, and the three of us will go out together and see if we can't find something fitting for you.

I'll close for now and start making coffee for the hungry relatives due to arrive shortly. Write a long letter back soon. Stay well, and greet and kiss the little ones for me. Special greetings and kisses to you from your loving,

Mother

Greetings from Father and your brothers and sisters.

Many heartfelt greetings also to Peter and August from your,  
Finchen

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<sup>1</sup> Tina Schaefer Hammermann, Paula's sister.

15 July 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: Hochscheids  
Montana

My dear Boys,

Thank you, dear August, for your detailed letter, and you, dear Peter, for the few but well articulated and most appreciated words. We've waited a long time to hear some particulars about your business. From your report we can ascertain that your place is simply first rate. Father would like to know what drove the carpentry costs up so high, and what kind of an oven was built. He thinks you should not tear down the little house, since it is the oldest one there; it may bring in some money. He also thinks Tina should immediately enroll in an English course, and that we all must try and find a way to raise the money for her trip over.

Something happened in Euskirchen with the son of the household, a young sixteen-year-old student rascal. Since it is likely to repeat itself we would rather not have Tina remain there. At the moment she is here on vacation, but tomorrow I will go back with her. It is the most unpleasant thing I've ever had to do in my life, but it has to be done. The grief one's children can bring, especially the girls, is truly awful.

Now it appears we could use a bigger apartment after all, but it can't be because of the additional expense. If Tina could come over there within the next three months, during the interim she could sleep at Berta's. Somehow we'll have to make ends meet.

If your business grows well, everything will turn out fine. We will hope for the best. It does seem like a difficult challenge, all done with borrowed funds, yet with hard work, a good attitude, and patience much can be accomplished. So your counter girl receives \$5.00 per week, does this also include free food? Here, at the most, such a job would pay 25 to 30 Marks per month with pension.<sup>1</sup> In the manufacturing businesses the young women receive 30, 40, 50 to 100 Marks per month without pension depending on their age and ability. In your next letter please update us on the status of your income, and let us know how much you took in on Independence Day. Every detail interests us tremendously.

Finchen, who was just here visiting, is greatly concerned others may try to steal from you, so please be careful, dear boys. You know what happened with us. See to it that no penny passes through unnoticed. Trust no one, and remember that opportunity makes the thief. Keep a watchful eye on your money at all times. You can well imagine that we all feel joy for and are proud of our sons who opened such a splendid business in such difficult circumstances.

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<sup>1</sup> About \$1.50 to \$1.80 per week.

How goes it with the rye bread, dear Peter? Well enough, or are you inclined to crawl into the oven with it from time to time?<sup>1</sup>

Now I'll let Franz write something. Heartfelt greetings and kisses from your loving,

Mother

Dear Brothers,

I'm supposed to write you that the Südbrücke was lifted into place last Thursday, of which we sent Fritz an illustrated newspaper article. You, dear August, will remember that this bridge was to span the Rhine near Poll.

I also want to tell you that I would come join you tomorrow if only the fare wouldn't cost so much. Then I could probably work as an apprentice for you, Peter.

A greeting and kiss,

Franz

Dear Boys,

It is a day later. This letter was never sent because everyone wanted to add something to it. This morning I was in Euskirchen with Tina. All is behind me now. I settled everything with Mr. Breuer. He made out a very nice certificate of recommendation for her, after which I brought her back home. We'll have to see what happens next. Write as soon as possible how things are going and what we should do about Tina. Again, greetings and a kiss.

Mother

I'm about to go back to München-Gladbach. Tomorrow Willi will return from his tour, and we will write you then. Heartfelt greetings,

Finchen

Dear Brothers,

It must be delightful to be sales girl at your establishment. If I were still a bachelor girl I would be there in fourteen days. I've always wished for something like that. I would give you boys my unsurpassed care.

August, did you know that Miss Lerner got engaged? You are due for a long letter from me; hopefully I will get to it soon. For my child's baptism I'll order the baked goods from you. The cream will hopefully not sour on the way over. Till later, my heartiest greetings,

Berta

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<sup>1</sup> Genie Adams: "One little story Peter told was about trying to start a bakery in Kalispell with August. They kept trying to bake rye bread but it wouldn't rise. So they gave it to the local tavern keeper who used it in his "Dutch Lunch," served with beer at no cost to the customer."



“If I were still a bachelor girl...” isn’t that the height of cheek! With me she is so well off, as well as anyone on this earth could hope for. Nevertheless, Berta is still my best girl.

I enjoyed your letter immensely. August is a man of detail in description; one gets a clear picture of everything.

I will send the books you requested at the next opportunity, although I imagine you have little time or desire to read, now. When will we see you here again?

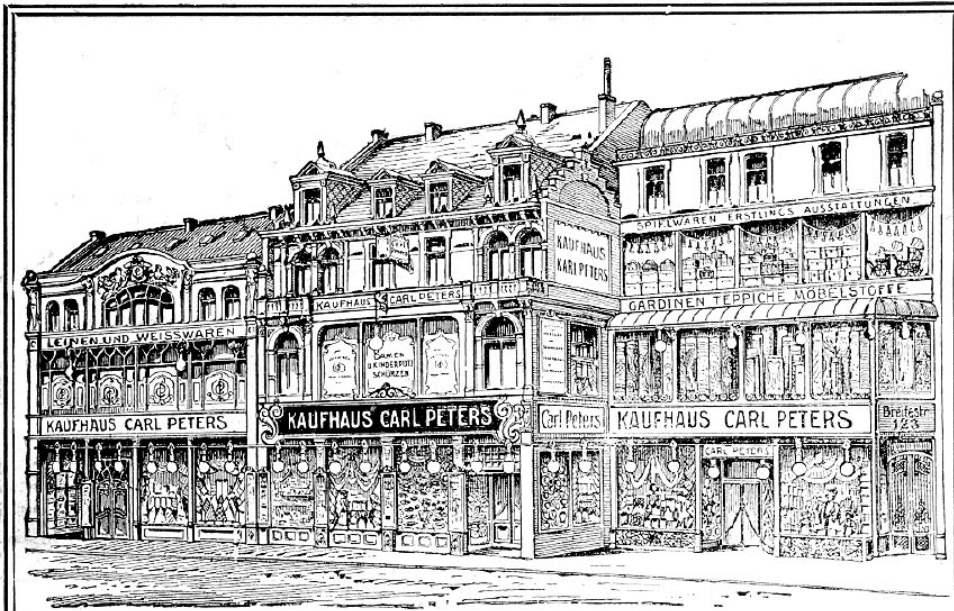
I wish you the very best of success and send my heartfelt greetings.

Hermann

Dear Brothers,

I’m back home again, but hopefully I’ll be there soon. Greetings and kisses from your sister,

Tina



The business house in illustration  
 that of Carl Peters, Cologne,

Breite Straße 113/123, recently too in Hämergasse 29/37, may well possess the right of being counted with those establishments preferred by the ladies of Cologne for shopping purposes. This business house, which is fitted out with all modern arrangements and situated in the very centre of the town, in one of the most frequented streets of the city of Cologne, the Breite Straße, opposite the business offices of the Cologne Gazette and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Old and New Theatres, on account of its inexhaustible supply in all fancy articles, ladies, and childrens' ready made articles of clothing, linen, stockings, gloves, collars, neckties &c. is much frequented by ladies who admire the novelties of fashion, or who wish either to replace or to entirely furnish themselves with toilets. The department for jewellery and fancy articles offers pretty and practical articles as presents with views of Cologne, while on the second floor there is a plentiful selection of articles used in travelling. Various lifts conduct one to the different floors, bringing the public at wish in the immediate neighbourhood of the refreshment room where the ladies find recreation over a cup of Mocca coffee.

This business may be both quickly and conveniently arrived at, on account of there being various stopping-places of the electric tram close at hand, as Breite Straße, Corner of Berlich, Kreuzgasse (Old Theatre) &c.

4 August 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August & Peter Hochscheid  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear Boys,

This morning we received your card from July 20<sup>th</sup>. Why do you write so little and so seldom? For fourteen days we've had our eyes peeled for a letter or card, but in vain. Even if you have a lot of work to do it doesn't take long to write a card. You can imagine how curious we are to hear something of the progress you are making with your business. Don't let your spirits sink; work hard and have patience and things will go well. As far as we are concerned, we can scrape through for a couple of months.

Tina has been back home for a month and at the moment is doing any job that presents itself. She helps our cleaning lady do the stairwell and on Saturdays the parlor and bedroom. Whenever she can, she helps out at Geicht and earns enough to pay for her little expenses. Every day we are looking to find her a salaried position, but wherever one goes, one is turned away and informed that things are slow right now.

Willi was here yesterday and made inquiries at Peters<sup>1</sup> for her. This morning she presented herself there, and her name was put on a list. If she gets something by September first we may consider ourselves lucky; we've heard of girls who have sought positions for an entire year with no results.

There is an English class starting tomorrow at the Berlitz School, which Tina would like very much to attend, but I believe one must commit to the entire course of ten months for 70 Marks, and I'm afraid that's too much to spend for us right now. Of course, if she were to get the position at Peters it would be different. If they would settle for a commitment of one month she could start, since one isn't required to pay the entire amount up front, but to commit to the entire course wouldn't work, also if she would come over to you sooner.

Where in the world will the money for her trip come from? I've thought if she earns 40 Marks (since it is unlikely she will earn more in the beginning) she could hold back 20 Marks per month—that would be a good start—so that by next June she would have saved 200 Marks. If things go well in Uncle Paul's business, and he is able to send money to Papa, both could come over together next summer. We could then draw an additional 300 Marks for Tina from the insurance.

But what is the use of planning so far ahead; who knows what may happen by then. If your business goes well and you are able to come up for air from your sea of debts perhaps you'll be able to save some money, as well. Once your business is going full swing and

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<sup>1</sup> Kaufhaus Carl Peters G.m.b.H., a department store.

you're able to call some of the money your own, you will develop more enthusiasm and love for the work. What do you say, dear boys, am I not right?

Write us another nice, long letter, dear August, and describe everything in the same lively tones you used to in your letters from Kila. Also tell us if you like this type of work better.

We still don't know if you've received the tobacco and the tonka beans. I've sent two shipments of tonka beans and one of tobacco. One shipment went to Kila. Did you receive my letter from the beginning of July? It's getting hard to keep track.

Physically we are all in good health. Finchen will give birth in the next few days, and I'm to be an attendant. When I return from there, it will be Berta's turn soon, isn't that nice and orderly?

I've rented a tiny room here for Tina for three Marks per month. Father picked up the guest bed at Berta's, so she is now sleeping and living with us. I think it's better than if she'd have to go to Klettenberg every evening.

Dear Peter, you mustn't think we only want letters from August. Write plenty because we are equally interested in your letters. Your letters are always amusing; there is always something to laugh about.

How is the Hochscheid family in Kila? We seldom hear from them.

With best wishes for the continuous prospering of the new business, I greet and kiss you wholeheartedly, your loving,

Mother

Also your siblings send their heartfelt greetings.

Dear August,

At the wedding of Berta von Bömmel, Mrs. Fork mentioned you had promised to send them a card. Why don't you? Their address is:

Heinrich Fork  
Owner, Brick Manufactory  
Duisburg

Don't forget to put a stamp on the card. Your last card to us arrived without one!

5 August 1908

From: Willi Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: Hochscheids  
KalisPELL, Montana

My dear Ones,

But this letter can't arrive to greet all of you simultaneously, therefore:

Dear Peter and August,

I was in Cologne the day before yesterday and made a resolution to write you, which didn't come to pass yesterday, since I wasn't quite back yet, but today there's nothing pressing to stop me.

The mood in Cologne was part alarm, part perplexity, part concern, which is usually how it is when something is not quite right, and something surely isn't. Nothing has been heard from you for too long a time. This is cause enough for concern, especially when your last letter contained so much new information and fed the Hochscheid hunger for a whole new set of numbers to crunch. Father said to me, "If they have so much to do that they don't have time to write, they could at least write a postcard, which takes almost no time at all." Mother, who is more of an alarmist, said, "They don't have any business and are ashamed to write and admit it." Although neither one of our parents has influenced me to speculate, I must agree with their gentle reproach and add my own.

I will discount the letters that Finchen and I have written, which did not warrant even a single postcard of acknowledgement, and wear down my anger by clenching my fist in the pocket of my jacket. But it isn't right. To put it bluntly: You contemptible lice! You dog eaters! You princely apes! If you don't write as soon as possible, and regularly, if not to us then to Europe in general, then see if I care; we'll drink to your health and simply stay here. If you think I'm going to write any more until I hear from you, you've got another think coming.

Enough of my emotional outbursts. I'd like to finish this matter with the not ill-willed warning that the Cologne household cannot continue to exist without your help, August, and because we count on the punctuality you've always shown, it is important for you to inform them ahead of time of any delay in payments.

Now something about us for everyone: Finchen is due to give birth any time within the next two weeks. Both Finchen and I wish it were over with now. Finchen is afraid, more than I, that my vacation, which begins on the ninth, will be ruined. After completing the bowling tournament, I had planned to spend a few days in the Eifel, hiking with Lawaczek. I'll make an exception to what I've written above and send you a card or two upon the arrival of the child.

Now a couple of newsworthy items, which are holding the world and the telegraph wires in suspense: Zeppelin, who I'm sure is not unknown to you as the creator of navigable

airships, had a mishap today on the big 24 hour flight marathon; that is, his balloon did; it exploded, burned and crashed. I'll send newspaper clippings. The second earth-shattering event is that I won in the lottery, although only 500... Pfennige. But this is a good start, and there's no stopping me now from winning 1000 Marks! Those were my momentary brainstorm; maybe I'll add more about the zeppelin tomorrow. Zeppelin has been dominating the attention of whole Germany for the past four weeks, and this unfortunate accident will no doubt be a great blow to him.

After the Fourth of July we received a postcard from Traudchen, in which my wife's "eccentric husband" was mentioned. Knowing my own eccentricities, it baffles me in what sense the wife of my brother would consider her husband's brother eccentric. Additional information on this subject is desired (but let's not go to court over it). Aside from this, what was nice was the card. You appear to live in a beautiful area, and it's a shame that my three brothers wouldn't dream of sending us more such scenic postcards, to bring us closer to understanding what a picturesque environment you live in.

Peter's well-known talent, as amateur photographer, should enable him to take a picture of your esteemed Konditorei.

In closing, all our hopes are that things are going well in the Konditorei and with all of you. It would bring us great joy to hear good news from you. Again, if you have not yet done so, please send something off immediately.

Greetings, and I suppose kisses, from all,

Willi, Finchen, the two existing offspring and the hopefully soon-to-come third

11 August 1908

From: Willi Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: Hochscheid Brothers  
Montana Bakery  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear Brothers,

On Sunday at 7:30 a.m. we added another son to our family!

Finchen is relatively mobile, and the baby is strapping.

In the meantime we received the card from August and Peter; my letter was, unfortunately, somewhat ill timed. How has it gone since? Didn't you make an itemized statement of expenses? Hopefully the situation will clear up in time. What's the status of the regular customers? Are you baking rolls too? We hope to receive further, more promising, reports soon.

Best greetings from,

Willi, Finchen, Sons 1,2 and 3.

Dear Boys,

I'm here as well and send my greetings.

How are you and how's business? Business here in the stores is also slow, right now. Don't give up! Everything has its time in the sun.

Mother

18 August 1908

From: Hermann Gerke  
Gottesweg 177, I Etage  
Cologne-Klettenberg

To: August Hochscheid  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Best of wishes for your Namenstag! Most importantly I hope your business will soon turn a good profit so that we may soon greet you here in Europe as a world traveler. Is the celebration of Namenstag as schmaltzy there as it always was in Elsdorf?

Best of greetings to you and all the Hochscheids,

Your Hermann

Dear Brother,

I wanted so to be punctual with my congratulations, but it's already the eighteenth and unlikely this card will reach you in ten days. It's too bad you're no longer here; hurry up and become rich, so we will have you back here again soon.

Now I almost forgot! Accept my most heartfelt greetings on your Namenstag.

Your sister, Berta



26 August 1908

From: Wilhelm Blumenthal  
Cologne

To: Mrs. Fritz Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana  
Via Kalispell  
North America

Dear Sister,

I hope in the meantime you've received my cards. I've sent two since my last letter, one from Cologne and the next from Elsdorf.

So, dear sister, I thank you for your letter, and I'm happy to hear you're feeling better and slowly regaining your strength. I was very sorry to hear that you had to endure so much. Be careful now, and don't plague yourself too much with all the work. Better let a few things go until you've grown stronger.

Your encouraging news about my chances for work, there, makes me sorry I can't come over this year. Sophie is not at her best; the head pains have gotten worse, and she doesn't want to undergo a proposed operation. Because of her suffering, Sophie has become out of sorts, moody and fretful. When we bicker, I have to be extra careful because she misinterprets everything. Although I've never given her any motive, I think she no longer trusts me. This must be something her illness brought on. We can only hope that things will change for the better, and that we will all be happy again.

Tell your dear husband I thank him wholeheartedly for all his efforts and concerns about me, and I'm sorry I couldn't grasp the opportunity right away. Agnes and Nettchen, who were here, also thought it inappropriate for me to leave now and think I should wait until next year when things get better with Sophie.

Otherwise things are going well with us, also at home, and everyone sends their heartfelt greetings, especially, dear Traudchen, your brother,

Wilhelm

Greetings also from Sophie.

Sophie doesn't want to accept that she is ill, so you mustn't mention anything in your reply.

Above all, see to it that you become healthy again and that all will be well with you until we meet again.

Anna is expecting next month.

22 September 1908

From: Hermann & Berta Gerke  
Gottesweg 177, I Etage  
Cologne-Klettenberg

To: August & Peter Hochscheid  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear Bakers,

This morning my wife, alternating between laughter and screams, birthed a healthy, strong, eight-pound baby boy. Now she is back to just laughter, only the boy is screaming. He has an enormous, musical back of the head, which brought his mother much pain. As soon as his little mouth found air, it began to trumpet. A nice baritone. Hopefully he'll be walking soon. For now that's enough. Best of greetings from,

Hermann & Berta

My dear Boys,

How glad I am that it's over for Berta. She endured it bravely. Of course, the midwife, Hermann, and I thundered right alongside with her; otherwise, the baby probably wouldn't have come. Berta is mobile again, now. We hope she will soon regain all her strength and be completely healthy.

Little Friedrich will be baptized on October 4th; Father will be having his 60th birthday then. Today Father is representing von Bömmel's son-in-law at baptism. Write and tell us how things are going. With a lovely greeting and kiss, your enthralled,

Grandmama

Beginning of October 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: Traudchen Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

---First four-fifths of letter missing---

she wants to become a representative.

The day before yesterday little Friedrich and his mother were here visiting grandmama. Berta is already completely healed, and since we had such nice weather, Finchen brought her along. Wednesday morning Willi departed for southern Germany to begin his seven-week tour. Finchen returned home this afternoon.

Tina is doing well at Finchen's. In the morning she does the housework and goes for a walk with the children, and in the afternoon she attends a sewing school at the convent, where she learns darning and sewing and is allowed to bring in her own items in need of repair.

Yesterday while in Bonn, Willi happened to meet your sister, Nettchen, on the electric streetcar. She was on her way to the churchyard to visit her child, and was quite moved as she explained this to Willi.

How are my dear, little grandchildren? How big they must have gotten by now, and how much I'd like to see them again. When Zeppelin begins regular flights, we will be the first to plunk down our 15 cents for the trip over to see you.

Stay well, my dear ones, and greet and kiss my sons Peter and August for me. Especial greetings and kisses for you from your loving,

Mother

Again, thank you for everything.

15 October 1908

## UNION HOTEL, MANNHEIM

AM HAUPTBAHNHOF

BESITZER: JOS. WÜRTH

80 FREMDENZIMMER

ZENTRAL-HEIZUNG

ELEKTRISCHES LICHT

TELEPHON No. 978

From: Willi Hochscheid  
Union Hotel at the Main Train Station  
Mannheim

To: Fritz Hochscheid  
Kila, Montana

Dear Fritz and all the dear Ones,

In order to relieve my conscience I'll nail myself down and write. While in Cologne I read the letter you wrote with August, and still have your last letter to me, which I especially enjoyed. There was much in your letter I could relate to personally, although Father and Hermann weren't completely edified by it. It goes without saying that I also disliked little inconveniences that became noticeable; probably, this shows an inherent weakness in the whole ideology of the Regeneration. Even the healthiest occupation becomes routine in the end, and that's when its consequences become too clearly apparent. The constant fulfillment of enticements, especially those of a lasting effect, such as a change of climate, is not to be had at all times.

Your financial success, while not earth-shattering, is nevertheless very remarkable. With your relatively small income you're able to save \$200.00 a year. I'm not able to do that. Last year I spent a little over 4,400 Marks (which includes the withdrawals from savings loaned to Mother and Berta—money I made, nonetheless). Left over from this was next to nothing. What I have managed, in spite of the not small expenses of the children, is to be not one penny in debt to anyone; even Hummel has his 100 Marks back for two months now. But it seems I'll never come into even a moderate fortune here. On the other hand, we've never had to deny ourselves anything noteworthy, and in general I have a good, comfortable, sometimes even lazy existence. Whether this will agree with me remains to be seen. This brings me to what I wanted to say, something which Hermann and I have discussed in Cologne. My idea of El Dorado is not to have to toil in drudgery as a farmer over there from morning to night in order to make just enough to get by on. Father thinks that won't be necessary, especially not in the South. Father also thinks Peter should know by now whether things are better in the North or South, and that would help determine where to buy land. I agree with Father it isn't right to always think in terms of too cheap or too expensive, better to make sure to buy good land or terrain. It's true that a small, not too cheap piece of land would have to be worked hard if one plans to live off it.

What I always imagined attainable, and worth striving for, is a pretty area, good climate, being at home a lot, doing work one enjoys according to one's wishes—or almost to one's wishes, and to be able to cultivate hobbies on the side and still have enough time left over to spend with one's family, and last but not least to be independent.

Having said this I hope you don't think I'm dreaming of nothing but a lazy existence. No, I would enjoy the work, even heavy work, as long as I felt it wasn't absolutely forced upon me in order not to go hungry. Wealth isn't necessary, but to be independent and stay that way is, even

if there were actually more mouths to feed, or when the boys become older and therefore more expensive.

Is this attainable? How do you picture your farmer's life? When do you see it becoming a reality? Are you still convinced it is the right thing to do? Are you in favor of getting hold of homestead land, or land at almost no cost?

In my mind it would be useless for us to come over before these things are definite. Dear Fritz, excuse me if I keep harping on a clear plan of action. I know it really isn't possible in your case, since plans always come back down to money, and money alone. I'm often so impatient. I long for a change of circumstances but don't have the courage to take the drastic steps necessary to bring it about. I'm afraid of the risk of putting my family into a situation less favorable than the present, without definite prospect of improvement. To guess at what may happen is difficult, I know, especially as long as things over there have not improved.

Is it really advisable for August and Peter to close down the business? Wouldn't it be better, as I've written before, to bring it back up and sell it? I think so. The money that was put into it must be gotten back out, even though the enthusiasm necessary to succeed is lacking. There will be even less enthusiasm if they have to work just to pay off the debt.

Of better things I'm not in the mood or state of mind to write about today. I will write again sometime during the remaining four weeks of my tour. In the meantime best wishes to you, your wife and children, and Peter and August from your brother, brother-in-law and uncle,

Willi

25 October 1908

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
Sedan (Kila), Montana

To: Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Badburg, Germany

My dear Minchen,

At last I sit here writing a letter to you, my dearest friend, three days past the deadline when my next letter to you should have arrived. Many months have gone by, and oh, how my conscience bothered me, having had to neglect you so. So many things interfered: insignificant things at first, then sickness, work, and between times *company*, as one calls visitors here.

I've compared both your pretty cards, "Minchen in the Forest," with the lovely one that you deny any resemblance to. I still say there is a very good likeness—perhaps even more so to the cabinet picture, which is on the first page of my album. Do you remember? It's the one Carl had the lovely, large, colorized copy made from. And then, when I think back some more and remember when I first saw you coming down the stairs at Jacob & Gramm, I don't find this picture of you one iota different than how you were then at eighteen. Just ask your Carl; he will probably tell you that you were no prettier then. And now I won't hear another word from you; I'm older than you, and know best!

How do things stand with the little place of your own? I see by your last card that you still live in Badburg. It would be nice if your husband's plan would materialize, and it would certainly bring him peace of mind. No doubt you'll tell me more in your next letter.

All the troubles you experienced the early part of this year, you poor little worm! You very nearly had a second son, but unfortunately wanted to give him to the world too soon. In complete contrast to you, I am envious; I mean I don't believe envy is in your nature at all, especially not about the tears we have during pregnancy, or those shed while trying to bring a son into being. I really would like to have a son. My sister-in-law, Finchen, now has a third son and Berta, her first. All the Hochsheids bring such sweet little fellows into the world, except us. Perhaps I would have had a son, but in May I aborted after a nine-week pregnancy. Your dear letter, in which you wrote you wished I'd be spared a pregnancy, came just as I lay in bed, very sick. At first I thought my period had set in again after I had skipped one. I dragged around for eight days, not knowing what was wrong. I couldn't work. Fritz was unemployed that week, as he was several weeks last summer and fall. You must have read about the bad times here. For the longest time we felt no effect up here, then it hit us after all. The mill here stayed in operation the longest, and until just over a month ago, only closed for short periods of time. We didn't need to change our style of living much; we lived as well as we did from the start. (More about this later.)

My dear husband took over all the household chores during that week. The eighth day brought a very bad night. After hours of profuse bleeding, increasing painfulness

and weakness, we feared the very worst. The dear man didn't know what to do, alone with such a terribly sick wife, who looked like Death itself. So we took the medical book (by Anna Fischer Dückelman) and did exactly what was recommended for a case like this. Fritz built a good fire and set up a large washtub filled half full of water. When the water was as hot as a body could tolerate, my husband put me in the tub, holding me in the water ten minutes. Then he poured a bucket of cold water over my hips, carried me to bed, and wrapped cold, wet towels around my hips and waist, changing them every half hour. This procedure made me feel so much better that I fell asleep—it was four in the morning—and did not wake up until 10:00 a.m. When I turned over, the whole thing came out all by itself without any trouble. I was weak and unable to do any work for many weeks.

In mid-July I had a very painful intestine or ovary infection; since both are in the same general area, I could not pinpoint which. I did not have a doctor; the astronomical fees horrified me. Just think—a house call costs \$10.00, and a birth costs \$35.00. The doctor has to come from Kalispell. If one telephones, he can be here in an hour by auto. If one visits his office, the charge is \$2.50.

During my first illness, I had a fifteen-year-old young lady who did all the necessary household chores for \$2.50 a week. During the second illness, a young doctor's widow nursed me, and now we are close friends. She did all the household chores, working from morning to night, and wouldn't hear a word of thanks. She is so sweet and so good that she reminds me of you, dear Minchen; yet, she is not as dear to me as you are, which I find a little ungrateful of me, but that is how it is. She is a voluptuous, pretty blonde and has a 13-year-old daughter; she herself is 33. Her father is German, but she speaks very little German. Just think how kind she is, Minchen. I have no sewing machine, and since I had some things to sew for my little ones, she offered me the use of the machine at her house and named an afternoon.

As I walked toward her house with my children, I saw many very elegantly dressed ladies, such as I don't usually see in this little village. Some of them I recognized. We were all going in the same direction, eventually through the same garden gate and into the same house. That perplexed me. I stood still and, through the mosquito door, saw many ladies clad in light colored clothing moving about in the house. I thought to myself, "You'd best go home. You don't belong here with your sewing. It's surely a birthday party or some other occasion, and the lady of the house probably forgot you were coming." Then I saw the doctor's widow, Mrs. Bashore, who waved me inside.

In a medium sized room sat the ladies on chairs placed into a circle almost tight against the walls, rocking back and forth—even those who had no rocking chairs! I was introduced to each one. Each lady extended her hand and had something pleasant to say to me; this I could see on their faces, but not one word did I understand! I was so confused. Then Mrs. Bashore led me to a very small room, where hat and gloves were taken off and put down. There I asked what might be going on; everything looked so festive, and then, too, there were so many ladies here. She laughed out loud and asked if I hadn't heard; all the ladies had just told me. I told her I had not understood a thing of what had been said. She explained that all the ladies from Sedan—Sedan is the name of the village here, Kila is the post office—and those from the outlying farms had been invited to come and see me—here one says “come and see me,” in Germany one says “come and visit me”—and to

Speak with me, so that I could learn better English and have more customers for my sewing. I was so moved that I became entirely speechless!

Before I had gathered my wits, I found myself sitting in a rocking chair amidst all these perfectly wonderful ladies, while a phonograph resounded with a German song. Then refreshments were served. Everyone kept her seat. Each lady took a napkin and spread it over her knees. Three kinds of cake were passed around, each piece on its own little plate so skillfully balanced on the knees that I was awestruck. Each lady had a glass of lemonade in one hand while nibbling on the cake with the other, chattering continually while rocking to and fro in a manner that made it all look so graceful. A large table is an item not to be found in such rooms, here.

At five o'clock we all said goodbye to each other, and I had to promise I would go to visit each one of them. They planned a picnic for the following Sunday on the other side of the lake. We couldn't take part in this because we were going to Kalispell to help August and Peter in the bakery. There was a festival in town, and they had plenty to do.

But perhaps you don't know yet that Peter, one of my husband's brothers, came up here from Atlanta. The trip took him five days, and one Sunday he stood before our house, completely unexpected! His brothers had not seen him in the five years he had lived in America, and I had not seen him in ten years. Seeing him again was a great joy for us all. Peter stayed three weeks and during that time remodeled our whole house! Now we have two more rooms, a sitting room and a bedroom. The sitting room is even wallpapered, and I've arranged it quite nicely.

Peter then went to Kalispell with August where they opened up a bakery and Konditorei with lunchroom. The mill's operations had slowed down so much that August was only able to work a few days per week, and Peter couldn't get any work there at all. But they have not had much luck with the bakery up to now either. The whole summer and fall I've awaited the mail with trepidation, fearing to hear they've gone broke. It would be sad, because of the money they would lose.

On the side August directs a German choral society, which pays \$10.00 a month. Each Wednesday it requires one or two hours of his time, directing. Aside from this he also has a number of piano students and gives German language lessons. Piano lessons are \$2.00. One can earn money here if one is fluent in the language and knows what to do.

The very poor do not exist in Montana at all. Just think what a washerwoman earns. While I was sick, it cost between 20 and 25 Marks for the month. (Notice I write the numbers in Marks when I want it to seem like a lot!)

In the meantime Fritz still hasn't let himself be photographed.

While my brother-in-law, August, lived with us our marriage was not as happy as before. Subconsciously he had an unfavorable influence on my husband, and for me the workload became too heavy. This led to disharmony. Now we are happy again just as we were at the beginning of our marriage.

This evening for the first time I feel a bit melancholy—probably because Fritz is not here. For the last eight days I have been alone with the children. The mill here closed down temporarily, so my husband went to Eureka (Montana) to work for a larger mill. He wrote

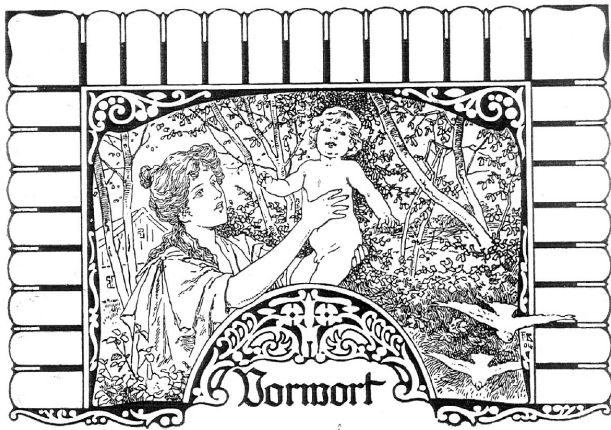


he has been looking for a house for us there because he earns more. I think I'll just quietly stay here in Sedan; I like it here.

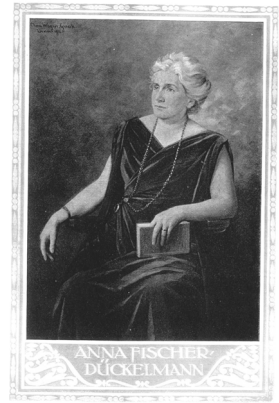
I have a neighbor whose house is about 100 paces away from our house. We can see each other when we stick our noses out the door, and we visit each other at least twice a day. She is 47 years old and keeps a motherly eye on me. Every morning she comes over, asking how I slept and if I feel well. She has a married daughter in Nebraska, a four-day trip from here. When Mrs. Weid sees me, I remind her of her daughter; that's probably why she is so kind and thoughtful to me. She spoils and pampers my children.

Dorle spoke her first sentence just recently. How happy we were! She is a little heavy-handed, like the Blumenthals, while Annette is a real Hochscheid. She's been talking for quite some time, as much English as German. I marveled at overhearing her speak to a five-year-old boy, saying, "Yes, I go." He had probably asked her if she wanted to go home; they were standing by the pump. Your Anneliese can already say everything. She looks so stylish and sweet in both pictures. Does your Gustav speak yet? I can't say that name, Gustav, without thinking of the plump man from Weimar with his short little legs and tiny feet and his waxed leather umbrella cover. Ah, yes! What all doesn't exist in this world!

You mentioned in your letter we should keep an eye on "that swindler, August Schwiers." His name is Ludwig, and he is not a swindler, my dear child. He would never lie to anyone intentionally. He speaks and writes the truth of his inner convictions. He is a man worthy of sympathy. Just listen. His young wife visited me this summer. I had made her a baby dress and cap in gratitude for her help with my children during the long trip over. She came by train from Kalispell just to thank me and returned home the same day. She was very pregnant. On another day Mr. Schwiers appeared here. He had been in Athens, where he was detained a whole day, bringing his kitchen stove to the railroad. He had to walk three hours from Athens to here and had another three hours' walk to Kalispell ahead of him. He was dirty to his knees and upset to the point of distraction, pacing back and forth in my room. He thanked me for the gift, said he was very happy with his wife, and asked if he looked upset. I answered, "Never mind, you are tired. Lie down a while on the divan. Rest will do you good." He said, "Oh no, I've got to get home; my wife has been expecting me since yesterday. I have the feeling as though someone is chasing me—someone that wants to shoot me. I jumped from cover to cover in the woods—first left, then right. That's why I look so dirty. Please don't say a word about any of this to Fritz or Dora." I promised him I would not and told him, "The way from Athens to Sedan is eerie, but from here to Kalispell is safe enough for any child to walk down alone, with no fear of danger. Your nerves are playing tricks on you. When you have had a good night's sleep, you will be better." "Yes, yes, I think so, too," he answered. I stuffed his pockets full of apples and a thick cheese sandwich for him to eat along the way. Fourteen days later, while teaching the children at the church, he became insane. It was just a temporary attack; a few weeks later he was able to teach again. Maybe I never wrote you that in spring he had passed an exam to teach in the high school. Now he is a professor and father of a little son. Just imagine! They even put it in the paper that he'd been temporarily insane. I feel sorry for him, and more so for his wife. He has a patron in Kalispell, whose word carries weight and who saw to it that his position was held open for him. Mr. Schwiers' starting salary is \$100 a month.



The medical book by Anna Fischer Dückelmann was called *Die Frau als Hausärztin* (The Woman as Doctor of the House). “A medical handbook for the care and healing of the family with special emphasis on illnesses of women and children, help in birthing and



care of children.” As part of the *Lebensreformbewegung*, Dückelmann stressed the healing and nutritional aspects of medical care and the beauty of the human form.



The “festival in town,” when Traudchen and Fritz helped at the bakery, was likely the Fourth of July Parade, which disbanded on the corner of First Avenue East and Second Street, the intersection closest to the bakery. The parade included decorated automobiles, floats, the Kalispell City Band and both Flathead and Blackfoot Indians in full costume.

*Inter Lake, September 18*

Ludwig Schwiers, teacher of German in the county high school, became afflicted with temporary mental aberration during services at the Methodist church Sunday, and rushed out of the church, apparently under a delusion that some one is persecuting him. He was taken care of by the authorities, and this morning an examination was held before Judge Erickson, but he was discharged.



Perhaps Fritz will become president someday. Then I'll insist on all the respect due to the first lady! Here, in this country, nothing is impossible. Greetings to your Carl and the little ones and a kiss to you,

Your Traudchen

You know, dear child, there were a number of other things I wanted to write, but it is ten o'clock here and a little unnerving. The coyotes—those are the wolves that resemble dogs—have gathered nearby and are howling frightfully. Also, tomorrow is mail pickup day here, and this letter must finally go out. Live well and write soon.



Franz Hövel visiting Finchen and her three sons.

25 November 1908

From: Willi Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: Fritz Hochscheid  
Eureka, Montana

Dear Fritz,

Both of your letters (the last one dated November 10<sup>th</sup>) have once again given us much to think about. Father is just here, and we've done a great deal of discussing and deliberating, especially in regard to farming. Many plans were made, some immediate and some that would take longer to realize.

A damper to this came in the form of August's letter, which arrived between your first and second letters. He apparently considers the ability of the Hochscheids to succeed in operating any sort of business or farm there as very slim and advises not to come over unless the money to do so is at hand and the prospect of remaining here is nothing less than treacherous. As you know, and as I indicated in my last letter, the prospects for attaining a less worrisome and less stressful existence here for everyone else except me are not all that good; therefore, we'll let our intentions to emigrate stand, in spite of the discouraging but well-meant remarks of August. We thank him for his thoughts, even though we never imagined life there would be perfect.

Unfortunately, your invitation for us to already join forces with you this coming spring doesn't seem feasible, mainly for the following reason: Finchen's brother, Franz Hövel, who has finished one year as a duly appointed, volunteer private first class in Cologne-Riehl, won't be of legal age until a year from next February, and won't have control over his assets until then. He was here last Sunday and reiterated his desire to come over with us, but not follow us alone at a later date. It would be in our best financial interests if we would wait for him. In the meantime we will have saved up a little money in addition to being able to draw 350 Marks insurance, which would not be accessible beforehand. Also our youngest will be a little older and easier to transport, etc..

Your intention to become a farmer as soon as possible is praiseworthy. Traudchen mentioned in her postscript she needs very little, almost nothing, to manage the household. That in itself is a factor that should help you achieve your goal much faster. I'm sure you'll be able to get the money together for the exploratory trip and to make a down payment.

We have a few questions: Have you, or you and the other German who is also interested in purchasing the land, the option to become more than just generally informed about South Alberta or the other state before going there? (August mentioned it would cost hundreds of dollars in travel expenses before the right piece of land was found.) Isn't British Columbia under consideration? Father thinks, and he is probably right, that a much milder climate exists there, which would yield a better crop and thus require less work.

The prospectus just arrived here. We were able to confirm the above comment about the climate of Columbia, although the literature is often difficult to understand. Is this available in German? Are there accompanying maps available? Those would certainly be the best source for information, and you should try and order them at once, for us as well. No doubt there are individual maps available for each state and county.

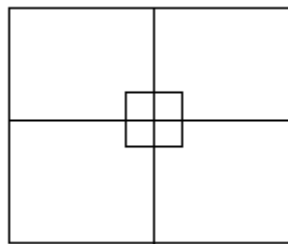
Now the main thing: Will you be able to reserve adjoining land, preferably part timber and part pasture, for me? Will I need to pay you for this in advance? I figure on having 400 to 500 Marks I can spare by May. Will it be possible to reserve lands for Peter, August, Franz Hövel and eventually for Father at the same time? That we live close together is one of the main things. My wife says if everyone lives a hundred miles apart, there would be no point in coming.

Speaking of the others, if Peter and August don't want to hold on to their business and if they won't recoup the money to pay back the loan debt, for which you have vouched, wouldn't the debt be paid off faster if they closed immediately and each began earning two-and-a-half dollars,<sup>1</sup> rather than trying with zero enthusiasm to bring the business up to a saleable condition? If starting the business was a mistake to begin with, a quick terrible end to it would be better than a terror with no end!

What about proximity to the railroad? According to the prospectus, the railroad owns the lands twenty miles to the right and left of the tracks. Are you able to buy these lands as well? If so, and this land were to be had cheaply, at say one dollar per acre, it would be better than free land too far out. Most importantly, is the payment due at the time of possession, or in three years, as is often the case for the usual 160 acres of homestead land?

The best would be four or six adjacent homestead parcels in the shape of a rectangle, with the five acres apparently necessary for each homesteader to cultivate connected together in the center. It would be easier to realize a profit this way than if everyone fended for himself.

Homestead lands:



Colonize the middle first!

--End of letter missing--

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<sup>1</sup> Likely Willi means at the lumber mill in Eureka, where Fritz was now working.

10 December 1908

From: Christina & Friedrich Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

This evening we received your card, postmarked November 25<sup>th</sup>. Your most recent letter to us was dated October 22<sup>nd</sup>, although we did read the letter you and Peter wrote since then to Willi, and your Namenstag card to Berta. I can well imagine your incentive to write is at a low point, since there is not much good news to report, but things will get better again once you two are completely rid of the disagreeable business.

Whether something steady will come of Peter and his cinematography has me wondering. I think the best would be if both of you found steady employment so that you can live decently again and pay back a portion of your debts each month, with maybe enough left over to pay us.

Father and Willi wrote to Fritz regarding the proposed land purchase. You probably read the letter. I don't like the whole idea; I'd much prefer the business with Uncle Paul in Augusta. Today we received a letter from him; he is progressing slowly and lacks the necessary funds. He thinks if Finchen's brother would go there and invest his money, they could set up facilities to manufacture spirits of ammonia and earn three times as much as they do now. Father figured out that he earned \$145 last month, from which a few small expenses still need to be deducted, such as the wages of his sixteen-year-old son, who works for him. His family could live very well from that if he weren't in so much debt, since he too had to borrow all the funds to start up with. If Father were there with Uncle Paul more money could be made, since Father has a more practical and efficient knowledge of the work.

We'll see what develops by spring. If the money for the trip can be raised I'll let him go over alone again because to go together wouldn't work, even if we were to raise the travel funds in the manner Papa laid out in the letter to Fritz. Under no circumstances will I allow the pension to be left in the lurch; to risk that the company will no longer pay it, or that we would be able to live worry-free without it. I think that this is something you, dear August, as well as my other sons will understand as being for the best, as would any responsible person. If all of us went abroad, the company would probably not continue paying the pension nor pay us a lump sum.

If Father wants to go again, fine—I won't dissuade him. I could go live with Willi or Berta, since we will have to vacate our apartment in March. Our landlords will be moving

downstairs then and plan to rent this entire floor, which we now share with them as one unit. Of course we could rent it, but it is not laid out practically, and neither Berta nor Finchen likes it. We still have time to think it over, and since the München-Gladbach Hochscheids have accepted the Gerkes' invitation to spend Christmas in Klettenberg, we can all talk about it then. Willi was present for Berta's Namenstag; he was in Cologne on business that day, and we spent some nice hours together. We do miss having the musical part of the family here and look forward to your joining us again two or three Namenstagen from now. Hopefully I will live to see it. I also hope to see my other vagabond sons, daughter-in-law and grandchildren again here in our beautiful Cologne on the Rhine. If possible as American millionaires!

Dear Peter,

What do you say to all this? You must be glad, by the skin of your teeth, to be out of the awful business. Unfortunately the cruel consequences will be with you for a while. But everything will pass, as my late mother-in-law used to say.

Be on your guard from now on. Work hard, you and August, and in a few years the damage done will be made good. Have faith and things will right themselves again.

Please send us a detailed report on the situation; how much money you managed to get back out of the business, what your settlement with the creditors is, etc.. Don't leave us wondering for so long this time. We long for a letter or card terribly, especially from you, dear Peter, we would cherish a nice, humorous letter. The last one to Willi was lacking in that regard, but I can sympathize how ill humored you must have felt. But one shouldn't hang one's head for too long, better to accept how things are and begin something new. Now you're free as birds with your pockets full of debts, yet unencumbered, and since you are still young and able to work, don't let this crush you. Go to it!

You and August will no doubt spend Christmas in Kila. Fritz wanted a pipe and sent Father some money to buy it. Father bought a very nice, expensive one and, in spite of my disapproval, sent it off at the printed matter rate. Let's hope it arrives there. Tobacco was also sent, and, with Fritz's approval, you two could sample it on Christmas. Also sent as printed matter in-between newspapers is an extension tube for the pipe. It would be a shame if everything didn't arrive well.

I'm supposed to tell you that Jean Schauff again contributed three packs of Feinschnitt tobacco, which Father will send in separate shipments over the next little while. It's a quality tobacco that retails for 75 Pfennig, which Jean gets directly from Holland. It would be nice if you would send him a thank you card. He would like that. Unfortunately this may be the last time he'll be able to get this tobacco, since they are very much on the smugglers' tails at this time.<sup>1</sup>

Now I'll close. I hope we'll receive some news from you within the next few days. Stay well, dear boys. I wish you a very merry Christmas and remain your loving,

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<sup>1</sup> Smuggling, in order to avoid paying duty on tobacco, coffee, sugar, etc. was a tradition going back many hundreds of years among merchants in the Port of Cologne; and, according to Ernst Weyden *Köln Am Rhein Um 1810*, even the most pious or conscientious Kölner would not have considered smuggling a sin.



Mother

Greetings and kisses to my Kila-kinder as well, and best wishes for a merry Christmas.

Dear August, it pleases me you have become a teacher again, although in a different sense; but, Father would rather see you three boys going to work in the new mill in order to make enough money to buy land and become farmers.

I must divulge that two new dresses for Christmas are in sight for me from my daughter and daughter-in-law as reward for my "priceless services." I only need one, so Berta will give me the fabric and dressmaker fees. Finchen told me, today, I should pick out higher quality fabric; she would contribute 4 to 4.50 Marks. Ha! Won't I be a chic old lady!

You are probably wondering about my poor scrawl; it's due to the poor writing material. Today is the second evening since starting this letter, and since I don't have any stamps, it won't go out until tomorrow, the twelfth.

Franz and Josef send their greetings. They are excited about Christmas, have saved up some money and have many wishes. They ought to write after the holidays.

Mother

Merry Christmas and a toast to the New Year from me too! Let's hope, at least for you, the New Year will be better than the old. Heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your,

Father

14 December 1908

From: Willi Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: Hochscheids  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear Americans,

I've had the feeling we owe Peter and August a letter, but it occurred to me that it's your turn to answer my last, long letter. So that I don't repeat questions I've already asked and you've probably answered by now, I'll skip the Canada subject and write, as much as possible, about things in general.

First, there is the customary bestowal of Christmas greetings, but I assume Christmas to be a thing of the past by the time you receive this letter. We can't give each other presents, and that we wish to be able to spend a nice Christmas together in the near future is well known to you. Our wish for the coming year is that it proves to be a better one for you than the one just passed. The best support we could give you is to send much money. Unfortunately that's not possible right now. What is possible is to hope and wish for success, and we'll wish so hard that it will surely happen.

I'll let Finchen tell you about the children and household. I guess that about covers all the generalizations so in order to fill up the page I'll bring up the Canadian plans after all.

Father, Mother and I have noticed that August and Peter seldom mention anything about Canada, and if so it is not favorable. Mother thought there must be some discord between you; that you apparently are not in agreement. Fritz hasn't mentioned August and Peter at all; August's postcard seemed to characterize his participation in Fritz's plan unfavorably. I hope we're mistaken and that these are just minor differences about such things as location. I'm very much of the opinion that unity is most important right now, and hope you consider that we are not planning on coming over just for our own good, but for the good of us all. To be together is our main purpose.

Father intends to write a long letter and will no doubt reiterate his preference for moving to a warmer climate. I can only agree with him. I don't think August was serious when he mentioned there would be snow in May and August; if that were the case I wouldn't consider it as our El Dorado. I'll repeat what I mentioned in my letter to Fritz: It must be possible to find a home—not just a hovel to exist in while earning enough money to survive—without working oneself to death.

That's all for now. I'll send you a *Kosmos*,<sup>1</sup> which will probably be read with interest.

Fritz, I'll send you a catalog, since I sent the wrong thing; in the meantime, you've probably found the right thing. Write soon. Greetings to all of you.

Willi

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<sup>1</sup> *Kosmos*, a scientific journal.

14 December 1908

From: Finchen Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: August & Peter Hochscheid  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August and Peter,

I've never written to you two and want to remedy that by writing a little today. August knows I'm not a good writer, so be merciful as I attempt to tell you a little about us. I don't know what Willi wrote you, in any case it doesn't matter, but don't be surprised if I write some of the same things.

Tina has been here three months now, helping me with the household. It would be impossible for me to manage it alone. Our children keep us very busy. At age three Willi is very animated and fidgety. Fredy came into the world on this day two years ago; he's a delectable child as clever as his parents! Little Franzi is so loving it's hard to put into words. I think you would share my point of view if you could see them.

August, I often think how nice it would be if we were all there, and you could be the teacher for your six nieces and nephews. Apparently you and Peter don't want to go along with what Fritz has planned. Why not? If we don't all stick together it wouldn't be worth the trouble for us to transplant ourselves. Did you have an argument? Is that why you don't want to do it?

Tell me, Peter, how are things with your shop? See to it that you get it off your back as soon as possible so we can all be together. Mother will come along, too. We'll all be in Cologne on Christmas, and there'll be much talk about you, and many ideas will be discussed. Father is the most excited of all. By Christmas another letter from you will likely have arrived. Speaking of Christmas, I wish you the very best. Next Christmas when we're over there, we'll hang a stocking up for you. It looks as though we won't write again for New Year's, so I'll send my greetings now and wish you better success than you had this past year.

I wanted to write you some things about us but can't seem to get on the right track. Things here are always the same. We rarely have visitors. Occasionally our Franz stops by, also Miss Emanns, who always sends her greetings and would like very much to come over as well. Mr. Lawaczek comes by sometimes, otherwise we are pretty much shut off from the rest of the world. We have talked about moving back to Cologne, but for Willi it wouldn't be practical when he has to report to work. No doubt Mother keeps you updated on such things.

My dear brothers-in-law, write us again soon. We always enjoy receiving mail from you. I'll always write back something, even if it's just a few words. For now, heartfelt greetings and kisses from your,

Finchen



Tina - 1908

14 December 1908

From: Tina Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: August & Peter Hochscheid  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear Brothers (and all who read this),

Perhaps you've read the letter we wrote to Fritz and Traudchen. I wish you a merry Christmas and a good new start in the coming year. I also hope a letter from you is on its way here.

My wish for the New Year is to be with you as soon as possible. It was once planned that I would sail over alone in order to work in your bakery as sales lady. I would have liked that very much, but I would also enjoy being with you and working in the fields. As a lady farmer I ought to be able to get a man.

So how do I look to you? You must remember this is only a picture; I'm much prettier in real life! Even though Finchen says I have a nose like Carl Ohler—terrible, I know!—it won't prevent me from looking toward the future with confidence.

A reminder of how expensive life is: I can't allow myself a piano, which I long for terribly; with my salary I can't even rent one. Somehow I hope to find one. We are always planning on what to bring over with us. Personally, I don't have much, and Finchen wants to load as much as possible onto my ticket. One thing is certain, I'm saving up a mass of money so that once we do mobilize there'll be no chance of having to stay behind a little longer. Since being here my savings account at the bank has a balance of 5 Marks. It's not much but it's a start.

August, I think you'll judge me differently now. You'll find me sensible, clever, independent and full of whatever other virtues exist. Finchen once told me you didn't know what to make of me in earlier times. Now it would be different. You, Peter, I can hardly remember. Sometimes I have a great longing to see you both. Please write me for once, if you haven't done so already.

My wise words must come to an end for today; I have a headache and don't want to strain my brain unduly. I wish all of you the best of everything and remain, with greetings and a kiss, your,

Tina

16 December 1908

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August & Peter Hochscheid  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear Boys,

First of all, Father, your little brothers and I want to wish you a happy New Year. The old one certainly didn't bring us much good. God willing, the coming year will be better for all of us, especially you, my dear boys.

Yesterday we received your card with the news that you've closed the business. Yes, it was probably for the best, since there was no indication things would improve, and no one interested in buying it presented himself. But now you must make every effort to accomplish a great deal, so you can get those debts off your backs. I think as long as you stay healthy, two years from now everything will be paid back.

I hope a letter from you both with a detailed description of everything is on its way. For now I'll again wish you the best for the New Year. Greetings and kisses from your loving,

Mother



22 January 1909

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: Hochscheids  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Eleven days have already passed since I sent you the long letter that everyone added something to, and it has been three weeks since Fritz is living with you in Kalispell, and we're still waiting for further details of everything that has occurred.

So far we haven't received any money, and if you actually sent some off—or did our absent-minded professor forget?—you'll now have to try and see what happened to it.

Dear August, Fritz, Peter and Traudchen, something has come up that I'll now tell you about. I'm not sure if Willi has already done so, in any case there's no harm in telling it twice. Last week while here in Cologne on business, Willi visited us and brought some good news with him. Finchen's brother, Franz, was in München-Gladbach and offered, as soon as he is of legal age, to put 7000 Marks at Father's disposal in order to expand the factory in Augusta. Willi arranged a weekend leave for Franz with his sergeant (to attend a wedding), and Father went to München-Gladbach last Friday. On Sunday the discussions took place.

Franz wanted to secure an investment of 5000 Marks here, but Father made it clear that he could just as well do it over there, and since 7000 Marks is too little, he should deposit all of his money in a bank over there, and from that they would use only what is absolutely necessary. Willi thought he could put in another 3000 Marks through the sale of his furniture, insurance, etc.; perhaps 15,000 Marks could be raised altogether.

We sent Uncle Paul a long letter inquiring among other things whether Father should come over right away. Willi thought he would be able to get the money together for Father's traveling expenses. Father would then get everything going, and the rest of the gang would follow in the spring of next year.

At first I brought up all my reservations again, but these were dispelled so convincingly by Father that I'm once again in agreement with everything. What is more, while Father is away I would give up the household and move in with Berta or Finchen. This would save us the rent, and also I wouldn't have to be alone. I would go through our things and sell everything unessential. One room ought to be enough for the two boys and me. If I go to Berta's I could sleep in the guest room; if I go to Willi's I could sleep with Tina. If Finchen would sell her parlor furniture set there would be enough room for all of us. I would do all my own housekeeping and cooking, but would have some companionship the rest of the time, which would make the separation from Father a little easier to take.

Let's hope everything goes according to plan, and that the wishes of your father will finally be fulfilled.

How are you, dear children? All in good health? How is work going, or rather who is working? Is there work for Fritz and Peter or are things still slow? I hope a letter from you is on the way, and that we'll soon hear what's been happening.

Till later, I greet and kiss you wholeheartedly—still only in spirit, but perhaps we will soon embrace again for real. Who can tell?

Your very loving,

Mother



25 February 1909

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
3rd Avenue, 3rd Street West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear Children,

Yesterday we received your long, highly interesting letter (with many good and bad outlooks for the future) for which we thank you. We were overjoyed to receive such a nice, multi-paged letter after so much time.

On the 22nd we received the money you sent off on the 4th of February, and on the 23rd we finally received the money you had sent on December 21st of last year. The post office is most careful; they made inquiries whether a Friedrich Hochscheid is still living in Cologne, since August actually forgot to include the street and house number in the postal remittance address—I read it myself! But we received it after all and thank you for both payments.

Yesterday Father dispatched another packet of Feinschnitt tobacco, and today the promised Oldenthal tobacco went out. It is not meant just for you boys, though, Traudchen should smoke some with you!

We'll answer your letter within the next few days. I have the seamstress here for a few days, which would make it difficult now. Finchen will be at Berta's until after Father's Namenstag. We get together often and go downtown frequently, with each of us taking turns watching the children.

Till later, heartfelt greetings and kisses to all of you from all of us, especially from your loving,

Mother

Martin is left over from Fastnachten<sup>1</sup> and sends his best greetings.

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<sup>1</sup> Fastnacht = Shrove Tuesday, the end of carnival.

3 March 1909

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: Traudchen Hochscheid  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear Traudchen,

First of all, accept my best, heartfelt wishes for your Namenstag celebration; it is your second Namenstag in the far away land, and I hope you will celebrate it in good spirits and good health.

Once Fritz has work again you'll be able to look to the future with confidence. In the meantime August will provide the music and Fritz the singing; Peter will do all the baking and spread his wry humor around, and you, dear Traudchen, will provide good food and drink and assure a genial atmosphere. With these ingredients you're sure to spend a lovely day together. Too bad we can't all be together as in previous years. It was often very nice when everyone gathered at our place.

Were you also able to celebrate a little on Fritz's Namenstag? The day after tomorrow is also my Fritz's Namenstag. We'll celebrate a little over at Berta's. It's better that we go there than to have Berta, Finchen and the four children come here; otherwise, they would all have to leave already at six in the evening, plus we don't have as much room.

March 4

As you can see, I wasn't able to finish my letter yesterday, and you'll probably not get it until your Namenstag is over. In the next little while I hope to send you another belt as a small present. If I ever again come into better circumstances I'll send you something wickedly expensive and large.

To get back to your letter, I'm happy to hear that I had judged correctly—and you seem to agree—that Fritz wouldn't remain a laborer forever. In August's case I mentioned it with certainty ahead of time. I don't think much will come of playing the farmer, either; it will only prove the old adage: you can make a gentleman out of a farmer, but you can't make a farmer out of a gentleman. My husband gets angry when I say such things; he calls me a black raven and thinks if I keep warning something will happen then, indeed, I help to make it so. I can't help it; I call things as I see them and hit the mark more often than not. The main thing, after all, is that you earn enough money to get by on, especially in these hard times. As long as they're honest, the means by which you get the money aren't that important. The Hochscheids are quickly liked and accepted wherever they go, and I will hypnotize my boys from here to find good jobs soon.

As far as you're concerned, dear Traudchen, you can continue sewing to help fill the coffers as long as it's necessary before returning fully to your occupation as homemaker.

Dorchen's "good night kiss" stirred me to tears. Oh, if only I could magically make the little ones and all of you appear here, I would do so in a heartbeat!

Last week I had a vivid dream about you. You and your family were here on a visit. Your mother wanted to arrange a secret meeting, since you were not allowed home because of your father. This angered me; I didn't want to hear it, feeling it wasn't right, especially since you were just visiting here and things were going well with you.

I sent greetings to your mother through Mrs. Noll. I also sent her a New Year's card and congratulated her on her Namenstag, but I haven't seen nor heard anything back. I wrote Agnes and Nettchen Namenstag cards; occasionally they send me a postcard.

I'm pretty much running out of things to say except that I thank you for taking such good care of my boys. With a hearty, heartfelt Namenstag kiss I remain your loving,

Mother

Dear Fritz,

Greetings and a kiss to you too! Father says he'll write you as soon as Uncle Paul returns the questionnaire. Today we received a Namenstag card from them in which they acknowledged receiving our letter. Father is very curious to see what Uncle Paul will write. He'd like to go over right away, if he could; this writing back and forth takes too long for him. For now, greetings and kisses from your loving,

Mother

Tina, Franz and Josef also send their heartfelt greetings and best wishes. Tina was here a little while ago but couldn't write; she had too many errands to run downtown. She brought me little Willi.

3 March 1909

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: Peter & August Hochscheid  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear Peter and August,

I hope you've recovered from your illness, dear Peter, and I trust you, dear August, to be back to perfect health as well. When one of you is sick we are always worried it could become worse.

What you wrote, August, about Josef learning the piano will most likely come to nothing. It would be too difficult at his age; he is still too much geared toward playtime. But Father thought Franz should remain with us a little longer after Easter so that he fills out a little more; he is still very thin and frail. Then he could take a few piano lessons a month and will have ample time to practice at Berta's. The children ought to write you a letter soon.

Father wanted to know if all the packets of tobacco arrived. Since January 29<sup>th</sup> he has sent six packets, and yesterday he mailed off two rolls of sheet music.

I can well imagine that you, dear Peter, would like to return to the South. Aunt Marie wrote me about it, also that she had advised you to wait a little longer before leaving Atlanta. How you must have frozen, being used to the warm climate. Father can't tolerate the cold either, and I've been freezing a lot, lately. The winter here shows no sign of letting up. Rooftops and gardens are covered in snow, and the temperature falls below freezing every day. See to it that you find good work and then save enough for the trip back to Atlanta or Augusta. From there you can help pay back those wretched debts.

I hope the prohibition, or whatever the thing is called, didn't pass so that you, dear August, are able to keep your students and find new ones as well, which would be good for all of us. If I were certain we were coming next year I'd send you Franz and Josef right away so that you'd have two more students to add to your income!

Now I'll close. I still have much to do, and this afternoon Berta, Finchen and I will meet at Peters for a good cup of coffee and piece of cream pastry. Yum!

Live well and think often of your loving,

Mother

13 April 1909

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

We've received the pictures of Kalispell, the letter with the newspaper clippings and one postcard from you, and now we long for another letter. It has been a while since you've received something from us, as well. Washing and housekeeping kept me from writing last week plus, in order to take advantage of the wonderful weather we've been having, I took many long, leisurely walks outside. I couldn't get to it over Easter either, and so it goes when one starts postponing things.

Franz has been going to work at the textile firm since the fifth and apparently likes it there, although the long hours of sitting and writing tire him out considerably. He seldom gets to work in the warehouse because the bookkeeper always has something for him to do. In his free time he fiddles around with his electrical paraphernalia. It's unlikely the boys will manage to write anything today, so I'm to say thank you very much for the dollar bills, which will be put into the savings account. The report cards for both boys were pretty good; naturally they didn't approach your grades, or those of your two older brothers. Josef will begin the fifth grade after his vacation ends on April 21<sup>st</sup>. Most of his time is spent playing with another boy, the son of Paul Fuhs, our landlord. They tumble around in the garden, which anyone in the house may use.

We were never able to use the garden until now because the people in the lower part of the house kept ferocious dogs in the courtyard. Because of this they had to move out on April 1<sup>st</sup>. Now it is very pleasant here, and since I couldn't resolve to move back into another narrow, newly converted or built-on apartment, but knowing the landlady wants to attach our bedroom onto her rooms as soon as possible, we've decided to take two rooms on the fourth story. One room has a large window with a nice view of the surrounding gardens; the other room is much bigger than our present bedroom, but it is located under a mansard roof with a window so high one has to stand on a chair in order to look out, and then only to see the rooftops of the surrounding houses. But that won't keep us from looking into the future with faith and trust, and when in May Father gets the money together for his trip and starts to make good money over there, I'll be free to find someplace else lower to the ground next winter. Meanwhile the switch enables us to save five Marks a month.

Berta would have also moved here into the house, and Fuhs was ready to make a nice apartment on the third floor available for, her but Hermann didn't want to, even though it would have saved them five Marks per month in rent. He didn't want the burden and

additional expense of another move, plus he likes it fine where he is. Perhaps it also has something to do with living too close together (this is just speculation on my part). Father would have liked to see it happen so I wouldn't be too alone once he is abroad. Hermann thought perhaps if the opportunity presents itself again next fall he would reconsider.

Yesterday Willi sent the translated newspaper clippings back to me (I'll enclose them in this letter). Have no doubt that we are all very proud of you, dear August, and wish you continued success in all that you do.

We weren't pleased to hear you rented such an expensive house without being sure whether you'll be able to sub-rent easily and for enough. Now you have another load to bear. Hopefully Fritz has work by now; it's too bad these lapses always occur.

Aside from the first postcard we've heard nothing more from Peter. To where in the world won't he sail?! It's just terrible. I often wonder whether I'll ever see any of you again.

I had another dream about Traudchen. She was only visiting, and I sensed she wanted to come back permanently. I patted her on the back and said, "Don't worry, I'll see to it that you come back home." Lisa Geicht mentioned yesterday evening that she had a dream about Fritz visiting. He was dressed to the nines in a traveling outfit and looked very handsome. It's nice when one has such vivid dreams.

I'll close for now, dear August. Greetings and kisses for Fritz and for Traudchen and for the dear little ones, and especially for you from your loving,

Mother

Today Father is working at Geicht. He sends heartfelt greetings and a kiss, as do Franz and Josef.



Snapshot taken at the textile firm where Franz worked.



THE OPERA HOUSE

Although it doesn't look large enough from the front, the McIntosh Opera House extended lengthwise to the rear and could hold over 1000 people, providing they could find places to stand.

Newspaper clippings are from *The Kalispell Bee*.

At the opera house next week, Friday evening, March 12, the Kalispell Liederkranz will give its annual concert and ball. The choruses are said to be better this year than ever and there have been many, many nights of rehearsal and training. The music-loving public may rest assured that the Liederkranz concert will be well worth attending and the dance thrown in for good measure.

## EVERY NUMBER A GEM AT LIEDERKRANZ CONCERT

Those who have not been so fortunate as to hear the Liederkranz since their last public recital a year ago, were wonderfully entertained at the concert Friday night, the singers having marvelously improved under instruction of Prof. Hochshied, and besides they had a splendid program. The Blue Danube waltz, with the chorus and refrain by eighteen voices, was one of many encores. The program was not too long, about an hour and a half, great success also crowning the splendid basso, Theo. Heins, whose rendition of "The Link of the Foeman's Steel" was enthusiastically encored, bringing forth a graceful and tuneful acknowledgment. The Kalispell orchestra furnished music between the Liederkranz performances, and also for the dance which followed the concert and continued until an hour past midnight.

The attendance at this annual event of the Kalispell Liederkranz was almost as large as opera hall could accommodate, and a big majority stayed over for the dance. The music, both vocal and instrumental was high class and cultivated, and everything was presented in most agreeable form. The business agent and general manager of the public performance was Mr. A. H. Benkendorf, to whose successful promotion some share of the popularity of the event must be attributed, that gentleman giving over several days from his own business to look after the hall, music, printing and advertising. Because of Mr. Benkendorf's reputation for excellence in promotion and management, he is most always gladly invested with the authority when any one of his half dozen lodges or societies feel the spirit of a blowout awakening them and he as regularly makes good.

# Grand Concert and Ball

GIVEN BY

## KALISPELL LIEDERKRANZ

WITH

### THE KALISPELL ORCHESTRA

SIX PIECES—

MARION B. RIFFO    CONDUCTOR

# OPERA HOUSE FRIDAY, MAR. 12

Great preparations are made to make  
this the musical event of the season

**ADMISSION    FIFTY CENTS**

Concert starts at 8:30 o'clock sharp  
AFTER THE CONCERT DANCING

26 April 1909

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: Fritz Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear Ones,

Today, on the 26<sup>th</sup> of April, I am sending you the very best of wishes for your birthday, dear August. You are a quarter of a century old today, and if you were here we'd celebrate this day festively.

For me this day is doubly significant, since Josef celebrates his tenth birthday, today. Although his face is still a little swollen he returned to school today, otherwise he would fall too far behind in his lessons. Also, I can't keep him in bed, cooped up inside, when he feels relatively well.

Many thanks for your letter, dear Fritz, and you, dear August, for the promise of five dollars soon to come. We can't express how happy we are to hear of your success as a piano tuner, Fritz. It's unbelievable how easily one can make money at it. Also, if anyone else had told me one could earn 15 Marks for playing at three dances, I wouldn't have believed it. Thank goodness everything turned out as it did; we hope it stays that way for a long time.

Father is waiting eagerly for your reply in regard to what Willi wrote you. He would like to set forth on his trip mid-May. I wish he weren't going at all, but I must comply with his wishes.

How do you like your husband, now, dear Traudchen? Excellent, no?! It would have been a waste of our boys' talents had they stayed lumberjacks forever. That's something anyone can do.

For now greetings and a kiss from your loving,

Mother

Father and the boys send their heartfelt greetings too.



3 May 1909

From: Peter Hochscheid  
Seattle, Washington

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August, Fritz and Entourage,

I suspect you're curious about what I'm doing and why I don't write. Well, not much needs to be said about the last item—a hereditary defect.

Tomorrow I'm going to Skagway, Alaska aboard the steamer, *Dolphin*. The round trip takes about ten days. On the fifteenth it leaves again from here, same way.

Apparently there isn't much money to be made here on the water. I'll earn a few dollars then see about finding work elsewhere. I'm sorry to be making such poor progress, and that I haven't been able to send any money yet. Fortuna can't stand me.

How are things there? August, please write in detail about what has sold, etc.. I didn't understand some of your abbreviated remarks. I received all your cards, one to two weeks after they arrived here.

Is Margretchen still with you? Give her my best. How are the little rascals?

When you write, address it to:

Marine Cooks and Stewards Association  
Callman Dock  
Seattle

Heartfelt greetings to all,

Peter

13 May 1909

From: Willi Hochscheid  
Lausanne, Switzerland

To: Hochscheid Brothers  
Piano Tuner & Professor  
Kalispell, Montana  
U.S.A.

Dear Ones!

Now I know what it means to be unable to speak or understand the language in a foreign land. In any case, I'd prefer French to English here.

When will there be word about what Peter is doing? He's probably walking on hot coals!

Greetings,

Willi

17 May 1909

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

To: Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Hannover, Germany

My dear Minchen,

Here I sit with a board as a table on my lap, braced with my knees and supported right and left on the arms of the rocking chair. As a writing table, one could not think of anything better. I don't dare write with ink; first, I'd not be able to write while rocking, and, second, the inkstand would be too handy for both of my wild little ones, who are playing on the carpet, while my two men, Fritz and August, are playing a Beethoven sonata on the piano.

Yes—you might well wonder—we do have a music room, a dining room—in short, a house with nine rooms. In addition to that there is a garden house with three rooms, a stable and a coach house, as well as other odds and ends. The house is not ours; we just rent it for \$25.00 a month.

And my men are both professors! Yes, America is a land of wonders; but, before the wonders can take place, one has to go through the school of hard knocks. We have hard times behind us—hopefully they are behind us. The beginning of a new profession brings uncertainty, but by all indications things will go well for us now.

You see, dear child, because I had to work so hard for the last three-quarters of the year, from early in the morning to late at night (midnight, one, or two o'clock), I just did not have an opportunity to answer your dear and most interesting letter of November 25, 1908. In my mind, countless times I've unburdened my sorrow to you, or shared my interesting experiences with you. Sad that you couldn't understand it; my pen lacks in being able to convey the conversations my soul has with you.

Had the mill burned down in Sedan (Kila) when I last wrote? That's when all the misery started. The lumber business was as slow as all other businesses. What caused it? They say presidential election year is to blame. Nowhere could one find work. Now and then my husband was able to work a day or two. Our savings went into Peter and August's bakery, which has closed in the meantime, having swallowed \$1,000.00. At that time we lived in Sedan, and people unexpectedly brought me work. I sewed and supported the household for about three months. My husband did all the housework as well as he could.

June 22

It was May 17th when I began this letter to you. It would have been finished on that day if a fire had not broken out in our stable. The little boys in the neighborhood say one of our children played with matches in the hay. I can't believe that to be true. Annette was beside me the whole time, and though Dorle had been outside for a while, I don't believe she

FLATHEAD INDIAN RESERVATION  
Deer Flathead County,  
Montana  
KALISPELL, THE GATEWAY.  
For particulars  
Address the CHIEF OF DISTRICT

# THE INTER LAKE.

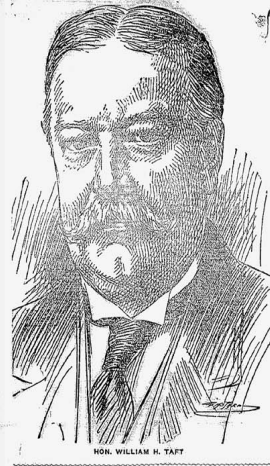
FLATHEAD INDIAN RESERVATION  
Deer Flathead County, Montana  
U. S. Land Office at Kalispell  
For particulars  
Address the CHIEF OF DISTRICT

VOLUME 20

KALISPELL, MONTANA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1908.

NUMBER 10

# TAFT AND SHERMAN



HON. WILLIAM H. TAFT

Have An Overwhelming Majority in the Electoral College.

## MONTANA FOR TAFT BY 3000

Norris Probably Elected Governor--Republican Candidates For Railroad Commissioners Are Elected.

## PRAY IS ELECTED TO CONGRESS

By 4500--Remainder of State Ticket Still in Doubt.



JAMES B. SHERMAN

KALISPELL, MONTANA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1908.

# SEDAN MILL BURNED

Destroyed by Fire This Forenoon--Loss \$25,000--Partly Insured. Lumber in Yards is Saved.

From Wednesday's Daily

The Sawmill of the Enterprise Lumber Co., at Sedan, was entirely destroyed by fire this forenoon. It is not known how the fire started but it is thought probably from the boiler room. When it was discovered and the alarm given, everyone about the mill and in the vicinity hurried to the scene, but nothing could be done. The building was on fire all over in an incredibly short time. All efforts were turned to keep the fire from communicating to the lumber pile, and in this the men were successful.

A telephone message was sent to Kalispell immediately after the fire was discovered asking the fire department to come out, but as there is no water pressure at Sedan it would have been useless to

take the fire apparatus up. A light engine was run up from Kalispell in order to pull out any cars on the sidings that might be in danger.

The loss on the mill is estimated at about \$25,000, though this may be reduced somewhat when the machinery is in shape for examination. Some of it may not be so badly damaged that it will be useless. It is not known as yet to what extent the insurance will cover the loss. The mill had stopped sawing for the season, but the planing mill was in operation, working on shipping orders.

The mill is owned by Wm. Kiley and C.N. Neffner. It is not known yet whether they will rebuild, but it is supposed they will.

started the fire; she has great fear of fire. It wasn't too bad. By the time the fire engine came it was already out, but the shock went into my bones, and I just couldn't continue the letter.

Meanwhile about five weeks have gone by, and the reason I did not write will become clear when I describe to you what has been happening in our lives. Today I received your dear letter of admonition... today my men are in the Liederkrantz... today it rains, and therefore I don't expect visitors.... These are the reasons that make it possible for me to write.

So it's back to Hannover, and more money will be made there! That is very good news. I think you'll be happy with the move; Hannover is a wonderful city. Your dear letter of November 25<sup>th</sup> gave me such great pleasure. I couldn't read it fast enough to learn all the details of your interesting trip. Only on the second way through did I read at a sensible pace. My joy was as great as if I had gone everywhere with you, and I vowed not to let a week go by before I answered. I don't know anymore why I didn't write. It wasn't neglect. I will try to tell you everything, even if it gets late. The two men won't be home before 12:00 o'clock anyway.

I'll continue where I left off on the first page. August was at that time already Professor of Music and German in Kalispell and also director of a German men's singing society: Liederkranz. He conducts every week for two hours, which brings him \$10.00 a month. The number of his students has been steadily increasing by one or two a week so that his income is now about \$100 a month. For the fall he anticipates having so many more new students that I believe his monthly income will go up to about \$150. Just think, dear Minchen, that would equal over 600 Marks! In Germany he'd have 100 Marks for the same work!

The "professor" title is bestowed here without formalities to anyone who teaches the higher grades. Ludwig Schwiers (his name isn't August) was also a professor in the high school. (Right now is summer vacation, which lasts three months.) Rumor has it that Schwiers lost his position, that he won't be elected again for the next year because there is fear he might have another attack at school. As you know, last year he became temporarily insane. His wife claims he resigned because he hoped to find a position at a university. He is certainly knowledgeable enough. He hopes to make it to Chicago or New York. As of yet no prospects are in sight for the poor fellow, so Tuesday he's going back to his homestead *Wiedergeburt* with his wife and little son.

And now I've lost the thread. Oh yes.... Towards the end of last year we thought it would be better if we moved to Kalispell. What tempted me most was that, through August, we might possibly be able to have a piano in the house, and indeed that's what happened. We also thought I could earn more money sewing here, and we hoped my husband would be able to find better work. Christmas we sold our little house for \$50.00, and New Year's Day we moved out.

We rented a simple place for \$12.00, bought some necessary furniture and a carpet, and tried to begin a new life. August and Peter lived with us. It was terribly cold then; day and night we kept three stoves burning. In 14 days we used up 18 Marks worth of wood, and wood is cheap here. August was the only one earning an income—naturally, not so much as now. Peter had no job; my husband couldn't find any work, try as he might; and no one came to me with any sewing, even though August recommended me to his students

and the "Dressmaker" sign hung in the window. It was like that for three weeks. Oh, but it was a wicked time! August became sick for a week; then there was no income at all.

My husband was in such bad humor that the housework disgusted him. I had to do everything myself. I did all the washing every week, baked all the bread needed for six people, cooked, and kept six rooms in order. I got up at 5:00 or 6:00 in the morning and by 11:00 had to be well dressed in order to receive possible customers. No one came, and every night I went to bed disappointed. Every morning I awoke with the hope that today someone would come with work for me. A month seems endless when every day's hopes end in disappointment. When, during those times, my husband condescended to sing a song or play a pretty piece of music on the piano, it brought a ray of light into our miserable existence. August was the least discouraged. He helped me forget many a bitter hour by reading ballads to me and translating English novels into German. We became closer to each other during those serious times and live quite happily together.

In the fourth and fifth weeks of this year, the bitter cold let up somewhat, so that one would now and then see ladies on the street.<sup>1</sup> And these soon found their way to the little German dressmaker, who did not, however, speak very good English. Instead she spoke an entertaining lingo and charged high prices, and for that reason they assumed I did good work. The finest ladies in town come to me; I even worked for Mrs. Conrad, the millionairess.<sup>2</sup> For a simple dress without lining in the skirt or waist I charged \$10.00; for a better dress, \$12.00; for skirt and jacket, \$15.00; for a blouse, \$6.00. I did the best work I could and became known as the best dressmaker in town. Yet I could not earn more than \$40.00 a month, in spite of all my diligence. I sewed into the night; I never got to bed before one o'clock—often it was two or three. Early the next morning I raced through my housework and then sewed in feverish haste, until I became stressed and miserable. The worst was the fittings or the choosing of a pattern or style of dress. I had to strain every nerve in my dumb, tired head, in order to advise these ladies in English. My husband was ashamed for me at first because I made so many mistakes; now he laughs about it. August usually sat in the next room, eavesdropping on what the ladies were saying, so that he would be able to tell me later if I had not understood something. In spite of this, there were mistakes now and then.

I couldn't hire a maid. First of all, the "ladies" one can get here are rarely jewels, and secondly, they cost \$25 to \$30 a month but are worth little in services. In the meantime I found a nice, 16-year-old girl who can speak German. We arrived at an agreement that we both would do the housework; and, in exchange, I would teach her to sew and cut out material. She is still with me today. It suits her mother that she learns to speak good German, and I'm so satisfied with the girl that I give her 20 percent of my income from dressmaking, and August gives her piano lessons, besides.

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<sup>1</sup> Annette recalled: "And then, of course, the three brothers with roving eyes would be watching the well-dressed young women parade down the streets of Kalispell—watching from behind Mother's curtains and her sewing machine—each one alert with hat nearby, dashing out the door ahead of his brothers to escort the ladies down the street. Mother was usually ahead of them, signaling either August or Peter, so either of them would beat Fritz to the door.... So the story goes, Mother telling it!"

<sup>2</sup> Alicia Davenport Stanford Conrad, widow of Charles E. Conrad, an early developer of Kalispell and founder of the Conrad National Bank.

My husband also got work at the local mill; unfortunately, it was only for a few days now and then. His earnings for the whole of last year amounted to very little. Peter was unemployed until March; then he left for Seattle where, after several weeks, he found work as a cook aboard an Alaska-bound ship.

In the meantime my husband wondered if, with his musical ear, it would be possible to become a piano tuner. It now seems as though it will be possible. He obtained the necessary, very expensive tools and has become what the enclosed card states. It is a rather taxing trade but does bring in money; here in town there is no tuner other than my husband. To tune a piano he receives \$4.00, and often the tuning is finished in an hour; when he goes to the outlying areas he charges \$5.00. If anything on the piano needs repairing he charges much more. Once he received \$12.00 for work on one piano; however, the work did take eight hours. Soon we will need a horse and buggy, since there rarely is a train connection to any of the farms here. My brother-in-law said by next year we'd be so rich that my husband could give me an automobile as a present. I don't think so! At the moment business is very quiet. During the long vacation the rich people are all on a trip somewhere; however, in the fall business should be very good. Meanwhile my husband is taking the students that August can't manage. He is also buying old pianos, tuning and repairing them and then selling them at double the price he paid. Fritz has one lady pupil who takes both piano and singing lessons.

Easter we moved into this beautiful new house. It is really first-rate, inside and out. August also started a mixed choir, which brings him another \$10.00 a month. Up to now it consists of 24 persons including my husband, myself, and Mrs. Scholle, one of the women that came with us from Germany who has the best soprano voice. Every Monday we all gather in our music room for an enjoyable evening.

We have much, much company, almost every day and are often invited out among comfortably established people. We attend parties in people's homes, which often cost the host \$200 to give. The food and drink that is served, the kinds of games that are played—all this I'll tell you about next time. Also I'll tell you about the pleasure excursions we make.

I have very little sewing to do now. Fritz wants me to not accept any more. It almost makes me sad, because of the good money I earned, but this way I have time to write you more often, dear Minchen. And you write me soon, too, and tell me how you like Hannover and what you are doing. It was interesting to hear from Gustchen.<sup>1</sup> The periodical *Erdsegen* is recommended in the *Volkskraft*.

I've felt very well in the last few months; apparently I'm completely healthy again—my husband and children also. How are you and your loved ones? Many thanks for your dear letter. I hope to hear more soon.

Greetings and kisses,

Traudchen

---

<sup>1</sup> Gustchen Waller, Minchen's sister.



August in the Music Room

“Every Monday we all gather in our music room for an enjoyable evening.”

---

**FRED HOCHSCHIED  
PIANO TUNER**

Action Regulating, Voicing, Repairing  
Rates Reasonable.

336 Third Ave. W. - Kalispell, Mont.  
Phone 155.

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**PIANO TUNING.**

I am pleased to announce to the piano owners of Kalispell that I have taken up the piano tuning profession in this town. Wide experience enables me to guarantee the utmost satisfaction. A trial of my services will prove to you the advantage of having your work done with care and precision. Address or call at

—Fred Hochschie'd's,  
336 Third Ave. W.

---

Fritz's advertisements in *The Kalispell Bee*.  
Note that the spelling of “Hochscheid” was Americanized.



P.S. Also please give my regards to your husband—also from my husband and August. I wish you much success in your new business venture.



336 Third Avenue West  
Kalispell



L to R: Annette, Fritz, August, Dorchen, Traudchen

May 1909

From: Peter Hochscheid  
Seattle, Washington

To: August Hochscheid  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

I read your letter with much joy. Now the future looks bright for both of you. Fritz's business card is outstanding, and I hope he'll soon have plenty to do. You've taken good strides forward in the short time you've been here, in contrast to me, who always seems to be going in reverse.

As I mentioned before, working the cruise ships here is not worthwhile; one has work for maybe two or three weeks, then gets laid off for whatever reason and, after pounding the pavement for awhile, having consumed one's last few pennies, is glad to be hired back for another dollar-a-day job. I have yet to see anyone of my kind (subordinate seaman) who has made it to anything. All of them live the same way, and there are some among them who tell of how good things were ten or twenty years ago; but, all end up as I do, after being away from shore for a few weeks: with nothing to show but empty pockets.

I must admit I've had opportunity to write during the time here in the city when I have nothing to do between cruises, but you know how it is when the desire to write is lacking. In contrast, once underway our hands are always full—more than full—from early morning at 5:30 a.m. until eight or nine, even ten in the evening. All for one dollar! One can earn money on the side, but those with more seniority usually take those jobs.

I've spent a lot of time looking around in the city for work, all in vain. I need to find something on the water again, soon.

How does the prospect of coming here with the group stand?<sup>1</sup> Are they practicing diligently? You seem to be the head man there now, and of your mixed choir. Which of the ladies are members now?

How did Fritz learn tuning? Did you send for the book? Do you think I can get it here? I'll look for it; I think I might be able to do this also.

What does George say now that you've already reduced the debt considerably?

That's it for today. Heartfelt greetings to all,

Peter

I'm not clear on what you mean with your piano and credit bond and \$125 from the bank. Any news from home?

---

<sup>1</sup> For a Liederkranz competition.

Monday, 7 June 1909

From: Peter Hochscheid  
Seattle, Washington

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Waited in vain until today for a reply from you. In my last letter I asked how Fritz learned piano tuning. I'd like to do something else.

We returned here last Wednesday and will set forth again in an hour for Frisco. I hope to find something when I return a week from Friday.

I was at the fairgrounds yesterday. Everything is very impressive.

Greetings to all,

Peter

24 June 1909

From: Friedrich Hochscheid  
Baltimore, Maryland

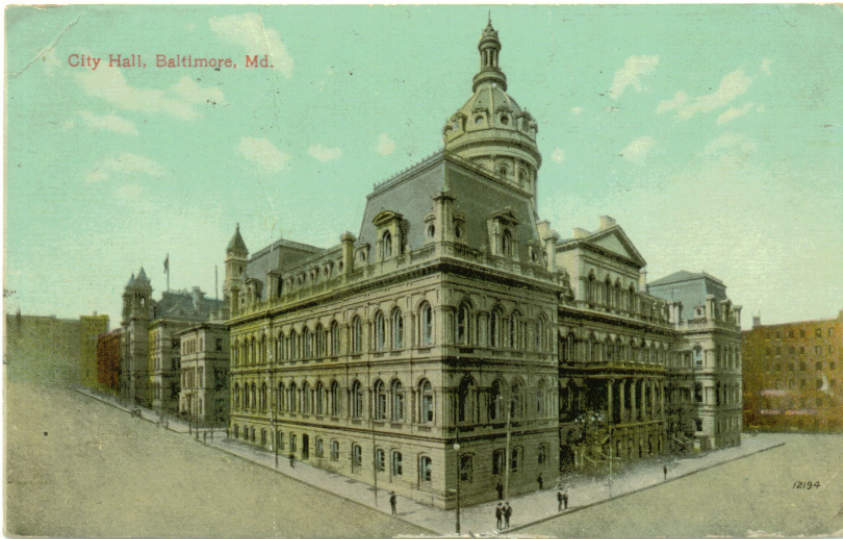
To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear Ones,

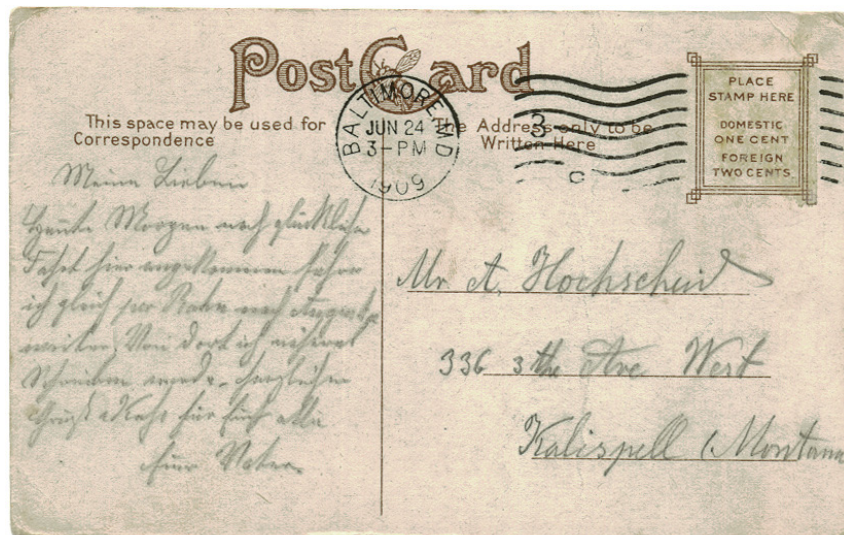
Arrived here this morning after a safe and pleasant journey and will now continue on by train to Augusta, from where I'll write more.

Heartfelt greetings and kisses to all of you,

Your Father



Friedrich traveled second cabin on the S.S. *Hannover*, which left Bremen on June 10th.



3 July 1909

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear Children,

I received your letter of June 16<sup>th</sup>, as well as the cards from Fritz, and give you my very best thanks. Extra special thanks to you, August, for the five dollar bill. I ordered the sheet music the very same day at Tonger's, so you should have it by now.

So, dear Fritz, you've become mistrustful of your continued good fortune; I feel the same way in regard to our state of affairs, but let's not allow our hopes to sink. You are still young and have much ahead of you. With us it is different. Even though I would have rather continued along in our accustomed routine, your father's disposition would have turned sour had he not been able to go abroad. In time the boys will grow up, and we will then have their support as well. I'm resigned to it all and will calmly look to the future and hope for the best. The bad things always come about on their own anyway, with no help from me.

From Bremen I received news that the ship, *Hannover*, which Mr. Fritz Hochscheid sailed on, arrived safely in Baltimore on June 24<sup>th</sup>, and the shipping company recommended itself for further upcoming voyages. I can't expect to hear from your father himself before the eighth.

Tina has been working since the first of the month; her first days went well. She and Franz go the same direction together, and he usually picks her up from work.

Everything else is going along as usual.

Dear August, the ten dollars with receipt arrived safely. Don't be too careless sending cash; all we need now is to lose money in the mails. Be careful!

I'm looking forward to a long letter from my beloved daughter-in-law. Best wishes and kisses to all of you from your loving,

Mother

July 1909

From: Tina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: Hochscheids  
Kalispell, Montana

--beginning and accompanying letter missing--

Aside from this I had written two more pages. Mother doesn't want me to send them, so I'll have to wait and tell you about it verbally. It involves my diary, which Finchen found a month later, took from my room and read. In it I described her in such glowing terms that her pride could no longer endure my company. On the one hand I'm glad that this incident brought about a new direction in life, on the other, I can forgive her act but never, ever forget. Tell me, my dear ones, isn't it wrong to read a book of someone's secret and most intimate thoughts and then make use of it among the relatives? I won't write any more about it; I've written too much already.

We've withstood Father's departure very well. I'm keeping Mother amused. In the evenings I tickle her until she goes to sleep, so that she won't have any bad thoughts. She's glad I'm here to distract her; otherwise, she would have taken the next ship over.

I'm glad to be playing the sales lady again. If all goes well, from the 70 Marks we can deduct the cost of English lessons, which I would take starting August 1<sup>st</sup> at the Berlitz School. And hopefully we can all come over soon.

Heartfelt greetings and kisses from your,

Füsschen



7 July 1909

From: Peter Hochscheid  
Seattle, Washington

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Am back here since Sunday. Received your card but waited in vain for your letter, which I won't get to see in the coming weeks, since I leave today on the *Yucatan*, which embarks on a pleasure cruise to Alaska with only 40 passengers aboard. The cruise will take three to six weeks; it is indefinite how long. You should be more punctual than I!

Greetings to all,  
Peter

28 July 1909

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear Children,

On Monday the 26<sup>th</sup>, after a long wait I received your dear letter, which was not, as promised, miserably long, but rather short. Many thanks for the best wishes. As of today the collars have not arrived; how were they sent?

There is not much in your letter to reply to. The bickering between August and Traudchen is certainly interesting, but I'll stay out of it. I'll defer judgment to my oldest. August should steer clear of all women, especially the married ones. Make plenty of money, that's the main thing, so that you'll be able to afford the trip back here, because I still can't picture myself coming over there. Perhaps if everything goes according to Father's wishes...yet, to where will it all lead? Patience...everything will fall into place.

Hermann is very interested in the whole thing. He wrote Father a long letter including a financial reckoning that Father requested. Berta has been waiting for a letter from you. Don't return evil for evil and let her wait too long. But you live such exuberant lives that there is no time left over for anything else; you're always having fun, as in former times here.

My Namenstag came and went quietly, but we gorged ourselves on coffee and cake during the afternoon. The guests were Berta, Hermann, the little boy, Frau Geicht and Herr Steifmacher. He arrived here uninvited on Saturday evening, packed down with garden things and an enormous bouquet of flowers, and stayed until Monday. He visits from time to time with an insatiable curiosity for the latest news. In my next letter I'll bring you up to date with my latest stories. I'll send the photos soon.

For now greetings and kisses to all from your loving,  
Mother

P.S. Your brothers and sisters send their greetings as well.

7 August, 1909

From: Peter Hochscheid  
Seattle, Washington

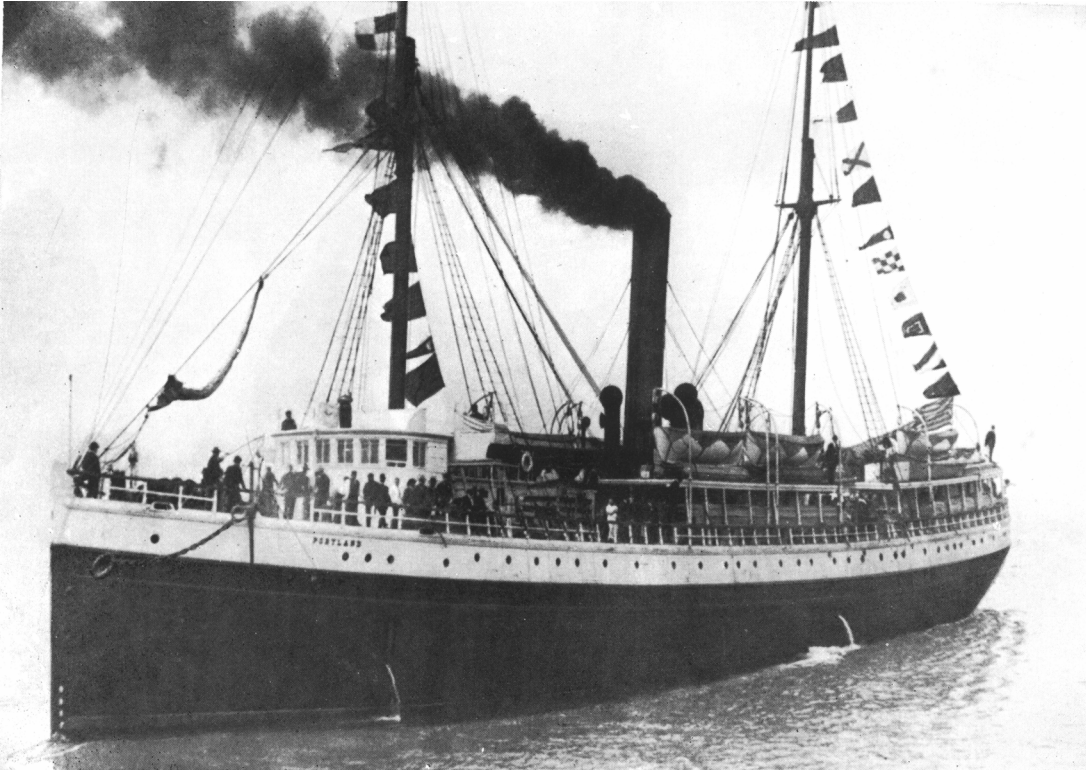
To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear Brother,

It's too bad I won't be here while you are. On Sunday I depart for Alaska on the steamer, *Portland*, for a three week cruise. I should be back by the first of September. I think then I'll try and find work on land again, since these voyages back and forth are getting me absolutely nowhere.

I received a letter from Mother.

Greetings,  
Peter



While August came to Washington for the song festival, Peter steamed to Alaska aboard the famous and fabled “gold ship,” *Portland*. Just a dozen years earlier, in July of 1897, the depression resulting from the Panic of 1893 ended when the SS *Portland*, returning from Alaska, steamed into Schwabacher’s Wharf on the Seattle waterfront, bringing back a million dollars worth of gold, which officially began the great gold rush of the Klondike River in the Canadian Yukon Territory. Skagway, Alaska, one of Peter’s ports of call, was one of the main gateways to the Klondike. Although the Klondike Gold Rush peaked in 1900, prospecting continued for many years and soon spread to Alaska. The *Portland* was known as a lucky ship and had many narrow escapes from disaster. Her luck ran out in 1910, a year after Peter’s voyage, when she hit an uncharted reef and, in order to save passengers and crew, the captain ordered her steered full speed ahead onto a nearby beach.





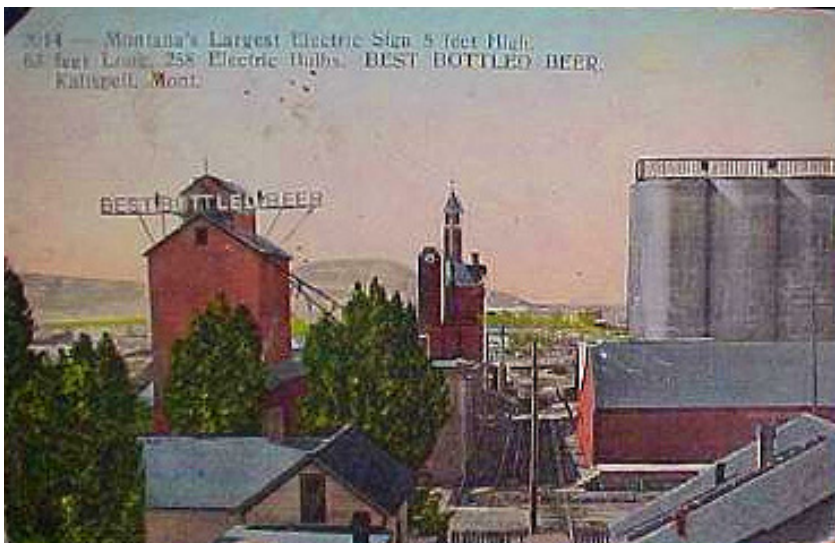
Upon the recommendations of a choral director who was visiting Montana, members of the Kalispell Liederkranz and mixed chorus decided to participate in the *Nord Pacific Saengerfest*, a song festival to be held in Everett, Washington on August 12<sup>th</sup> through 14<sup>th</sup>, 1909. According to *The Kalispell Bee*, a special car was chartered for the trip. Judging by the ribbons, the trip was a success.

val to be held in Everett, Washington on August 12<sup>th</sup> through 14<sup>th</sup>, 1909. According to *The Kalispell Bee*, a special car was chartered for the trip. Judging by the ribbons, the trip was a success.



L-R: Theo Heins, Emma Rogge, Professor August Hochscheid, Annchen Rathgeber, Richard & Elsa Best

Richard Best was a relative of the Pabst family; in fact, the “B” in the maple leaf of the Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer logo stands for Best, the founding family of Pabst Beer in Milwaukee. In 1898 Captain Pabst bought an interest in the Kalispell Malting and Brewing Company for his Best relations. The brewery, and a number of the local saloons, was run by a Chris Best until 1913, when he sold his interest. The Best Bottled Beer sign had the distinction of being the largest electric sign in all of Montana, with 258 electric bulbs.



13 August 1909

From: Franz Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear Ones,

We now have a maneuverable airship here in Cologne, the *Z-II (Zeppelin II)*. You have never seen anything like it. And this is why I am writing you, to tell you all about its voyage and arrival here.

You probably know that Graf Zeppelin begins his flights at Friedrichshafen on the Bodensee, because this is where all his airships are built. So in order to get it here, it was necessary for him to make a long distance flight. The first leg of his journey was from Friedrichshafen to Frankfurt, where there was a large exposition. He arrived there on Sunday, August 1<sup>st</sup> and stayed overnight. He wanted to get an early start at 4:00 a.m. on Monday but wasn't able to leave until ten because he had to wait for Prince Oscar.<sup>1</sup> He made it far enough that the airship was actually sighted here, but then he met a strong thunderstorm head-on. The storm caused headwinds of 40 miles per hour, and since the airship's top speed is only 35 miles per hour, it was being pushed backwards at a rate of 5 miles per hour. At first the ship managed to stay in place between Neuwied and Andernach, but when it became clear it would not make any progress against the wind, it was turned around and piloted at high speed back to Frankfurt, arriving there that evening.

It started again the following morning. On the take off an anchor got tangled in one of the rear propellers, which broke. (The propellers consist of pure aluminum.) A new propeller was taken off the so called *Z-III*, which is being built in Friedrichshafen to be stationed upon completion in Frankfurt, and sent over to replace the damaged one. It didn't arrive until Wednesday but was then mounted immediately. The motors started again on Thursday morning, and everything went well from then on. The airship took off at 4:35, piloted as before by His Excellence Graf Zeppelin, and headed toward the direction of Cologne, disappearing from the eyes of the Frankfurt spectators into a rather heavy fog. The whirring of the propellers was heard in a number of villages, although the airship could not be seen because of the fog. The fog lifted at around ten o'clock, just about when Graf Zeppelin and his airship had made it safely to Bonn; but from there, because of strong headwinds it drifted off course toward Düren, going as far as Hoven before finally managing to get here.

When it was thought the airship would be arriving here on August 2<sup>nd</sup>, we were given a one-and-a-half hour break from work that afternoon. I spent this time among a large throng of people that gathered along the wharf in Deutz, eagerly awaiting Zeppelin's

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<sup>1</sup> (1888-1973) Prince Oscar was the fifth son of Kaiser Wilhelm II

arrival only to leave the place feeling rather foolish, disappointed and ill humored. When it finally did arrive we weren't given any time off. We were, however, allowed to look out the dormer window in the rooftop. From there we couldn't get a good enough view, so three of us climbed out onto the steep roof. Although I was the last one to muster enough courage to crawl out the window, after a while I couldn't stand it any longer, and by the time someone shouted, "There it comes!" I found myself the only one who had climbed up to the very top of the roof, from where I gained an excellent view of the entire city. At 10:30 a.m. the airship came into view. It first passed over the Bickendorf Airship Hangar and then circled the city, coming directly over our building so that I had to lie on my back in order to see it all. We heard the whirring of the propellers clear as day and saw how well the ship responded to the turning of its rudder. It continually varied its altitude, first flying higher and then lower as it passed over Deutz and Nippes and finally Bickendorf, where it landed smoothly, disappearing from sight.

Now that I've told you the whole story I'll close. I'll jot down some of the airship's specifications on the back of this sheet and hope you find it interesting.

With greetings and kisses,

Your brother Franz

The airship *Z II* is 446 feet long and has a diameter of 42 ½ feet; its cubic mass is 529,720 square feet. It has two gondolas that are 26 feet long, 4 ¼ feet wide and 4 ½ feet high. Each gondola contains a 115 horsepower motor. The propellers turn at 900 to 1000 revolutions per minute. The dirigible is divided into 17 sections, so that if there is a puncture not all of the expensive gas will escape, and the ship won't fall to the ground. The gas is pure hydrogen and costs about 15 cents per cubic yard. The entire airship weighs about 11 tons.

Dear August, by the time this letter arrives you will have your Namenstag, and so I congratulate you wholeheartedly.

13 August 1909

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

I'm sending you my best wishes on your Namenstag. For a present I'll send you a packet of Oldenkott tobacco tomorrow; I would have rather sent you something finer but my finances this month are unfortunately very low. Another reason is that it's risky to send anything abroad; things are lost so easily. We've seen nothing of the collars that Traudchen mentioned sending, and I also never received Father's congratulations. So for now you'll have to be satisfied with the tobacco and a zeppelin postcard, which I copiously inscribed and mailed off the other day.

You must think, dear August, that I have no reason to complain, since I'm now receiving the 50 Marks per month from Tina. Yes, it's true I am receiving the money; but, she has only been paid once so far yet has lived here for over two months prior to bringing in her first pay. Then on August 1<sup>st</sup>, Franz got a new pair of shoes and a suit, which together came to over 30 Marks; add to that the 24 Marks rent, approximately 6 Marks taxes, shoe repair and other such expenses, and not much is left over for the housekeeping costs, which I have to be very frugal with in order to make ends meet. Everything is becoming more and more expensive all the time, and on top of that Tina likes to eat well.

I was hoping to go to München-Gladbach for a few days with Josef, then take a side trip to Elsdorf, which I promised Frau Noll when she visited us here for my Namenstag celebration. She wrote she could hardly wait for my visit, and I'd like to go see her but am afraid to spend any more money. I'll think about it some more. Little Willi is still here with me, and Josef is to spend some time in München-Gladbach, since he has 5 ½ weeks vacation. I would take little Willi back with us, and Franz and Tina would have to fend for themselves here. It's too bad I have to leave them alone, but there is little peace to be found here, and I'm supposed to go away for a few days in order to get some rest. Whether this is something I really need, I don't know. I still do the housework, but it is fairly easy; I do all the washing and cleaning myself. On days when I do laundry Tina cleans the stairwell, since that is something I don't like to do; I find the bending over especially difficult. For this I give her 50 Pfennig extra pocket money per month. She gets a total allowance of 3 Marks, and Franz gets 1 Mark. What do you think, August, is that enough or too much?

In the letter from Traudchen you wrote no greeting, not one word. Why is that? From Father I also receive very sparse communications; one letter on July 20th and a picture postcard with a few sentences is all I've received since he went away. I'm putting up with his absence a little better than the first time he was gone probably because Tina is here, and



because I live in the city, and Berta is also close by. We always get together a few times each week, although it would be much nicer if she lived here so we could go out more frequently, but my son-in-law has the deciding vote and doesn't want to move. Of course he is right; moving is much work and costs money. Berta is coming over for a few hours this evening. We'll meander through the city, do some window shopping and lament the fact we can't buy everything that catches our eyes. But we are happy just to be able to walk around while Hermann, like a good father, watches his son with a great deal of love and concern.

Dear August, please don't become too lazy in writing. The letters now come so seldom, yet one always hopes for letters from you. You have things you can write to me about, even if they don't include tidbits about love matters or petty jealousies. If you can't write a letter I'll be satisfied with a card, and you could perhaps manage to write one every eight days.

Live well my dear son; drink a little glass to my health on your Namenstag, and I'll raise a cup of coffee to your health on that day. Again, many best wishes from your loving,

Mother

Tina and Josef send their heartfelt greetings and best wishes as well.

Dear August, You must regard Franz's letter with a little forbearance; he composed it all by himself last evening, full of enthusiasm. Traudchen wrote you would enjoy having the boys there with you. This pleased Franz so much that he was ready to come over immediately. I told him he must be at least 18 years old before he can do anything over there.

23 August 1909

From: Friedrich Hochscheid  
Augusta, Georgia

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Sending you my best wishes for good luck and blessings on your Namenstag. —Your loving Father

My best wishes for your Namenstag, as well. —Uncle Paul

I give you my best wishes to your names day. —Your cousin, Paul

I send my best wishes to your Namenstag. Tell the little ones hello! —Alice

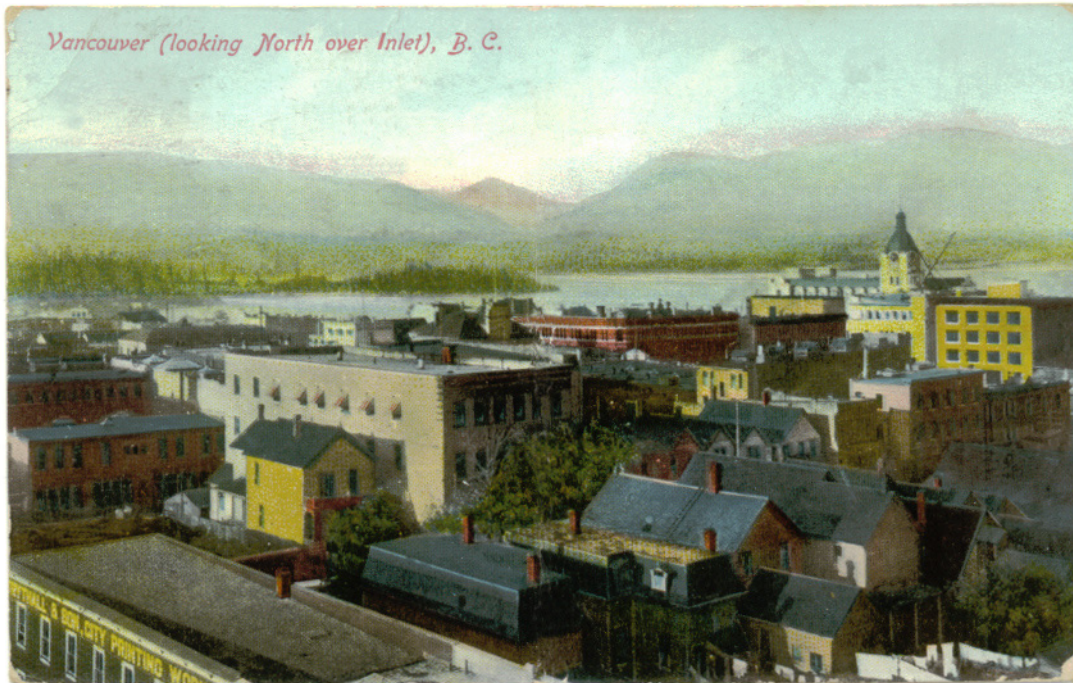
My heartfelt greetings for your Namenstag, as well as greetings to Fritz, Traudchen and the little ones. —Your Aunt M. H.

Greetings also to Fritz, Traudchen and the children!<sup>1</sup> Apparently we'll be going to Charleston as soon as next Sunday.

Father



<sup>1</sup> A few weeks after this card was written, in September, Fritz left Kalispell in order to help his father set up the ammonia factory in Charleston. Traudchen and the children would follow in December.



3 November 1909

From: Peter Hochscheid  
Vancouver, B.C.

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Finally received your card. Been here now for several weeks. Simply ashamed to write when I can't send anything! In my efforts to make a lot of money as quickly as possible I'm now stranded here. Received the letter from Mama, she says she will send you a photo for me. Please send it here. Will write more as soon as I have work.

Greetings,

Peter

14 November 1909

From: Peter Hochscheid  
Vancouver, B.C.

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Received your card and letter but no photos. I'll inquire tomorrow at the post office and let you know via postcard when I receive them. The post office is closed here on Sundays!

Your plan is good. If only it were a sure thing, then I could find work back there. I like the John Schwiers idea best, and maybe you could talk to him about it when you get a chance.<sup>1</sup> I think I could be of good help to him, since I'm fairly handy with tools; however, I don't want to work for nothing. Keep an eye open, and maybe something else will come up that could work for me. Still haven't been able to find a regular job. Times are getting worse here on the coast. Somehow I manage to eke out a living doing odd jobs.

Regarding marriage, I don't think anything will come of it for the time being, at least not with a Kalispell beauty, but I have something else on the line, which I'll briefly tell you about. So listen and be amazed!

A little while ago I received a letter from Mama in which she told me about a get-together put on by "Fin" in München-Gladbach. Attending were Finchen and appendage, Mama, Kramer's Fritz and fiancé (who she is I don't know, they are to be married soon), Frau Melles from Oberbilk, Miss Luise Emanns also from there (who you probably know better than I), and a friend of Willi's from Krefeld. Such a gathering inevitably produces 1001 topics of gossip, and the conversation eventually came around to me with the result that everyone concurred Luise would make "a nice little Frauchen for Peter," as Mama put it. Considering we had clowned around some in the past, the idea apparently was agreeable to Luise, and Mama promised to put in a good word for her with me and ask me to write to her, which I did, having known her fairly well and being of the same mindset as the others.

What do you say to that? I'd enjoy hearing your thoughts on the matter.

Mama went on to write if I were in agreement about Luise, she would come over with the others, since she has saved "a tidy sum" and might be talked into coming to Kalispell for the time being, should we be in need of a housewife there. What do you think of that? Would you like her as a sister-in-law?

Well, I'm going on as though I already had her here, but I don't even have an answer from her yet if she's serious about the whole thing.

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<sup>1</sup> John Schwiers owned the Kalispell Garage & Machine Shop at 205 1<sup>st</sup> Avenue East.

How are things going in the South? What is Fritz doing there? I wrote to Papa last week and hope for an answer soon.

How is George doing? Tell him he should come here so I can hit him up for a couple hundred, which should make him feel honored. The poor sucker, I am sorry for him, but he must wait for his dough! If I could earn 20 to 25 dollars a week on a regular basis, we would soon have him off our backs.

I'll tell you about my gypsy lifestyle some other time; it's too tiresome to write it all down. If the Liederkrantz needs a Santa Claus for Christmas, be sure and let me know soon enough that I can walk to Kalispell from here.

Write soon. Heartfelt greetings,

Peter

Dear Traudchen,

Am curious how long I'll have to wait for the letter "that will follow shortly." You promised you would write me often, especially when your men don't have the time. Just because I seldom write doesn't mean I'm releasing you from your promise; on the contrary, you should write even more!

So how are you doing without your husband? If you like I can come take his place for the time being.

How are the moppets? Give my best to Mrs. Dora Schwiers and the other Mrs. Schwiers, the young widow and all the other ladies and misses that come to the house, and tell them I would gladly settle for any one of them.

Bye bye, with heartfelt greetings,

Your Pete

P.S. When I think of your breakfast I forget about the pigswill I'm eating here.

16 November 1909

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: Peter Hochscheid  
1046 Robson Street  
Vancouver B.C.

Dear Peter,

This morning I received your letter, and Tina received the pretty postcard. We both enjoyed hearing from you. Franz was also happy to be able to read something about you and plans on writing back. Josef doesn't remember you and said, "I don't know Peter at all."

I sent two family photos to August; he is to send you one so you can see how Franz and Josef have grown. I don't know if the pictures arrived, August hardly writes at all anymore. Traudchen once wrote that August doesn't write because he can't send any money. He shouldn't worry about that now; the children and I are getting along fine at the moment with the 100 Mark pension and Tina bringing home approximately 47 Marks per month after deductions; she has a 50 Mark salary, which will probably increase to 60 in January. Also Franz receives 10 Marks per month. One can get by on that when one lives as modestly as we do. Only when unforeseen expenses come up do I need a little financial assistance, and then Willi is always happy to help out. If things go well with Father no doubt there'll be brighter days ahead for all of us. God grant that your father stays healthy, then everything will turn out all right, and August's biggest worries will in time be lifted. The poor guy is really in a difficult situation right now.

As far as you're concerned, dear Peter, I would think when you have such a nice, dear little woman in sight it would give you a new lease on life to look to the future with a renewed sense of purpose and courage; and it would impel you to be more diligent than ever in your search for good employment, and then save, save, save, as you say.

Yes, my dear boy, the foreign land hasn't brought you much luck so far. In spite of all your efforts you haven't come to prosperity. You, as well as your brothers, have only put faith and trust in your own selves, and now you see how far it has gotten you. Better pray to God again, and put your faith and trust in His almighty benevolence. Pray to Maria, our eternal mother, and she will be a mighty intercessor on your behalf. Always go to church whenever you can, and present yourself and your loved ones to God, and you will see: your life will turn out differently than it has up to now. Think of the time in Nippes when you participated in the mission; were you not lighter of spirit and heart then? When August and Fritz were still here pushing their modern, free-thinking philosophies on me, I too began to doubt everything I had held precious and holy until then; but, then your father returned, and I had to atone for my doubts with unpleasant pangs of conscience and bitter comments he made about me. But he was right! How could a devout, Christian, Catholic

mother become unfaithful of principles she had nourished since her earliest youth?<sup>1</sup> I'm glad I am now able to pray again and able to place all my sorrows, big and small, in God's loving care. I attend holy mass whenever I have time, almost every day that I'm not sick, and plead for God's benevolence for all my loved ones and for me. My dear Peter, I don't know if what I've written pleases you or not, but I hope for the intercession of our loving mother Maria, that all of you will once again return to her and her divine son.

We have a living example in Paul Geicht; he has consumption in the most advanced stages and must die soon, although he is only thirty-two years old. I visited him a few times with Maria, his sister; he is in a most frail condition. Paul also threw religion and anything having to do with the church overboard. He spoke vehemently against God and was harsh and surly to his good wife, who slaved for him day and night and would get up in the middle of the night to check if his breathing was still all right. A while ago, at the request of Frau Geicht and of Maria, I consulted our pastor and told him of the situation, both physical and spiritual, and asked him to go and speak with Paul. He sent a chaplain, who was not received well at first, but now all is done. Paul reconciled himself with God, rendered a general confession and is now joyful and at peace, even though he knows he must die soon. His wife marvels at how he's changed; he is now the most patient man, and he prays out loud with his wife and child and is perfectly resigned to his destiny. See how a man changes in the face of death, dear Peter? Wouldn't it be better to begin while one is still healthy? Your sister, Tina, is very devout, yet at the same time wild and fun-loving; it isn't true that religious people are all stick-in-the-muds.

Enough of that. I'd be happy if my good admonitions were of some use to my son, Peter. The other brothers are also likely to change their way of thinking one day; Tina and I pray for it on a daily basis.

This letter has been sitting here an entire day. Because I have a cold, a toothache and a number of other aches and pains, I'll send Franz over to Berta's with your letter. She wanted to come over and add a few lines, but didn't make it. She had her second baby on October 22<sup>nd</sup>, an 8 ½ pound strapping boy.<sup>2</sup> Everything went well, and Bertha feels like a young girl again.

Your loving Mother and your sister, Tina

P.S. If I get a chance, I'll put in a good word for you with your bride-to-be.

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<sup>1</sup> Regarding Friedrich's piety, Genie Adams recalled: "At one time my grandfather was given the opportunity to move to Berlin. There was an excellent job offer that included a fine house overlooking a river and a good income. Grandfather went to the priest to consult with him about accepting the job offer. The priest discouraged the move because Berlin was not predominantly Catholic and living there would be a bad influence on the children. So they stayed where they were."

<sup>2</sup> Heinrich Gerke



Among those present at the International Flight Week exhibition in Cologne was Louis Blériot, father of the monoplane and the first to fly across the English Channel on July 25, 1909.

Franz took this picture of the arrival of an airship in Cologne. On back he wrote: “Photo of zeppelin taken from water tower in Cologne. I had the good luck to witness the arrival of the zeppelin from the water tower along with several colleagues.”





16 November 1909

From: Franz Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: Peter Hochscheid  
1046 Robson Street  
Vancouver B.C.

Dear Peter,

I came home from work an hour-and-a-half ago, and after eating and reading the newspaper, will now finally try and write you a little.

As Mama probably wrote you, I'm now employed for over a half year at the company of Hocht and Hoffmann, where Willi got his start as a traveling representative. I'm working in the storehouse office and like it there very much. But there isn't too much to tell about that; instead I'll tell you about the latest events that have been happening here in Cologne.

Much attention is given to flight here. Not long ago the International Flight Week took place here on the racetrack in Mehrheim. Many aviators were there, showcasing their skills, including Bleriot, the English Channel flyer. Unfortunately I saw nothing of the event; in fact, none of us did, since the area was sealed off and the admission fee too expensive.

Currently it is Military Flight Week here. Four maneuverable dirigibles have been here for several weeks, namely: *Zeppelin II*, *Parsifal I*, *Parsifal III* and *Gross II*. *Parsifal III* left a few days ago, but the other three will remain here permanently. All are monstrous colossuses, the largest being *Zeppelin II* (written *Z II*). It is 128 meters long and has a diameter of 13 meters. It is 15,000 cubic meters large, and each cubic meter of hydrogen gas, with which it is filled, costs 60 Marks. When you figure 15,000 times 60 you have the cost for the fuel alone; on top of that the airship itself costs about 600,000 Marks, not to mention the hangar that houses it. You can see how rich one would have to be to own one, but this particular airship is owned by the state, which uses it for military purposes and has the money to do so. In addition the airship has two gondolas, each eight meters long and 1.3 meters wide. These are not made of wicker, as on round balloons, but of sheet metal. Each gondola has a 115 horse-power gas motor, which drives two propellers attached to the hull of the ship. The propellers revolve at between 900 and 1000 revolutions per minute, giving the airship a top speed of 16 to 18 meters per second. Enclosed is a small photo of the airship. Later, when I have some money, I'll send you a better photo. The other two airships, *Parsifal* and *Gross*, are only 16 meters long and are not built as nicely, although they are just as maneuverable. We've seen the airships numerous times and often hear the whirring of their propellers.

That's enough for now, I'll write more later. I hope you enjoyed my letter even though it was badly written. With greetings, and in anticipation of seeing you again soon, I remain your brother,

Franz



Electric streetcar, horse and buggy, and baby strollers traveling along the Gereonstrasse in Cologne.

5 December 1909

From: Willi Hochscheid  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August and Traudchen,

The whole family is sitting in the electric streetcar, going home with full stomachs after the child's christening, when I suddenly think to send you a toast, which we now do in the most animated spirit!

Your Willi

I'm also sitting here and greet you too!

Your Finchen

That goes for me too!

Mother

Heartfelt Greetings.

Luise Emanns

Sending you the best of greetings,

Franz Hövel

Greetings from your brother Franz and sister Tina. Josef also sends his greetings.

22 November 1909

From: Peter Hochscheid  
Francis Bakery  
1046 Robson Street  
Vancouver, B.C.

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Was happy to receive your letter this evening. I can now share the happy news that through "God's grace" and a lot of searching, I found a job here in a small bakery. It pays ten dollars a week including room and board. It's not guaranteed to be permanent, but at least it will see me through Christmas, and it's better than nothing. Nice people, daytime work, get off at 7:00 p.m., Sundays off, don't have to get up too early and not too much work. All-in-all an easy job!

Will pay you first, although I've gotten myself into some debts here as well. If the job does become permanent maybe I can squeeze a little more out of them and help you out more. You've already paid back a lot, and I hope I'll be able to contribute my share now. However, should this job end after Christmas and I'm unable to find anything else, I'll come back to Kalispell, although I wouldn't like being there without an income, living off your support.

The postcard picture was taken in the studio where I often hung out when it rained. The guy sitting at the contraption is a buddy I met at the fair, and he sells hand sewing machines here in the streets. He had the pictures made. I was only in the audience, but since he was a roommate of mine I got a few pictures out of it.

My plan really seems to have given you quite a shock, but it's only half as bad as what you wrote in your previous letter when you mentioned if I came back to Kalispell I might find someone in the mixed chorus whom I could eventually marry. The main thing is that having Luise as your sister-in-law is to your liking. It would be awhile before she came over. I still don't know if she's even interested in becoming your sister-in-law or my old lady; I haven't received any answer from her. Mama wrote she would come over with the entire gang if we were united, she also wrote that Luise had saved a nice chunk of cash. I thought if I am to be married, Luise might be talked into moving to Kalispell, saving me the trouble of finding someone to marry there, then moving to the South and marrying all over again.

That's it for now. Heartfelt greetings to you,

Peter

9 December 1909

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: Peter Hochscheid  
1046 Robson Street  
Vancouver B.C.

Dear Peter,

Many thanks for your card. You probably received our christening card. It was very nice at Gerkes; Luise was there too, as you probably saw by the signatures.

She was concerned that the intentions were meant in all seriousness and that no hindrances present themselves on our side. I told her I agreed and hoped you'd be happy with her, which was the main thing for me. She went on to say she wouldn't want to have to struggle for the daily bread; she would help out in a business but not toil for someone else.

I think you should earnestly ask yourself if you are prepared to support a family, dear Peter; if not, don't give this girl false hopes. As it is, she will have to fight for her parents' approval, especially if it means going abroad. So think it over carefully.

I'm happy to hear you found such a good job. Now you'll be able to get back on your feet again.

Nothing is new here. Write again, soon. Till then heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your,  
Mother

P.S. If Father's business came into full swing, things would be easier for you—does Father agree? I can't remember if I wrote anything to the new address in Seattle; you might want to inquire at the post office.



Peter's "visage"

The Liederkranz concert last Friday night was one of the most charming musical entertainments ever heard in Kalispell. The choruses were full of tone and melody and every number provoked an encore. The solo artists, Mr. Heins, in basso profundo vocals, and Mr. Riffo with his violin, were rapturously applauded, each responding to encores. After the program, the floor was cleared and a majority of the large audience remained to enjoy the dance which continued until long after midnight. The excellence for the entertainment and the moderate price is taken as a rebuke to the ordinary amateur performance where mediocre talent demands a dollar for a seat.

*The Kalispell Bee* - November 2, 1909

THE KALISPELL BEE, KALISPELL, MONTANA

## THE CONCERT FRIDAY NIGHT

Following is the elaborate program of musical numbers which will be given at the Kalispell Liederkranz concert, Friday night, October 29. Prof. A. Hochschiend is director of the chorus and has brot to a high stage of excellence:

1. "Past Masters' March" . . . . .Riffo.  
Kalispell Orchestra.
2. (a) Die Kimmel Ruehmen. .Beethoven  
With Kalispell Orchestra Ac-  
companiment  
(b) Maedel Ruck. .von C. Sammans  
Kalispell Liederkranz.
3. Fest Overture. . . . .von Leuter  
Kalispell Orchestra.
4. Asleep in the Deep. . . . .Solo  
Theo. Heins
5. Selection Said Pasha. . . . .R. Stahl  
Kalispell Orchestra.
6. (a) Gruesse an die Heimath. . . . .  
. . . . .C. Kromer  
(b) Am Waldrand. . . . .J. E. Schmelzer  
Kalispell Liederkranz.
7. Grand Fantasie, Scene Du Ballet. . . . .  
. . . . .De Bariot  
Violin Solo—M. B. Riffo.
8. (a) Gluehwuermehen. . . . .  
. . . . .Operatata Lysistrata  
. . . . .With Kalispell Orchestra Ac-  
companiment  
(b) Auf dieu Muhl. .Otto v. Walden  
Kalispell Liederkranz.
9. Kalispell Liederkranz March. . Riffo  
Dedicated to Kalispell Lieder  
kranz by Mr. M. B. Riffo.  
Kalispell Orchestra.

10 December 1909

From: Peter Hochscheid  
1046 Robson Street  
Vancouver, B.C.

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Received your letter yesterday evening. I especially enjoyed seeing the program; have you done this often? How did it turn out? Did your chorus participate? What a dopey question—I see the chorus is not listed on the program!

Amazing that the Kalispell Baking Company also went under. I'd have thought they would have absorbed all your business. I still think we'd be better off today if we had bought out old man Bischof, but then you wouldn't have become Professor. Under what circumstances did they go out of business? Did they also just close the doors, or did they declare bankruptcy? They're probably not any better off now than we are! Write me some more details about it, that is, if you know what happened. I'd be most interested.

For a change of pace I've had a supreme toothache, and after not sleeping for three nights and not being able to do much during the day, I finally went to a dentist. Result: \$6.00.

Before I got this bakery job, my landlady, Mrs. King, suggested I go into business with her. She owns a boarding house but wants to sell and do something else. She likes the idea of owning a quaint little bakery, as many people here do. I would get half. Naturally I can't say how much it would amount to at first. I don't know if I should risk anything right now; if something goes wrong again I wouldn't lose anything except time and work, but even that seems too much to lose now. What do you think? The bakery would be located either here or in the new town of Prince Rupert.

Enclosed is \$7.00. I'm sorry it can't be more. I wanted to include enough to send along to Mother for Christmas, but you'll have taken care of that by now. You won't receive this until the nineteenth, and by then it would be too late. I couldn't get it to you any sooner.

Also enclosed is my visage! The card cost me nothing. The young man whom I befriended made them after I promised to bake him a Christmas cake, which will naturally have to be smuggled out.

Recently received a letter from Mama—a sermon! Let me know if you're interested, and I'll send it. Write soon. Greetings to all from your,

Peter

P.S. Still have heard nothing from “the bride to be.”

16 December 1909

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

I received your dear card but have to wonder what you meant by saying we write so little; on the contrary, it seems to apply more to yourself. This lackadaisical approach to writing seems to be catching, and I've been waiting three weeks now for news of Papa. Exactly when the business will take off cannot be determined with certainty, I know that from experience, but the small obstacles you mention in your card shouldn't keep them from writing. Not hearing anything at all worries me and makes me fearful that Papa is ill.

Getting back to your card, you wondered why we procured a wife for Peter and not you. If you want one we'll certainly get one for you too; although, for the time being with all your debts it's better you remain single. Then when you have them all repaid you'll need to save up for your intended trip to Europe in order to visit us all once more, during which time you can look for a German wife if you still want to marry.

For Peter, giving up his gypsy lifestyle and getting involved in a relationship will give him a new lease on life and an incentive to work hard in order to support his wife. Luise seems to be a very sensible girl. While attending the christening at Berta's she discussed the matter with me. She is not opposed to marrying Peter, but he must be able to support her; she would also like to open a business with him, naturally she'd prefer it to be here rather than abroad, but she does not want to have to leave the house in order to work for strangers. I wrote all this to Peter, and he can discuss it further with her.

Enough of that. So you are making \$26.50 a week! That's a king's ransom, which will certainly help you get caught up on your debts.

I wonder what will become of us. On the first of January it will be decided whether or not we will still receive the pension from Grünebergs. I don't know what I'll do if I no longer receive the pension, and Father is unable to send any money yet.

I'm supposed to go to München Gladbach with the children for Christmas but will wait for the next letter from Father before making up my mind whether to go. Franz is cutting and gluing in his spare time mid-days and evenings. He's making model railroad stations for Josef and his friend, who always has to have the same thing. In exchange, Mrs. Fuchs, the friend's mother, will give all the children something for Christmas. Josef will again want an engine, tracks, etc. and so will his friend, Paul; then they'll combine them and make long curves and stretches of tracks for their engines to run on. They amuse themselves for hours doing this and generally get along well, aside from occasional squabbles.



Franz amuses himself with his electrical stuff. He's in that difficult age now, and I believe he infuriates me more than any of you ever did at that age. If I was stronger and didn't care what other people in the house think, I'd give him a good, hard beating occasionally; but, I know I'd do a lot of harm to my fragile body. I'm a lot calmer now than I used to be, and sometimes, when I want to hit the roof, I remind myself of my motherly duties, and that I deserve this because I was just as disrespectful to my own father. I get along well with Tina. In spite of her big mouth she's a good, devout girl and does all the work I give her when I'm not able to do it.

Yesterday Paul Geicht died on the same day as my father died fifteen year ago. Maria Geicht always stood by me in the past, and yesterday she stood by her brother and his wife. I visited Paul several times. He had consumption.<sup>1</sup> It was terrible to see a young life waste away like that, but he had made peace with his god and crossed over in complete surrender.

I have other news of death to tell you about, which will interest you more; namely, Herr Glass, from the apothecary in Elsdorf died a few days ago. His poor young wife! That's how it goes; death spares no one, and all of a sudden our own number will come up, especially if we lived as though we didn't need to fear God. Last week in the parish we had *Exercicien* for the women and girls, which I participated in and Tina as much as she could; it reaffirmed indelibly why we are here on this earth. Berta also attended a few evenings and enjoyed the lectures. Tell Traudchen I would have enjoyed having her and Finchen with us as well. I'm completely contented now, having once again confessed and been absolved of all that oppressed me over the last ten years. God grant that I may never again waver in my faith and follow its truths well, then I may hope to die in peace, and for my children I pray daily that they too will die in peace when their hour comes.

This letter is for Traudchen also. Tell her I'm still waiting for the letter she promised me. I hope all of you had a very merry Christmas and send you and my dear grandchildren the happiest of New Year's wishes and kisses.

Your loving Mother

Tina and the boys send their New Year's wishes as well. The children will write again after the holidays.

Thinking there might be a letter from Charleston today, I didn't post this letter yesterday. But no, there is nothing. It is unpardonable—write them that!

I suspect you want to hear more about Hermann's plans. Yes, his intentions were suddenly very good and grand, and getting 12 to 14,000 Marks from a colleague seemed a sure thing, but now it appears that nothing will come of it after all, and I don't know what he intends to do next. Otherwise Berta and Hermann are fine and the children are sprouting. They are very dear to me.

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<sup>1</sup> Tuberculosis

29 December 1909

From: Peter Hochscheid  
1046 Robson Street  
Vancouver, B.C.

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Received your letter of the 20<sup>th</sup>. Waited until today to answer so I could enclose \$5.00. I'll take a chance on not sending it registered; the post office closed at 7:00 o'clock, and I wasn't able to finish in time to make it there. Send me a postcard as soon as you receive this. I know it's not much but in any case too much to lose, and I'll worry until I know it arrived.

How did the Christmas festivities turn out? You were going to send me a program! For me it was the most rotten, boring Christmas I've ever had. I hope the New Year brings us better times.

How is business there in general? Are the bars still open? Day and night? Did you ever speak to Gus Miller and Theo Heins<sup>1</sup> if I could land there? If I could have that again, eventually for \$15.00 a week, we could live well and pay back our debts. To be honest, I'm once again completely fed up here. I think the main reason is the awful grub, which no one here seems to be ashamed to dish up. I did my best for these people, especially before Christmas, but there was not the slightest hint of appreciation. They didn't even give me a five cent Christmas present, something I've never experienced before. Every place I've ever worked gave small gifts at Christmas. It makes me... you know! In spite of this I'll hold out until something else comes up, although I never have any spare time to look around for something because it's night by the time I'm finished working.

Did you write home? In the letter I'm enclosing, Mama complains that you never write.

Heartfelt greetings,  
Peter

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<sup>1</sup> Theo Heins was manager of Heller's Family Liquor Store at 140 Main Street, Kalispell.

28 December 1909

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
Southern Ammonia Works  
Corner of Charlotte and Washington Streets  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Will send the music to Fritz Jaeger when the crate arrives. The Berlitz book went out with this card. Sent you ten dollars yesterday; did you receive it? Hope to send more next month.

We have a contract with the Virginia Carolina Chemical Company for 100 tons sulfate in twelve months, but that's nothing for these people. They, as well as a dozen other companies, would gladly take 1000 tons.

Price per ton: \$51.50 (in Augusta \$52.00) (one ton = 2000 pounds)

We take the 2000 pounds of the company's sulfuric acid for \$7.50; we need the same quantity as we produce in sulfate; that is, one ton sulfate requires one ton sulfuric acid. I'll send you a monthly transaction summary.

Greetings,

Fritz

# SOUTHERN AMMONIA WORKS

HOCHSCHEID BROS., Prop.

PLANT AT  
CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA  
Cor. Charlotte and Washington  
Streets.



PLANT AT  
AUGUSTA, GEORGIA  
832 Calhoun St.

19

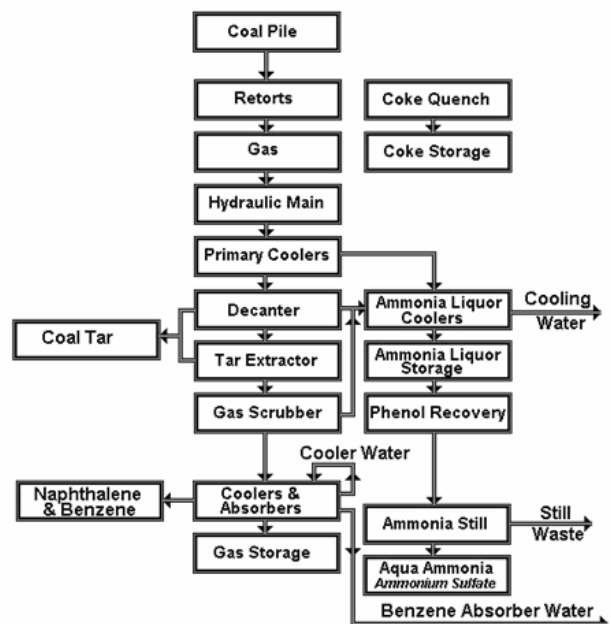
In the pre-synthetic age of 1910, ammonia was produced from the by-products of gas companies. In 1909 South Carolina had twelve gas manufactories, and Georgia had fifteen. Small manufactories were customary before the advent of high pressure pipes, and pumping systems enabled a central station to distribute to much larger areas.



The two types of gas primarily produced then were coal gas and water gas. Coal gas was manufactured by burning coal under pressure in coke ovens, which released the gases from the coal. Water condensation from the coke oven gases created a watery distillate called *ammonia liquor*. This "gas water" was what the Hochscheid Brothers heated and chemically processed at their plant in order to liberate the ammonia and its salts. The other type of production, water gas, was created by passing steam through coal and was more economical for the gas companies to produce, but did not yield the rich by-products of coal gas, making ammonia production from this method too costly for the Hochscheids.



Ammonia salts were used industrially in explosives, fireproofing, refrigeration and the manufacture of fertilizer. The Hochscheid's client, The Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co. was an enormous enterprise; a huge supplier of fertilizer.



5 January 1910

From: August Hochscheid<sup>1</sup>  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

To: Fritz Hochscheid  
Charleston, South Carolina

Dear Fritz,

Received the money, card and Berlitz book. Today a money wire-transfer from Montjoi arrived for Traudchen. She'll need to sign on the marked lines and return it, and then I can obtain the money. I'm told there is no possibility of getting the cash in Charleston, ludicrous as it seems.

It's convenient that you are able to unload your entire production on one company! Is one hundred tons all that you can produce? If not, how much? Are you planning to obtain gas water from other cities, and if so, will this substantially increase profits? Does Uncle Paul have a similar contract? How did you organize the company? Write me some details.

Received a letter from Mother today. She complains about not receiving news from Charleston in over three weeks. Is that possible? Will Mother be coming over soon?

I'm fine and have several new students. Greetings also to Father,

August

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<sup>1</sup> This letter from August was saved because Fritz wrote his response on back.

January 1910

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
Hochscheid Bros.  
Southern Ammonia Works  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

If I read the numbers right there are two errors in your personal statement of accounts, which change the end sum by fifty cents. My debt would then be: \$100.59. Also please add the following liabilities:

Robinson        30.00

Bötcher

butcher        7.75

bank

I don't find the \$10.00 entered that I sent you end of October or beginning of November. Does this affect my settlement with you? I can't see through this muddle. If you like you can have the little slip of paper back to sort it all out. Regarding money orders to Traudchen over \$7.00 and \$8.00: these must be signed on the front by you, not by her.

Answers to questions:

1. *Is one hundred tons all you can produce?* We will produce 120 to 150 tons.
2. *Do you intend to obtain gas water from other cities?* No. The distances are too great, and the water is too diluted. It would have to be concentrated. Besides we don't have the tanks to ship and store it in. Also it wouldn't work with this company.
3. *Does Uncle Paul have a similar contract?* The same with the same company.
4. *How did you organize the company?* 50-50 between Father and Uncle.
5. *Will Mother be coming over soon?* Dunno!

Please use the money to pay the butcher first. Since you've already paid Robinson \$10.00, only \$30.00 remain. I'll split the next \$20.00 between Robinson and the bank and continue that way until paid. Of course Bötcher will be paid off through the lessons.

Heartfelt greetings,

Fritz

Please make arrangements so I can pay Traudchen and my lodge membership from here. But right away please!

January 1910

From: Peter Hochscheid  
Vancouver, B.C.

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Received your card but am still waiting for the letter you promised. Things can change any day here since business has slacked off, and I expect to be fired at any moment. What I'll do next I don't know.

Nothing came of the proposed business venture I wrote you about. I never saw the lady again—who was married, by the way.

I want to try and make Saratoga Chips and sell them. It wouldn't cost much to start, but I don't know if it would be successful. Other than that I've thought of traveling to Frisco, the fares are relatively cheap now, and from there going by foot across the continent to Charleston. What do you think about that?

You mentioned Mama would come over there soon. Have you heard anything more? I've heard nothing about it.

Write soon.

Greetings,

Peter

**Recipe for:  
Shadow Potatoes (Saratoga Chips)**

Wash and pare potatoes. Slice thinly (using vegetable slicer) into a bowl of cold water. Let stand two hours, changing water twice. Drain, plunge in a kettle of boiling water, and boil one minute. Drain again, and cover with cold water. Take from water and dry between towels. Fry in deep fat until light brown, keeping in motion with a skimmer. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt.

8 January 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: Peter Hochscheid  
1046 Robson Street  
[Re-routed to General Delivery]  
Vancouver B.C.

My dear Peter,

We thank you for your letter with enclosed photo, as well as for the New Year's card. We enjoyed seeing you again, even if it was only photographically; hopefully soon it will be for real. You certainly look your best and haven't changed much. Take care that you gain a little weight.

How are things with Luise? Did she write you, and are you pleased? Write me a little about that.

Have you heard from Papa and Fritz? August is now all alone in a foreign land. I often wonder how things will turn out.

Herr Baderburg was here the day before yesterday and had to go see Mr. Grüneberg in order to explain our circumstances to him, since the pension deadline ran out on January 1<sup>st</sup>. This was a hard pill for me to swallow, but hopefully everything will turn out for the best over there. Here at home everything is running its old course.

On Christmas we all exchanged small gifts and managed to make things as merry as possible given the circumstances.

Berta started a letter to you several weeks ago, but now she and the children have contracted influenza so you'll have to wait a little longer. My correspondence may also seem less regular, since I'm writing to so many destinations now and often can't remember whose turn it is.

Write back soon and stay healthy.

Your loving Mother, Brothers and Sisters



20 January 1910

From: Peter Hochscheid  
General Delivery  
Vancouver, B.C.

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Tonight was the end of the exhibition! Like your idea and will try it! Don't know if there are ants here (hope for many) but will advertise.

How does this sound:?

Attention!  
Bakeries, Hotels, Restaurants

If you are troubled by ants call on me.  
I will destroy them all and guarantee satisfaction.

(The paper will make spelling and grammar corrections!)

Perhaps a few changes here and there; this is just something that came into my head.

In addition, I have something else that I'd already purchased before receiving your letter. Enclosed is a sample. I am selling a key ring with an attached tab on which I stamp an address. I have typesetting tools made of steel that have block letters on them just like ink stampers. Each gets a hit on the head and it's done. It takes five minutes to make one. Cost of goods is high—four-and-a-half cents, since I have to buy everything here; if this works out I can order the materials from the East, which would reduce the cost to three cents for the key ring, little ring and tab. Selling price is 25 cents. I'll begin tomorrow. Forecast is rain but not much. If I get ten orders each day it'll be worthwhile. I'll just wander around and take orders, and on fair weather days I'll stand on the street corner and make the things. Have learned to do all this. No embarrassment!

That's all for now. What's new with you?

Peter

24 January 1910

From: Willi Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: Peter Hochscheid  
Vancouver BC  
General Delivery

Dear Peter,

I'm in München-Gladbach at the moment where the entire company is squealing with delight watching a wrestling match between Willi and Franz. You can't imagine what an interesting performance it is. Hope all is well with you. With nothing more to write today, I remain with heartfelt greetings,

Your Luise E.

Dear Pitt,

I'm also here. Last Sunday we were in Cologne with Mother, who has probably written you. I'm planning on answering a letter or two from my stack soon. Everything here is fine, and I hope the same goes for you. Heartfelt greetings from,

Your Finchen

Franz is currently thrashing your older brother.

Dear Peter,

What are you up to? It's remarkable that the Hochscheid families are together once again. When you make your first American fortune send us a thousand, and we'll be right over. Greetings from your brother,

Willi

Then you can just as easily send me \$10,000 Marks off the top. With greetings and wishes for a happy reunion,

Your Franz

25 January 1910

From: Berta & Hermann Gerke  
Gottesweg 177, I Etage  
Cologne-Klettenberg

To: Professor August Hochscheid  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear brother August,

You must be wondering why I haven't written for so long. I'm only writing this card to beg you to answer my last letter with the detailed letter you owe me.

I wish you'd come back. Everything is so sad and without music since you left. But should we come over there, you must join us. Understood?

Hermann and I live a blissful life together; no one here has any idea.

Now write soon. I kiss and greet you heartily.

Your sister, Berta

Hermann is at the Bund.

Just returned from the Bund. It is 1:00 o'clock and Berta is still up, she's a swell kid!

Heartfelt greetings from Hermann

26 January 1910

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Received your third card today.

Answer to No. 1:

My wife wants to know how you arrived at the sum of \$7.50 for washing and shoe polishing. You could then perhaps determine the exact amount for just the washing, which is all she would like to be paid.

Entered 25 cents interest in the credit column.

No. 2: Set the price for the overcoat yourself, whatever it's worth to you; it has no value for me.

No. 3: Received statement, money order and letter from Germany, which I answered long ago. Also enclosed money order and a new one for \$8.00. If it still hasn't arrived write immediately so I can report the loss of the second one here. You must then report the loss to the Germans immediately. Hopefully my letter arrived in the meantime.

Send me a final statement of what I owe soon. I'd also like to settle the account with our lodges so you are rid of them.

I'll send you a report of our factory earnings after the first.

Greetings,

Fritz

30 January 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

A few days ago I received your letter, which brought me much joy. Now that was a real letter! We were able to find out a little of what is, and has been going on over there. It was right of you to sound off, dear August. I immediately wrote a letter to Father (naturally I left you completely out of it) and brought it all to his attention; also, about Peter: that instead of sending him back to you he should suggest that he contribute something to the reduction of the debt.

The day before yesterday Father sent me \$25.00, his first earnings. On that same day Herr Grüneberg wrote me that arrangements for receiving the pension in 1910 have been made. With that I should now be able to hold out quite nicely for the time being, no? But I had to run a bitter errand for all this to come about. Herr Baderburg visited me on January 4<sup>th</sup>; apparently, Herr Grüneberg had telephoned and asked him to stop by and see how we were doing. After I made our circumstances clear to him, he urged me to go and see Herr Grüneberg and personally tell him everything. After finally making up my mind to go, I wasn't able to see him; instead, Madam Grüneberg asked to receive me. I filled her head with my hard-luck story, and she promised she would speak to her husband, which pleased me very much. But I left her with a heavy heart. I felt just above a beggar woman, especially in the midst of the luxury that predominated the house, of which I probably only saw one-tenth. I heard nothing more about it until the 27<sup>th</sup> when I made inquiries with Herr Grüneberg if I would be able to continue receiving my husband's pension. Then the other day I received the card I mentioned earlier written in his hand. Yes, that's how one must swindle people! As you probably know, it goes against my nature to do so, but it can't be helped. At this point we certainly can't live without the pension. Father wrote in his last letter if we could get it for one more year we probably wouldn't need it after that. Apparently for the moment he's forgotten that we are all supposed to come over there; he knows if we move there the pension will be forfeited.

I'm not at all excited about the prospect of coming over, and I wanted to ask you, dear August, to give me your honest opinion about what I should do. The circumstances over there don't appeal to me at all; also, it would be years before I knew the language well enough to understand what people were saying. Should I just move there because the weather is so nice? I'm used to things here; I can go to my church every day and pray for my loved ones, and in my spare time I can go for my little walks. From time to time I also

enjoy a pleasant change of pace, especially when Willi visits, and we amble through the city, living the good life.

If Papa is now in a position to send something every month or so, we could make ourselves quite comfortable here. The only drawback would be that the separation from Papa would be further extended. In time he would certainly want to return to Germany. In my last letter I asked him to write me whether this is how he sees it; if so, I'll wait patiently for him here. The children would also stay happily here with me, and Willi's employment has improved so significantly that even Father thought for the time being he should wait to come over. I would like to know your unreserved opinion about all this.

I have another concern, indeed the biggest. If Father dies before I do, whether sooner or later, I wouldn't be able to adapt to the foreign land. Then if I wanted to return I would have to leave all my children there, and that wouldn't suit me either. I think you will be able to set me on the right path.

Yesterday I received a long letter from Traudchen. She described her journey, which apparently was unpleasant with the children in tow and then in winter. I can easily believe that you are glad to be alone again; I wouldn't be able to enjoy the little rascals' company for very long either, which I notice whenever I visit Berta. Ours here are often rowdy, but it's different than with little kids. Traudchen also wrote about her departure; there must have been quite a commotion in the household. She thought you might have worries now that you are carrying the responsibility of the entire, large house by yourself. She's right about that. If you are always able to have it rented it should work out fine, but that's something you'll find out and manage to deal with in the next little while.

Josef thanks you for his Christmas present; he likes to read and looks forward to receiving *Der Hauslehrer*. Franz has other things in his head, as you can tell from his letters. If only he wouldn't carry everything too far. I wrote Peter a sensible letter about the marriage notions, now he must determine for himself what he needs to do. One new piece of news is that Herr Velden from Elsdorf died.

For now I'll close with heartfelt greetings and kisses, and with a wish that all stays well with you, I remain your loving,

Mother - who is now more devout and content than ever.

Yesterday Wilhelm Blumenthal visited us with his wife. I hadn't seen him for more than a year. He said he would still like to come over there; but, for him and for you it is better that he doesn't.

Berta had just sent a card to you when your letter arrived. She said you should write her again. It's doubtful anything will come of the money Hermann was going to raise.

30 January 1910

From: Tina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 West 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

When I asked him how he began his letter to you Franz shouted, “What’s it to you? You don’t have to copy it!” You’re right to complain. I don’t think we’ve written since the Zeppelin spectacle. But what could I write that would interest you? I can only write about what I’ve been doing.

On January first I joined the Assistant Merchant’s Association. One can learn a lot there, and they provide recreation as well. This month it looks like we’ll actually have a few Marks to spare so that I can take the English lessons there. The method used is Teichmanns and costs three Marks for ten hours, one hour per week. One can also learn French and stenography. The Association also provides health insurance, job placement, a free lending library, a choir group, gymnastics, and so forth. There’s always something happening there on Sundays. I’ve already participated in a charity event featuring a lantern slide show, which was very interesting. New Year’s there was a Kaffeeklatsch followed by a Cologne evening on Sunday, then the Carnival assembly. The latest Carnival song is called *Et Stina muss eine Mann han!* [Tina must have a man!] During the assembly our choir sang Kölsch platt in three part harmony—very nice, in case you ever need something like that for your choir. Eight days later we had a musical evening, and yesterday the Kaiser’s birthday celebration. Finally, I had to play Brigitte complete with hat, overcoat and a guitar from Tonger. I was told it was the best of the evening.

Shrove Tuesday the business is open, but we can see the parade well from there. Do you celebrate Carnival there? If not you must instigate it so that when we all come over we won’t miss our beloved Cologne too much. I’d like to come over there very much; the first thing that comes to my mind is the beautiful sea journey. Also one would see another part of the world plus I’d enjoy seeing all of you again. Perhaps you’ll find me less silly than in former times and teach me something of the arts, as you used to teach Berta.

When Mother received the 25 Marks from Father she came up with a plan that I don’t mind in the least. If Father is able to send money every month and returns to Germany as soon as possible, we would move into a bigger apartment and have a piano. And I’m to take lessons! However, if this can’t come about soon I hope we can move all our kit and caboodle across the big pond this summer.

Dear August I hope I haven’t bored you. I’m glad you subscribed us to *Der Hauslehrer*, it is something everyone can enjoy. Politics interest me a little, and I always read in the

newspaper how the city and regional government get in each other's hair, especially during the last *Landtags* election. I also enjoy the history of old Cologne. I regularly borrow books from the Association's library that are written in Kölsch or have to do with ancient Cologne. I have a lot of time to read at work.

Unfortunately I've only received a five Mark raise so far and will probably see about finding another position. Fifty-five Marks is too little.

Above all else Mother will now see to it that we have plenty of underwear so she won't have to repeat each Saturday, "Take your shirt off, or you won't have a clean one tomorrow!"<sup>1</sup> I've gotten used to wearing knee-length instead of full-length stockings; first of all, it's healthier, and secondly, there's less that needs mending. I've been doing this since last year and don't have cold feet even in spite of the current frosty weather.

Enough for now; time for bed. Heartfelt greetings and kisses to you, the far away brother, from your little sister,

Tina

Write soon.

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<sup>1</sup> Kölsch: „Gottfriedche, dun din Hembche uus söns häss de Morge kei rein.“



30 January 1910

From: Franz Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 West 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

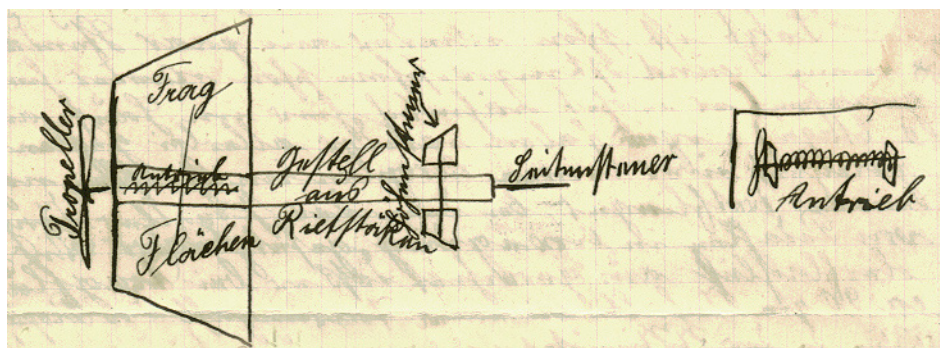
My aviation friend has just left to eat his supper, and during that time I want to write to you. The two of us are building a model aeroplane. We just finished drawing the plans for the propeller's drive mechanism. We want to have it constructed by a mechanic, which will naturally be paid for by my pal, who is a few years older and also has more money than I do.

Now it's already a couple hours later, and my friend came down again in the meantime (he lives here in the house, on the second story), and now we made plans and calculations for a full-size aeroplane, namely a pedal-flyer on which the propeller is set in motion by the pumping of foot pedals. We've tentatively calculated, that with an airfoil area of 65 feet and the propeller turning at 835 revolutions per minute, it will carry 330 pounds.

Continuation: It is now 11:30 in the morning.

It is now already Monday evening of the 31<sup>st</sup>. I wasn't able to write this morning because we still had to buy something for the aircraft. Now I'll continue where I left off yesterday. So, the apparatus will carry a maximum of 330 pounds, but that's not enough, since it must be designed to hold two men. The two of us alone weigh 242 pounds—rounded up I weigh 99 pounds, my friend 143 pounds—which only leaves 88 pounds maximum for the aircraft. That's very little, even though no heavy motor is required; instead, a light-weight frame of steel pipes resembling a bicycle-built-for-two is fitted to the apparatus. The thing must be designed so that heavier people can use it, otherwise there's no point. I'm not fully grown yet myself. Well, we're not at the point yet that we can fly it ourselves. To build such an apparatus would be expensive. We've heard that the material that is stretched onto the frame, which consists of raw silk cut in 18" strips costs 6 Franks, or 4.80 Marks in our money. We would need 295 feet of it, since it would have to go on double thick. Enough of this!

So at the moment we are building a model, namely a monoplane like Bleriot's but of our own construction. Looking down from above it looks like this:



It is driven by a spiral spring that is wound and turns the propeller when released. The apparatus then flies for a few seconds, straight ahead or in a curve, high or low, depending on how the rudder is set, and that in itself is no small feat!

Enough for now. You can see how much it interests me, but I don't want to pursue this field now before we know for certain if we're coming over soon. It wouldn't be worth it for such a short time, and also I'm happy at the business where I work. In April I'll become supervising apprentice, and my wages will increase to 20 Marks per month.

It's 11:30 again so I'd better close.

With heartfelt greetings, your brother,

Franz

3 February 1910

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Hannover, Germany

My dear Minchen,

Your dear card from Tivoli with your New Year's greetings gave me great pleasure, and at the same time made me a little homesick. I'd gladly pay \$10.00 to be in such happy company on a Saturday evening beer excursion. Here in the South there are many cities where one cannot drink beer in restaurants. In Charleston there are no taverns at all, and bottled beer is so unbelievably expensive that we'll have to do without. In Kalispell we drank quite a lot of beer in the last little while; two dozen bottles cost \$2.75, which was cheap compared to here. Exactly what it costs here I don't know, only that it is very expensive.

First, I'd like best of all to answer your beautiful letter, dear Minchen, but I don't remember all its contents nor do I know where it is at the moment. It must be somewhere between Montana and South Carolina in a huge crate along with my linens, pictures, and precious keepsakes. We've put in a claim for the crate. I'm starting to fear I may never see it again, since it has been underway six weeks now, having left Kalispell the same day I did. I arrived here just before Christmas.

Five days and five nights I traveled on the train with the children. Dorle got sick enroute; her illness lasted two days and two nights. Even aside from that it was a miserable trip, although we had a sleeper and good service. I didn't see anything beautiful on the whole trip. For the first night and day the train raced frantically without stopping through the dreary prairie; and, although I didn't enjoy it, I wished it would continue to race all the way to the South. The changing of trains with a sick child was very unpleasant. It seemed to me I'd never reach my destination. With the arrival of each new day I hoped to feel the warmth of the southern sun, but there was nothing but ice and snow until the last day, when suddenly we had to exchange our heavy clothing for lighter wear.

Thanks to my "perfect English," on the last afternoon I came within a hair of getting on a New York bound train instead of the one to Charleston. Oh yes, my dear friend, to be in the company of little human beings while making a long trip through the New World is most enviable! I am not nearly as brave and energetic as I once imagined myself to be in former times. How often the tears came near to overflowing on the trip. Once I really did cry aloud, competing with the sobs of the children late one night in a depot lunch room at what city I've forgotten. I arrived there around nine and had to wait until eleven to go on. The children are used to going to sleep at six. I had to do everything I could think of to keep them awake. I held the sick Dorle in my arms, and she didn't want anything to eat. Annette was exhausted and hungry and so was I. Among other things I ordered three eggs.

We sat at a large, oval marble counter, one chair next to another, and before us was placed an abundant cold supper. The waiter, a Negro, set a glass dish of the three scrambled eggs in front of Annette, who thought this was her supper and went at it, while I tried to quiet Dorle's loud sobs as she lay in my arms. I was unsuccessful and became quite sad myself but also wanted to satisfy my own hunger, so I took the rest of the eggs from Annette and pushed a ham sandwich in front of her. But the little one thought, in her over-excited frame of mind, that she was being wronged and began to wail, lustily and loudly, in the huge hall. Nothing would console her, and now both little ones were screaming without letup until I could stand it no longer and joined them. I then took Annette by the hand and went back to the ladies room where we had left our luggage. I bedded Dorle down there, and she soon fell asleep, and Annette, who had now calmed down, went with me to the ticket window to send a telegram to my husband and purchase a new sleeper ticket. There the lunch room cashier caught my eye and waved me back in; I was to finish my supper. That we did, quite peacefully, although by now the hunger had passed.

And with this I have to end the account of my trip because, first of all, I've forgotten most of the experiences, and what parts I remember would lead me too far astray. As you know I have the crazy tendency to stretch out the telling of any incident endlessly, which makes the listener impatient or creates boredom in him. Of this I'm convinced, but changing myself is not something I can do.

I was so happy to finally see my dear husband—although half a day later than expected—at the station in Charleston. There I forgot all the strain and fatigue almost at once. The children recognized their father immediately. It was so touching to watch as the joy of recognition swept over their little faces! We hadn't seen dear Papa in three months.

At that time Fritz was asked by his father to help with the building of his factory in Charleston, South Carolina, since he could not manage without knowing English. It was not clear yet then if he would stay here. Once the operation was in gear and things were going above expectations, I was to follow, perhaps to stay here forever, or maybe even to live in another city here in the South. Birmingham, Atlanta, Nashville and others all came under consideration. A factory is built wherever a contract can be made with a gas company—that is, as long as the necessary capital exists to build it. This spring several thousand dollars are supposed to be put into the enterprise by relatives, and then the building of factories will likely continue. Actually they are small factories, and two exist up to now; the first one built is in Augusta. Uncle Paul, brother of my father-in-law, took over the management. The two are as of now the sole partners. My husband, who draws a salary of only \$60.00 per month, has been promised a partnership as soon as the “thousands of dollars” are put in. I'm afraid we'll have some scruples to deal with regarding the other brothers. The beginning of friction already introduced itself yesterday in the form of a letter from my mother-in-law. She thought my husband should decline his father's offer of partnership in deference to his brothers, since they can't all be partners. She was probably right, but I noticed it was a blow to my husband although he said nothing about it. Nor did my father-in-law mention anything to him, but he did assure me he would indeed follow through as intended; apparently he can't do without my husband, who is bookkeeper, fire stoker and laborer all in one person. Fritz, along with my father-in-law, assembled and set up all the apparatus; in fact, he made everything himself except for the outside of the

building and the machinery. And he understands the ammonia manufacturing process so well that he would be able to build and manage a plant by himself if necessary.

The ammonia is extracted from gas water and is a greenish white salt, which is used by fertilizer plants. The Hochscheid firm has a customer with a standing order, and not enough of the stuff can be manufactured. Apparently it will be a most successful business one day. Later they plan to make ammonium chloride. The layout required for this will be higher but so would the profits.

And so I will let you know how things develop, my dear Minchen. You've always been interested in just about everything in the world. I think the love you have for all people in general also makes you interested in their individual deeds and accomplishments.

That reminds me of a part in your dear letter where you envied one of my "friends." Oh, Minchen, that was just a woman who had no sense for developing a friendship with other women. There were a few ladies up in Kalispell with whom I made friends, and who assured me of their affection and still write to me here. I enjoyed visiting with them, and the hours spent in their company were always amusing, but we created no inner bond. A friend such as I have in you I've never found again.

What was it about your sister, Gustchen? Oh, now I remember. Her husband believed that after the second child is born, no more.... What nonsense if in this day and age he really thinks this, which I can hardly believe. It seems to me as though he wants to be thought of as an extraordinary person, but then it will be impossible for him to maintain this point of view for very long. Everything that would like to label itself *Übermensch* doesn't sit well with me, including your brother-in-law. Do they even have any children? In the interest of your sister, I hope he has luck in his new endeavor. What a restless person he must be! For your sister it will be nice to have you close again, but whether you feel the same, I don't know.

My dear Minchen, my husband no longer thinks about the regeneration at all, and concern for daily bread has destroyed his former ideals. That we use no method of contraception to prevent having too many children—this we do merely out of comfort. Apparently I will have no more children. I can thank the miscarried child for that. And you, poor child, had to go through such an ordeal again. Terrible! If I learn of anything new that would save you from this in the future I will let you know. Are you completely recovered? Something like that can stay with one for a long time. I, for instance, still suffer from it from time to time, although on the whole I'm well over it.

We live furnished—three-rooms, a kitchen, gas stove and gas lighting. The rent is \$25.00 a month. The rooms are very large; our bedroom has eight windows! We are in the finest quarter of the city but won't stay here because it is too far from the factory. The city is old and not very attractive. Two-thirds of the population is Negro. They work for little money. I paid a maid \$1.00 a week for the housework; she was very dirty and stole from us. Now I do the work myself. I send out the washing. Afternoons I have no more work to do and often go on walks. All of the rooms are covered with straw-mat carpeting, which is swept, but most of the dirt sifts down through the mats and stays on the floor for a year until the next spring cleaning. You should see the kitchens here; they are unbelievably dirty!

This is the land where the women have it so good; they are elegantly dressed in white from early till late, even now. You know, my dear, it seems the time has come when for once I too will have it good. I feel as though I were a newlywed on my honeymoon! My man can't think of enough to do for my comfort and well being.

You know, my dear Minchen, the piano tuning business did not really work out as well as it first seemed it would. Fritz made most of his living from playing piano. He received as much as \$8.00 an evening at the opera house. The only piece of furniture we own now is a beautiful piano! Fritz has one pupil and another two in sight for the evening lessons.

You got Fritz mixed up with August on the picture postcard; my husband is standing at the alcove, and our youngest is sitting on the garden fence.

A nice jumbled mess this letter is! Greet your husband, kiss the little ones and write soon. Live well, dear, good Minchen. Your loving,

Traudchen

2 February 1910

From: Peter Hochscheid  
Vancouver, B.C.

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Haven't been able to do anything in my business due to never-ending rain. At the moment I'm learning photography! A dollar a day. Thought it might work out. Much money to be made there.

No ants here. Otherwise all is well.

Greetings,

Peter



5 February 1910

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: August Hochscheid  
336 West 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Received your letter of the 25<sup>th</sup>. Couldn't find the ten dollars I sent you in November in spite of a zealous search. I'm sending the pages herewith. Let's always send the enclosed statement back and forth until the debt is paid off. We haven't accounted for January here yet. I'll send you a little as soon as we get something.

Send me an edition of the *Woodmen*<sup>1</sup> newspaper, or the address of the head clerk. Regarding Traudchen's lodge, you write to them or send me their address. Do you have the address of the picture people? Also enclosed is the lading bill of our crate, which hasn't arrived yet. It must be traced from there. Please take care of it and return the bill.

What is the \$1.00 to Boetcher for?

Also when you get a chance please send me a list of the things that haven't sold yet. If you want to make an effort to sell the items, I'll gladly give you 25%.

Our business in January was a little short of expectations. Since we are now finally up to speed it will be better in February.

We process an average of 800 lbs acid daily, which produces an equal amount of sulfate, adding up to 20,000 lbs in 25 working days, maybe a little more. A statement will follow.

Heartfelt greeting,

Fritz

What does Peter intend to do?

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<sup>1</sup> *Modern Woodmen of America*, a timber industry guild.



12 February 1910

From: Peter Hochscheid  
Vancouver, B.C.

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

How are things going with you? Haven't heard from you in a while. I'm learning pretty well. I've come up with a new plan, which I'll write you about soon.

Heartfelt greetings,

Peter



February 1910

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: August Hochscheid  
336 West 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Here is the income summary as promised, although it doesn't give a complete picture. December was unusually good for Augusta. For Charleston a part of the S/A was carried over from December, also a portion of the expenses. February will be more exact.

I don't have the bill of lading back yet. Please send to Jäger Noten Versandt. Also send the statement. I doubt I'll be able to send any money before the fifteenth of March. Are you very hard pressed for it?

We are well. How is it with you? Heartfelt greeting,

Fritz

**Augusta December**

Income:

13834 lbs sulfate 24.6% @ \$52.00 per ton = \$353.94

Expenses:

13713 lbs SO <sub>3</sub> (acid)	58.27
3458 lbs NH <sub>3</sub>	172.90
Expenses	8.05
Amortization and Interest	18.66
	<u>257.88</u>
Net Profit	\$ 96.06

**Charleston January**

Income of S/A: \$569.58

Expenses:

Transportation (dray)	23.00
Wages	60.00
Miscellaneous	2.22
Acid	67.46
Coals (2 months)	43.74
NH <sub>3</sub>	165.09
	<u>361.51</u>
Net Profit	\$208.07

18 February 1910

11:00 am

From: Gerhard Dick  
Kendenich near Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 West 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Whatever changes time has imposed upon your true self has remained a mystery to me for a long time. I'll take you as you were. I've been anxiously on guard to stay true to myself and will say nothing more about our ways of thinking and sensibilities that may affect what remains constant within our personalities. Our spiritual relationship has, I hope, not changed. Ambition, due to life's circumstances, at least as far as material things are concerned, must have of necessity taken other paths with you than with me.

My milieu is the old familiar one: teacher in Kendenich, a very stiff and boorish village, worse than the sweet little Merl - every day, summer and winter, spent in service - I'm never at home - studies null - did attend several lessons at the business college in Cologne this winter - celebrated Carnival - don't spend time with my colleagues - as always, too afraid to get close to women - did visit the one in Merl now and then, but it seems to be over with now - all in my family are well, don't know about yours - am not sure whether I should visit there, although it's high time - have no companionship - am vegetating.

Finally made up my mind I liked Maria in Pingsdorf, naturally did nothing about it and then saw her recently in Cologne with someone else. Well, I don't know having her would have been a good idea when I have the misfortune to love her with all my heart.

You see that I still carry the old ballast of my eccentric notions around with me. As far as marriage is concerned I am more than old enough but don't know if I should. Of course I also don't know a miss who would be agreeable to it! You won't forget to share your thoughts about this matter, will you?

If I had patience and fortitude I'd study for the middle school exam, but...

Financially there is always a lack, since I only make 1,400 Marks per year but spend 1,500.

To change the subject, last fall there were interesting airship maneuvers here with four ships; even now a new one is being tested in Cologne, then in fall there'll be an aeroplane exhibition week.

Schmitz is still in Siegburg, recently visited him; he's the same as always, unattached. Weber is in Cologne, married; Jansen in Brühl, married; Cloth, Benter, Müngersdorf in Cologne; in June the entire class has a reunion in Cologne; Bauer is stuck in Eckenhagen. I believe all took the exam. Kramer is doing well in Elsdorf. I'll visit there soon. I know nothing else new so on to you.

That there are no big changes in your life is evident by your silence. Activa and Passiva must be holding the scales. That you live among millionaires and that you will, as soon-to-be owner of several million, lend me the money to come visit you, which by the way I would enjoy very much, may take some time yet. I for one would most certainly marry a woman with 300,000 Marks immediately, even if I liked her only a little. You know how much your lifestyle interests me so write about it.

In closing I assure you that all my efforts to get out of this miserable, wretched existence have come to nothing, while my aversion toward my occupation has only increased.

It is one o'clock and time to practice the self torture for the daily bread. I greet you wholeheartedly and await hearing from you.

Gerhard

21 February 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Your dear card, and your letter and festival program, have all arrived, and I thank you for them. I hardly need tell you how glad it makes me to hear that things are going so well and that you are earning piles of money; however, I'm a little uneasy that you've purchased stocks. It could be that you have luck with them, but many have come to ruin by gambling their earnings on speculation. Be very careful, my dear August, that you don't lose your hard earned savings. Even if I don't know much about stocks, what I do know is that they can fall just as well as rise, so practice prudence and not passion. Certainly it would be nice if you were able to pay off all your debts in half a year with the gain from the \$25.00, but if you deposit your money into a savings bank it would in any case be much safer, keep your head worry free and prevent a disappointment. Your creditors would just have to wait a little longer.

Dear August, do write me exactly how much there is actually left to pay; I really would like to know exactly how things stand over there. Have you already answered my last letter? I'm wondering what you'll advise.

The first money sent by Papa was \$25.00, with another \$25.00 soon to follow. I will then rent a new apartment and buy some new furniture and, as I already mentioned, would best of all like to stay here in Germany until Father returns. I'm on the search again for a new place to live. Father wrote I should be patient; he wouldn't want me to come until the situation there is more settled, also the money for the trip wouldn't be easy to come by now. When he wrote, he hadn't yet received my last letter asking whether he wanted to return—and could return—and if so, telling him that I'd just as soon wait for him here quietly until then. I'll have to wait and see what he writes about that.

Call me a coward, August, but I have to admit I'm apprehensive about the sea journey and would hardly be able to endure the strain of the train trip. I was just ill again for eight days with the same thing as a couple of month ago and back then in Elsdorf, except now the pain is accompanied by increased nausea so that I was only able to subsist on lemon water for a couple days. This time the pain became so intense I let the doctor be sent for. He prescribed a powder and ordered light meals. It relates to the stomach and has to do with menopause. I am to be especially careful of what I eat, no spices, acids or fatty foods. The powder worked well and alleviated the pain after the first dose. Now I'm relatively mobile again although a little weak; but you see, dear August, there's not much left in me to start

anything new, and I'm happiest just to be able to continue my old routine. For a couple of months now I've been sending the wash out; I couldn't do it myself anymore, except for the little items, handkerchiefs, aprons, stockings, etc., which I do every three weeks, otherwise it costs too much; already I pay 6 Marks per month.

I got this far last night and will now continue this evening, twenty-four hours later.

From Elsdorf comes the news that Herr Velden Sr. has died. Frau Bürgers keeps Berta informed of the latest news from there.

I was just thinking how nice it would be if I were there with my son, the professor, as I once was here with my son, the teacher, collecting the money for his lessons and doing the bookkeeping. I would probably only be required to play receptionist; the housework would be done by a black woman. But then I remember I wouldn't be able to understand what any of the people were saying, except for the Germans. Father even wrote about this, and that it would likely be unpleasant for me. I suspect he thinks I wouldn't adapt well to things there. That the weather is nice and probably terribly hot in the summer—of this I'm not enthused enough to leave the comfort of my home, even though there's often bad weather here (which one soon gets used to). If all of you together see to it that I can maintain a comfortable—I won't say luxurious—lifestyle here, I'll console myself with the knowledge that one-by-one you'll return home to our beloved Cologne on the Rhine someday. Perhaps I'll still live to see it, since the creakiest wheel holds the longest, as the saying goes. When you return as rich American gentlemen I'll be down right proud of you. I'm already pretty proud of you as it is, as my neighbor can attest. I often speak to her about my son, August, whom she knows as "The Teacher." Frau Fuchs is a good woman; she shares my sorrows and joys, and when Papa left she cried more about it than I did. In spite of this I'm ready to move away from here, since the friendship brings with it as much unpleasantness as it does congeniality. These people used to be in affluent circumstances but through mismanagement sank into a hole so deep they are unable to climb back out. I've helped them out from time to time and fear that eventually I'll be left hanging; that's what happens when one takes people too much into one's confidence. I pretend to be much poorer than I am with them, for as soon as I receive money from abroad you can be sure they will be in dire need of some. But I'll be on my guard; so far I've always managed to deduct it from the rent. Don't mention any of this when you write, not until I've moved; because it could fall into their hands, since all the mail is delivered into one box to which they, as property managers, have the key.

We often visit at Geicht, and they are all very nice to me. They always enjoy when I bring a letter from abroad, and you would give them much joy by writing them a card with a few kind words. Of the girls it seems doubtful any will marry, but Heinrich is now seeing Johanne, which mother Geicht knows and approves of. Heinrich has been working in Düsseldorf but will be here in Porz am Rhein as of March first. That's where Johanne's brother, Otto, teaches. The youngest is in seminar at Brühl.

Well, dear August, I think you'll agree I've written enough for now, so I'll close with heartfelt greetings and kisses from your loving,

Mother

Also your brothers and sisters send greetings and a kiss. Don't forget to congratulate Father and Fritz on their Namenstag March fifth. Shrove Tuesday we were all at Millowitsch<sup>1</sup> and laughed heartily. *Across the Big Pond* has been performed fifty times there.

*Der Hauslehrer* hasn't arrived yet.

On the seventeenth of March is Traudchen's Namenstag and on the nineteenth Josef and Finchen's. We all plan to spend Easter in München Gladbach and will celebrate their Namenstagen then.

As far as I know Fritz is now earning two-and-a-half dollars. Willi is also doing well with a 275 Mark salary plus half percent commission on sales, expenses paid. Naturally no one can hold a candle to you, August! Too bad Peter isn't doing better.

We enjoyed the festival program you sent, and recognized a few of the songs your group sang.

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<sup>1</sup> Comedy folk theater in Cologne.

3 March 1910

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: August Hochscheid  
336 West 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Send me the receipt book of my lodge and the address of the secretary of my wife's lodge, and I will make the payments from here.

Your report did not elicit a chuckle from me. There was no humor, merely a collection of jokes. You should know the difference. The jokes are in part rather contrived and stale and geared more for a second or third rate mentality.

Regarding my question, I was thinking only of larger items. Aside from the dresser there should also still be pillows, blankets and two tables left. By the way, your comments mocking my wife's memory are not appreciated, and I'm not inclined to forget them anytime soon; she has a good head for many things.

Best regards,

Fritz



10 March 1910

From: Friedrich Hochscheid  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Best of thanks for your good wishes and the tasty present that we'll savor.

How are things going there? So far everything is going well here. Awhile back we sent a letter to Peter in Vancouver c/o General Delivery. Have you not heard from him and whether he received it?

Heartfelt greetings,

Your Father



12 March 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Last Sunday I received your dear letter. Many thanks!

So you were unwell again but have already recovered; it would be a shame if you became ill and had to miss giving lessons. You are an amazing fellow! Thirty six dollars a week earnings! Even if it stayed at thirty dollars this is a nice chunk of change, enough to really make a difference. You are still deeply in debt but will finally get it off your back soon. The things you do! A grand piano costing 750 dollars! What a pleasure it must be to play. Above all I would love to hear you play again. And your students, how they must enjoy playing such a valuable instrument! Do you shout at them, or are you not as nervous anymore?

In two weeks we will have the pleasure, God willing, of owning a piano ourselves—in fact, your old piano. I can't remember if I've written to you about this. I'm taking the piano from Berta and will gradually pay off the 500 Marks that the Wiedenfelds gave you for it. Berta and Hermann don't seem to have time for it now, and should they find themselves with money to spare someday they can always buy another. The children are looking forward to it and if possible will take weekly lessons. I have a favor to ask you, dear August. If you ever have 10 dollars to spare could you send them so I could have the piano spruced up? It looks terrible now; you must remember what it went through during the move from Elsdorf.

You wrote that I would get by nicely now, tallying up my income so generously. Granted if this were to continue and I had no additional expenses, I could save some money, but because of the move and the new furniture I bought and more I still need, plus the 30 to 40 Marks per month to pay off the piano, I probably won't be giving much thought to saving for the next year or so. Also you calculated 28 Marks too much income. Since Father left I haven't received the 18 Marks, and Tina has 3 Marks medical insurance withheld from her wages, plus Tina and Franz together receive 5 Marks pocket money. Up to now Franz got 25 Pfennige each Sunday, which should now be raised to 50. Tina cleans the stairwell for her allowance, since it's too difficult for me. I'd have to hire someone otherwise. Girls her age always need any number of things, which she must use her allowance to get.

Father wrote he would send more money after they settle the accounts. They delivered 10 tons in February. They lack capital, otherwise the enterprise would be bigger. Finchen visited here for a day on the 3<sup>rd</sup>, and Frau Melles joined us during the afternoon. Finchen didn't know whether her brother, Franz, still wanted to go over there or not. She said Willi

wanted to write Franz to send Father 10,000 Marks, which Willi would honor as a personal loan. I don't know yet whether he'll actually do it.

Did you congratulate Finchen on her Namenstag? It is on the 19<sup>th</sup>, along with Josef's. Gertrud's is on the 17th. Perhaps I'll go to München-Gladbach for the Namenstag, which will be celebrated on Sunday the 20<sup>th</sup>. On the 19<sup>th</sup> I'll be going to Brühl with Josef to visit Uncle Dammer. They have sold the Wirtschaft and now live in Brühl.

We are already starting to sort through things for the move and will throw out about a cart load full of stuff. Dear August, tell me what I should do with all the letters. I think I still have all from Father and from you and everyone there. They would fill an entire crate. If one were to continue to save them all, they would end up filling an entire cart, but where to with them? To burn them all would be a shame.

I don't know if you've already heard that as of April 1<sup>st</sup> Hermann will start work in Duisburg in a position that will pay 300 Marks per month. I can't begrudge them the promotion, since they were not able to manage well here on 230 Marks. Hermann rented an apartment there on Sunday, and they will move at the end of the month. The walks back and forth between here and Klettenburg will stop for good then. Again I'll have one less child around me, and if I do manage to grow old it will be as I always said: in spite of all the children I had I'll end up being alone in my old age.

Yes, it is right what you wrote. We'll leave everything to what time will bring; time will arrange everything for the best. We Catholics call it divine providence. I really don't worry much and trust in God's will.

I'm often unwell and afraid to eat anything for fear of stomach pains. I do try, if at all possible, to take my little walks downtown. I'm just not supposed to work hard. When I last ironed the curtains and bed sheets and such I was worthless for three days. It's time I started living an idle life of luxury; otherwise there's not much use. Also for Father it's about time he lived on his laurels. I'm sure it isn't easy for him to spend the entire day working in the stink factory, don't you agree? That's why I think the best would be for me to quietly stay here until they are able to spare Father over there and he can return. He'll never get completely away from the hustle and bustle otherwise. When the boys are older and have learned a little, they can still go over there if they want, since in America one can do anything imaginable.

For now heartfelt greetings and kisses to you, dear August, from your loving,

Mother

When you answer this letter write to Quirinstrasse 8. What does Peter write you? He wrote a card to Tina that he was learning photography, and that we will hear more from him soon. We haven't written him in a long time.

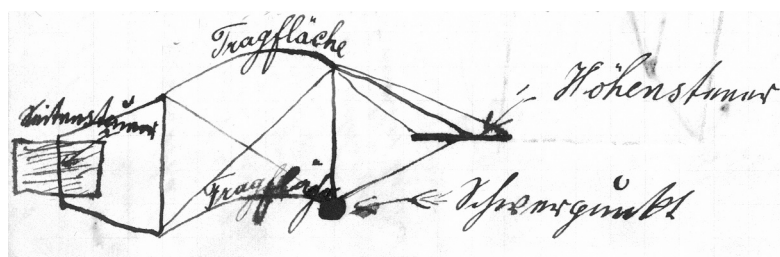
12 March 1910

From: Franz Hochscheid  
Martinsfeld 47, I Etage  
Cöln

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3rd Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

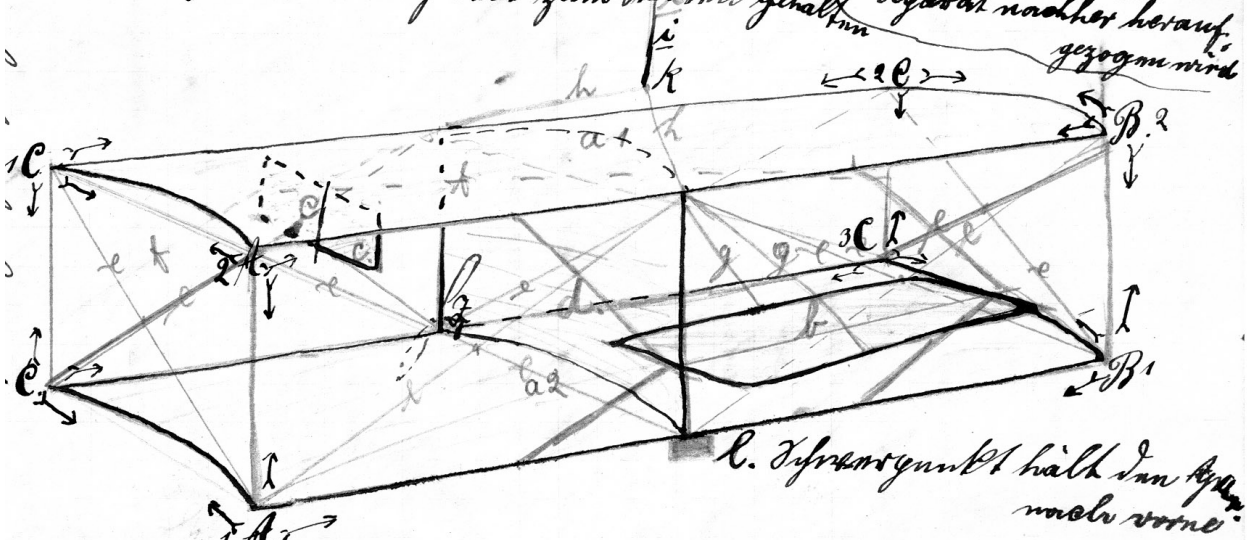
As you heard from Mama, we will be moving again soon. It's too bad because I won't be able to get together with my two friends to make trial flights. But in spite of that I'm glad we're moving because I'll have a mansard all to myself where I can work and construct models undisturbed. I'll get to keep one of the airplanes we built and can continue experimenting and studying. I don't remember if I wrote last time about another plane we built prior to the one I told you about; that is the one that I will keep, a biplane glider. (The one I described to you was a monoplane.) It is non-functioning because the gear work for the propeller was, in spite of the ultra light construction, too heavy, so we took it apart and used the parts on our newest built plane, which I will describe later. Here's what the glider I get to keep looks like from the side:



We glide the plane off the veranda of our house, which is a little higher than the second story and is built out into the garden. It works like this: It is secured by a knot K (in the drawing) then suddenly released to fall in this direction. At first the drop is steep until the air has built up under the wings, then it glides slowly down at an angle. The line hangs loosely and loops around. Once it has landed in the garden below, the plane is pulled back up by the rope. On several occasions it got caught in a tree. By use of the rudder C, we can guide the plane to the left or right, and the flap allows us to regulate the trajectory of the flight path. If, for example, we set the flap horizontally, the flight path will be at its longest and the angle at its minimum. If the center of gravity L (in the drawing) is not heavy enough we need to set the forward edge of the flap down more or less and the opposite if it is too heavy, so that the plane doesn't tip forwards or backwards.

The width of the plane from A to B and C to 3C (this is considered width on airplanes, on other machines it would be length) as well as upper 2A to B2 and C1 to 2C measures one meter. The length (which would be the width on other machines) from 1A to C and B1 to 3C, as well as upper 2A to 1C and B2 to 2C is 30 centimeters. The flap control is 25 centimeters in front of the wing span, and the rudder is 15 centimeters behind. The surface of the airplane is covered with

- a 1. & a 2. Tragflächen  
 b. Höhensteuer wird d. Leine g. verstellb. & befindet sich vorwärts  
 c. Seitensteuer durch f hinten  
 e. Fadenverstreibungen um die genaue Form zu erhalten  
 f & g. Seigleinen für die Steuer zu verstellen  
 d. Stabilisierungsfläche um den Apparat nach der Seite  
 h. Spanne, an der der Apparat beim Starten gehalten wird  
 i. Leine, die beim Gleitflug nach hinten & an welcher der  
 bei k. wird der Apparat zum Starten gehalten



Das mit Tinte umrissene sind die frei  
 bespannten Flächen.

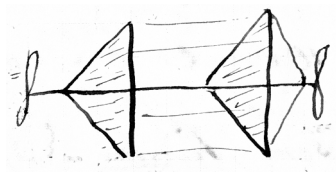
- a1 and a2 is the wingspan  
 b is the flap control, adjustable by line g, positioned forward of wing  
 c is the rudder, controlled by line f, rear of wing  
 e are the strut supports to maintain the exact shape  
 f and g are pull lines to control steering  
 d is a stabilizing plane to maintain equilibrium  
 h grip lines secured to the plane, attached to the start-up line  
 i is line that trails behind, which is used to retrieve plane  
 k is where the plane is held during startup  
 l is the center of gravity weight, which keeps the plane upright

The lines drawn in ink show the surfaces that are covered with parchment.

parchment paper, the frame is made of umbrella wire and split reed splints. At first we built a gear mechanism with propeller, but because it weighed too much it caused the plane to tip backwards, and we removed it and used the plane as a glider. The gear mechanism cost 4.50 Marks, and the mechanism for the monoplane cost 9 Marks, totaling 13.50 Marks, none of which we were able to use. Then there were expenses for the parchment paper, reed splints and other items, which came to 3 Marks. So you can see what it costs to be a technical aviator.

The plane we just finished building is also a biplane glider. It is exactly like the one I just described except on a larger scale. The length is 50 centimeters, the width 1.8 meters, and the height 50 centimeters. The rudder is positioned 10 centimeters behind and the flap control 50 centimeters in front of the wing span. It glides very well. On the first try it accidentally broke loose from the line. The rudder was set so it turned to the left and flew over the garden wall and made a nice landing in the neighbor's yard. I had to retrieve it, naturally, since I once said that I would if it ever flew over the wall.

My friend bought a copy of *Flugsport* a couple of weeks ago, and there was an advertisement in it by an aviation technician in Hamburg who also builds gliders and sells them for 5 Marks. Naturally we ordered one immediately, and it arrived in a few days. It is a biplane and looks like this from above:



It is hoisted up into the air much like a kite, but a fuse is attached up on the line, which when lighted, burns through the line, releasing the plane, which then glides freely, the line falling to the ground. Unfortunately our first trial flight with this glider failed; it was already evening when we went to the Exerzierplatz, and the darkness came on us suddenly.

I must close now that the page is full. Do you ever experiment with planes?

Your Franz

Dear August,

I think it would be better if you talk Franz out of all of this; these boys will snap over the edge one of these days. Everyone in the house laughs at them. All these contraptions are no good anyway.

Mother

19 March 1910

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: August Hochscheid  
336 West 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

I'm sorry to cause you difficulties but didn't have any choice, since we only received the settlement for February today. Also I'm afraid in the future I won't be able to send you anything until around the 15<sup>th</sup> or 20<sup>th</sup> of the month and hope you'll be able to make due.

It would be best if we only add new debts to the statement and subtract my payments. How you pay it off doesn't matter to me, except naturally I'd like the bank paid off first because of the interest.

On the list of items you purchased totaling \$25.00 there is still some confusion. I don't want more than the items are worth.

Range	\$15.00
Oven	5.00
Parlor Table	4.00
Table	1.00
	=====
	\$25.00

My wife says the little table is worth \$2.50, not \$4.00, and you thought one of the set of old tables belonged to you. Unless you've acquired something else, we'll credit you for the \$2.50 difference. That would conclude my portion of this business, and we'll only have to deal with paying off my remaining balance in the amount of \$129.29, or rather \$131.79 including interest.

Best wishes,

Fritz

We are moving to 34 Chapel Street. Continue writing c/o the factory.

20 March 1910

From: Peter Hochscheid  
General Delivery  
Vancouver, B.C.

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

I will probably go to Frisco at the end of this month or sooner. I think I wrote you that I'm learning photography. Am making good progress, naturally in the postcards field. For the finer art, as you can imagine, it takes years to learn.

Too bad I couldn't have learned something like this instead of the goddamned bakery business! It is such a nice business, and there is much money to be made especially in *your picture on a postcard finished while you wait, 4 for 50 cents*. Right now I'm just helping out occasionally at the store when the boss goes to Seattle.

Lately I've done pretty well with the "key checks." I split the costs with a young fellow also relatively bad off. He drummed up business and delivered the orders while I filled them, and for two weeks we each averaged \$15.00 per week. Last week, however, it was substantially less, and this week we are dead in the water because we ran out of our stock because the new shipment hasn't arrived yet. We have to order the things from St. Paul, one can't get them here. We've bought up pretty much all the key rings in the city.

How are you doing? Are you still healthy and in good spirits? How are your choruses coming along?

There can be no talk of sending money, I mean me sending you money! I'm now relatively out of the gutter but had to buy some clothes. I wish I could send you a couple hundred dollars. What's George doing? Is he still there?

Greet everyone in the Liederkrantz for me; that is, if they ask about me. Write back soon.

Heartfelt greetings, your

Peter

The General Delivery address works out fine. I go to the post office daily and have gotten used to not finding anything there.



28 March 1910  
Easter Monday

From: Christina Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

As you can see I'm here with my clan enjoying Easter in heavenly spring weather in the company of my married children and grandchildren. You should see them; three strapping boys beaming good health with rosy red cheeks! Fredy is now as big as little Willi, and they are often mistaken for twins. The littlest is 19 months old and already speaks entire sentences and is a strapping, stout boy.

Since I've written you a little about them, I'd like you to write me something about Fritz's children. Traudchen wrote a little about them in her last letter, but I can't make out exactly what the matter is with Dorle. Is she actually mute or dumb or just slow in progressing mentally? You, dear August, have been able to observe her closely enough to render an opinion.<sup>1</sup>

That my children don't write me regularly about such things is ridiculous. I also don't know exactly how much they earn there. Yes, Father wrote how many tons they produced in January, February and March, but we can't figure out how much profit that translates into. We would like to be able to calculate it here, and Willi has written to Father about this in his last letter.

It's now time for the noon meal and I'll close. Heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your loving,

Mother

Many heartfelt greetings from your sister, Tina, also from the little brothers.

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<sup>1</sup> In reference to Traudchen's comments about Dorle, her daughter Doris Wilson wrote: "For all my life my mother has become increasingly blind—the result of retinitis pigmentosa (tunnel vision). Undiagnosed for forty years, Dorothea (Dorle) was born with Usher Syndrome, a genetic disorder with hearing loss and a progressive loss of vision. Perhaps Traudchen's pride in her daughter's excellent power of observation was mentioned as a compensation for her child's deafness, but I am merely speculating. Traudchen's letters to Minchen do not mention Dorle's deafness from birth, although they do indicate that her daughter was almost three-and-a-half years old before she spoke. Mother has often wished that she had been enrolled in a school for the deaf and dumb (as such schools were called during her childhood), but her parents did not recognize or treat her as a child with special needs."

28 March 1910

From: Finchen Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

I'm happy to hear that you are content in your bachelor home. What would you say if I told you we'll be steaming over there soon? It would be nice if we wouldn't live so far apart. No doubt you have no desire to change your habitat, or would you consider moving to the South some time in the future? I'm curious what will become of the entire Hochscheid clan.

Mother probably wrote you what's new in the family. Our boys are growing in leaps and bounds. They fight like the dickens. Little Willi speaks often of Uncle August, and I think he must still remember you. Fredy repeats everything he says word for word. I'll send you a photo soon. Little Franzi is well now. The poor little guy had diphtheria and received a serum shot. Willi and I are well. Our relationship is sunny most of the time with an occasional thunderstorm. Well, you know how it is.

I'm sure you're kept up to date with the latest from Peter. Luise visits here frequently. She looks radiant, and I attribute this to her relationship with Peter. I think the two of them will get along well together, don't you?

April 3

Mother is back in Cologne since Wednesday. Tina wrote that she is very ill and in a doctor's care. We were all together in Duisburg last Tuesday while Hermann was delayed in Cologne and didn't want Berta to be alone. Upon returning home Mother went straight to bed. If we don't receive any encouraging news we'll go over there.

I don't have much left to write. Willi interrupted my writing last Monday. We had planned to go for a walk, and he didn't want to wait for me to finish. Today I'm not in a writing mood. Also Franz is coming over soon, and the cooking needs to be finished by then. At two o'clock Willi and I are going to Crefeld to visit the Lawaczecks. They had their second child two weeks ago. I'm glad our Franzi is out of danger and that I'm not expecting again. If only it would stay that way! I hear little from Gretchen, she has also had three children already. The second died of polio after fifteen months. Now I've filled your head full of things you're probably not interested in, but the important thing is I've filled the page. I, for one, can't tolerate being sent a letter that is only half full of writing.

For now, dear August, live well and receive the heartiest of greetings from your sister-in-law,

Finchen

26 April 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Today is your birthday, and so I'll write you a card. Your brother, Josef, turns eleven today, and you are now an old bachelor of twenty-six. I wish you much happiness in your life abroad and that you'll live in good health and contentment for many, many more years to come.

I think I still owe a response to your last letter, yet I'm already waiting for the next one from you. While in München-Gladbach I added a few words to Willi and Finchen's letter. After my visit as I returned home I began to feel bad. It was the same old story with stomach troubles but markedly worse. Three times the doctor came, and for five days I took nothing but watery tea and coffee and couldn't even keep that down. After the second round of medicine it finally stopped. I was so weak I couldn't walk without being supported, but slowly I recovered.

Now I'm dealing with the dentist; I'm getting 24 teeth. I had all the old ones pulled out. 70 to 80 Marks is what the whole affair will cost, but it needed to be done. Since I couldn't chew my food I had poor digestion. Finchen was here for eight days to do the housework and take care of me. She's a jewel. Willi came here in the evenings directly from his sales tours. Little Willi was here too. Willi had urged me to go to the dentist until I agreed. Hopefully things will be better now if the teeth turn out well. Today will be the seventh visit. Each time it is torture.

Tina is getting piano lessons; she is making good progress.

Heartfelt birthday greetings and a kiss from your loving,

Mother

...and from your brothers and sisters.

Father writes things are going well. Thank heavens. The piano has just been tuned and also nicely polished. We all like the new apartment, which we've arranged nicely.

26 April 1910

From: Willi Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

I'll begin with the latest news—news for us also!—that brother-in-law Franz will depart for New York aboard the Red Star Line steamer, *Kroonland*. So yet another member of the Hochscheid clan is coming over! The ticket is ordered so it's a sure thing. Franz has about 13,000 Marks, but will start by putting in 8,000 to see how things go. Finchen and I, and perhaps Luise Emanns, will accompany Franz to Antwerp. If things were as uncomplicated for us as for Franz, or for you, we'd keep right on going across the pond, but with a whole troupe in tow it isn't that easy.

I feel a little guilty for not writing although you are not entirely blameless. I've come a little closer to procuring the antiquarian books you wanted and have determined that a new edition of *Menschliches allzu Menschliches* in two volumes at 4.80 Marks would be the most practical and will order it in the next few days. I believe the man's name was Feuchtwangers or Hartmann. *Philosophy of the Unconscious* was not to be found, but I'll keep looking. The last available edition in three volumes supposedly sold for 9 Marks. I'll probably find a copy while on business in Nürnberg or Munich so be patient.

It seems that you like it there and things are going well for you. I'm happy to hear it and hope you'll soon get the debts off your back. Too bad it would be difficult for you to find an equally good position elsewhere; otherwise, with an adjustment to your conscience, you could simply declare bankruptcy or just walk out. How much do you have left to pay, and has it all been left entirely in your hands?

We are slowly crawling closer and closer to the American shoreline, and I'll be glad once we too have a departure date set. Although I have a good position here that brings in about 5000 Marks, I imagine things will be at least as good over there, and I won't have to spend three-quarters of the year chasing after myself without ever being able to catch up.

Let's make an effort to write each other more often. Best of greetings from your brother,  
Willi

I wanted to quickly add something. Also I just ordered the *Menschlichkeiten* book and paid 10.60 Marks to have it shipped via book rate mail. During Easter, Mother talked

about sending Josef to high school, although she lacks the funds to do so.<sup>1</sup> I thought perhaps you'd find a way to help. Being a bachelor, and with your good earnings, this is something you could do. I was in a similar snare once. Although she receives money regularly from Father, this alone doesn't cover all expenses that crop up: higher rent, medications, an occasional doctor visit, etc.. So loosen your purse strings a bit; I'm sure it won't be too hard on you. There, I'm through now!

Write soon. Best wishes,

Your Willi

May 1910

Dear August,

Did you receive the book? I sent it registered. If you didn't receive it you'll have to put in a claim.

The latest here is that brother-in-law Franz is not coming over. Either he developed cold feet or went completely off the deep end. We haven't actually seen him; he informed us of this through his godfather. We feel so bad for Father, that he must suffer yet another disappointment. Hopefully no large scale expansion plans will be implemented over there before the news that Franz isn't coming reaches them.

Write again soon,

Willi

Dear August, I bought this card and planned to write, but my husband the penny pincher got to it first. There's nothing more to tell. Many heartfelt greetings,

Finchen

Heartfelt greetings from me too! Luise Emanns

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<sup>1</sup> In Germany high school (Höhere Schule) is an option that in most cases must be paid for. At age 10 a child must pass an exam to enter high school, which is attended until age 16 when a choice is made to attend trade school, leave school altogether, or continue two more years and take another exam to qualify for university acceptance. If a child cannot afford to attend high school, as in Franz and Tina's case, he or she will usually continue grade school (Volksschule) until age 14 then enter an apprenticeship. Later on in life, Franz, who enjoyed reading and studying, mentioned he was disappointed in not being given the opportunity to attend high school.

12 May 1910

From: Willi Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

We received your dear letter and thanks to its enclosure were able to deposit 60 Pfennige in our sons' piggy banks, for which they thank their uncle August very much.

I haven't searched any further for *Philosophy of the Unconscious* but did leave your address with a bookseller in Bonn who will send catalogs and notify you if a used copy turns up. In case you prefer a new copy I'll be happy to try and find one.

Regarding little brother Josef, your proposal will have to wait. He failed. Mother has your letter in Cologne and will undoubtedly write you herself. The convalescent home in the country is no good; first of all, you know how Mother thinks and that she wouldn't want to live in the country; and secondly, she still has the three youngest Hochsheids to care for. Her finances are as tight as ever; she's had to buy a number of things including new dentures. The dentures are mostly due to my constant pestering, since I believe this is the first step toward a healthy stomach. Especially this month is very tight, and she hoped you would be able to send something. Apparently that didn't happen, but you should try to do it again regularly on a monthly basis. Even considering your debts you should be able to send something.

We really aren't in a position to constantly help out (not just for Mother). Today I'm sending our last 700 Marks to Father. He will use it to procure an acid storage tank, which will save \$100 per year in freight expenses. This is the last of it; we have contributed our entire savings: Mother and Father 1,350 Marks, Berta 200 Marks, Fritz 120 Marks, Franz Hövel 540 Marks. This last amount is likely lost, since the boob, in addition to the infamy regarding his America trip, now wants to go so far as to indemnify himself from any involvement in our past irregularities regarding his mother's inheritance. Even if, in this case, we did handle everything correctly, a judge might see things differently, which is why we'll probably refrain from pursuing a lawsuit. Naturally the last word hasn't been said about this subject.

One advantage we have over the American relatives is that we have absolutely no debts, and that makes a big difference. Otherwise things are going well here, hope the same for you. How are your stocks doing? Greetings from your,

Willi

Also Finchen and the offshoots.

14 May 1910

From: Friedrich Hochscheid  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: August Hochscheid  
336 West 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue  
Kalispell, Montana

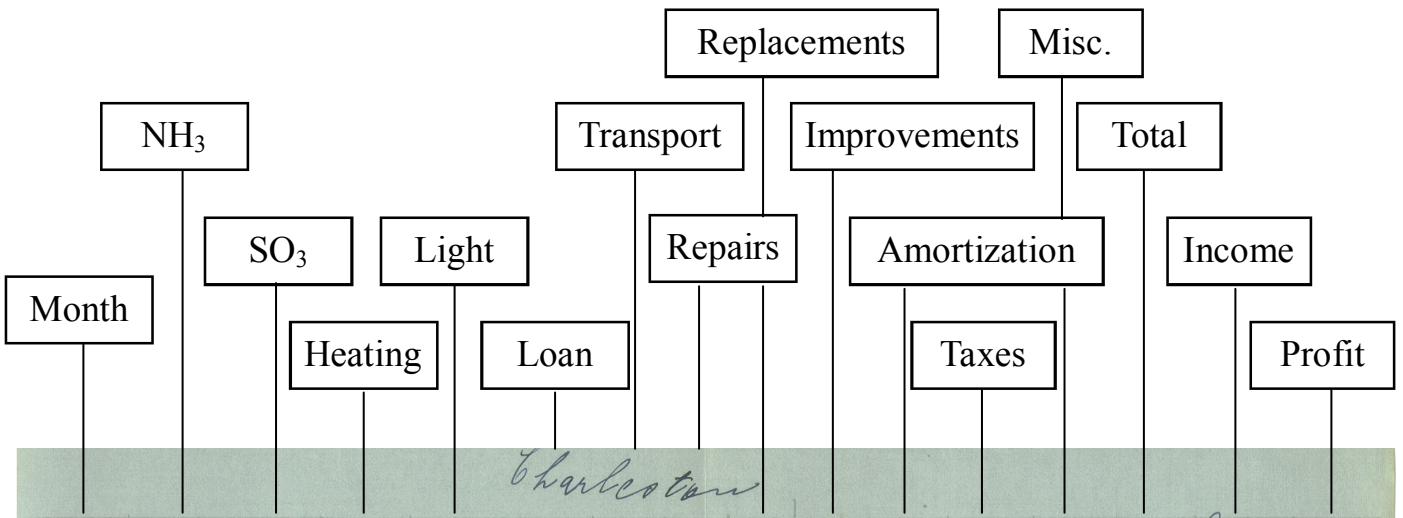
Dear August,

It seems that to have debts and to have to pay off debts is chronic in our family. I don't understand when Mama writes that hopefully things won't go here as they appeared to from the beginning. Things are going exactly as calculated from the beginning; we earn just what we figured we would, and if we don't have earnings to spare on hand it is only because we started out here without a penny. The company is paying the bills for the start up expenses and debts of approximately \$1000. The company also loaned us \$150 living expenses. This was unfortunately not included in the start up capital; instead, \$75 of it was withheld from our wages last month, leaving us with only \$3.50, which of course is not enough to live on. Naturally we will insist that from now on the company withholds no more than \$20 per month. We are amortizing the circa \$1000 start up capital into five yearly payments, since we have a five year contract. As you can well imagine, the situation is difficult for us here.

The company (our company) with my brother Paul dates from October first, and you can see on the enclosed summary sheet that after deductions for amortization and other expenses, \$428.25 profit was earned in the first six month period. Here in Charleston \$515.21 profit was made after deducting the \$75. Together the amount totals \$943.46, which split between Uncle Paul and me comes to \$471.73. Of that amount I've sent \$105 to Mama and used \$125 for room and board plus cost of living, and about \$175 is working capital and an advance to Fritz for the purchase of furniture and such.

So you can see on what a narrow margin we operate. The accounting for April won't be complete for eight to ten days; the figures penciled in are only guesstimates. We're coming up on the meager summer production when income is obviously reduced, so we can't expect much improvement before next spring. We'll have to have a good winter's production behind us, and then hopefully our troubles will be over. Also our profits here would have been much better if the gas company's facilities were a little more up to date, and we're hoping for some upgrades there in the coming year.

That we could have used Franz Hövel's money is obvious. It wouldn't have been used for the local plant here; we wanted to try and establish plants in other states. For example, on October 1<sup>st</sup> the Chattanooga water may become available, but to start again with no money whatsoever... no thank you! And it is doubtful the folks there would loan us the money. The missing element is for us to get a chance to process the gas water of a big city and manufacture spirits of ammonia and water free ammonia. There would be much money to



*Charleston*

Month	NH <sub>3</sub>	SO <sub>3</sub>	Heizung	Licht	Wärmep.	Transp.	Repar.	Erstg.	Verbess.	Amor.	Zinsen	Ver-schie.	Summe	Gegeben	Steuern	
						post	abw.		erung	tration		darle		Umsätze		
Nov/Dez	60 -	53 44			60 -	16 50							16 75	206 69	20 1 16	-
Jan	165 09	67 46	43 74	f.	60 -	23 -			40				182 367	51 569	58 208	07
Feb.	157 65	63 42	9 51	f.	60 -	7 -			50				85 298	93 541	34 242	41
März	133 29	57 93	37 50		63 -	20 -	50	120	2 -	75 -			250 392	92 457	65 64	73
April	105	46 87	34 48		63 -	12 -	16 25	25	2				68 278	50 357		28 47

*Augusta*

Oct	95 85	28 61								16 66	2 -	12 40	155 52	197 35	41 83	
Nov	136 75	33 84								16 66	2 -	18 55	207 80	284 49	76 69	
Dez	172 90	58 27								16 66	2 -	80 5	257 88	353 94	96 06	
Jan	132 75	41 24			60	1 50	5 25	3 46	85	16 66	2 -	1 -	104 65	266 33	67 68	
Feb	148 65	36 27			60	1 50	4 -	1 75		16 66	2 -	1 -	212 43	309 19	96 76	
März	139 25	54 89			75	2 -	7 95	65	5 -	16 66	2 -	4 -	232 70	288 38	55 23	



be made doing that, but it would also cost much, and it seems to me that in America obtaining the necessary funds is more difficult than in Germany.

We could use some money for improvements here also; for example, we transport the acid in iron barrels conveyed in carts, which costs us \$1.25 per ton, or per year at least 100 tons at \$125. If we had a tank for the acid so it could be transported by train, one 20 ton tanker would cost \$5, which adds up to a savings of \$100 per year. Also the iron barrels cost \$10 to \$12 apiece and don't last long. You can see how, in this case, money that could be counted as earnings is lost when one doesn't have enough money to set oneself up properly to begin with; and this is only one of many such instances.

Write and tell me how many debts you have and to how many creditors. Wouldn't it be possible to consolidate them and make one regular payment so you wouldn't have to deal with so many creditors wanting money? I can't give you much hope of help from here over the summer months. During the winter I may be able to help you out a little.

If only the stupid bakery fiasco hadn't happened things would have been better there for all of you. With Peter it is another predicament; he seems to be making a habit of wandering from place to place. He'll never find steady work that way and will have to search a long time before roasted ducks fly into his mouth. I hope for the best for him but worry a great deal.

Heartfelt greetings,

Father

Dear August,

I didn't write last month because I couldn't send anything. We can't make ends meet here with the \$60 I earn and the \$25 that Father adds. The cost of living here is much higher than in Kalispell, and also we needed a few things, which we are currently paying off. What I've sent you so far I've borrowed from Father, but that's beside the point. I had hoped to send \$10 to \$20 each month, but the decrease in production over the summer may affect that. I'll send whatever I can spare.

We can't redeem the brooch yet and will write to Brinkman about it when time allows.

Greetings,

Fritz

Bund der technisch-industriellen Beamten

Ortsgruppe Köln.



Duisburg  
Köln, den 15. Mai 1910  
Neue Weselerstr. 96<sup>I</sup>.

From: Hermann Gerke  
Neue Weselerstr. 96  
I Etage  
Duisburg

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3rd Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Today we received your letter, forwarded by Willi, and I am so astonished by your thoughts about the ammonia factory in Charleston that I felt compelled to write you immediately.

You wrote care should be taken with Franz's money and used where it would be most needed. The main concern now is that Franz's sensibilities changed at the last moment, and he stayed here, in spite of having deposited 50 Marks for his ticket—a sum that is also now lost. The fool!

In the immediate future they need money over there as much as they need bread, especially for the factories in Charleston and Augusta. Up until now both factories have been producing the free ammonia from gas water; however, in both cases the facilities aren't equipped well enough to produce complex NH<sub>3</sub>. But it isn't just a matter of being able to produce NH<sub>3</sub>; on the contrary, this would only need to be produced at times when the market values of ammonium chloride or liquid NH<sub>3</sub>, which could be produced in an enlarged plant, are not relatively high enough to make manufacturing them worthwhile. Ordinarily the earnings from the production of these two products are huge, with a 200% return on investment per year, according to Pintsch, a Germany company. I beseech you, if at all possible, to raise money for your father's enterprise. Since you are in the U.S. it can't be that difficult, at least not as difficult as it would be in Germany. Don't put it off. I urge you to do everything possible toward that end. I personally had a firm assurance of obtaining 12,000 Marks, and even started making preparations to come over, when the lady chose not to fulfill her promise.

Aside from making improvements to the existing factories, the funds are necessary to establish new ones. The earnings will grow in proportion to expansion, and if the Americans are too stupid to process their own gas water (which every gas plant does here in Germany), we'll simply have to skim the cream off for ourselves. This also answers the question of what Willi, and eventually I, want to do in America: Take over and run new factories, since every new plant needs an overseer. This will only work if capital exists to build them; without it we wouldn't come over.

Is your skepticism lessening? As you can see we have studied the situation in more detail than you. When it comes to understanding your father's ideas on ammonia production in the southern USA, you are as far away as the remotest Russian hinterland, dear August, and I'm sorry about that. You must know that the success or failure of the enterprise depends on Father, and he is no longer young. If in the coming days everyone, including anyone remotely associated with the Hochscheids, doesn't contribute all his energies to help promote this most important opportunity that will never come again, he will be guilty of an irreversible sin of omission. Especially now that Franz Hövel, whom one has depended on for an entire year to come through with the funds, has fallen by the wayside. It is maddening that those holding the money are usually idiots.

If you want to familiarize yourself with  $\text{NH}_3$  send for the Berlin manufacturer, Julius Pintsch A.G. company brochure titled *Ammonia Water Processing Plants*. It is free. But don't continue to go indifferently along your way; do something! It would be a shame if they went under, or if they were forced to deal with investors for whom they would end up being mere employees without substantial earnings. If the capital can be found there is an incredible amount of money to be made. Others in the South will realize this soon enough, and it will no longer be as easy to enter the marketplace for us as it would be now.

Enough for today. Write back soon. Heartfelt greetings also from Berta.

Your Hermann

17 May 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Is it my turn to write or yours? The program and newspaper clipping was the last I received from you; I think my last letter still hasn't been answered.

I'm very pleased about your tremendous success. Tina had the newspaper announcement translated in her English class. Through the sales associate's guild she is able to take English lessons; ten hours for three Marks. She's doing well and enjoys it. She's also making good progress with her piano lessons and is passing what she learns onto Franz. He doesn't have much time to practice, though, since he purchased a friend's bicycle that requires all his free time and pocket money to restore. He already made a few excursions with it and wonders whether, instead of *Der Hauslehrer*, you would send him a dollar every now and then so he can spend a little more on parts. Yes, dear August, cancel the *Hauslehrer* subscription; it is an unnecessary expenditure. Franz has little interest in reading at the moment, and Josef finds the children's stories silly, and he's too young to understand the other articles. Most of the material is covered here at school anyway. Also with the music it is still a little too early for Josef. He enjoys playing outside so much I don't want to deny him that pleasure; perhaps we'll start him on lessons this winter when the weather keeps him indoors.

Here in the house the oldest son of our house manager is a young teacher's assistant who gives lessons to Tina. I think he will be useful for Josef, also.

And now I have a favor to ask you, dear August. Wouldn't it be possible for you to send me \$10.00? With the new furniture, the move and piano restoration I got a little behind. All month long I hoped to receive something from you, or isn't it possible now?

Father wrote today that production is lean during the summer months, but he would see to it that I receive the usual sum. If he's unable to obtain money from somewhere I fear the situation there will go awry. It would be terrible.

You, dear August, are out of it now, but we all still feel the pinch; Fritz very much, Berta not much less and, at the moment, I do too. I sent Wiedenfeld the first 50 Marks. I also had my teeth made for 70 Marks and have already paid 40 of it.

Heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your very loving,

Mother

25 April & 27 May 1910

From: Tina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: Peter Hochscheid  
General Delivery  
Vancouver, BC

Dear Peter,

Today you'll hear a little something from me. It was probably a few months ago that I started a letter to you, but it got put aside for Mother to add a few lines, and you know how it is if one doesn't take care of things immediately; it was never sent.

I want to thank you for the pretty postcards; I do so enjoy hearing from you. You know what would be nice? A detailed description of your life during the years you've been in America. You don't need to write it all at once, everyday one or two pages, perhaps three or four on Sundays. Then one day we would receive an interesting letter of 20 or 30 pages, a sort of diary. That would be excellent. Do it, dear brother!

Maybe sometimes you wish you were back in Cologne, here by the Dom and the beautiful Rhine. Yesterday, through the guild, we toured the Dom's treasure chamber for 30 Pfennige. Too bad you're not here; we could go out together now and then, and you could drink a glass of Kölsch. Don't you want to return to Germany? I'm not so very excited about coming to America anymore, what do you say to that? If I don't go to America perhaps I'll go to Africa instead. I'm taking English lessons now, the second one will be on Friday, and half-hour piano lessons twice a week. I enjoy them. It's so nice to have a piano.

Most importantly we now have a comfortable apartment again. I have a nice little room all to myself. When will you settle into a home of your own, dear Peter, and where will it be? When will you introduce Luise to us as your wife? Why don't you come over here and get her? Just to exchange letters I think is not enough.

Stay well and don't take too long in writing the journal. A heartfelt kiss from your little sister, Tina

May 27

See how it is, dear Peter, again a month has gone by, and this letter is still here, and I could have written another in that time. What can one say about Luise? Yes, the best girls often turn out to be worthless. Better find yourself a woman closer at hand. You know, it really isn't absolutely necessary that one marries. Forget about the whole thing, and be like August and me. Later on we three can live together, that's what we'll do! What does one get being married? To be free is much nicer. Heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your sister,

Tina

31 May 1910

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
34 Chapel Street  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: August Hochscheid  
336 West 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Your card came too late; my wife had already written a letter to the Brinkmans a day or two earlier. If, in spite of this, you think it is better to redeem the brooch and are able to raise the money to do so, by all means go ahead. I do think, however, they would be able to extend the time period, since they receive interest and have security.

I have some good news to report. Through Uncle we are in touch with a Mr. Unger from Chicago. This man builds chemical concentrator devices but recently got an offer to build ammonium chloride producing facilities for a Chicago meat packing company. He doesn't know how to do it. Uncle, while returning from Milwaukee (as delegate of the socialistic congress) heard of it and looked him up. Mr. Unger arrived here yesterday from Chicago, having made the trip especially for this purpose. Today we made up an agreement with him. The gist of it is that Father will provide all the necessary know-how and will go to Chicago if needed to build the plant and put it in operation. For this he will be paid traveling expenses and \$20 per week in advance for as long as he is needed, plus a third of the profits. It would add up to about 1,000 to 1,500 dollars for Father. Provided, of course, Mr. Unger gets the Chicago contract.

We produce less here during the summer because less gas is consumed.

Unfortunately we haven't received the financials for April. Will send you something if at all possible.

With best wishes,

Fritz

Heard that the mixed chorus broke up but the Liederkrantz remains under your direction. Is that true?

3 June 1910

From: Hermann Gerke  
Neue Weselerstr. 96  
I Etage  
Duisburg

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

The books for you are finally packed; also, I wrote a letter about the ammonia factory. I don't know whether or not you received it, since my honorable wife can't remember if she mailed it, and it isn't to be found anywhere. The books, however, are still here, and before I ship them I thought I'd better ask whether you still want them. They are *Lehrgang* by Otto, *Life of the Soul* by Lagarus, and you may also have Schopenhauer if you like, and anything else you can think of. I thought of including several periodicals. Let me know if you still want them, and I'll send them off immediately.

You seem to be doing quite well there and can boast of being the highest earning member of the Hochscheid clan. Hopefully, though, you will soon be left in the dust by those in the South.

Write again soon and I'll manage a longer epistle next time.

Heartfelt greetings,

Hermann

Dear August,

Greetings from me too! The above mentioned letter has indeed been sent, and you must have received it by now. Write to us soon. Our boys are growing and thriving. Do you have a picture of the oldest?

Your Berta

P.S. Franz Hövel is staying here in Germany and got himself engaged to Luise Emanns.  
Ha ha ha!

3 June 1910

From: Peter Hochscheid  
Charleston Photo Company  
White City  
Seattle, Washington

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Am here again since last Saturday. Received your letter while still in Vancouver. Things seem to be going very well for you there, if only you didn't have to bear the burden of all our debts alone. You are probably well established now, with enough pupils that you can count on a regular income. Plus you are your own boss!

With considerable effort I scraped together a few dollars for the journey south, but I had to spend them on any number of things during an involuntary forced vacation.

The boss took me with him from Vancouver to here, where he has a third business, "Photo Postcard Studio," in a summer amusement park. Here, then, is where I'll be working this summer and hopefully will get a chance to save a little and also send you a few dollars. I have a little shack with cot here, so I'll save by not having to pay room rent.

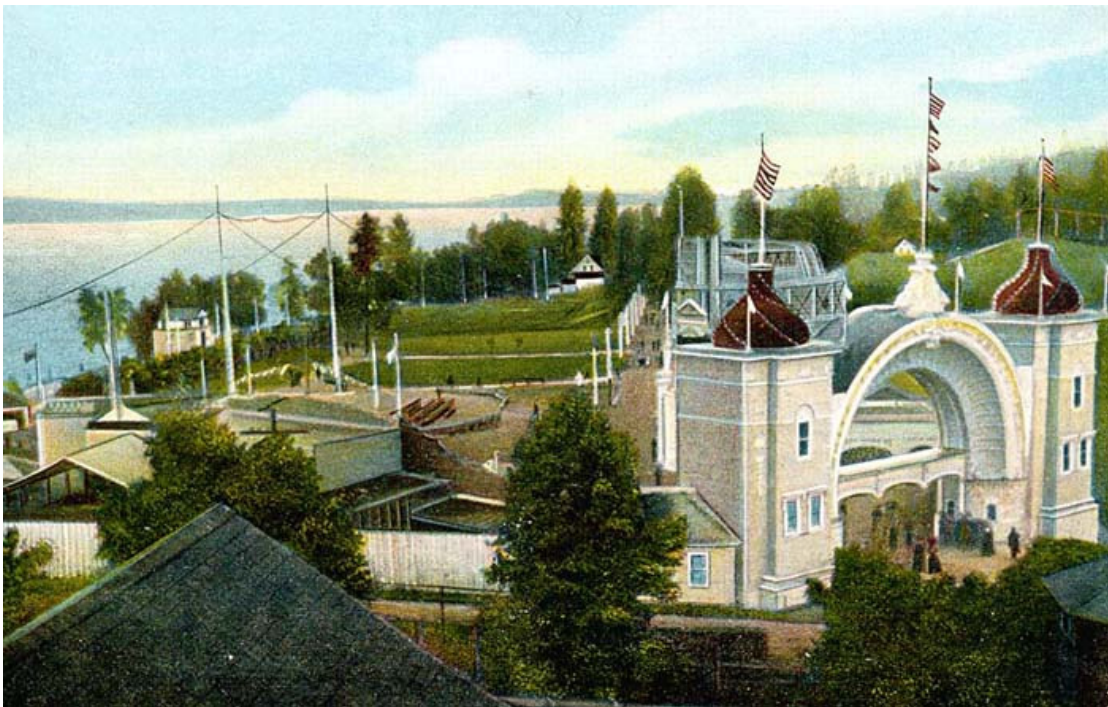
The last I heard from the South was that plans were being made to make use of Franz Hövel's money, and that I should be prepared to leave here at a moment's notice. Then I received a letter (weeks ago) in which Willi told me that Franz Hövel, after everything was all planned and ready to go—even having ordered his travel ticket—suddenly backed out. Franz couldn't even bring himself to tell the relations in person so he sent his godfather to do it for him on, I believe, the day before his scheduled departure. What they are saying about this in the South I don't know; in any case, they will not be happy to hear the news. The letter was partially written by Mama during Easter while visiting Finchen who, wanting to add a few lines, kept it for an entire month during which time Mama was said to be very ill. But when the letter was finally finished and sent, Mama was apparently back on her feet. I don't know if you heard about that.

That's all I know. Write more often.

Heartfelt greetings,

Peter





White City Amusement Park was located at the end of an electric trolley line at Madison Park in Seattle. Among other attractions, the park included a large roller coaster, Ferris wheel and hotel.

13 June 1910

From: Peter Hochscheid  
White City  
Seattle, Washington

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Didn't receive your card till Saturday. It was forwarded here from Vancouver, and my boss carried it around in his pocket for two days before he remembered it. Hence the delay.

Hope the enclosed \$5 come in handy; it's all I can spare. In the meantime you'll have received my letter and understand my situation. I'm making \$10 per week now but imagine there'll be more once business here becomes steady. Currently most of our business occurs on Sundays.

Nothing else is new. Have you heard from the South? I need to write them again soon.

Heartfelt greetings,

Peter

16 June 1910

From: Hermann Gerke  
Neue Weselerstr. 96  
I Etage  
Duisburg

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Today we received your letter, and I thought I'd respond right away while it is still fresh in my mind. Mostly I want to make sure you don't interpret my prior "ammonia letter" to be an appeal to you as "money man." I know you are not, even though the descriptions of your income lately have gone to people's heads here. I was only referring to possibilities. It could happen that one suddenly finds himself crossing paths with one of those plutocratic money men who may show an interest in the venture. Then one must use that opportunity to lasso him in. With my strong convictions I wanted to try and make you aware of the genuinely good ideas your father has—to convert you from being indifferent to somewhat interested. Apparently that didn't happen, but hopefully today's explanation will take the edge off any awkwardness you may have felt.

We are sorry to hear your income has not remained at the same level because it seemed you had quite a comfortable lifestyle there, while not completely free of debts, nevertheless self sufficient, which is more-or-less the wish of anyone who must work for a living. In that regard I've also taken steps to go up another rung on life's venerated ladder of success. Time will tell if I succeed.

I stopped here the day before yesterday and asked my wife to continue the letter. She said she would but has yet to, so I'll babble on some more. On that day we received a card from Father telling us that an engineer there, Unger, wants to build an ammonium chloride plant but doesn't know how to go about it. He promised Father a third of the net profits in exchange for his help. An agreement was made, and according to Father, this would bring in enough to build a new ammonia factory for the Hochscheid Brothers in Chattanooga on November 1<sup>st</sup>. It made me very happy to hear this; may it all come to pass smoothly according to the agreement!

In the meantime I've re-read your letter. You wrote, "If it were here in Kalispell I would immediately undertake to raise at least \$1000 for it." That brings me to the question, does Kalispell have a gas company, and if so what is the population there?<sup>1</sup> If not, is there a larger city in the vicinity that does have a gas company? I seem to be bent on this business of processing gas water and rooting out opportunities. Also I wanted to ask you,

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<sup>1</sup> There was no gas company in Kalispell. Population was 8353.

since Montana is part of the USA along with South Carolina and Georgia, the same laws would apply to all the states, so isn't it feasible to borrow money there and send it to the South, at least easier than from Germany to America? I seem to be reverting to my prior letter so enough about this.

But I do have something else to ask you. I'm interested in how you spend your days there. I absolutely cannot visualize it; or what the area surrounding Kalispell is like and whether you sometimes go on tours through the countryside, etc.. If you are in the mood to write after a walk one evening or while enjoying a good cigar, tell us a little about these things.

And now a few words from that honorable lady, my wife.

It is a peculiarity about women that while at first they never get around to writing, once they do the words never stop. And so I'll close this letter myself after another two-day delay. During that time I remembered something else about the ammonia factory. If you are able and willing to raise \$1000, let's say at 12% interest, then why don't you ask Father if he and Uncle Paul would be willing to give you an interest in the profits in exchange for supplying the capital, and at what percent? Father could provide you with an estimate of the expected yearly profit yield, and you could calculate how much you would have left over after paying your lender 12%. I intend on asking Father the same thing, since it may be possible for me to raise 5000 Marks here. This would achieve two things: It would not only put money into the hands of those in the South, but into my pockets as well. One wouldn't have to become an industrialist, as you can see, yet it would help in two ways. I haven't thought this completely through yet; the idea came on the spur of the moment. Also I don't know the position the company would take on this, but for now will assume it to be doable. With that I'll finally close.

With heartfelt greetings,

Hermann

Dear August,

Yes indeed it is peculiar how women can't just sit down and write as easily as a man does, with household, children, husband and oneself to care for. Yes, women have it so good! Our work is never appreciated.

For heaven's sake, dear brother, who cares what people say! Horde your money secretly if you're able, so that you can visit us soon. Next time I'll write you all about us and the children. Have you written to Peter? The poor guy always seems to have bad luck. Where is he now and what are his plans? Does he write you? We are worried about him; hopefully he won't take it too hard. Write us in detail soon. For today, heartfelt greetings from your sister,

Berta

I just wrote Father suggesting what I mentioned earlier. I'll leave it up to you whether you want to wait to hear his answer from me later or write to him yourself. Perhaps he'll think it sudden and extreme, or maybe he'll like the idea. In any case, do what you think is

best. Tell Schwiers that a Mr. Aumund from Lankenau sends greetings. He had apprenticed with Schwiers' father and is now an engineer at the Chamotte Factory in Stettin.

Hermann

Dear August,

Arrived here with my three satellites today to pay a visit and will probably stay until Monday. As you can imagine it is quite lively here with all five boys together. Willi is currently in Munich and won't be back for ten days. Mother probably wrote you the latest family happenings so there's not much else to tell. Health wise we are all doing well, and the only thing we wish for is to win big in the lottery. Vacation begins in July, and we're taking our kit and caboodle to Wassenberg bei Dahlheim where we've made reservations; hopefully the weather will be good. How about your vacation, are you allowing yourself time off? I would think it essential after your ears are filled with piano clinking all day long. I think we still owe you a letter. You'll have to be patient until my spouse returns. Just now we're being serenaded by a chorus of voices, not the prettiest concert, but this too shall pass, as Mother always says.

Heartfelt greetings from your sister-in-law,

Finchen

17 June 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: Peter Hochscheid  
White City  
Seattle, Washington

My dear Peter,

For your Namenstag I'm sending you my best wishes. Hopefully fortune will soon smile on you too, dear Peter. This I wish for you from my heart.

Your loving Mother

I pray everyday for you, my dear son. Did you receive our letter? And will you write us soon? I'm also to congratulate you heartily from Franz and Josef.

My dear Brother

I too sincerely wish good fortune for you. Perhaps I'll write you another little letter soon, but then I'll receive one back from you, right? For today heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your sister,

Tina



22 June 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Yesterday I received your postcard and today the postal voucher with the short note and your business card. You certainly have an impressive title, dear August! I will pick up the \$5, or 20 Marks and change tomorrow at the post office if the carrier doesn't bring it. Best of thanks for the generous donation; I hope it doesn't put you in a bind.

I read your letter to Berta and Hermann. I heard from Finchen that Willi wrote that you should send me something every month, but as long as you're in debt I don't want it. I thought that with such a nice income as you had \$5 wouldn't make that much difference. To make ends meet in the last few months I've had to borrow in addition to Father's \$25, but now we are nicely settled. We still lack a few things, but I will save up for those. As I wrote you, I took over the piano payments from Hermann, and providing Father sends another \$25 in July, I will send the second 50 Mark payment to the Wiedenfelds, leaving a 480 Mark balance, which will take nine months to pay off if I can manage a payment each month. Hermann still owes them a payment, but they are so strapped that I'll probably end up paying it.

Dear August, you must try to convince Peter to look for sensible employment so that he can start paying his share of your debts. Have you heard that his planned engagement to Luise fell through? She got engaged to Finchen's brother, Franz. She didn't want to go to America and is glad to find a man, even if it is a Franz Hövel who is eight years younger. That's all right with me, but Peter is one hope poorer and a disappointment richer. The poor guy never has any luck. But it's really better that he stays single until he can support a family. Write him that, August, and tell him I'd like it if he would send you something each month; then I would gladly accept \$5 from you every month, which I would save for emergencies.

Just think, last week Herr Grüneberg again sent Johann to pay me a visit, and he interrogated me like a schoolboy. I again managed to put who knows what over on him. He said Herr Grüneberg was displeased and thought it strange that Father went to America, leaving his family here in the lurch. I wonder for how long they will leave me alone now. I wish we no longer needed them. If the unmarried sons could divert some funds here on a regular basis, and Father could send 30 to 35 dollars, it would work. Also Tina should look for a better position, but she doesn't want to work in a department store and jobs in specialized stores are hard to come by. Starting in April Franz will earn 30 Marks—he now makes 20—but we haven't received much cash in the last few months because from work he purchased a nice carpet and high quality tablecloth.

Do write me a long letter soon, dear August. Why did you lose the mixed choir? How are your stocks doing? How are things overall? Have you gained weight and matured into a man? How must Father like it, living with the Hochscheid Jr. Family? The poor man would certainly be better off here with me, now that there are no little children here anymore, and we could lead a comfortable, quiet life together. But he didn't want it. If something substantial comes of the whole thing and Father remains healthy for many more years then it would all be worthwhile, but I can't quite trust in that hope, and fear that once we are free from want, death will soon follow. But we won't lose faith and will hope for the best and keep striving forward. Father wrote me yesterday if the deal with Mr. Unger goes well he will leave for Chicago in four to six weeks. Franz told me Chicago is a good distance closer to where you are.

I'm waiting for a letter from you, dear August. Tina would also like being remembered on her day, but it must be with a long letter; three words on a postcard won't do. Berta is counting the days until then; it will be her first visit to Cologne with her two exuberant boys. I'm looking forward to it. Finchen was here a short while ago for a couple of days with her three sons; they are all fine boys, but it was a little too much commotion for me.

Live well my dear boy and receive heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your loving,  
Mother

Your siblings send heartfelt greetings as well.

You made no comment about our having your piano again. I hope someday you will again play something on it for me.

7 July 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: Peter Hochscheid  
Charleston Photo Company  
White City  
Seattle, Washington

My dear Peter,

We received your dear letter and the wondrous card for Tina. The girl in the photo has a strong resemblance to Tina. If you made the card by copying an image of Tina onto the picture then you succeeded splendidly. When I first saw it I said, "This must be Berta, since Tina is not wearing her hair up now." but later we all agreed it is Tina. I know you are a master magician, and I hope, even though you are in bad circumstances now, that you will in time succeed.

Father seems to be a little peeved that you never answered him when he wrote you should go back to August so that in case they need you in the South you would be closer at hand. Papa means well, and even if he's a bit gruff once in a while, he only wants what's best for all of you. Write to him now and then.

If it is because you don't want to work together with Fritz anymore, there would be no need for that anyway. Everyone should have a plant of their own in time, and I think it would be better if everything were run by our own family than strangers.

I've always known, as have all your brothers and sisters, what a good heart you have, which your last letter again made so clear. And that's why I ask that you please try, if at all possible, to help pay back some of the debt in Kalispell. Willi wrote August that he should send me at least \$5 every month, since I've been ill lately and need money for tonics and also for emergencies. August wrote back he would like to send it very much if he weren't under so much pressure from the debtors. He can't do it all alone. Fritz does send him money though. Father sends me \$25 per month, but of that I must send 50 Marks to the Wiedenfelds. As you've probably heard I have the piano back from Berta and took over the debt of 500 Marks. So if it is at all possible, dear Peter, please try and chip in.

We will, of course, pass along your wishes regarding Luise.

Nothing is new here, always the same routine. Everyone is well, you too I hope? Greetings and kisses from everyone, especially from your loving,

Mother

Keep your head high. Then all is possible! Tina will write you again soon; for now she thanks you for the wonderful card.



8 July 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

I'm finally in possession of the money you sent. You didn't include a street address, so the money order went to a number of villages before finally arriving here. I received it after several trips to the post office. So next time be sure to write the full address, my dear absent minded professor.

I was so pleased that I finally treated myself to a pull-out table. The dentist can wait another month for his payment. I sent the second 50 Mark payment to the Wiedenfelds. Once I get that debt off my back things will improve.

Peter wrote me a long letter. He is earning \$10 per week. Of course, it costs less to live there than here, but he hopes to make more soon. I wrote him he should try and contribute to paying off your debt, and then I could accept money from you for emergencies.

Otherwise everything is routine here. Berta is coming on the 24<sup>th</sup> with her whole family. I'm looking forward to that, even though it can get chaotic at times.

Heartfelt greetings and kisses from your brothers and sisters and especially from your loving,

Mother



Hochscheid Residence - Quirinstrasse 8, Cologne - Upper Story (II Etage)

16 July 1910

Dear Hermann, The entire "Hochpffiff" family sends you heartfelt greetings on your birthday and wishes you and your loved ones all the best. Just a few more days and we'll finally see each other again, God willing. Till then greetings to all, Mother



19 July 1910

From: Peter Hochscheid  
1303 First Avenue  
Seattle, Washington

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

You'll have looked for something from me in vain. I desperately needed a new suit, which I've been paying off at \$3 per week. This is the last week and the first that I'm receiving \$12. Can send you \$3 at the beginning of next week and hopefully from then on \$5 every week. Hopefully you've managed to scrape by.

I'm currently working downtown where the boss has another store. There wasn't enough going on in the park.

Write soon. Heartfelt greetings,

Peter



22 July 1910

From: Friedrich Hochscheid  
Augusta, Georgia

Peter Hochscheid  
1305 First Street  
Seattle, Washington

Dear Peter,

Fritz sent your letter of the fifth of this month on to me here. I'm visiting in Augusta at the moment, as you can see.

Alice had written, wondering if she should visit us in Charleston, especially now that the rail fares are cheaper. Naturally we were very happy to see her. While with us, she suggested I travel to Augusta using her return ticket, then upon my return the following Sunday, she would use my ticket to ride back home. After giving this some thought, I agreed and came here.

Toward the end of the week Fritz wrote he had taken Traudchen to see a doctor, and that she must go into the hospital for an operation. Aunt Marie, in order to care for the children and help with the housekeeping, rode to Charleston last Sunday, and Alice came back here.

Traudchen was admitted to the hospital on Friday, and the operation took place Monday morning. Fritz and Aunt Marie wrote that the operation went well, and as long as there are no complications, they hope Traudchen will be fully recovered in a couple of weeks.

Whether I'll return to Charleston and Aunt Marie to here this Sunday, I don't know. It depends on what they write next.

Now to answer your letter. August wrote you that things here with us could be better. This is correct and not just with respect to what we are earning. I don't believe I had written you that there isn't much to earn at plants as small as Charleston and Augusta especially if one can only produce sulfate. In addition the summer output is less than half a winter's production. Next it occurred to our foolish boy, Franz Hövel, to leave us hanging with his two thousand dollars, resulting in our not being able to expand to premises large enough to manufacture sodium chloride. And as though all that were not enough, the gas factory has informed us they are changing hands and will be producing water gas instead of coal gas. Currently they are busy building a new facility, but in January they will switch over, and our work here will come to an end.

If we could have had one more full winter of production, we would have finished here in better standing. From all sides one hears about nothing but debts. Mama took it upon herself to pay off the loan from the Wiedenfelds. Fritz had debts, in addition to buying his entire household on installment. And both of you are in debts up to your ears, and now we have the prospect that the work in Charleston will end in January. To be sure, the outlook is not rosy, and we have yet to see what Traudchen's operation will end up costing.

Regarding the businesses in Charleston and Augusta, we would have come out very well had we another winter behind us. Then the major debts would have been paid off. The

Augusta plant earned less in its second year because the customs duty on sulfate was cancelled last year.

What prospects do we have for the future? First of all, there is a gas engineer, Mr. Unger, for whom I would install and set in motion a sodium chloride producing plant for a large meat company in Chicago if he is able to get the contract with them. For this I would easily clear a thousand dollars, but we'll see if something comes of it. Then, through this same gentleman we may obtain the gas water of Mobile's and possibly Montgomery's gas factories. These are such small cities, though, that only one of us could support himself there. If we had the necessary capital and only taxes to pay, it could work; however, Mr. Unger will also want to earn something from this, so any expected profit would be meager, if at all.

We are also corresponding with Mr. Burton, a chemist in Nashville. He has a two year contract for the Nashville water. Nashville is a very good place, not just because it is a big city, but because the gas factory there is set up to extract 7 M NH<sub>3</sub> per ton of coal. Mr. Burton receives seven cents for the 7 M NH<sub>3</sub> in concentrated form, which he ships to Philadelphia. A price we can't allocate for sulfate. We've suggested producing sodium chloride and gaseous NH<sub>3</sub> if he can extend his water contract for a few more years, but he thinks Nashville is not a good enough market to sell these, which is ridiculous. One can't expect to sell a production of this magnitude all in one city; it must be shipped out to sell. We've also proposed starting a company that would in time cover all the larger cities. Mr. Burton liked this idea and wrote that in September he would travel to the East Coast to learn about the different Ammonia product markets and visit us on his return trip, so we could, if possible, develop this idea.

Also, in October Chattanooga will become available. We've planned to get this place, if only we can come up with the all important capital. The gas factory there also operates well, extracting 4 M NH<sub>3</sub> per ton of coal, which would produce approximately 70,000 M NH<sub>3</sub> per year. Unfortunately, under the present circumstances, we can't afford to go there and deal with the people personally, since we're not certain we'll have the necessary capital to back us up when the time comes to sign a contract. It would only require one thousand dollars to manufacture sulfate there and would give us enough income until we could take over other large cities with Mr. Burton or someone else.

Hermann wrote a few days ago he thought he could find investors in Germany. If he could personally guarantee such a loan, then perhaps, but otherwise I don't think anything will come of it. He wrote the same thing last year.

We've also inquired in Dallas and Fort Worth and received the news that they are in the process of laying pipe lines for natural gas. Once this is completed the gas producing factory will be laid to rest.

Now you see how things stand here. I've already thought when things come to an end in Charleston, and if we are unable to raise capital to start elsewhere, I'd return home, providing I still have the trip fare. If that happens there would be no use in my staying here. Of course, financially, the situation isn't any better in Germany. How long my pension will continue there, I don't know.

I'm sorry to hear you were sick again; by now you are hopefully well again. You are only

earning ten dollars a week? That seems very little to support yourself with. Have you no thoughts of how to increase it?

I'm thinking you'll send this letter on to August. Then he'll also know how things stand here. To write it all again would be too tiresome.

Why don't you go look at the gas factory in Seattle. It must be fairly large. Try to find out what the situation is there. Perhaps there is sodium chloride to be made there, or sulfate is reasonable. Of course if we don't have the money to work with there is nothing we can do there either.

Heartfelt greetings from Uncle Paul, Alice and Paula. With greetings to August and to you from your loving,

Father

Dear August,

Papa wanted me to send you this letter. It is remarkable what bad luck hangs over us!

Peter

4 August 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Today I'm finally able to thank you for your good wishes and present.<sup>1</sup> Father also sent \$5 and Willi 10 Marks. Berta brought me a blouse and Hermann a pretty bouquet of flowers, Tina made a beautiful needlework piano cover, and the children gave me two fine bedside rugs, which Franz acquired at a very good price where he works. Also I received many written and verbal congratulations from far and near. All of this made me very happy, and the day was spent in the company of the close family circle.

That you, dear August, hope to join us in two years... oh, how happy it would make me to still see the day! I wonder whether Father will be back by then. He wrote yesterday that the business in Charleston will end by January, since the gas company doesn't want to produce coal gas anymore, but he hopes to be able to start up somewhere else before then.

Is that to be our lot in the New World? It doesn't seem to me that our luck is any better there than here at home. It hasn't benefited Fritz at all to leave his steady employment here. Now he has more debts than he would have had he stayed here. And what about Peter? Hardly enough to live on, and nothing more than an underling! You really had the best luck of all, but also have the most knowledge or else you too would be a lackey, as one calls it here. There's nothing to be done about it now; what is begun must be seen through to the end. I've long ago stopped believing that we would find riches over there. I don't know what will happen next January if nothing new has developed over there and the pension falls away here. I hate facing those men under false pretences and will not go there again to beg and whine. Perhaps I'll let Willi send a letter to Herr Grüneberg. Not long ago he again sent Johann here to make inquiries, did I already write you that?

So, dear August, you joined the Sons of Hermann and have insured yourself so highly for our benefit. The main thing, though, is that you derive something for yourself from this association and insurance because I happily concede that you will live much longer than we will. We've done our deeds here on earth and must give up our place to those who are younger and more gifted. The important thing is that we make a friend of God, who one of these days will call us to account for our conduct here on earth. So don't continue trying to take our belief and religion away from us, dear August. You educated lords of creation try so hard to avoid talking about your fellow man and call us women gossips when we do,

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<sup>1</sup> Christina's Namenstag was on July 28.

and rightly so. Why then ferret out all the misdeeds and errors of the Catholic church and its priests, which occurred in the past and still occur today, in order to cast a bad light on it?

There was a time I fell into great doubt and no longer knew what to do, but I overcame it all with God's help. I'm very sorry that I am unable to convert you and your brothers, but praying for your spiritual and physical well being every day at the holy mass is not something you can deny me.

So, dear son, do not continue to try through your criticism of religion to alienate me or your siblings from our faith and our Catholic religion. We are happy with it, and I would rather give up all worldly things and pleasures than it. Don't think we have become head-hangers because of it; we are cheerful and amuse ourselves when my health allows, and I am as contented here in these lodgings as I've ever been anywhere.

Berta was surprised at how nice we have it here. Our living room is much nicer and larger yet cozier than it was in Elsdorf. Too bad you can't be here; you'd have everything as you like it. Berta returned home the day before yesterday. She would probably have stayed longer, and I would have enjoyed having her, even though it was rather hectic here with the two wild boys, but when the master beckons the wife must comply. Now things are quiet again here, and everything is back in order. How long things will stay that way here is uncertain. Our landlords have sold the house. They did, however, tell the new owner, our neighbor on the right, he should let us stay here, that we are quiet, clean people who pay the rent on time. But I wonder what will happen. It would be awful if I had to move again now.

Do you already know that Traudchen is in the hospital for an operation?

Don't be upset, my dear boy, that I cancelled the subscription to the *Hauslehrer*. Josef enjoyed reading the short pieces, but I can't really judge the rest, since I read very little of it, and Franz, as I've said, hardly reads at all, except occasional aviation periodicals. I thought it would be better if you gave the money the subscription would have cost to the children as a present at Christmas; you know how I am. I've already paid 150 Marks on the piano, 350 Marks remain. Today I'll pay the dentist his last installment.

I just remembered you asked how many rooms we have: a living room, large pretty kitchen, Tina and I each have a small bedroom, and the boys share a large mansard. No electric lights and bathroom, and no W.C., for that we have to go down to the courtyard, but we have a fine view and good air up here, which is worth something, isn't it? We can take baths in the public bath house.

With heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your loving,

Mother

Dear August,

Now for my views on your letter. I didn't know about some of the things you wrote, also have not given them much thought; for example, that a priest may eat meat on Friday. I don't doubt that he would do it, but it is understandable that the law giver doesn't necessarily always follow the laws he expects others to. A nineteen year old priest may indeed



have existed, just as there were princes of that age, but I don't believe he preferred priesthood over religion. Where did you get that from, and what Priest Alexander supposedly said? From the scriptures? I don't rightly know how it was in the middle ages regarding the witch hunts, but the worldly courts, not the church, were the ones who burned them.

But what does any of this have to do with faith? Isn't it all for the purpose of putting our beautiful Catholic religion down? Even if there have been people, and among them priests, who didn't live according to the faith, of which even today there are unfortunately more than a few, what does that have to do with the truth of believing? Truth will always exist, even if man doesn't want to acknowledge it. And that it will all end with Rome, as Hermann told Mother on Sunday, has been predicted many times but, as you see, has never come about. Many honest and good Catholics still exist, though, which you may not come into contact with because they don't move in your circles. We are not Catholic by mere chance, and will fiercely defend our religion. I can't convert you, and you cannot convince me. You free thinkers don't want to hear anything you don't believe in, but what *do* you believe in, dear August? The best would be if we don't argue about such things. I am happy to be back in my church. Let me have my peace. Later on we'll see who was right; they laugh best who laugh last.

Thank you very much for your Namenstag present. Father also sent me \$2. I can now put 10 Marks into my savings.

Regarding music, I will be taking lessons from Herr Music Director Leers. Mother probably wrote you that Dubbelfelds sold the house and moved out, and so it was that I had to take lessons elsewhere. Paul Leers, who you knew from when he lived with us on the Johannisstrasse, is also going to teach me harmony theory. It will come in useful even if I never become a piano teacher.

One more thing, don't think I never read the philosophy book. You wrote all the poets and philosophers are listed in the index, but Schiller and Goethe aren't there. You can understand that I don't venture into Schopenhauer and some others; they are over my head and perhaps also over yours. But there would be no opposition to studying such books.

Enough for today. Greetings and a kiss, your sister,

Tina

15 August 1910

From: Peter Hochscheid  
1303 First Avenue  
Seattle, Washington

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Enclosed, again, is a little. How are things there with you? In the South things are miserable again, as you may have heard. The gas water contained no ammonia at all, and they had to discontinue the work altogether. Traudchen wrote me a card and mentioned Fritz was looking for work. I don't know if he found any. If only this wretched curse on the Hochscheid family would end!

Here in Seattle business is very slow. How is it there? I was thinking if I could get a set-up of my own equipment together and travel around the country—to warmer climates during the winter—I could probably do better than here. I also still have the key check outfit and should make it pay. What do you think? Is anyone making "Finished While You Wait" postcards there? That might pay well for a few weeks. How's your business?

Write soon. Heartfelt greetings,

Peter

15 August 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

First of all, receive my very best wishes for your Namenstag. God grant that you celebrate this day in good health for many, many years to come. You thought that in two years you'll be here with us to celebrate my Namenstag, and then we'll be able to celebrate yours together also. Let's hope it really happens; I would enjoy it very much. Thank you for your good wishes and the nice present for my Namenstag. It just occurs to me I already thanked you in my last letter, or did I? I have become forgetful lately, especially with the new worries about the situation in the South.

Fritz must have written you about it. He wrote discouraging letters to both Hermann and Willi. Traudchen also wrote me a heartbreaking letter yesterday; they are in over their heads, have lost their nerve and become panic stricken. I suggested in two letters I sent last week that Traudchen should return to Germany with the children once she has recovered from her operation. Then Fritz could concentrate on finding work unhindered, while she would live here much cheaper than over there and could also earn a little with her sewing. I'm waiting for a letter from Father; he probably won't be able to send anything at first for awhile, which will frustrate him. I wonder what will happen; often my spirits start to sink. Write and tell me your thoughts.

Heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your loving,

Mother

Greetings from your brothers and sisters. Josef left for München-Gladbach today for a few days vacation.

16 August 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: Peter Hochscheid  
Seattle, Washington

My dear Peter,

Best of thanks for your nice card and Namenstag greetings. It was a very pleasant one. Berta was here with her husband and the little boys. She and the boys stayed on for ten days. I would have liked to keep her here longer, but Hermann couldn't spare her for more than that.

Have you already heard that things are not going well in the South? I haven't heard much yet from Father, but Fritz wrote dispiriting letters to Willi, and Hermann and Berta. Plus Traudchen had to go into the hospital for a difficult abdominal operation. Now Fritz has lost his nerve completely. It is terrible; where will he get the money to pay for everything plus all the debts they still have?

You were right after all, as we all were who advised against emigrating to there, but what's the use? They had to see it for themselves. If the business ends by the end of the year, or immediately, as Fritz fears it will, we will be back where we started. What good are all the prospects and plans if there's no money to carry them out?

Traudchen wrote me a disconsolate letter from the hospital. Are we never to have any luck?

Write soon, dear Peter, and in detail. Maybe you know the answers to all our problems. Receive heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your very worried,

Mother

1 September 1910

From: Peter Hochscheid  
1303 First Avenue  
Seattle, Washington

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Received your letter but am still hoping for another, which you promised to write and answer the questions in my last letter. In the meantime you'll have mastered the art of using a typewriter. So there is hope at hand that, through you, we'll get out of this mire one of these days. You hadn't told me about your mining stock; you probably intended to but forgot. Hope you make thousands with it!

Now I have a favor to ask, since I know you can do it much better than I and also have a typewriter at your disposal, which gives a nice, business-like appearance. Awhile ago Papa and Fritz asked me to see about opportunities that may exist here for the ammonia producing business. I found out and let them know that a factory exists here in Seattle that manufactures water free ammonia as well as ammonium chloride. This factory has branches in the entire Northwest all the way to Frisco. (I'm sending them the company's business card.) To cover all bases I've promised to make inquiries at the following gas companies: Vancouver B.C., Everett, Bellingham, Tacoma and Spokane, Washington, and Portland, Oregon. The following questions should be asked:

Does the company save the ammonia liquor?

How is it utilized?

Would the company consider a contract for a period of five years, and at what price?

How many tons of coal are being carbolized annually?

Please do this for me as soon as possible. You know better than I how to compose a business letter, and you can typewrite it and send it to the cities listed above.

How is your business?

Heartfelt greetings,

Peter

Write soon.

5 September 1910

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
34 Chapel Street  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Germany

My dear Wallerchen,

Just moments ago the card with your words of solicitude, including those of your relatives, reached me. Heartfelt thanks! Did you receive the news my husband sent you in the meantime? He wrote telling you of the operation, which I luckily survived; it was seven weeks ago today. Since then I've been doing relatively well. From time-to-time I have to deal with dizzy spells and weakness and am still not fit enough to manage the household by myself. Yesterday I went on my first walk, which was painful and difficult. In spite of this the doctor spoke of the strength of my nerves and praised the progress of my recovery as exceptional for such a case. But now I am only partly a woman. The ovaries were removed; they were infected, reducing the eggs to mere water bubbles. During the procedure a calcified fetus that derived from a fallopian tube pregnancy was discovered. Then the uterus was scraped out. For this operation it was necessary to perform abdominal surgery. The preparations were dreadful. But I had no pain—well, there was some when the first bandages came off, and now there are short pains once in a while emanating from the internal and external scars. It really is wonderful that through such an operation one's life can be saved. During the examination the doctor told me that I would fall over dead without surgical help. And that's when I wrote you a card, my dear Minchen, to say goodbye, for the doctor did not conceal from me the danger that is associated with every operation. I'm very sorry I gave you such a shock.

On the day before the operation I immersed myself in the *Hausbuch Deutscher Lyric* by Avenarius. There were many poems that fit the occasion perfectly. One in particular gave me confidence, and I read it awestruck several times through. It is by Solitaire and is called "Between Heaven and Earth." Strengthened by it, I was prepared for surgery and wheeled into the operating room. There were four doctors present, one who administered the anesthetic. The feeling of being put under is something I'd like to describe, dear Minchen, but I don't think I can. It is so unique. Although my thoughts never changed, as I was being put under I had the distinct feeling that my soul was slowly being lifted out of my body and placed into a tunnel, where it was allowed to dwell. No, I see it can't be described. I do remember, though, that once the soul again reunited with the body—that is, when the mask was removed—I stopped thinking of anything altogether. The pleasant murmurings of the tunnel had ended, and I didn't awaken until three o'clock in the afternoon. The operation began at 7:00 am. I also woke up once during the operation. Apparently a corner of my mouth slipped out from under the mask. I heard voices and asked, "What?" A small adjustment to the mask and I was gone again. I won't write any more about it or you'll laugh at me, rascal that you are. Exactly how I perceived it couldn't be expressed anyway.

How have things gone in the meantime for you, dear Minchen, and for your husband and children? Did you change house numbers or have I always addressed wrong? I sent several cards over the summer but haven't answered your last letter. Hopefully the Mosel trip enabled you to recoup your health. You've suffered many disasters in Germany during this last year. How one country can have such diverse bad luck all at once! We currently have huge forest fires in the Northwest, in Montana and Washington. And here in the South the heat is so unbearable that we seldom get a good night's sleep, even though we usually lie naked under the mosquito net with the fan cooling the air and warding off mosquitoes, which manage to find a way in, in spite of all possible precautions.

No, dear Minchen, none of us could endure a second summer here. It's relentless. You should see our children; all their vigor has vanished. They have a genuine South American look. We are sad to see them that way.

I too was homesick during my illness. It was planned that I would return to Germany with the children for a year. Now that I'm better, I can't quite make up my mind to go and leave my husband here alone. I tried to sway him to go with us to Germany and maybe stay there permanently, but for now he doesn't want to hear about that; above all, he is set against going back to work for the post office. At the moment he is attending night classes at the high school to learn the English system of bookkeeping, business and bank accounting. This will assure him of landing a well paying position here, and eventually in Germany as well. In case we return he wouldn't be dependent on the post office.

You know, the business here will end in January or possibly extend through spring at the latest. The gas company changed hands and plans not to continue producing coal gas, which finishes us off here in spite of our five-year contract. We are negotiating with Nashville, Chattanooga and Atlanta, and we found someone who wants to put in \$5000. If things work out, we would manufacture ammonium chloride, which can be very lucrative, even though it is harder to find a market for it, and the overhead is more expensive. \$10,000 wouldn't be too much for a decent set up. If it comes to this, once things are running smoothly, Father would transfer his share to Fritz in exchange for a percent of the profits and return to Germany. America is spoiled for him. In Augusta the plant only brings in half as much as last year. The gas water there has become poor in content.

So you see, dear Minchen, things are not going well for us both health wise and business wise, and a thousand times we've wished we were back up North, not to mention Germany. The husband of a lady I made friends with in Kalispell has written my husband he should come to Spokane where they now live; he thinks he could help him find a position there as music teacher. This seems to me the best plan should we not return to Germany. The South has nothing to tempt me to stay even if we had the prospect of becoming millionaires here! And you should see our beautiful home: huge hallways, broad staircases, long and wide verandas; a singularly beautiful house, nicely furnished. Since last Easter we have our own furniture. How could we be so impractical? Now if we do go north what will we do with the stuff? Transporting the furniture would cost almost as much as buying it new again. And one gets next to nothing for used furniture.

Once again I've used many words when all I wanted to tell you is that what we have, and all the riches we hope to gain eventually, cannot hold me here. Most of all I'd like to go to

Germany, and I think I could sway my husband into doing it if he had a good position to set his sights on there.

I was rather lucky in finding a young married Negro woman who oversees the entire household. She is relatively clean and also relatively comely. In the afternoons, however, she is not to be had for work, nor is anyone else for that matter. What doesn't get done by noon is left for the next day. At five o'clock she returns to prepare supper then washes up and goes home. I can take care of the children myself, otherwise she would demand a raise in pay. I currently pay her \$1.50 per week plus three meals a day. It's possible to find girls for \$1.00 per week, but they are unreliable and not clean enough. It is astonishing what the culture here has made out of the strong Negro folk. Ours refuses to go across the street when it's raining. She doesn't go even after the rain has stopped but waits until the sun has started to dry the ground. Her excuse is that the rain makes her swell up and become ill. When the sun is out she won't take a step without a hat. Once when I wanted to send her on an errand and it was raining, she got a Negro from the back garden house to go, and I had to pay him five cents. The Negroes are very much aware of their freedom and won't lift a finger for free. If one asks them for something the first thing they say is, "What will you pay me for that?"

I wanted to say a few more things about the business. You once asked me, dear Wällchen, if the Americans themselves haven't gotten wise to using the gas water to make ammonia. When my father-in-law came here the first time over six years ago, the gas water in some of the cities was running off unused. You probably know that back then the capital they had was lost in a gold mine. When he came back last year, he found the same situation in Charleston; the gas water was not being used. Father purchased it, I believe, at three percent. The gas company supplied Father with the factory building and put up the money for the machinery and so forth. So when things end here, nothing will be lost except the prospect of a nice income for the next four years. To ask for the same deal as here in other places is not so easy; the Americans have become wise. All the places that would have gladly made a contract with Father back then are now already engaged in three and five year contracts. It never occurred to Father back then to ask the gas companies for the start-up capital.

And so, my dear Minchen, nothing else for today. Please write me soon. Greetings to your dear husband, Frau Marta and the Hanks Family. With much love and a kiss,

Traudchen

Just as I was about to send this, your dear letter of August 26<sup>th</sup> arrived. Many thanks for your kind words, and best of luck in the new venture. Be happy that your husband at least has something new in sight and try to take things as they come. My poor husband sometimes loses his courage. Nothing matters to me as long as I'm healthy. It escaped me completely that I had written you a card during my illness, so you already know what type of operation I had without this letter. I feel sorry for your Anneliese, that her illness recurs so often. What do you think about hydrotherapy? Don't you have a natural remedy book?

You addressed your letter wrong. There are several Charlestons. Address to: Charleston, South Carolina, U.S.A. Eleven Pfennig stamps are enough to put on your letters to me, especially when "Direct Route" is on them. Best of greetings from my Fritz to your Carl. Special friendly greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Hanks. Your enclosed flowers made me happy.

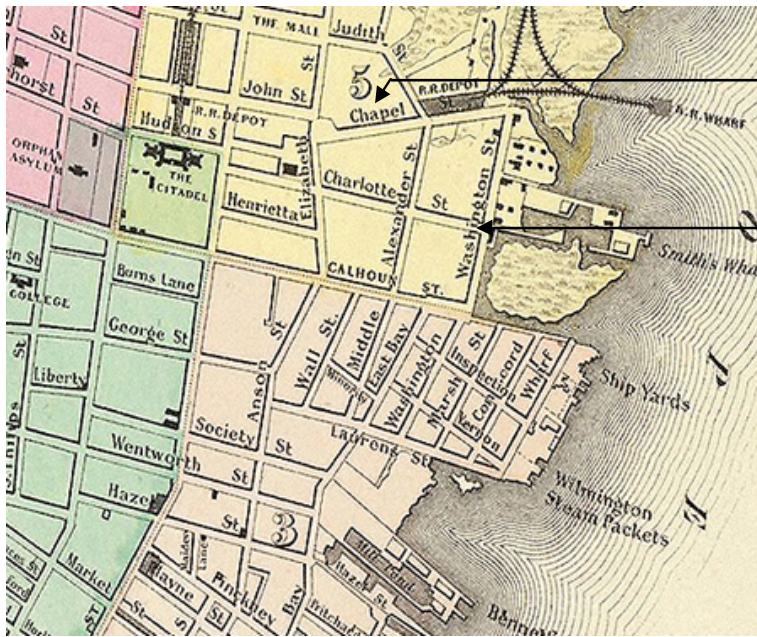


## 34 Chapel Street



In 2005 the house at 34 Chapel Street was put on the market, fully restored, for \$1,895,000. The house has 6059 square feet and operated as a bed and breakfast for a time. A former resident recalled: *I lived there from 1980-1982. My parents did the first restoration on this home. It's been redone yet again, but when they bought it, it was about to fall apart. The great thing is that the home has some historical importance. I believe it was built in 1836 and is a double-breasted architecture (I believe the only one of its kind in Charleston) and, although not definitely proven, is reputed to have been designed by the same person who designed the Washington Monument [Robert Mills]. I still remember going up into the attic and seeing the Roman numerals engraved into the rafters. The place was organized at a plantation somewhere then assembled on site using the Roman numerals as a blueprint for construction. Amazing place that house was!*





House at 34 Chapel Street

Ammonia Plant

## CHARLESTON SOUTH CAROLINA

Sharing her mother's letters with her sister some 65 years later, Annette jotted down a few recollections of the South:

*We where does she speak of our going to Atlanta<sup>1</sup> (Dorchan and I) and staying with Tante Maria, Uncle Paul, Mammie, Young Paul and Alice (Zipporen) those children were 8-10 and 12 years older than we were. We probably went to give parents a chance to recuperate - I remember breaking through a chicken house roof and running a nail through my right foot - Tante Maria in wanting to minister unto having trouble hauling me out from under the kitchen table - Guilty conscience I guess.*

*The Kalispell couple living in Spokane were the Rathgebbers - Annchen a daughter I last saw in Portland 10-12 years ago. You too?*

*Food in S. C. all scraps the negros divided between them including table scraps*

*Speaking of maids I can remember one using mothers powder puff after flicking her dress up dusting her black legs and private areas - and even at that age not saying anything about it to mother!!!*

*Our back yard, so to speak had 6 or 8 shanties all filled with negro families most of whom were available anytime for ? work. I can remember throwing water mellen pinks out the window and having 1/2 doz negros upset over that - guess they pickled them and of course 2 stories fall left not even small pieces.*

*At meal time can you remember we each had little black boys our age fanning us to keep us cool - flies + moskitas off too no doubt. We played with them later.*

*And I remember falling off the upstairs veranda between the 2 columns floating slowly and lazily down down into some bushes, knocking front teeth out which mother promptly shoved back in leaving me with an overlap of that tooth! I still feel and see that fall when I think of it and it was a lie surely one - My sensation!*

<sup>1</sup> Annette must have meant Augusta, where the Paul Hochscheid family lived during the time she was in the South.

20 September 1910

From: Willi Hochscheid  
München-Gladbach

To: Fritz Hochscheid  
Southern Ammonia Works  
Charleston, South Carolina

My dear Ones,

Here's the whole family. All except yours truly.

It was taken at Mother's, in the garden. Once we're in Düsseldorf at Gustav Pönsenstrasse 53, we'll see about making a better darkroom. Then there'll be better pictures.

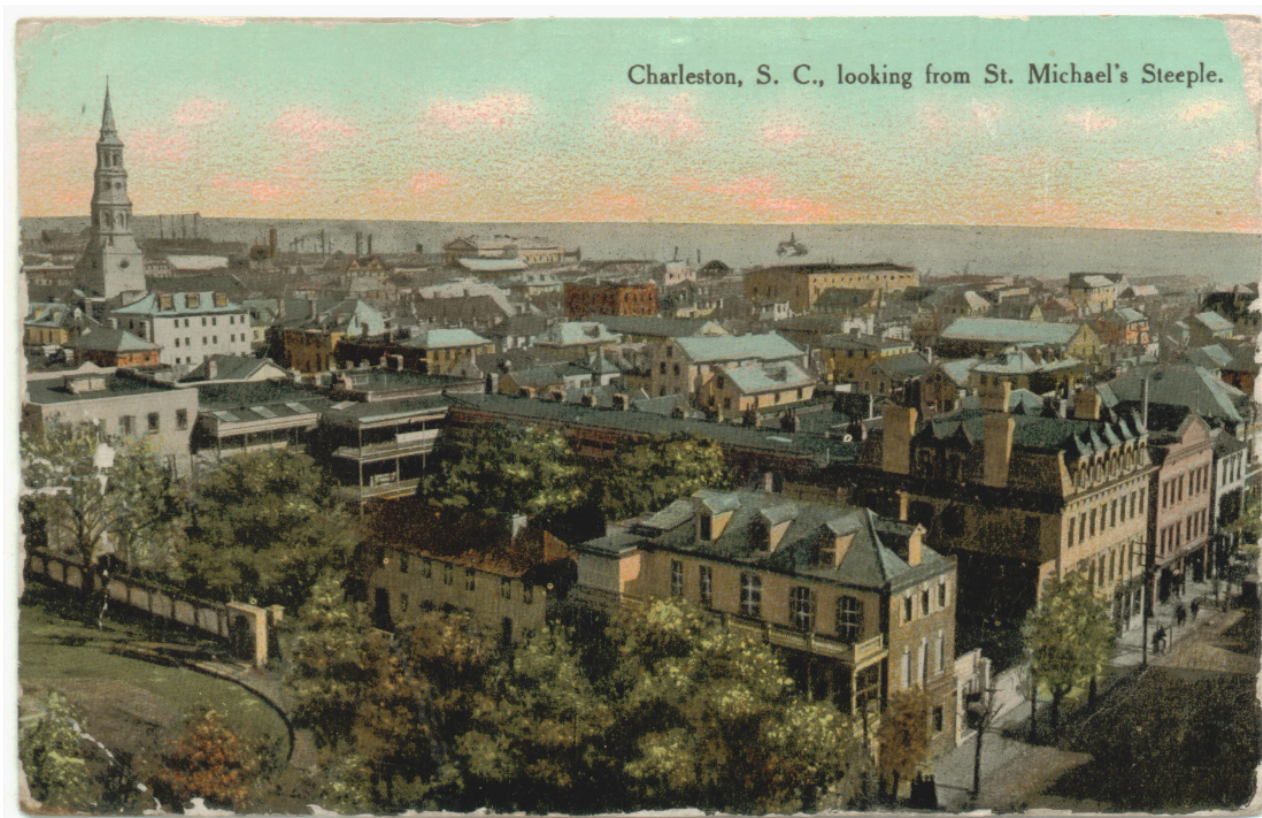
Saturday is moving day. Don't you want to come and help, Father? You'll be greatly missed.

Greetings and kisses to all of you from all of us, especially,

Willi and Finchen



L-R: Josef, Tina, Franz, Finchen,  
Fredy, Christina, Walter, Franzi



24 September 1910

From: Friedrich Hochscheid  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Received your letter with the reply from Vancouver. In the meantime you'll have received my letter and know how things stand here. We expect to have news from Mr. Burton in Nashville before the first of the month, and depending on how it turns out, I will either stay here or sail home mid October. I'll let you know.

I thought the coal gas company in Vancouver would have been larger. They understood that we would have processed the raw water elsewhere and thought, quite correctly, that the transportation costs wouldn't have made it worthwhile.

Heartfelt greetings,

Father

26 September 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

It's been three days since I received your remittance, for which I thank you. I waited this long to write because I thought I'd receive some definite news from Father that I could share with you, but as of today there has been nothing. It's been two weeks since I heard from him, and you can well imagine I'm anxious to find out if anything will come of Chattanooga, since everything hangs in the balance of that. If not, Father will return home when things come to an end in Charleston. Of course I would like that very much if only it didn't put a strain on our existence, financially. Father is probably ready for a rest now after all the stress and anxiety, and health wise something is always ailing him at any given time. But where will the money come from? To make matters worse, everything has become more expensive. If the pension continues (which I doubt if Father doesn't return soon) we would just get by, especially if, as you wrote dear August, we could expect a little boost from you, and if Tina finds a new position soon. At the moment she is still at her old job; they are in the process of selling the business. Good positions are rare, and it can take six months to a year for girls like her to find one.

How is Peter doing? It's been so long since I last heard from him. It's too bad he can't do anything for us, isn't it? Did he send you anything? How much do you have left to pay? Did you make any money from your stocks? How are you otherwise? Again many thanks.

Today Willi and family become residents of Düsseldorf. Perhaps I'll go over there with Franz once on Sunday.

Are you still in tiptop health?

With heartfelt greetings and kisses from me and your brothers and sisters, I remain your loving,

Mother

12 October 1910

From: Friedrich Hochscheid  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

On Friday the 14th I'll be taking a steamer from here to New York. From there I don't know yet whether I'll be going aboard the *Rotterdam* to Holland or the *Washington* to Bremen. Will write you from New York. Please let Peter know. I can't find his address.

With a heartfelt farewell, greeting and kiss from your,

Father



Monday, 17 October 1910

From: Friedrich Hochscheid  
New York

Dear August,

Arrived safely in New York yesterday evening and will travel third class aboard the steamer *Washington* to Bremen on Thursday. Again, a heartfelt farewell to you and Peter. Hopefully we will see each other again someday in the old homeland.

Heartfelt greetings and a kiss,

Father

24 October 1910

From: Peter Hochscheid  
1303 First Avenue  
Seattle, Washington

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

I'm sorry I couldn't send anything before now. I bought my camera for \$35, which I paid off at \$5 per week. The final installment was last week, and now I'm ready for "the road." Some film stock and chemicals and a few dollars is all I need to start up. I think I might be able to earn more there. You never answered what you thought of my prospects in Kalispell regarding, "Photos on a postal card while you wait." It's a good business and should be profitable anywhere during Christmas time. Also it wouldn't require a lot of capital to start up in a small town, one month's rent, a few dollars worth of lumber and a few miscellaneous items. Look around and see if there's a vacant storefront available. It doesn't have to be large, 10 or 12 by 20 to 30 feet would be plenty. Maybe there'd be some money to be made! There's a good profit margin in this business and no perishable inventory.

I have something in view that will help us a little if it works out; otherwise, I think I'll be leaving here soon and going to the central states, Kansas or Missouri. My partner here is from there and says things are much better there. I want soon to be in a position to help you out substantially. Or just leave everyone hanging there and disappear to here! What you do there you could manage to do elsewhere too.

Heartfelt greetings,

Peter

How are things going otherwise? How's business in general?

2 November 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Already Father has been back with us four days, and it's as if he never left. The joy of the reunion, however, was marred with sorrow; from Traudchen we received a distressing card and letter. Now Fritz is in the hospital with typhoid fever, and there is no money in the house and no income. What now? Later today we will go to the post office and send them the money Father has left over from the trip: twenty dollars. On Fritz's behalf, Traudchen pleaded urgently for our help. I will send her letter on to Finchen; Willi is currently on tour. Maybe they'll be able to send a little, although money is tight for them too right now, since Willi sent Father his entire savings of 700 Marks, plus their move cost them a lot also.

Berta and her oldest came to visit us today. She feels bad that she can't do anything to help. She told me that after paying all her expenses she only has 50 Marks left over for the household.

Isn't it terrible how the Hochscheids are all so deeply in debt? Are we not to have any luck?

We received your dear letter yesterday. Father thanks you for the gesture; the two dollars will be exchanged for Kölsch beer. As for the remaining \$5, many thanks! I'm quite certain if you are able to continue sending like this, my dear boy, we would not be lacking in any way.

For the time being we needn't worry. Tina will continue receiving a salary until January, although the business has folded. We hope she'll find a new position soon; she has very good references. Also Father will hopefully continue receiving his pension.

Heartfelt greetings and a kiss from us all, especially your loving,

Mother

Dear August,

Did you receive the photo of me and our house? A thousand greetings from your,

Berta



10 November 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

The post office did not pay out your \$5 until yesterday afternoon, and only after I went to the department of foreign currency and showed them the money order. Once again the address was illegible, in which case they don't pay out. "Hescheid" was written instead of Hochscheid, and "Quirinstrasse" was illegible. The simplest and best would be if you send all money up to \$10 registered letter. If it gets lost they will replace it up to 40 Marks as long as one can produce a receipt. Otherwise, please make sure the postal money order is filled out legibly.

Father has settled in completely now, and it seems as if he was hardly gone at all.

Things look bad for Fritz and Traudchen. Only a few days after Father's return, Traudchen wrote that Fritz was in the hospital with typhoid fever, and that they were up to their ears in debt. We immediately send them the twenty dollars Father had left over from his trip. With that they can manage to scrape by for a little while. Fritz is likely back home by now because Traudchen wrote on the 26<sup>th</sup> of October that he was much better and expected to come home in one or two weeks. If he could just continue working at the factory for a couple more months they could get back on their feet again. Most of all they'd like to come back to Germany if they had the money to do so. Fritz thought things over during his illness and would, upon his arrival here, return to work at the post office, although it would not be easy for him. We'll see what happens once he's healthy.

Heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your loving,

Mother

Write and tell us how you are. Greetings from Father and your siblings. Peter sent us nice pictures of himself. I'll write him soon. Willi returns next week.

GRAND  
**CONCERT AND BALL**

GIVEN BY

**KALISPELL LIEDERKRANZ**

PROF. A. HOCHSCHEID, Director

Assisted by the KALISPELL ORCHESTRA and  
the KALISPELL CITY BAND

McINTOSH OPERA HOUSE  
FRIDAY, NOV. 11, '10

**PROGRAM**

1. "KalisPELL Liederkranz" March.....Riffo  
KalisPELL Orchestra.
2. (a) "Hymnus".....H. Mohr  
KalisPELL Liederkranz  
With Orchestra Accompaniment  
(b) "Zieh Hinaus".....Alfred Dregert  
KalisPELL Liederkranz a capella
3. (a) "Daisies" from the "Floral Suite"  
..... Theo. Bendix  
(b) Intermezzo—"Prairie Song Bird"..  
.....Geo. H. Meyer  
KalisPELL City Band
4. (a) "Bedouin Song".....Arthur Foote  
KalisPELL Liederkranz  
With Orchestra Accompaniment  
(b) "Pechvogel".....Gottfried Angerer  
KalisPELL Liederkranz a capella
5. "Fest" Overture.....Lintner  
KalisPELL Orchestra
6. (a) "Der Spielmannsknab".....  
.....Gottfried Angerer  
KalisPELL Liederkranz a capella  
(b) "A Serenade".....Garrett Colyn  
KalisPELL Liederkranz a capella
7. (a) "Raymond" Overture.....  
(b) "Klein Kobold".....  
KalisPELL Orchestra

CONCERT COMMENCES AT 8:30 SHARP

NO RESERVED SEATS

**ADMISSION : 50c**

9 December 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Yesterday we received the \$5 and a few days ago your dear letter. Best of thanks for both. The program, however, was not with the letter; our absent-minded professor must have forgotten to enclose it. We always enjoy reading about your successes. But we are sorry that, because of all the debts and appalling taxes, you are unable to come out ahead in spite of all your hard work. Hopefully it will get better someday soon.

Regarding Fritz, a great load has been lifted off our hearts. He wrote that he found a position at a starting salary of one-and-a-half dollars. Please God, let him keep this position so they can finally be somewhat relieved of their troubles. We were all terribly worried about them yet couldn't do much to help. If we could have raised \$1000 we would have sent it, so they could return and make a new start here. Naturally it is better this way. I'm sure they'll manage to get back on their feet.

For us things look like they will work out too. We wrote to social security and think Father will be able to draw his 18 Marks per month again, which is something, isn't it? We also asked for the money he didn't draw during his sojourn abroad. Wouldn't it be fine if we received that, dear August? One year's worth would come to 216 Marks, which would immediately go to the Wiedenfelds, and perhaps Willi could make up the difference so we'd have that debt off our backs. Our debt to Willi is becoming huge, but we've promised to pay him off completely in 1913 when Father's life insurance policy matures. That is fine with him as long as he has enough money for his family.

I wrote Peter asking to see about sending Father a few dollars pocket money each month; we'll see if he actually does it. He sent us nice photos of himself and a postcard on which he printed a photo of us all. He seems to be enjoying his new trade. What does he write you?

Tina is enjoying her new position at Guttman and thinks she will probably get a raise in April. Sales suit her well, and she thinks they are happy with her, especially because the old man, a grouch, hasn't been grouchy with her even once, much to the consternation of her co-workers, with whom she also gets on well with.

I also wanted to tell you that Josef will take the Holy Communion next year. He is studying his catechisms. He is a tall and robust boy. Franz has also grown in leaps and bounds since he is out of school. He should write you himself about what he does. It's difficult to get the children to write. I won't wait for it or this letter will sit for days on end.

In two weeks it will be Christmas. I wonder if we'll ever see the day when we're all together again on this nicest of family holidays. Let's hope we will.

Hermann hopes to return to Cologne. How happy that would make Berta! I don't know why he didn't send you the books; I'll give him a nudge.

Josef just handed me a letter from Traudchen Wiedenfeld. I had written her about the illnesses and unfulfilled hopes abroad, and that we couldn't continue making payments until January. She is so nice. These poor, good people have also had their share of hardship and illnesses to contend with. She writes nothing about the money.

Father called on Herr Grüneberg within the second week after his return. He was quite friendly, and Father had to tell stories and smoke a cigar with him. We hope the pension will continue to be paid, at least for another year. Father was also in Nippes a few times, and sometimes he gets together with Herr Beden and the gentlemen from Contor at Dünnwald's.

I hope you'll write us again soon. We are always happy to hear something from you. You are the one with the best luck over there. Things also don't look good for Uncle Paul. It may all be over with the ammonia production.

Dear August, we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. We can all use one. The last few were not so good. Maria in Weiden gave birth to a son after seven years of marriage; she is 38 years old.

Heartfelt greetings and a kiss from all, especially from your loving,

Mother and Father

27 December 1910

From: Willi Hochscheid  
Gustav Pönsenstrasse 53  
Düsseldorf

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Uncle August's three nephews send him a hearty proisit for the New Year, along with their parents. From left to right: Fredy, Franzi and Walter (formerly Willi), agewise: Walter I, Fredy II, and Franzi III. The photo was taken, developed and printed by your brother, Franz, who was here from Cologne for Christmas. Franz and Josef also wish you a happy New Year.



29 December 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

This morning we received your dear letter with the Christmas enclosure. You are too good! Already you are sending something again while you are still strapped yourself. How you would cover us with money if your coffers were full! That it didn't arrive until today must have to do with the busy holiday traffic, and that there are not as many ships going in winter. No matter, it is just as nice to receive now. You've made Franz and Tina very happy, and I'll deposit the four Marks for Josef into savings. Peter also sent us \$10, with droll suggestions what we should spend it on. Father will likely convert your present to Kölsch beer and cigars, and I'll put mine towards buying a new spring coat. What Tina and Franz do with theirs they'll write you themselves. Again many thanks, dear August, for the wonderful gift and letter.

Assuming that Peter has joined you there, we are enclosing a little letter for him; if he didn't come after all please forward it to him.

Christmas was a cozy, quiet time for us. Father had brought Willi's oldest boy here the beginning of December, and it was often raucous. Because we old folks love our peace and quiet, and also didn't put up a Christmas tree, we sent Franz and Josef along with little Walter to Düsseldorf for the Christmas Eve festivities. We had a small gift exchange here on Christmas Morning. Josef is coming back tomorrow. Franz came back the day after Christmas because he had to work. Things at the young Hochscheids in Düsseldorf are now as they used to be at the old Hochscheids: constant visitors; the only difference being that the young Hochscheids have more money at their disposal. They lavished us with gifts. Our Christmas wasn't nearly as meager as I thought it would be; even Tina and Franz were in a position to contribute to the gift giving.

Fritz and Traudchen have cloaked themselves in silence, and we don't know if things are better or worse with them. Have you not heard anything from them, dear August?

December 30<sup>th</sup> - 24 hours later

I'm just now able to continue this letter. Household duties kept me busy, as you may well imagine. I can now add that we received a long letter from Traudchen this morning. She wrote much, but very little was good news, and I doubt they will ever be able to make a go of it over there. If only they were back in Germany. Herr Stock thought Fritz would be able to return to work at the post office and thought he should make an effort to do so, but where would the money for the trip back come from? The only one who could possibly

provide it is Traudchen's father, old man Blumenthal, but he won't do it. Traudchen also wrote that Peter sent them a little money, and that you also offered to raise some for them, but they declined, knowing you are strapped yourself because of all the debts. No, dear August, you really can't afford to go deeper in debt. Fritz is working now, and they'll have to muddle through somehow.

You don't need to send us anything in January, and if we continue receiving the pension, only send \$5 every now and then. We'll come out all right. I wonder what the gentlemen at the factory will decide. Father will pay a call on Herr Grüneberg after New Year's.

It would be nice if Peter would come there to you and contribute a little toward paying off the debts. This morning we received very nice photos of him and also Berta's oldest child. He must not have received your letter yet, since he didn't mention anything about it. His letter took a long time getting here, though.

Accept our most heartfelt greetings and best wishes for the New Year, and especially a big kiss from your loving,

Mother

29 December 1910

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: Peter Hochscheid

My dear Peter,

Where are you now? Still in Seattle or with August? Wherever you are, we send you the best of thanks for your nice Christmas present and the pretty pictures. You have no idea how much we enjoy receiving letters from America. How nice it would have been had you celebrated Christmas together with August.

You've both experienced joy and sorrow and also carry the burden of debt; you two will do well together, especially now that you don't have to work in the bakery together as in former times. You can thank August that he was able to prepare such a nice job for you. Best of luck! Start the New Year with renewed courage. Perhaps Fortuna has a little something for us after all. If the new job doesn't last, perhaps you'll find work in a photography studio there.

The money you sent, dear Peter, is still not in our hands. Apparently the postal officials couldn't make out the address again. I was there on Wednesday but the offices were closed. Will try again tomorrow. This morning I changed August's \$10 so that everyone will receive their share. You can't imagine how happy the gifts from both of you have made us, and we would be happier still if we didn't know how much it must have set you back.

August's letter will tell you what's been happening here, so I'll close for now with best greetings and kisses from all of us, especially from your loving,

Mother

P.S. Franz and Tina would have written much more, but Franz is tired in the evenings, and then it is difficult to write, and Tina usually returns home late. Some evenings she sings in the choral group, sometimes other activities keep her occupied. Josef hasn't returned yet. Perhaps he went to Duisburg with Finchen. Did you also send Berta a picture or must I give her mine? It is so sweet. Again many thanks to you boys for everything.



29 December 1910

From: Tina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear Hochscheid Brothers!

That's how it must be by now, and very convenient for us that we can write to two professors at once! Heartfelt thanks, my dear brothers, for the generous Christmas gift. Now I will tell you what I intend to do with the money:

You know that I am now working at S. Gutmann & Company. It is very different from Tillman. Much, much more work, also there are about 50 employees, and the company does a huge business, so one does more than just busy work. Since I have to be employed I'm glad it's there. Over a month ago I weighed 117 pounds, and since then I've gained 4 pounds, which I'm very happy about. We don't get coffee there, so everyday I bring a bottle of milk with me from home, which is very becoming. This is all introductory; the point is this: If I'm still working there this summer and get a vacation of 8 to 14 days, then I will have a little something saved to maybe go on a trip to the Eifel. Naturally I'll have to save more in addition, and so that nothing gets lost, Mother will deposit it into savings later on today. So you see I will make good use of it.

Can't think of anything else to write today, also it is late, after 11:00 pm. Heartfelt greetings and best of luck in the New Year from your little sister,

Tina

6 January 1911

From: Peter Hochscheid  
Seattle, Washington

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Was just getting ready to write this when your letter came.

I'll be arriving there sometime in the last week of this month, not sure yet exactly when.

How's the weather there? Cold? Here it is sometimes wet, otherwise pleasant.

Greetings,

Peter



28 January 1911

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Many thanks for the money, which we received the day before yesterday. Never has it been timelier, and we are very happy it came; let me tell you why: As you know I took over Berta's piano payments and still owed the Wiedenfelds 350 Marks plus 4 Marks interest, having paid them 150 Marks total. But Berta also still owed them 50 Marks, since she had only paid them 100 Marks in the three years she had the piano. A couple of months ago, when I was not able to make the monthly payment of 50 Marks, I wrote Frau Wiedenfeld that I would probably be able to pay her the entire amount in January. At the time I was thinking of Father's retroactive social security. Willi agreed to pay the difference. After waiting two whole months, to our great delight we finally received 342 Marks from social security. Willi, however, couldn't put in the balance because he must now pay all his own business trip expenses. He wrote I should let Berta pay the 50 Marks herself. So on the day I had asked Frau Wiedenfeld to come over I was still short, and Berta couldn't send anything because she had just paid 100 Marks on other debts she owed. Then your letter with the money arrived to save the day. We scraped together everything we had and managed to pay off the entire debt with interest. Traudchen Wiedenfeld was relieved too, I noticed, to be holding the 400 Marks in her hands. She gave the children each a few Marks as a gift. She had recently lost 3000 Marks to the bank and had hoped we would pay her off soon. A great weight is lifted now, and your wonderful piano belongs to us again, and the children play, or rather practice, on it often. I often picture you sitting at the piano playing and singing the beautiful song, *Wenn ich an das Ringlein denke muss ich immer weinen*. I hope and pray that we live long enough to see you here with us again and hear you play and sing; also I hope to see your brothers again. Surely you'll all be drawn back here to your roots, even if just temporarily. Don't you think so too, dear August?

Is Peter there with you? Then give him heartfelt greetings, and tell him to write us soon.

Now we only have one sore spot left: the pension. We have received no answer, and Father doesn't want to go to Herr Grüneberg to inquire. He plans on going around to the offices to hear what the gentlemen there say. If we don't receive it, I will ask Willi to appeal to the company, or I'll go see them myself. They won't get out of it that easily. What are your thoughts on this?

For now I must stop. It is Saturday, and I still have much work to do and must start cooking. Live well my dear son. Stay healthy and don't forget to write. Greetings from Father, Tina, Franz and Josef and a kiss from your loving,

Mother

Franz will write soon. Have you heard from Fritz? We haven't for a long time.

25 January 1911

From: August & Peter Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

To: Fritz Hochscheid Family  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne on the Rhine

My dear Ones,

He is here, now, already for two days. Always the same, as you can see. Here he sits at a table with himself. He's become quite an artist in photography. Maybe we'll make some money with that once we have some to begin with.

Heartfelt greetings,

August

Heartfelt greetings to all. Have been waiting for a letter from you. We had such a nice time together, me with myself! When will you send the photos for me to copy?

Peter



6 February 1911

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August & Peter Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear Boys,

I've used this salutation assuming you are both there. I heard from Willi and Finchen (who were with us for a few days and returned to Düsseldorf yesterday evening) that Peter had written them a card mentioning he was going to join you, dear August. Also that he hadn't heard from us in a long time and didn't know if we'd received the \$10 he sent. By now Peter will have read our letters, which you, dear August, neglected to forward to him.

I have some good news to tell. Father's pension has been extended for another year, but with a 20 Mark reduction. We are very happy about it—not the reduction; we'd have preferred a 20 Mark increase, but you know what I mean to say.

Now we've begun another year and during that time, if all goes well, you can reduce your debt substantially, and it will be easier for you to send us something next year. Also Tina and Franz will earn a little more, and we won't have to be as dependent on Willi; I'd like to see that happen.

We are doing well, thank God. Are you both healthy and happy? Write soon and in detail. Greetings and kisses from us all, especially your loving,

Mother

26 February 1911

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August & Peter Hochscheid  
336 3rd Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear Peter, dear August,

Here is Franz. His friend, Peter, took the picture. Franz develops and prints them himself. He's quite a good photographer too. He built himself a darkroom and so forth in his mansard. Hopefully he'll write you about it himself sometime. The camera in the photo is his own.

We received your dear letter. Many thanks. But we could not identify the picture of the long haired youngster on the rocks, which August described, because it was not in the envelope with the letter. Also the newspaper clippings were not enclosed. Please send.

I'll write a letter soon. Today we are celebrating carnival (Fastnacht Sonntag). I'm spending these days tucked snugly at home.

Many heartfelt greetings and kisses from us all, especially your loving,

Mother

The absent minded professor arrived in the meantime. You've fattened up nicely, dear August, and look quite manly. Please send more pictures soon, dear Peter.



24 February 1911

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
34 Chapel Street  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Germany

My dear Minchen,

I'm very sorry that your Anneliese is sick. You were going to send word once the child's tonsils had been removed, and I was going to wait for that before answering your letter. You probably forgot to let me know how it went. And you, yourself, became ill even before you had posted your letter. In the meantime I hope you are well over the influenza and your child will gain strength back after her little operation.

It did us no end of good to read so many sympathetic words in your, and your husband's, letter. Above all we were happy to hear you have achieved your goal, so to say. The constant moves have no doubt finally come to an end for you. I would be happy too if we had found a little place where we could stay.

It is certainly kind of you and your husband to offer to make an effort to do everything possible on our behalf in Chemnitz. We have talked and thought about it a great deal. Of course it would be nice to spend pleasant hours together, and I'm sure we would put our heads together and figure out how best to live this life. If only my husband could have a relatively well paid position. But naturally one can't expect that, and I've lost the desire to sew for other people. Of course I'd take up needle and thread again if my husband were unemployed, but I wouldn't enjoy it. I'd prefer anything else to that. Apart from that we just don't have the funds to return, which would amount to at least 1000 Marks. Plus we would have absolutely no money left to set up even the most meager of households.

You still don't know about the struggles we've had since I last wrote. I will try to tell you, but first of all, know that I'm completely well again, and not only that, I feel youthful with a renewed strength I haven't felt in ten years. Back then the factory was in operation, and it was said the production of coal gas would continue until January or February, so that we could keep working until then. My father-in-law had lost all his enthusiasm by then, gave his portion of the business to my husband and returned to Germany on October 16<sup>th</sup>. If we had only had a little bit of luck we could have made a pile of money during the winter months; instead, on October 20<sup>th</sup> my husband came down with typhoid fever for five weeks. He was in the hospital for three weeks and remained weak for a long time afterward. (These fever illnesses break out in large numbers here during the summer.) During that time the gas water ran off into the gutter. The uncle in Augusta could have replaced my husband but was ill himself. It was a time of fear and urgency. The relatives had to support us. My poor husband looked like a skeleton when he was released from the hospital, but he recovered quickly, and now he is strong and healthy. Then we had another

disappointment. All too soon my husband dragged himself back to the factory only to discover a number of obstacles that prevented the production of ammonia. And in December the company stopped producing gas from coal.

At that point we made every effort to somehow cut back our way of living. I was not ready to start sewing again. Even today sitting at the sewing machine for long hours is a hardship. My husband went from business to business offering his services; he applied to the German consulate both in writing and personally, answered all relevant employment ads, even placed ads in both English and German papers, offering his services as music teacher and my services as language instructor (!); the German newspaper even wrote a long article about the superior teaching method we use. All to no avail. We received not a single response to the ads or his applications. The professor of the trade school my husband attended offered to recommend him in case someone needed a reference. No one inquired. And so it went week after week.

The sympathy of the other house tenants was enormous. Strangers, all respectable, refined people, come into our house and offered their help. Our landlady told us we wouldn't have to pay rent for an entire year and even offered us money, which we didn't need to accept, thank God. The people here are purely and simply kind, so refined and genteel. We now associate with all these dear people as friends.<sup>1</sup>

Then finally the gas company offered my husband a job in their office at \$50 a month. We were very happy even though the income is modest. Fritz gets on well with his boss and has prospects of obtaining a high salary. But that will take some time. We would be happiest if Fritz had a better paying job in a healthy climate, but without money nothing can be done. For now we are bound to this place. Also my husband has to work overtime almost every day, sometimes until 11 or 12 o'clock; a few evenings he even worked until 2 o'clock at night. In the summer when there is less to do it will be better.

I still keep in touch with the Kirchbergers, and when you visit them, please greet them as well-as my dear old Leipzig for me. We had so many innocent and interesting experiences there, didn't we, Wallerchen?

You forgot to enclose the sketches your Anneliese made. What you wrote of Gustav pleased me; it is similar to our girls. Instead of sketching and sewing, better let Anneliese play freely outdoors until she gains more strength.

One other thing: I don't write to Kirchbergers in as much detail as I do you, just a broad outline of our experiences. Mrs. Rathgeber wrote yesterday, making the same offer as before. But the journey there costs almost as much as to Germany.

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<sup>1</sup> Rita Hochscheid Hoeren recalls that Traudchen never forgot these kindnesses, and later in life would tell the story of how neighbors in America would put milk and food in front of the door to help.



# Charleston Consolidated Railway, Gas and Electric Co.

CHARLESTON, S. C. Febr. 26 19 11

PURCHASING DEPARTMENT  
M. K. PALMER  
PURCHASING AGENT

26 February 1911

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: Carl & Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Germany

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Neudorff,

I really must also add a few words in response to your last letter. My wife has told you almost everything, and so, rather than bore you with repetition, I'll be brief. If I had the choice I'd rather return to Germany than stay here. Best of all, though, I'd like to go to the Northwest, but neither one nor the other is possible at this time. The thought of living closer to you suits me too, and although I've learned not to want too much it warms my heart to imagine my own house and garden and being able to enjoy both nature and culture all in one place.

It would be very difficult, I think, for me to readjust to the German ways regarding business or the workplace. To describe what I mean in a few words would be difficult, and I think perhaps it cannot be described at all in writing or verbally; one simply has to experience it oneself to understand. But irregardless of what might have been or may yet to be, it all wouldn't matter if I could find a well paying position. I can fill any position in any office, as far as general business is concerned, and I figure on earning \$150 to \$200 per month here in a few years. That isn't much, but I'm leaving the luck factor completely out of my estimation.

I must also mention briefly that my dear wife may have painted our "hard times" a little too black; at least I don't remember all that, but then I'm so forgetful at times.

With heartfelt thanks for your kind concern for our destiny, best wishes for your well being and many greetings,

Your Fritz Hochscheid

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
34 Chapel Street  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Germany

Dear Minchen,

After I read my husband's letter to you, and also read through mine again, I find that my account of our experiences may have left you with the impression that things for us were worse than they really were. We really didn't have any worries about putting food on the table. Whenever the money was just about to run out, with no job prospects in sight, funds would arrive from Germany. And all the kindness and concern we were surrounded by here kept us from becoming too aware of our troubles. In fact we were happy during all that time. This new happiness in our marriage is now over a year old and started when my husband left Montana and lived alone for over three months here in the South. My husband and I consider temporary separation between husband and wife beneficial for an enduring relationship.

But back to my recollections: Everything I wrote is true down to the smallest detail.

I'm enclosing a proof of our little ones. Supposedly it will last as long as it is kept in the envelope; maybe your husband can develop it. You mustn't laugh if it can't be done—I know nothing of how it works. I didn't have this one printed because the faces cannot be fully seen, especially on the youngest, who has such a small, round, sweet face and a pair of keen eyes. I only had a few pictures made because the prices here are unbelievably high. When I have a little more cash I'll order up a few more. All our relatives will want one, but you'll be the first to receive one. I'm surprising my husband with one for his Namenstag next Sunday<sup>1</sup>. I also sent one back home and one to Frau Kirchberger, for whom I actually had them made to begin with, since I was ashamed to always respond to her requests with, "No, I don't have a picture of the children." I have eight pictures of Ännchen Kirchberger and judging by them the child must still be very pretty; inch by inch her physique is amazing. Maybe you'll get a chance to see her. Have them show you the picture of our children.

It is just beautiful here now. Everything is in full bloom. I hope you and all your loved ones are in good health, and I send greetings to all and many kisses to you.

Your faithful Traudchen

Greet Druschkes and also Feldheim if you see him. I never did write to Gertrud, but thought often of her.

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<sup>1</sup> March 5th



Taken at Clarke's Studio, 301 King Street, Charleston, the portrait shows Dorchen (seated), age five, and Annette, age four.

6 April 1911

From: Gerhard Dick  
Kendenich bei Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 West 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

You probably drew the map in your last letter to confirm how well you still know Cologne. Indeed it was exactly right!

I entered the kitchen at 5:30 and found your mother alone. Astonished, she rose to greet me. I hadn't seen her for a year and a half. Naturally her face reflected careworn years, but she was cheerful and lively. She belongs to those mothers who spend their days in silent concern for the welfare of their children, musing upon the paths her sons have wandered, sharing their joys wholeheartedly, a mother who, although separated from her children by oceans, miles and many circumstances, carries her sons in her heart as she once carried them on her lap.

Need I tell you that she holds you in especially high esteem; that she is proud of your success and would like to see you achieve even greater renown, yet wonders what would have happened had you stayed here? She is happy that many of the worries she had in the last few years have lifted. Her children enjoy a satisfactory lifestyle—she too, with frequent company and trips into the city center. She manages the household, reads devout, comforting books (what more can one wish for in old age than peace and quiet?), listens to her daughter play simple tunes on the piano—on *your* piano that retains its beautiful sound—and thinks about former times. “Do you remember...” how often she must have said during our short visit. I also touched the keys briefly, and the chords reverberated something of the goodness of the past. And the familiar music book was there with the songs that, as I stood there, dreamily flowed through me again. She showed me all the photographs, was cheerful and spoke of what all her children had done and were doing now. Unfortunately your studio portrait was not there; your Father, who had gone to Krefeld (I believe) had taken it with him. I wanted to go back last week in order to see it. Will try to go in the next few days. Please send me a copy.

We spoke of marriage, and that both of us would only marry a rich woman, and that you appear to have one such source of hospitality over there. My dear boy! Your mother thinks it improper, and she is right, at least from her perspective. I'd really like to know how you are doing now in that regard; your latest opinions about marriage seem more philosophical than practical.

I took my leave just before 7:00 o'clock with a promise to come back soon, which I intend to do in order to see the others. So now you have a picture of your mother. She is still healthy and strong, free from worries of the past, at peace and full of pride and hope for her children's futures. She lives as any mother would who knows about life, suffering and death. This is what came to me when I wanted to write about your mother.

Greetings,

Gerhard

25 April 1911

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August & Peter Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August, ditto Peter,

We received your letters of March 27<sup>th</sup>, 8<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> of April and once again have cause for concern and worries that as a result of Peter's illness a new obstacle has entered your lives. How well everything would have gone if Peter could have kept the job and you continued your good earnings. I would like Peter to please write frankly what it is that he feels is lacking. I would be so happy if he were here, and I could take care of him; I'd have him back in commission in no time. Come on back, dear Peter, you've worked your way over there, and with fresh courage you can fight your way back. Something will turn up for you here. There is always work to be found for the young, and once you are in our good care and have a structured life, you'll recover again, and you'll also be able to care for us in our old age. Maybe it would be possible to start a bakery again. Father would be able to help you a great deal now, and Tina could help me, and there are no longer any small children running around, and things could turn out well. So keep your head held high, dear Peter. Come, and the rest will fall into place; here by the Rhine you'll soon get well again.

Many thanks for the money, dear August. I had borrowed 40 Marks from Geicht and Willi, since we had to make Father's insurance payment of 42 Marks. We will have to pay four more times until we receive the 1,400 Marks in April of 1913. There will not be much left for us, since we owe Willi over 1,600 Marks, and I promised him the insurance money, with which Father is in agreement. Father will still receive the \$150 Fritz owes him. Once things are better there, Fritz will probably pay it off slowly, month-to-month. At the moment they barely have enough to live on, but, as Traudchen wrote, he'll likely earn more money soon. He is back in his element, and they seem to like his work. Sticking to what one knows is always the best course, as it was with you too.

Don't lose faith, dear August; although it seems like the heavy load of your debts is not becoming lighter in spite of all you've paid, it will in time get better even though it's an uphill climb, and when Fritz is able to pay you back that will help too. It's true that we are always scrambling for money, but there are many who are much, much worse off. As long as we're healthy we really shouldn't complain, as I'm sure Peter can tell you right now. As far as your socialistic notions go, it is not something we see eye-to-eye on, as you probably know. Father thinks these are ridiculous ideas that would only work if there were nothing but angels in the world. I don't want to write about it; I'm not familiar enough with politics, so please don't ask me to. My head is full enough with family concerns.



Josef at Communion

The festivities here have all ended now. Josef was an upright and handsome communion boy; that was the unanimous consensus. He looked just like Willi in his communion suit. We didn't have a lot of guests. Berta came alone and Finchen with her two oldest. It was very cozy here but not like in former times. Josef was given gifts and congratulated from all sides. Our landlady had her seven year old son, whom she dressed in white for the occasion, present Josef with a large potted azalea plant upon his arrival here after the church ceremony. It must have cost at least six Marks. Willi and Finchen gave 25 Marks for his suit; each of their children gave nice, small gifts; Berta gave him a nice umbrella, and Dammer sent 10 Marks through Cornelius on Saturday. Frau Geicht gave him 5 Marks, and the girls each gave him something. Also the relatives, Maria, Tina and Paula<sup>1</sup> all sent small presents by way of their children, not being able to attend themselves.

That finishes off the last of the children, thank God, and it is unlikely there'll be any more grand events taking place here at the Hochscheids. Whether we'll see another wedding for one or the other of you makes me wonder. Tina once had a brief relationship with a very nice and fine young technician, but when it came out that he was protestant, she quickly broke it off. Tina wouldn't consider it, and we wouldn't have approved of it either.

For now I'll close; my fingers hurt from writing. I want to hear from you again, soon, dear August.

Did I already write you that Gerhard Dick visited us at the end of March? Monday following Easter, Maria Noll visited us with Kramer. Your friends have turned out to be fine teachers, isn't that right, August?

Again, thanks for sending the money, which we still need so much. Peter should write what he thinks about my suggestion. Heartfelt greetings to you both and a big kiss from your loving,

Mother

Father also sends greetings and kisses and wishes Peter a speedy recovery. The same from your brothers and sisters.

---

<sup>1</sup> Josef's cousins, children of Friedrich's sister.

26 June 1911

From: Peter Hochscheid  
White City  
Seattle, Washington

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Will be here for a week. Reverse shows the latest in photography. The boss bought this model, and we'll try it out in some of the cities around here. Wednesday we're off to Tacoma. My address will remain White City.

Greetings,

Peter





1 August 1911

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
34 Chapel Street  
Charleston, South Carolina

To: Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Germany

My dear Minchen,

It's awful to keep having to postpone a good intention. I wanted to respond to your husband's attractive business postcard long ago, then one came from you and another from Scherbelberg, and now your letter has been in our hands for awhile.

My silence can only be attributed to the heat. The papers say there hasn't been a summer this hot here in the South for 38 years. These brick-oven temperatures are said to have affected the entire United States. It feels as if one is suffering a constant succession of fatal fainting spells. For a few days it has been a little cooler at night. At night an attempt is made to cover nature's costume with just a linen cloth, but it is just an attempt. The touch of any cloth on one's body is stifling. Even the sheer mosquito net that hangs on a wire frame and drapes loosely around the bed keeps too much air out. The poor children have suffered greatly under the heat, and for many weeks I couldn't sleep. Now it is better.

We are making an effort to get away from here. On the other hand it is a pity to leave, since it is doubtful my husband would ever have as many good opportunities as here. However, in case we do end up staying here, we hope by next year to be in a position where we can spend the hottest part of the year at the seashore on Sullivan's Island. We will spend eight days there next month during my husband's vacation. That will be a refreshing change, and I'm looking forward to it.

Heartfelt thanks for the pretty cards and your letter. Please tell your friend I'm sorry that I can't contribute to her stamp collection. The only stamps we see are the same ones you do, namely the ones on this letter and on letters from Germany. Maybe someday my husband will become a foreign correspondent, and then I'll remember your friend.

I'm happy to hear of Anneliese's recovery, but now you want to send her to school right away?! Yes, if there is no other choice I suppose it must be, but it is a shame when such a tender root must be mentally taxed so soon. What you wrote about your youngest "offshoot" (a word my brother-in-law uses) amuses me. He fits right in with our girls, who are not as serene as you might think, looking at their photos. Unbelievable little scamps! To have to change their clothes from top to bottom three times a day is the norm. When the sun sets here at five o'clock all children are dressed up as though they were going to take part in a street parade. One sees the little girls strolling up and down the sidewalks, fine and fragrant, each holding a fan in her hand, looking like a nineteen year old German ballroom girl, ours among them, naturally.

Our oldest, Dorle, six years old, likes to sew and sketch, and with great skill, but she enjoys playing piano even more. We suspect she has a talent for it. Annette will turn five on August ninth. Tree climbing and such are her favorite pastimes. She must have proof of everything she's told or she won't leave us in peace. We don't plan on sending the children to school before age eight. If they do end up living here, they should learn to speak perfect English. That's why we are thinking about schooling, although it hasn't been completely decided yet. Private schools are available here. Private tutors that come to the house would not be feasible, given our circumstances. If it wouldn't be for the English language, my husband would tutor them. You know, dear Minchen, even when an adult has good command of a foreign language, the accent remains, and my husband may well pass it on to the children. Yes, I would enjoy having our children exchange letters with yours; we'll instigate it when the time is right. Don't you think it would be better if everyone writes in the same language? English or German? Your husband speaks English and could teach it to your children. Perhaps we should let them decide for themselves in what language they'd like to write. I wish I knew many other languages; I would teach them all to my children. They learn so easily while they're young. Our children always speak English when they are playing; the only German spoken is with us, and unfortunately, because of it, their German has suffered. Our Dorle has only begun to speak and understand a little while ago. English seems easier for her; she hears it spoken more often. Sometimes I think educating children is a terribly difficult task, perhaps because I'm no good at it. But even for a mother who has nothing to do except educate two or three children it must be hard. Some well known pedagogue said that every child should have his own personal tutor, who would have his hands full with just one child. Small wonder, then, that a hard working housewife like Frau Druschke, with many other demands on her time, has not seen better results in her children.

You mentioned in your letter, "...when I have washing to do." Can't you send it out and free yourself from the whole business of washing and ironing? I have not forgotten the German custom regarding laundry. For a long time I had to do all our own washing when we lived in the Wild West of America, because there it cost over 40 Marks per month to send it out. Here I regularly pay 16 Marks and get it delivered to the house every Friday. More laundry accumulates in a week here than it did in a month in Germany. No lady would wear anything here that is even the slightest bit smudged. Every hour of every day the ladies look like freshly peeled eggs. Each week the girls go through a dozen dresses, as well as play clothes, pinafores and undergarments, and for me two or three dresses, one or two linen skirts and blouses. Cotton, which is cheap, is predominantly worn here. The older 70 to 75 year old ladies are dressed like young girls, always in white. I find this very pretty; the clothing compliments their posture and movements. Every afternoon between four and five o'clock, the ladies here dress up as German women do when they attend social events. I think this is a nice custom, to dress up for around the house and one's husband.

Work is done in the mornings, never in the afternoon. Dirty housework is never done by white women, even if they have no Negro help. Only sweeping is done in that case. Certainly the cleanliness of a German household is nonexistent here, and I used not to be able to live any other way. Now I think it is crazy. I've changed a great deal, dear Minchen. In part my husband has remolded me and in part this country.

But what I wanted to say was that you mustn't torture yourself with too much housework.

Live more for yourself. Believe me, it's worth it. I'd like best of all to talk to you about it in person; will that ever happen again? Maybe when we're very old. I always imagine spending my old age in Thüringen.

You asked if nothing came of the plans to move to Spokane. Oh, my dear child, that would cost almost as much as going to Germany.

The postcard of the business showing the boss and employees is great. The ladies all look nice, one in particular I thought was very pretty, but you stand out above the rest; that is to say, if you were in the photo. No one looks as intelligent as you. Unfortunately you are unrecognizable in the other photo postcard taken by the window at your home. So you are planting your garden yourself and will use it as a summer retreat. Is that nice? Heartfelt thanks for the carnation. Send me a picture of the garden and a nice, long letter soon.

My sister, Nettchen, became a widow in December of last year. She has a beautiful son<sup>1</sup> and is doing well.

How is your mother and the rest of your family? My family is fine. Greetings to your dear husband from us, kiss the little ones and receive many kisses from your,

Traudchen

I'm very tired. Good night.

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<sup>1</sup> Peter Krahforst

10 August 1911

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Yesterday I received your dear letter and the Namenstag greetings. Many thanks for both. Yes, it's been a long time since you wrote. I thought maybe it was because you couldn't send any money. I get the impression your state of affairs over there is becoming more serious. Why is it that you have to make another payment of \$200 next month? I thought you paid it from the \$350 that you borrowed, or must you pay back \$200 of that amount already? It's good that you're alone again; now you'll be able to make regular payments once your income starts increasing again. We'll manage to get by these two months, and I can get help from Geicht or Paula at the end of the month.

Peter sent me six nice photos for my Namenstag, beautiful prints of some of my old photographs. He wrote that he is doing better, health wise, but regrets that the well-intentioned plan to quickly pay off all the debts failed, and he laments that he can't help improve your situation. At the moment he is earning barely enough to live on.

As far as your plan is concerned, dear August, I can't write much about it at this point. First of all, I made a mistake when I wrote we would receive the money next year. It will be paid out in April of 1913. We still have to make three payments of 41.80 Marks. We've turned the policy over to Willi, who will pay the premium for us while we're unable. His advancements to us will then total 1,100 Marks, naturally without interest. 300 Marks will be left over for us providing nothing else comes up in the meantime. This amount will be saved for Tina, since Berta also received 300 Marks cash for her wedding. Only time will tell how it will eventually be used on Tina's behalf. At the moment Willi is again on a four week business trip. We'll talk over your plan once he returns, and he can write you about it.

For six weeks now we have had a terrible heat wave like we've never had before. On the hottest days it got up to 37° C. [98.6° F.] in the shade. So far it hasn't caused any damage, thank God, and we are doing relatively well considering the circumstances. We move about the house practically naked and feel roasted through to well done. It barely rains at all now, and the crops in the fields are drying up. Some of the trees are already turning yellow and shedding their leaves as though it were autumn. Everything we eat and drink has gone up in price. If the weather doesn't change soon this will end up being an expensive year.

Since this letter will arrive not long before your Namenstag, we all send our best wishes. Most importantly we wish you good health and courage for the future, then everything will be all right.

With heartfelt greetings and kisses from Father, and your brothers and sisters, and especially from me, your loving,

Mother

P.S. Gerhard Dick has visited us several times; we enjoy seeing him so much. Write to him. He complains you don't write very often. I believe you also owe Willi and Finchen a letter. Write more often. We want to know about your troubles. You never write in detail. At the moment Tina is spending her vacation in the convent at Wetten bei Kevelar. She lives cheaply there on money she saved. She wrote that she likes it very much and would like best of all to stay there if she could. We received the card you sent last month.

27 September 1911

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

We received your letter and money the day before yesterday. Many thanks for both. I'll be glad when you can again send money regularly, since everything here is very expensive this year, and I have to be very thrifty in order not to incur any more debts. For example, we've gotten used to not eating natural butter for a year now; it took some doing but now it's fine. The margarine costs 90 Pfennige per pound, while natural butter is up to 1.60 Marks, sometimes more. So you see, dear August, this is how we manage to plod through here, as you do there. Were it really true that in a year's time you'll be rid of your burden of debts, then things will be substantially better. Now that your lesson appointment book is filled, you must be earning a king's ransom, and if you really need only 30 to 40 dollars to live on, there must be plenty left over to pay down the debt. Keep good records of your lessons so you can balance your books regularly.

Using your spare time to rest and take care of yourself would be much better than mixing with politics over there.<sup>1</sup> Surely you don't want to be a revolutionist! I do believe my son possesses too much humanity to ally himself with such incendiary bullies like those of Portugal and France, etc.. You'll be putting yourself at odds with the people who provide your income. You are, after all, an independent man, now, who answers to no one and, as such, not a member of the working class. So keep out of it; it would be much better for your future well-being. Most of the screamers for world reform would do better to reform themselves first, before trying to throw everything overboard. Dear August, accept this advice from your mother, who can see things very clearly even without being politically conversant. What Father thinks about all this you already know. Better not write anymore on the subject; it upsets him too much. Naturally he is fond of all of you, but his great regret is that all his grown up sons have such different points of view from his. What a close relationship he would have with all of you, if you were of the same mind.

Regarding the other matter, I'll only say that I hope you maintain a high sense of morality. Stay true to yourself and don't be the cause of any marital discord in others. Let the scandalmongers be, if you have any; they will soon grow tired of it. We know nothing of it. It's true that Traudchen made certain comments to Father, but how well founded they were is unknown to me. Let's forget it.

I'll bring this letter to a close; Father shouldn't read it. He has been at Geicht for the last

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<sup>1</sup> The Socialist Party was gaining strength in the U.S., and its leader, Eugene V. Debs, ran for president in 1912, receiving almost 900,000 votes.

two weeks helping them move—a never-ending, wretched job. He returns home very tired in the evenings but earns pocket money and free meals there.

Tina and Franz are making good progress musically. All are well. Berta was here for twelve days with her little ones, Hermann too for a couple of days. More later.

Heartfelt greetings and kisses from us all, especially from your loving,

Mother

How is Peter doing? In Charleston they've had yet another misfortune.

**I**t is unlikely that Traudchen and family made it to Sullivan's Island for Fritz's vacation in September. On Sunday, August 27th, a hurricane disrupted the lives of everyone living in Charleston and Savannah. Although it had weakened to a category one hurricane at landfall, almost 100 miles to the south, near Hilton Head, it brought a thirteen foot storm surge and 18 inches of rain and swept away 17 lives and over a million dollars worth of property damage before it was through. It also destroyed the rice crop, bringing about an end to commercial rice growing in South Carolina, and caused much damage to the shipping industry.

There was no sleep for the residents of Charleston Sunday night as winds increased to gale forces during the evening and climbed to hurricane strength all through the night, with sustained gusts approaching 90 mph.

Although we don't have Traudchen's account of the hurricane, nor of the family's move to Portland, Oregon, which occurred less than a month following the event, Annette recalled the following to her sister:

*And the cyclone/hurricane blew century old trees down - tore docks away from ships unloading returning vacationers - tore off both floors of a corner of our house in which one held our kitchen - shook our walls - I remember the walls weaving as mother and dad carried us down on our mattresses to put us on the ground floor near an inside wall. Remember dozens of Negroes in the back or basement? All on their knees with their crying, singing, moaning and praying - lights flickering, their white teeth flashing.*



Charleston Battery - Hurricane of 1911

The Hurricane of 1911 was also notable for being in Du Bose Heyward's novel *Porgy*, published in the mid 1920s and based on his childhood in Charleston. It was later adapted into Gershwin's opera *Porgy and Bess*. In his novel, Heyward describes the coming of the storm announced by the tolling of St. Christopher's Church tower bell:

*There was something utterly terrifying about the studied manner in which the hurricane proceeded about its business. It clicked off its moves*

*like an automaton. It was Destiny working nakedly for the eyes of man to see.... The noise became deafening. The narrow strip of water that was left before the wharves seemed to shrink away. The buildings huddled closer and waited. Then it crossed the strip, and smote the city. From the roofs came the sound as though ton after ton of ore had been dumped from some great eminence. There was a dead weight to the shocks that could not conceivably be delivered by so unsubstantial a substance as air, yet which was the wind itself, lifting abruptly to enormous heights, then hurling its full force downward. These shocks followed the demoniac plan, occurring at exact intervals, and were succeeded by prying fingers, as fluid as ether, as hard as steel, that felt for cracks in roofs and windows. One could no longer say with certainty, "This which I breathe is air, and this upon which I stand is earth." The storm had possessed itself of the city and made it its own. Tangibles and intangibles alike were whirled in a mad, inextricable nebula.*



6 October 1911

From: Tina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

--Beginning of letter missing--

have already made it to Beethoven. So you can see what progress our teacher has made and where I need the most improvement. The main thing with me is the fingering. It is relatively easy for me to play a new piece through. Practicing is so-so.

Last week Herr Leers tested my voice to see whether I'm really an alto. Three or four keys were played on the piano, and I would sing each note in half tone increments until I got to the high *G*, then back down to the low *F*. He thought I had quite a range but that the mezzo sounded best. Herr Leers and his sister thought they could "make something out of me" and recommended singing lessons, but these I turned down, since they are not free. Besides, what use would singing be for me later on? To be able to perform in public is unlikely if one can't devote oneself to it completely. In the choir I'm indispensable! Recently during a rehearsal (Oratorium Elisabeth) none of the sopranos could sing the high *A*, only the Hochscheid with the four voices. Am much in demand overall lately, and have two theatrical leads coming up for Christmas and next year. Dear August, your sister has a high opinion of herself, doesn't she? She's also still a little bit crazy.

I saw a doctor some time ago. I have anemia and nervousness like all young girls. Every ten days I'm to get myself a bottle of eggnog liquor and each day a liter of milk, which is supposed to be good. I accidentally spilled half a bottle on my Namenstag and received a lecture as though we had lost everything. Yes, that's how it is here.

If you were here I could maybe take over Berta's position now. As it is I'll have to wait until Franz is ready, and who knows where I'll be by then! Dear August, today you've received quite a lot from me; hopefully we won't have to wait too long for a reply.

Many heartfelt greetings from your sister,

Tina

We received a card from Traudchen on Sunday saying they arrived safe and sound in Portland and were received wholeheartedly, and that Portland is a beautiful city like no other. God grant that things go well for them there.

Mother

6 October 1911

From: Franz Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3rd Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

I want to write you something too, but what? I suppose about what I'm doing and plan to do. As you know, like Tina, I'm also taking piano lessons, the only difference being that she gets them gratis and I must fork out. But no matter, the main thing is that I learn a great deal in the shortest amount of time possible. You can see that this is the case by looking at Tina's assignment schedule for the seventeen lessons of the last six months. It is the same for me, although we don't practice the same pieces. Herr Leers teaches the Breidenbach method, perhaps you've heard of it. It is one of the newest principles but involves learning scales, chords and arpeggios in all keys. The keys are not learned in sequence; rather, for example, an assignment is given to learn the Dur scales in sharp then in flat, and then the same for the Moll scales. It takes several lessons to master them, but the lessons progress quickly. I took my first lesson on May 12th of this year, and tomorrow, on October 7th, I'll take the 23rd lesson. My assignment for tomorrow is: Etude No. 45, 46, 49 by H. Lemoine, then all the septimen chords and the *Venetian Gondolier's Song* by Mendelssohn, which starts like this:



Our assignments are dated and written into a book. That tells you a little about my piano playing, which occupies most of my free time, of which there is little. But I do have enough time left over to pursue other hobbies, such as photography or other pastimes.

I recently fixed up my mansard to make it more livable. I constructed a table, some bookshelves and framed a few pictures. I hung portieres to square off the curvature of the mansard and installed an electric light, which runs on a battery. And of course there are a couple of chairs. Now the room is comfortable, and I can spend time there undisturbed. Unfortunately, though, only in summer; during the winter one would freeze to death there.

That's enough for today. Write and tell us what you think about our piano lessons. It is 11:15 and high time I went to sleep. Good night.

Best wishes from your brother,

Franz

6 November 1911

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
336 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

It's been a few days now since we've had your second letter with enclosure in hand. You should have seen the joy of receiving so much money on the faces of everyone, and you should have heard what everybody wanted to do with it. Twice the amount wouldn't have fulfilled everyone's wishes, but each person will receive what's most needed. Many thanks from us all.

If we stop receiving the pension in January, and it would be possible, as you thought, to send \$20 regularly each month, it would be an enormous help to us, and we may just get by if we're thrifty enough without having to receive support from the married children. Willi would gladly contribute but Finchen only if Berta and Hermann also chip in, but they have to borrow to make ends meet, and I really don't want to depend on the married children at all.

Franz will complete his apprenticeship in April and at the very least make 60 Marks. For now he'll have to remain where he is before he can find something better. Willi might be able to get him a position at Jansen in Krefeld, but it would be expensive for Franz to have to live there.

Our monthly income, excluding your support, now comes to 188 Marks. 35 Marks is deducted for rent and 15 Marks for taxes, coal, light and other such expenses; then 6 Marks is spent on laundering the large items (I still do the smaller items myself), which totals 56 Marks. After purchasing all the other things we need, not much is left over for the daily bread.

If Peter were doing better he could chip in. If things go better for Fritz now that he is in Portland, he'll also be able to send \$5 a month and slowly pay back the \$150 he owes Father. As you can see, dear August, we are always thinking how we can manage to get by without putting too much strain on anyone. We wish it were the other way around, that we could send all of you money.

You asked how we were doing health wise. We old folks are doing fairly well. Father must deal with gout and catching colds often, and I suffer of the abdominal problem. But I'm happy and thank God when I'm able to do the daily chores, so that the household stays in order and everyone is content. Since I have my new teeth, my stomach problems have greatly improved. I can again eat everything and feel good doing so, and even the nauseating reflux has subsided. Josef's finger has healed although his hand still hurts a little. The boy is big for his 12 ½ years; he has been coughing since Pfingsten, but don't worry, it

isn't consumption, just the remains of the nasty whooping cough. Willi's oldest is still with us; he has also been coughing just as long in spite of all the medicine we've given him. It is said that the cough swells for nine weeks and ebbs for nine more, so it must be coming to an end now.

It is 12:30 and I'll go to bed now. Good night.

Dear August, a beautiful autumn morning has broken, the sun is streaming brightly through the kitchen window, and I'll quickly finish this letter before starting the daily chores. It is 9:00 o'clock, and part of the work is already finished. First I spent a good half hour in church, then made coffee, got Tina and the boys off, drank some coffee myself, cleaned the kitchen and now am sitting here contentedly finishing my letter to you, my dear son.

You now know a little more about how we live here. Father still earns part of his pocket money at Geicht and at Paula's. It's good for him to be working a little, otherwise he gets bored, and that doesn't suit him. He still has plenty of time left over to read.

Receive my heartfelt greetings and a kiss, and think often of your loving,

Mother

Father and Josef also send heartfelt greetings and a kiss. Write again soon in detail about yourself, dear August, and where you are living now and how you have settled in.<sup>1</sup> We are interested in everything you write to us.

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<sup>1</sup> Although a couple postcards were still addressed to 336, by this time August had moved to 328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West, two houses down on the same block. 328 was a much smaller house, a single story bungalow on a half lot.

11 / 11 1911

11 minutes before 11 o'clock

From: Friedrich Hochscheid  
Düsseldorf

To: August Hochscheid  
336 Third Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

To commemorate this unique date of the century, I'm sending you heartfelt greetings.

Your Father

Best wishes from Franz Hövel.

Dear Brother-in-law,

How are you? Did you receive the photo of our boys? Everything is fine here. Willi is on the eighth day of a business trip; wish you were here to keep me company.

Heartfelt greetings from your sister-in-law,

Finchen



8 December 1911

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Yesterday, on the seventh of December, we received your dear letter with enclosure dated November 18<sup>th</sup>. Thank you very much for both. I have responded whenever we've received something, so that you would know it arrived safely in our hands. If you haven't received everything it is probably because the letters take longer to arrive in winter, as did yours. Of course I also respond because, as you know, I always have something to write you about, which I hope doesn't bore you.

Yesterday the mail carrier came when Father wasn't here, and I signed for him. The carrier was concerned that you could make trouble for him at the post office because Father should have signed, but that's not something you're likely to do. I wanted to have the letter right away, since I'm always curious what you'll write about, although it's always not enough, not to say the dollars aren't important also. Ah yes, our beloved money; so essential to life. Now that you are sending so much, dear August, we are not as worried about our daily bread, and hopefully it can continue this way, then maybe we won't have to depend on anyone else. Hopefully enough money is coming in at your end so that it won't affect you too much. Again, many thanks for all you've sent so far.

Have you written to Peter? We haven't heard anything from him since my Namenstag on July 24<sup>th</sup>. I thought if things were going well for him, as you thought, he would have written. We want to send him Christmas greetings, and we wish you a very happy holiday too, dear August. No doubt you'll spend a nice time in the company of one of your befriended families. How nice it would be if you were here for the holidays. If things go according to your wishes, we'll see you here for Christmas in two years.

I speak your name each day since I often get Josef mixed up with you, even when I talk about him to others do I call him by your name. Is that perhaps because you were born on the same day, although fifteen years apart? I'm enclosing a photo of our "Juppes." He is exactly the same as in the photo. He's a good fellow overall. He's to take piano lessons now from Franz, also he sings in a boys choir. You see, dear August, how all our children are musically inclined down to the last one. They are, at least, making an effort to learn. Franz and Tina have asked me to give them the newly released Tonger's Music Band Edition No. 3 for Christmas. It costs 5 Marks, but there is so much material in it that I've decided to get it for them. They have been practicing so diligently, and this will be something entertaining for them. Josef would like to have Robinson Crusoe, and his wish shall be fulfilled also. On the whole, Santa will only bring useful items such as hats, ties etc.. The older children also want to have a little tree to decorate; according to them Christmas

is nothing without one. We'll try and make it nice for them here. It's better than having them spend it elsewhere.

Franz will be seventeen in May. He still doesn't smoke, not even in secret (it's not like him to do that), nor does he drink any beer, which only finds its way into the house occasionally. Every evening a pot of coffee is drunk, even Father has gotten used to it. If he happened to be out drinking Kölsch at a pub, he'll still want to end the evening with a cup of coffee. Franz resembles you, dear August, in appearance as well as personality, and so we often say, "...just like August." Before he goes to bed at night he'll come to my bedside and chat for awhile. I sleep with Tina in our old big bed; Father sleeps alone. We old-timers couldn't put up with each other any more. Father has gout in his right leg and constantly pulls his leg up and then snaps it back down, and so it goes on, up and down all night long, and it became better that he sleeps alone, which works well as long as we don't have overnight guests. Someday when Franz has higher earnings, and we take in more money than we spend, everyone will have their own bed; it is more comfortable to sleep alone and probably much healthier.

You see, dear boy, I've again written a great deal; I'd like to write even more, but I'd never get my work done. So live well, do good work and be content during the holidays. Heartfelt greetings and kisses from your loving,

Mother

Dear August,

Since Mama has written just about everything possible, nothing remains but for me to wish you a very merry Christmas. With heartfelt greetings,

Father

Dear Brother,

By now you'll have received Franz's and my letter, so for today I'll just wish you a very merry Christmas. I'm as excited as a child about the holidays. First of all, the long week where the business is open on Sunday will be over, and then we plan to make things comfy-cozy here. Franz and I will see to that. We've also practiced a couple of piano pieces for four hands to recite on Christmas. We'll tell you how the festivities went after the holidays.

For now, best wishes for a happy holiday. Your loving sister,

Tina

Dear August,

I'd also like to add my best wishes for a happy holiday.

I just finished my piano lesson. My assignment for next time is H. Hoffmann Op. 88, No. 1 Gavotte, Etude 48 by H. Lemoine, review Hayden Sonata and a portion of Mozart's *Don Juan* transcribed for four hands by Ferdinand Beyer, which I play with Tina. As you see,

it is a great deal for eight days, especially with only one-and-a-half hours maximum practice per day, but I'll manage.

I wanted to correct an error in my last letter. The method Herr Leers teaches is not Breidenbach, but Breithaupt. Please write and tell me how you conduct your lessons, I would be very interested.

Enough for now. Heartfelt greetings from your brother,

Franz





L-R: Franz, Friedrich, Berta (holding Heinrich), Josef, Tina, Christina (holding "Fidi")

10 December 1911

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Here is a small Christmas present. We also would have liked to send you the usual Christmas treats, but that would have made the postage too high. I hope you like the tie and that it is fashionable there as well. I chose black because you always wore black. Wear it in good health, dear August, and think of us when you put it on. Heartfelt greetings from all of us, especially your loving,

Mother

Have the tie ironed when you get it, but only from left to right.

22 December 1911

Dear August,

Many thanks for your dear letter with enclosure. It would be terrible if a crisis like that came about; we would all suffer from it. Hopefully it won't turn out so bad. We were all in a festive Christmas mood, but this dampened our spirits.

Your siblings thank you for the music, they will make good use of it.

Did you receive your tie, and did you like it?

Berta and her children went home again. We are always so happy when they come to visit but also when they leave. The children's ruckus is too much for us old folks.

Heartfelt greetings and kisses from us all,

Your loving Mother

Your letter arrived December 20<sup>th</sup>.

12 January 1912

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

We didn't receive your letter of December 19<sup>th</sup>, 1911 until the day before yesterday. The mail is very slow now, isn't it? Did you receive the card Josef sent you? I believe it was in November that he wrote you and replied to some things you had asked about.

Along with your letter, we received one from Fritz. Both children have the whooping cough, and Traudchen has her hands full. She is caring for two families now, since Frau Wuebel is pregnant. Already they have cause to complain again.<sup>1</sup>

We are excited to hear about your promising outlook. God grant it will come true.

On the 5<sup>th</sup> Father wrote to Herr Grüneberg. I wonder what the reply will be; we should hear something by the end of the month.

Willi has announced their visit with us next Sunday. We'll spend a few nice days together then. Your brothers and sisters have not managed to write you yet.

Heartfelt greetings and kisses from Father, Tina, Franz, Josef and especially from your loving,

Mother

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<sup>1</sup> Doris Wilson noted: "Annette recalled that her family lived for a while across N.W. Overton Street in Portland from the Eilers, who owned the music stores, with Mr. and Mrs. [Paula] Wuebel. The Wuebels remained Traudchen's friends for many years, even after they moved to San Mateo, California. The Hochscheids celebrated Christmas with the Wuebels in 1911. Sixty five years later Annette remembered, 'the first Christmas tree I'd seen—all the beautiful decorations—bells that tinkled and a large sausage hanging within reach of Prinz, the dog. Prinz kept his nose touching the sausage until Mr. Wuebel came home each night from work; the drooling the rest of the 24 hours was something else again.'"

2 February 1912

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Yesterday we received your letter with enclosure, for which we thank you very much. So you are snowed in and going through a hard winter. How does it affect you? Do you venture out into it or curl up behind the stove? It's been snowing here too for a few days but melts when it hits the street, only sticking for a little while to rooftops, trees and flowers.

Dear August, you should no longer address the registered mail to "Family Hochscheid." After I signed, yesterday, the carrier had to return for Father's signature too. Address it to either Herr or Frau. The post office here is very cautious.

This morning we received a letter from Fritz. He is going to rent a small house; it is supposed to be very pretty and only a half an hour from work (whether that means walking distance or not I don't know). Fritz is still discontented. He wrote he is starting to get old, and life isn't worth the effort of living, and so on, and so forth. I suppose if nothing follows this life he may be right, but we will live believing that a better existence will follow, then any situation we encounter here is easier to bear, and we can be content even if everything doesn't always go our way.

I wonder how Peter is doing. I can't stop thinking that if he were here we could set him on his feet again. I fear he will go completely under there. Please write when you hear something from him.

Stay well, and receive our most heartfelt greetings and kisses, especially from your loving,  
Mother

It is seven hours since I wrote this card. The snow is coming down heavily now and sticking. We're in for some wintry days.

4 February 1912

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
Portland, Oregon

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

The piano prices in my catalog differ as follows:

Lester 35	\$510 - 525	rather than \$575
Lester 36	\$639 - 550	rather than \$644 - 500
Hazelton H	\$757 - 650	rather than \$772 - 685
Hazelton L	\$707 - 725	rather than \$822 - 725
Nelson I	\$477	rather than \$375
Nelson 45	\$649	rather than \$625

It is likely the branch distributors set their prices a little higher to recoup the higher overhead costs, which is understandable, but the differences shouldn't be as great as is the case with several here. But it would be best if you didn't write to them about it based on what I say, since that could get me into a lot of trouble.

"Adjustable action" is a device that is connected to the piano and allows the action to be set heavier or lighter, although apparently we don't carry such models; I've yet to see one with this feature. "Library" is a nice add-on for an automatic. I don't know all the particulars, but with this option once a year a certain number of piano rolls may be exchanged for new ones. "Eighty eight" means that the piano roll has an 88 note range. "Comb" means a combination of 65 and 88 notes. "Soloist" is an attachment that supposedly changes the key for vocal accompaniment.

Spokane has the following discount brands:

Aschenbach O mahogany	\$474 - 400	Hoffmann 55	\$457
Leland 3	\$475	Marshall & Wendel L	\$496 - 400
Schilling NB mahogany	\$309 - 250	Schilling oak	\$317 - 275
Schilling Circassian walnut	a little higher	Schilling P oak	\$467 - 375
Schilling P mahogany	\$459 - 350	Smith & Barnes 100	\$489 - 380
Gaylord	cheap	Smith & Barnes 101	\$400 - 415

Naturally there are always a number of second hand instruments available that can be

polished up and eventually sold as new. All these so called discount brands are manufactured by one or two factories. Do you have their catalogs? We have a few older Hallet and Davis models and a couple Laroson. If you wish to sell a cheap model, use one of these. For medium priced models you'd be best off selling Eilers EH, Lester 29, 30, 32 or Kimball 12, 14, 15. The better brands are Hazelton, Sohmer, Chickering, and for player pianos Eilers HK, Lestes or Auto.

Do you have good prospects? If so they'll likely send you one or two pianos on consignment, and once you've sold a couple you can always get more. Then you'll never need to have one of your own.

Peerless 44 is only available in oak for circa \$550. Would that be something for McKnight?<sup>1</sup> Should you sell him one, tell him to disregard any letters and solicitations he may receive from the main stores (or he can write them he has found something else and is not interested); otherwise, they'll take something off your commission.

I don't know what "repeating action" is at the moment, but it is likely they all have it.

The interest will, in general, need to be paid. It can be figured, added to the sum and paid at the end. If it involves a good sale and the buyer insists, the interest may be waived after all. Five dollars per month would likely be considered only for the cheaper, second hand models. For the cheapest new models \$6.00 is the minimum payment per month. The "special price" is figured on a case by case basis.

What do you mean by "transporting?" Certainly not a wagon? A truck, as Sherman used, to move it from wagon into the house is a clumsy affair. Here we use very small 1 ½ feet wide, 2 feet long and 4 to 5 inch high dollies. The piano is hoisted up on one side and the dolly pushed under, while the piano is released gently onto it. I'm sure they would supply you with one like it at no charge.

EH is a good piano; I plan on renting one (1% discount for employees). How do you plan on advertising? I think you are in a good area there for sales. Perhaps in time you will expand into a branch enterprise; then will you recommend me as manager? There are likely some restrictions, though. I believe it is part of the Kimball territory.

The total of what I owe seems correct except for Robinson. I also think it was \$40.00. Can you check the original bill? I see you've already paid over five dollars interest to the bank. Can't you pay them off so the interest stops accruing? I will start sending you payments as soon as I can, although it will still be awhile. Sometimes I don't know where my head is. My short-term debts now total \$123.67, onto which another \$150.00 will soon be added for furniture. The long term debts equal \$455.00, bringing the grand total to \$828.11! It's likely my heirs will still be paying this off after I'm dead, which won't be long at this rate. Hopefully socialism will be established soon and will help me out of this dilemma. I haven't read anything further about the recount in the German elections; 64 in the original count was quite good, wasn't it?

Heartfelt greetings,

Fritz

---

<sup>1</sup> McKnight was a cigar and beer agent who owned the building at the corner of First Avenue East and Second Street East (kitty corner from where the bakery was), known in Kalispell as The McKnight Block.

22 February 1912

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

The day before yesterday we received your dear letter of the 9<sup>th</sup> of this month, and yesterday morning the letter of the 2<sup>nd</sup> arrived with the 5 dollar note. For both heartfelt thanks! You wrote that you hadn't heard from us in a long time yet I've answered each letter you've sent and whenever you've sent money. In the meantime you have likely received all our correspondence. I wish you the best of luck in your piano sales venture and hope you manage to sell two next month, since you'll be in a vice grip again on May 1<sup>st</sup>. I don't know whether Willi can help you out; he didn't write us anything about it yet. He wouldn't be able to obtain money from the insurance company because they will only pay out fully in a lump sum if Father is still alive on a specific date; if not, they would only pay a percentage.

How high is the sum total of what you owe? It's terrible that your debts haven't gone down much by now, likely due to the heavy interest you must pay. Or do you not earn as much now as you used to tell us you do; I think it was \$25 or \$26 per week? If you need \$8 for yourself and send us \$5, you'd have \$12 left to pay on the debts, which would total \$48 per month and, deducting the three slow summer months, it comes to \$432 or 1,728 Marks per year. If you can pay that amount regularly, there must be a noticeable decrease by now. I am so sorry that you still have to struggle so much, given all the wonderful money you're making; but, dear August, you are not consolidating your debts. Can't you find someone who will loan you the money to pay back all the debts entirely, so you can pay only one fixed amount each month? Don't you think that is a good idea? It would alleviate your anxiety. See if it can be done. Hopefully nothing else will crop up this year to set you back again.

When things have gone well for Fritz awhile, he will certainly start paying off his debts to you, and then you can pay yours down further.

What do you suppose has become of Peter? I don't know what to think. I often imagine him suddenly appearing here saying, "Here I am. I just took a roundabout way of getting back home!" I wonder what we'll hear in answer to the letter you sent him.

How is your health? Good I hope. Here everything is coming along as always, except Papa suffers much from the gout. In spite of this he still helps out at Geicht often. Today they are at Schauff's again, using up some of the money they earned during carnival. I'm glad when he gets out of the house once in a while; otherwise, he crouches around the stove too much, and I think it is much better if he keeps mobile. The carnival days cost us less than a Mark. Father drank a couple glasses of beer, and Monday he escorted the

Geicht ladies to the Fränkischen Hof, naturally at their own cost. I didn't put one foot into a Wirtschaft this year; I have no liking anymore for the rollicking commotion. I'd much rather retire early, so that I'm fresher earlier the next morning. But I did make some delicious carnival cookies.<sup>1</sup> I wish you could have had a plate full. We had no company, not even Martin came. During these days Tina exercised with a group in the old Marzellen gymnasium, and Franz took a tour of the Eifel region with a youth group; in any case, that was better than for them to be here amidst the bustling crowds. Franz and his friend took forty pictures. If they turn out well he can send you some. They are in the process of developing them now.

I'll close now since I'm tired and will go to bed soon. Be well, dear August, and receive my heartfelt greetings and a kiss.

Your loving Mother

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<sup>1</sup> Mändelchen and Fastnachtkrabben (carnival cookies fried in oil)



29 February 1912

From: Willi Hochscheid  
Central Hotel  
Würzburg

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3rd Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

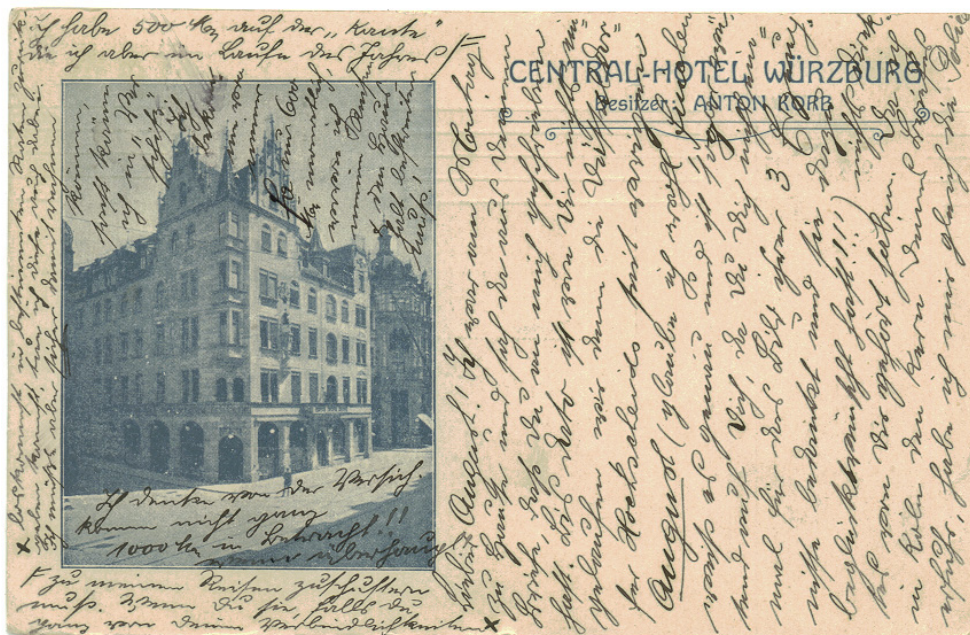
Monday I was home in Cologne and saw by your letter that you had written to me. As of now nothing from you has arrived, and we, the Düsseldorf Hochsheids, have not heard a thing from you directly since August of last year, I believe. (Finchen knows the exact date, being peevd at you for not once thanking her for the photo she sent of our three sons.)

Since discovering the gist of your letter in Cologne, I had Father's insurance policy sent here from Düsseldorf and inquired at Nordstern under what circumstances the capital could already be paid out now. I will write you as soon as I receive an answer.

Write me exactly how much you have left to pay. If the insurance is not enough, I may be able to borrow the rest. What bank are you working with? Best wishes from your brother,

Willi

I have 500 Marks saved that I use for my business trips during the course of the year. If you can guarantee paying me back in time, and this helps you break free from your debts completely, I can add this as well. I must, however, be assured on being paid back or I will be in deep trouble. I receive about 600 Marks a month, with which I must pay all my household as well as business expenses. I'm guessing the insurance principal will amount to not more than 1000 Marks, if it is available to us at all.



1 April 1912

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Yesterday we received the generous amount you sent and will now be able to make March's ends meet. We were actually 30 Marks short, even though we hardly bought anything all month. We have an expensive month coming up, though, so your generosity was very timely, and we thank you kindly.

We received your letter to Willi from him yesterday morning. Father will obtain the money at the insurance company and have it sent to you. It only costs 5%. As gratitude you could make a present of the sheet music Finchen bought at Tonger on your account. It would please her very much. She enjoys giving but likes to take something once in a while too. Then the money would end up costing you 6%, but it will be well worth it, won't it?

You sent us \$5 on February 18 and \$10 on the 20<sup>th</sup>. \$5 on March 11<sup>th</sup> plus \$2 for Father's Namenstag and \$20 on the 1<sup>st</sup>. You probably have the amounts for January in your ledger.

On May 1<sup>st</sup> Franz will receive his first salary. He thinks it will be 60 Marks a month, although the old man hasn't said anything yet for sure. Tina received a raise of 10 Marks, so our situation here continues to improve. If only the pension would continue on permanently.

Franz now wants to furnish our living room from top to bottom. He gets it all cheaply at work. On Easter we received a window treatment, which cost 30 Marks, paid in installments, naturally. For Pfingsten we'd like to have a new couch and carpet. When you come to visit us, dear August, if we're still alive by then, you'll find us living in high style.

Write soon. We wish you all the best. With heartfelt greetings and kisses from all, especially your loving,

Mother

*Ideal Photo Studio*

717½ THIRD AVENUE  
SEATTLE, WASH.

April 1912

From: Peter Hochscheid

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3rd Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

-- Beginning of letter missing --

wrote of it, and he wants to start a "set books" for me. Will have to write him the Climm Clamm. Won't have to pay rent till the first of June; hope to have enough to pay it by then with hopefully some to spare.

Now in regards to the postcards: I can make 1000 for \$20 at the absolute cheapest. That comes to two cents apiece for him. \$10 down and \$10 upon delivery, or all of it COD, or however you want to arrange it with him. The initial payment really should be enough to cover the materials, which will come to over \$10. As for the text, if it isn't too lengthy it can be engraved onto the plate, which would cost between one and three dollars extra. I don't know exactly how much. It depends on the amount of the text. Alternatively I would suggest leaving a portion of the card white and having a rubber stamp made for that area. Of course he would have to stamp them himself. In that case, the photo will have to be made to allow for this, or I can make a copy and work with it. I'd prefer the original negative, but as I said, can work from a copy.

Hope you can make out my writing. Would be pleased to have the order; it would help somewhat. And I think both of them could do well with it as long as they understand it in terms of presentation and management (making a contract with Summer Jacks, etc.).

Let me know soon how things stand.

Heartfelt greetings,

Peter

7 April 1912

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
3549 67th Street S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

To: Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Chemnitz, Germany

My dear Minchen,

Today is Easter, and while I usually yearn for company, today I want to be alone in order to write you. You've stirred up my soul, which may only be calmed by answering you. Your letter arrived three days ago, and since then I've thought of little else. My husband's first reaction was simply that you could establish yourself in the Milchstasse just as well as in Chemnitz; both are about equal in their distance from us. Then he started thinking about it some more and by the following morning was making all sorts of plans and could talk of nothing else. By noon, as we were eating, he actually said to the children, "Once we are in Chemnitz..." What do you think about that, my dear Neudorffs?

We like your suggestion, and had it been made while we were still in the South, we would have already made it come about this spring. Even though we wouldn't have had more than just enough money to cover the trip plus a little bit extra, we would have made it happen. Just a little more than a year ago you, dear Minchen, suggested we return and make our home in Chemnitz, and that I should do sewing until my husband found a good position there. I imaged myself having to sit at the sewing machine all night long after all the housework was done, and it didn't appeal to me, having had to do it that way for half-a-year in Kalispell. I had the best clientele imaginable, including a very kind hearted millionairess, and received 10, 12 and 15 dollars per dress. But I wore myself out dreadfully and never wanted to do it again. But independently and in a grand style, I would be happy to work by your side in a dressmaking-tailoring establishment. Your husband would no doubt help enormously during the planning stages and provide much support. I promise not to let you down in delivering the all important "sales pitch" to the customers; however, ribbons streaming down the backs of hats are something I'd leave to your discretion as the youngest. I think there is a certain attraction for Germans when such establishments are run by foreigners, even if they are imposters. I think Neudorff-Hochscheid will have pull.

But, dear child, it will take one-and-a-half to two years to actualize your wonderful plan, and this is due to several reasons: First of all, the Panama Canal will be open then, which would make it possible to make the whole trip by ship. The stretch of six days and nights on a train is still etched as an unpleasant experience in my mind as well as my joints. Also "hands up" is a phrase reportedly heard often on American trains, not to mention the terrible derailments. We experienced one during this last long trip. We came through it alive but terrified.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Annette's note: The derailment "shook everyone up, but all cars were left upright."

Secondly, we don't have the money to come over now unless someone comes along and trades our debts for cash. Once the Panama Canal is finished, we should have them paid off, providing fate doesn't hand us any more unpleasant surprises.

My husband is a salesman in Eiler's Piano House and is stock department manager for three weeks now. This is a higher position, which demands responsibility. His wages are relatively low but expected to increase considerably in the coming months. He only earns \$75 per month, having started at \$60. His predecessor, who had been with the company five years, earned \$104. We think in a year Fritz will earn \$100 per month. Then we'll make good time in paying off the debts. The bad thing is that my husband doesn't like his job. They squeeze every last drop of blood from him, and it goes against his grain. Naturally, he is getting thin and pale because of it. If he didn't have to think about a wife and children, he would have changed jobs. In order to make a change here, one has to have a little saved up, which we don't have. The company he works for has 40 branch offices, and this is the main one.

My husband would have much opportunity here to give music lessons if he weren't so tired in the evenings. In addition he takes care of our big garden, which is two lots wide, has thirteen fruit trees, four very large pine trees, many blooming and fruiting shrubs, lawn and flower beds, some of which are planted with vegetables. We live in a very nice house located a half hour by streetcar from the middle of the city. We have furnished it nicely. This is the fifth time I've set up a household during the eight years of our marriage. It gets to be almost routine after a while, doesn't it, dear Minchen?

The climate here is the best possible. The winters consist of a long period of rain, a few days of frost, and little snow. It is quite lovely now during the spring. I've heard the summers are not terribly hot and the nights always cool. The children and I have felt well here, and they look as fresh as the roses of Portland. The city is famous for its beautiful and rare species of roses. Practically every house outside the business district is surrounded by tall rose bushes. The houses here also are built of wood; all are single family residential style. Portland is situated in a large valley surrounded by mountains, some snow-capped, and the Willamette River flows through the middle of the city. There is more activity here than I've seen anywhere else, and it is the prettiest patch of earth I've ever seen. We are continually awed by the beauty here; it is just like in a fairy tale.

Shouldn't we write each other more often again, dear Minchen? Your letters please me more than any others I receive. Many thanks for your dear letter and the two pictures. I especially enjoyed seeing you sitting down languidly on your heels at the Eckplatz. You look quite formal and attractive in your airy silk dress. Also the children are adorable in both photos. The picture of your Carl in the garden room turned out well also. How beautiful the many windows look, so richly draped and adorned with flowers! I don't wonder you have many friends; you are such an interesting individual. May I still congratulate you? I do so heartily. We've decided to treat our anniversary each year as the one day most worthy of celebration.

May I ask what it costs to send a child to a Reformschule<sup>1</sup> over there? It sounds as if you've made the right choice. We would like something like that for our children too, but

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<sup>1</sup> An alternative school with a curriculum geared for higher education, including an elective language and Latin studies.

# Portland, Oregon



Dorchen, Traudchen, Annette & Fritz in Portland 1912 or 1913

private schools are expensive, and my husband hasn't the time to teach them, and I don't have the knowledge. Our Annette is still too young and still has too much fun frolicking around for us to put her on a school bench. Dorle is old enough, but since she still can't speak well enough—although remarkably better English than German—we've resolved to send both children to school when Dorle is eight years old. That will be in a year from this coming fall. School is not compulsory here. The youngsters here, especially the girls, go to school until they marry. Many are 19 or 20 years old once they have completed all the grades. In general, more is done here for the education of girls than for boys, who are somewhat incidental to the family. A boy's real education is administered by the girl he marries. The American men are henpecked heroes. Schools are free here, even the high schools. Only students intellectually ripe are accepted into the high schools. Pupils must buy their own text books in all the schools, and to attend college or universities costs extra. My husband is no friend of the school system, but what are we to do? We are the slaves of our circumstances. What you wrote about the Reformschule for your son fell on sympathetic ears.

Above all your letter gave my husband some renewed hope again. A few weeks ago he mentioned to me for the first time that he regretted having come to America. So you can imagine how he must hate his job. It must be a living hell; one hears others complaining as well. My husband has no way to look for another position; any interested employer would inquire at his present company for references, and they, knowing his intent, would immediately hire someone else to replace him. There is no advance notice of termination given here; one quits his post, or is terminated, immediately. And people beginning to show some age are unable to find work here at all. Thankfully my husband still looks youthful! But I fear he may become ill again through over exertion. For that reason alone, a wife should earn money along with her husband, so that a medical emergency would not be unbearable financially. If things work out, I'll take it easy a little longer through the summer and start with the sewing again this fall.

Unfortunately it is difficult to find household help here. If one is lucky enough it costs \$35 to \$40 per month, not including meals. I can't manage that. Perhaps eventually I can send the laundry out. I do it each week myself now and bake twice a week. Every woman does this here, even the well-to-do. Only the very rich can afford a maid, and they begin here in the millions.

Isn't it a little extraordinary, dear Minchen, that for eight or even ten days before your letter arrived, I thought of you and sewing together in Chemnitz constantly from morning until late at night? These thoughts even followed me into my dreams. Strange isn't it? The hairs on the back of my neck stood up when I read that part of your letter. It was as though we were merely continuing a conversation we had started.

But I never let myself dream of such high prices. After my apprenticeship I worked as a volunteer for half-a-year at Ferger-Hasters in Cologne. They made the most beautiful clothes imaginable there and only for the highest official circles, once even a dress for the Kaiserin. The very minimum price for one dress there was 100 Marks. Frau Ferger was the proprietress. I was her darling, and she often called me in to her to thread her needles. One time she told me how she got started in the business. She had gradually worked her way up, at first sewing the uniforms of maid servants. If, however, one wants to start directly at the top one must certainly do a lot of advertising, or do you really think that the

ribbon streamers on hats and the English language alone will do it? Certainly it would help if your friends visited and recommended us to others. I wish I could come right over. Too bad we no longer live in Charleston; from there we could have come directly by ship.

Yes, living in Germany is nice; one can take beer cruises there! And we could be together often, and my husband would play piano and sing. Do you really think he could find something there that would suit him? I think in Chemnitz he would eventually go back to work for the post office. He wouldn't want to do that in Cologne. And I wouldn't want to live in Cologne because the relatives would try to influence our child raising methods. We are raising our children without religion. My brother-in-law, August, wrote a fine article about it in the periodical *Freidenker* [Free Thinker]. My husband lent it to someone; if they still have it I'll send it to you. August is doing well; he has a good income as professor of piano and speech. (He really has this title!) But he is not able to enjoy his income because it all goes directly to his creditors. He must also support his parents. It will likely take another year or two before he has paid off all the debts. You may remember, he opened a business in Kalispell over three years ago with his brother, Peter, and lost about \$1000. They were too honest minded to simply declare bankruptcy, so have been paying and paying ever since. Peter just opened a photography studio in Seattle last week. He has always had such hard times.

What you wrote to me about Hancks doesn't surprise me; the strongest opinions are made to change.

Dear Minchen, I'm dog-tired or I'd write more. Live well and write me again soon. Heartfelt greetings to all your loved ones and a kiss for you from your devoted,

Traudchen and family

My husband may add a few words if he's not too tired tomorrow. Something else occurs to me: Could your Carl possibly hire my husband in his business at least in the beginning, so there would be at least a little money coming in? See how serious we are about your suggestion? Special greetings to your Carl.



10 April 1912

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
3549 67th Street S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

To: The Neudorffs  
Chemnitz, Germany

Dear Neudorffs,

Allow me to also add a few words regarding the aforementioned suggestions. True, I did say to my wife she and Frau Minchen could open a dressmaking studio just as easily in the Milchstrasse as in the Kurfürstenstrasse, but it was meant figuratively. In reality we are a little bit closer to you than the Milchstrasse, nevertheless it is still quite a jump, and the rail and ship fares alone would be about \$360 and \$1400 to \$1500 respectively. Unfortunately that's more than we have saved so far. Much more.

But that's beside the point, for where there's a will there's a way. The important question is, if we were in Chemnitz would we be able to make a living? It would probably not be impossible. I could, as my wife mentioned, go back to work for the post office, and although I don't know for sure if they would take me back, I doubt there would be anything major standing in the way. In the dressmaking studio suggestions and ideas I don't have too much confidence, and also I'd like to provide and care for my family myself. Unfortunately up to now I have not been totally successful in doing so. Not to say we haven't always had bread and meat and occasionally a pie on the table, but I'm sure you know what I mean.

Aside from the post office, I could be of use in many ways, as they say here in America: "a jack of all trades." I don't think there are many positions I would not be capable of doing in a very short time, with the exception of highly technical ones that require long years of prior training.

All in all we are both tired of America, my wife and I. Up to now we have not found what we were seeking and had hoped to find here. It is a gruesome land. Those not fast enough are mercilessly crushed beneath the wheel, and the fast pace makes one prematurely old. So let us hope our prospects help us escape from here to something better. The easiest way would probably be if my wife and children leave here, open a dressmaking studio there and earn much money, while I continue working here and in time follow. Simple, isn't it? What do you think?

Meanwhile receive my most heartfelt greetings,

Fritz Hochscheid

5 May 1912

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
3549 67th Street S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

This is now the third letter you'll receive from me. I wouldn't have written again if it wasn't important, and I didn't need to ask you for a favor.

I just turned in my resignation and am not inclined to continue working there any longer, should they ask. To detail my reasons would take me too far off course, and based on what I wrote before, you can draw your own conclusions why it is impossible for me to endure it there any longer. Yesterday there was another incident, which was the last straw. Perhaps it was only a little thing in the world of big business but enough for a sensible man with nerves.

I want to try giving piano lessons for a living. We live in a district here where there is only one teacher for miles around, and if I start out right and put all the energy I have left into it, it might be possible for me to assemble a group of students.

What I need from you is not money, at least not for the moment; maybe in a month you can help me out a little if it becomes necessary. At the moment I'm only asking for a few hours of your time. Write me a long letter, and give me all the tips and pointers you can based on your long experience at this. Put together a package of practice materials that you can spare, including pieces that are for sale with price list, or I can make the list if it's too much work for you. How is the course in harmony? Is it something I can use? Send me pamphlets, etc. that I can use for advertising. How is the ear training course?

One more thing: Our children are now six and seven years old. I want to start educating them myself, reading, writing, etc.. Do you still have the book from the Brenner School I once looked at, and the one from Berthold Otto? What do you recommend me to do?

Peter has opened his shop, and it seems to be a success so far.

Write very soon. Heartfelt greetings,

Fritz

8 May 1912

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dearest August,

This morning we received your card of April 26<sup>th</sup>. We immediately sent it on to Düsseldorf so Finchen could forward it to Willi, who will have to inquire at the insurance company what they mean by an exchange. If it relates to the check they sent to your bank to replace the first check, which, as I already wrote you, was on the *Titanic* and went down with the ship, then everything is in order.

Father immediately returned the document they sent for us to sign; otherwise, we know nothing about any sort of exchange. Hopefully in the meantime everything was resolved favorably, and you didn't have any difficulties.

Write us something special soon about how you are doing, and also what you know about Peter and Fritz's family. It always seems to take so long to hear from any of you over there.

At the moment Tina is sick in bed. According to what the doctor wrote on the examination card, she has infected tonsils and throat with fever. Today she is a little better; she will likely be back at work in a few days. She came home from work feeling miserable the day before yesterday.

Otherwise all are well. How do you feel, dear August, fit as a fiddle, yes? With heartfelt greetings and kisses from all of us, I remain your loving,

Mama

13 May 1912

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
3549 67th Street S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Received your letter and the book; best of thanks for both. The book is good, but I think more useful for you than me; I already do much instinctively, or better yet according to my business sense.

My sixth student just quit on me. She was an alluring 16 to 18 year-old maiden, who just wanted to know if I thought she was too old to learn.

I don't live outside the city, but the district here is half rural, located a half-an-hour from the business center.

Eilers doesn't have a discount plan, but I can pay whenever I feel like it. Because of this I can't buy supplies there and want to get in touch with Presser. I had an account with him in the South but never bought anything.

Did you end up playing the solo with the city band? What was it?

I would like to take the course; please write and tell me what it costs, etc.. How far did you get with it? Can't you continue from where you left off? Did it come with a book, and if so, what is the title?

The socialists even have a branch nearby in the Arleta Mount Scott area.

I joined the German Gesangsverein [singing group] but didn't pay dues and stopped attending. There isn't much use in going, and it is too far away. But a socialism group I would consider forming.

Don't forget to comment on method. Naturally I have Touch, Technic and Matthews.

Also don't forget to write about my children's education.

Heartfelt greetings,

Fritz

20 May 1912

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
3549 67th Street S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

The week ended as follows: Seven students, of those three at \$1.20, three at 60 cents per week, and one at \$4 per month. There were nine scheduled, but two didn't show up; of those I may be able to salvage one.

I have six to eight relatively good prospects; one of them is a lumberjack of about 45 years! I hope that next week will end with ten students.

If you haven't already shipped the metronome, don't. I got one from Eilers for \$2.50.

Do you still subscribe to *The Etude*? Is it worth it or better to alternate with others?

Don't forget the unanswered questions from my last letter.

Today I'm purchasing *Piano Teaching* by Hamilton, a dictionary, and five dollars worth of sheet music.

Heartfelt greetings,

Fritz

*Ideal Photo Studio*

717½ THIRD AVENUE  
SEATTLE, WASH.

22 May 1912

From: Peter Hochscheid

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3rd Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Just received your card. Business is dragging along; it's been slow for over a week here since it began raining. Now and then I have "a sitting," usually just cheap stuff - postcards and "stamp photos," occasionally a larger order. Won't be able to get the rent together by the first. One can't stall the large companies or renting agents, it is either pay or else! Therefore if you could send \$10 ?, I could probably manage it.

Business in general is picking up here. I'm thinking if I can make it through the first couple of months I'll be okay. The rain, while good for most businesses here, is not good for us, since most people don't want to have their picture taken when it is wet.

How are things with you? Did you receive my letter? What did the two Germans decide about the postcards?

Mr. Töpfer visits me often. He wants to sell everything, here and in Kalispell, and return home to Germany. But he still wants to learn photography! I spoke to him about a possible loan, but he has no cash available and little work.

How is Schwiers doing business wise and otherwise? Greetings to them from me, also to anyone else who asks about me, especially John Ahurs. I heard he got rich overnight! Inheritance?

Let me know soon if you can help out. Heartfelt greetings,

Peter

STUDIO  
OF  
FRITZ HOCHSCHEID  
PIANO AND THEORY  
POST OFFICE BLDG., ARLETA  
SUITE 5

PORTLAND, OREGON, \_\_\_\_\_ 191

25 May 1912

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3rd Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

I feel as though I should report my progress to you weekly although I don't know why. I now have eleven students, eight have already had lessons, and three will start Tuesday, hopefully. There is always that element of uncertainty! Most only take one lesson per week, unfortunately, bringing my monthly income to only about \$35. I'm counting on an increase of three to six students per week, which I have to work hard for, and not just in running around and boasting but pure angst as well. But for various reasons the fear that someone could outdo me has almost disappeared. Only when I have to suddenly play something by sight does it come back. It was too long ago when I stopped, and I'm growing old.

Can you help by sending me \$10 on the first? We have \$20 on hand, from which \$10 goes for rent and \$10 for furniture. If all goes well, I'll have made \$15, which will go to pay the grocer. Then comes the studio rental of \$5, lodge dues, light and water, and those little expenses one never thinks of that have to be paid nonetheless. If I manage to make \$50 in June, we'll be able to get by. Naturally I won't be able to pay down any debts or pay for anything else, such as sheet music or printing.

Our vegetable garden helps already and will help even more next month. I'm sure I'll have enough work soon; it's just the transition that is difficult.

The \$20 I mentioned we had on hand came from Willi. It was unasked for; he sent them, to our surprise, in answer to a friendly letter I had sent comparing his situation in life to mine as a Bourgeois proletariat. He also sent a suit with an extra pair of trousers and several things for Traudchen. Not a bad gesture, no? At the moment, however, my hat bothers me more than my suit; I'm wearing an old one from Wuebel. Our relationship to the Wuebels has cooled off somewhat, since I tossed Herr Wuebel's fatherly admonitions, which I had to put up with, to the wind.

If you think of it, write me about the other matters I asked about. I would be interested to know which of our acquaintances are socialists. I think, for the time being, I need to keep a low profile. There is a branch here in Arleta, but my patrons are all church goers. Aside from that it costs money; I can't even afford to renew my subscription to *Appeal and Coming Nation*. What are you reading these days? Can you afford to send me some newspapers and periodicals each week via book rate? Are you receiving a German newspaper?

See what you can do to help me along in this and any other regard. As soon as we cross the \$75 dollar a month income mark, I'll resume paying back my debt to you.

Heartfelt greetings,

Fritz

STUDIO  
OF  
FRITZ HOCHSCHEID  
PIANO AND THEORY  
POST OFFICE BLDG., ARLETA  
SUITE 5

PORTLAND, OREGON, \_\_\_\_\_ 191

30 May 1912

From: Traudchen Hochscheid

To: Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Chemnitz, Germany

My dear Minchen,

I've just finished reading your letter and that of your husband. It touched me deeply, and a feeling of comfort spread over me. It is so nice to know one has such true friends. A thousand thanks for all your efforts, for all your plans. I hope one day to be able to do something for you too. But for now, dear Minchen and Herr Neudorff—for now we really cannot come, in spite of your attractive offer. We are stuck here, and not only because of debts. As long as we're paying off debts, we can't begin to think seriously about saving. It will no doubt take some time before we have a few hundred dollars together. For reasons known to you, I don't want to ask my family for money. They still haven't gotten over the fact that their non religious daughter married a non religious man. And Fritz's relations are themselves in debt. Willi, his brother in Düsseldorf, earns 600 Marks per month as a traveling representative, but he is the "banker" for the rest of the family. August, the music professor in Kalispell, makes \$125 to \$150 per month, sends his parents \$20, lives as frugally as possible in order to pay off, as quickly as possible, his \$1000 debt from when he had a bakery a few years ago with his brother, Peter. I believe two-thirds has been paid back. Peter was not able to help paying. The poor guy has been traveling from place to place just barely able to scrape enough together to sustain himself. About two months ago, with the help of a friend, he opened a photography studio in Seattle, Washington, and at the moment it looks like he is finally having some luck. He worked for a couple of years in the business as a helper.

It is remarkable how often people change occupations in this country. An acquaintance of ours was a dentist for 10 years, then a bookkeeper at a bank, then a farmer. Now he builds houses but is looking to change back to bookkeeping, although he absolutely wants to die a farmer! No one thinks it unusual for a wood worker to become president of the United States. Lincoln was such a man.

And did you notice the letterhead, dear Minchen? About three weeks ago my husband came home spiritually and physically exhausted. After an anxious hour, with great effort, he proposed never to return to the office, if I were in agreement. Naturally I was; I was glad to see him come alive, to speak his mind. Then gradually the courage came for new life—to begin a new undertaking. With resolute initiative, characteristic of Hochscheids, a studio was opened in the center of this district where some 1000 souls live without a good music teacher. It is the custom here for doctors, dentists and such to have their offices in the middle of the business district, and so in the post office building where my husband has his studio, there are several doctors' offices as well. I contributed my parlor furniture, and he has a very nice setup there, only six minutes from our house, for ten dollars rent per month. That is also what we pay for our little house. So in



eight days he began his new enterprise with five students; today he has thirteen. He needs twenty to thirty in order for us to live. He charges 75 cents per 45 minute lesson but sometimes receives \$1.50 for an hour. Some students take only one lesson a week, others take two. For the time being we have to once again put our shoulders to the grindstone to stay alive. Then in a few months we should be able to pay down the debts faster than if my husband had stayed at his employment. This whole experience will hopefully bring us luck, if only nostalgia for the homeland hadn't become so strong in the meantime.

Fritz had much success at a recent church concert, and on the seventh of next month a second concert will bring in more students. This was again a stray thought on my part; I'm writing while cooking, which makes it easy to lose the thread of one's thoughts. My Fritz will write and make everything clear in his answer to your tempting invitation. I can't do it. My thoughts jump from place to place, and yours must jump in order to follow them.

Oh, dearest Minchen, it would be so wonderful if we were there in Chemnitz! I would kiss away all your doubts. Responsibilities lie neither with you nor your dear husband. We are, after all, no babes in the woods. The thought that I could have immediate employment in your husband's firm makes me want to jump for joy! But then the thought that you may possibly need to take in my children several hours each day for months crosses my mind. Are you strong enough for that? How many hours per day must your Anneliese spend at school? Does she get a midday break? The method of teaching in her school appeals to us. It is similar to the school of the future, which Berthold Otto has in Berlin. He has achieved excellent results with it. Berthold Otto publishes a newsletter, *Hauslehrer*, which is excellent. I should mention that we did ask August for the issue number in which his article appeared. Did I mention that August wrote an article called "Religion"? This was an error. He wrote about "Illusions" and also mentioned religion, if I'm not mistaken. Your friends, the Umraths, must be very interesting people, and their attitude in regard to our ideas is remarkable. Certainly a man like that is powerful. He could help us if we could draw his sympathies. But there is no hurry in this.

If the children and I were with you in Chemnitz, and I could support us, it would take a huge load off my husband here, and he could pay off the debts quickly and begin saving for his return fare. There is one way we might possibly be able to raise the trip fare sooner. If my husband is lucky enough to sell a piano to a student, he would get \$50 commission for each one that he sold (200 Marks), as long as it is a cash sale. This could all happen very quickly, and you'll be the first to know if it does.

Your friends are right in thinking it would be a mistake to open a large studio to begin with. I've always known one has to start small, perhaps just the two of us with two apprentices, but I figured the question wouldn't come up for some time. Also I thought perhaps it could be painted from the outside to make it look like we have a studio, so that we would get a better clientele from the start. But we really can't figure on charging more than 25 Marks for one dress at first. Eventually this may increase along with customer demand. Also, during the first months we wouldn't be able to manufacture more than two dresses per week, plus maybe a blouse or another simple dress, until we have built up the strength in our fingers. I was never a fast worker; instead, I concentrated on quality and making it pretty, if I may say that about my own work. Each of us will likely earn 100 Marks per month to begin with, and from that we'll need to deduct rent for the sewing room or rooms and a set amount for heat and light. Once the orders increase, we will hire

help, from whose work we would derive profit, because these girls would not receive as much in wages as their work would actually bring. After all, we don't yet live in a socialistic utopia, unfortunately; we would all be better off, but the middle class doesn't know this yet. We will have socialism here sooner than in Germany. Perhaps my husband will dwell longer on this subject; he is a true follower of this modern philosophy. I know little about it but am very sympathetic with what I do know.

Dear Minchen, it is nice that you have found such fulfillment in your sewing. We would certainly be able to work hand in glove together. Don't worry about anything. We understand all about life, people and the world in general. We have had many diverse experiences that have made us rich in knowledge.

I just remembered you mentioned you would gladly accept a position as saleslady in your husband's firm, if it were allowed. Where would you then leave your children during the day? In a boarding school? Couldn't I do that too, eventually? What does it cost? You know, dear Minchen, it makes me uncomfortable to think I would cause you even the slightest extra work if I came with my children. But perhaps a good solution will be found here to our problems after all.

What would a housekeeper that would take care of all the work that needed to be done cost there? How much is a three or four room apartment? Yes, I like the fourth or fifth floor flats in Hannover. I found them very romantic. Wouldn't the Reformschule take in boarders too? The cheapest would be for me to have a single room with an oil burning stove that I would keep in order myself. Most economical is for several families to keep house together, but it has its drawbacks. It's probably best if everyone has their own nest. There would be no constraint between us; we'd speak openly about everything, and that is why our friendship would endure.

How did it come about that we have earned your friendship? My Fritz would say this makes no sense; friends don't earn each other's friendships, rather it is simply there to begin with, like indifference or antipathy. But what I wanted to say was that while we don't really feel worthy of such a friendship, we intend to prove ourselves worthy.

It will be interesting to see our four children playing together and to hear them speak to each other. Ours may be considered too bold for the German mind set, while here they are considered modest, unassuming German girls. Will they speak English when they play with your children? Perhaps only for the first few days. I think that Gustav resembles you, and Anneliese, Carl.

Did it bother you when I referred to your figure as slender? This seems to be a general sore spot, especially with English women, and probably has to do with degeneration. But I think that dress patterns, strengthened corset covers, or a particular style of corset itself, could all be used to help. I think our figures are similar.

My husband has a life insurance policy here for \$2000 and pays \$1.40 premium each month. He would lose the money if he moved to Germany. He would have to insure himself anew there. What would one have to pay per month for an 8 - 10,000 Mark policy? No rush, just if your husband happens to know.

In closing I'd like to thank you and your husband from the bottom of my heart for all you intend doing for us and all you've already done. Greetings to your dear husband and a

thousand kisses to you and your children from your faithful,

Gertrud

Please be so good and address your next letter to our new address. You sent the comical card with the two salamanders, and also your letter, to my friend's address. It takes so long then for us to receive your news. Our address is: 3549 67<sup>th</sup> Street, Portland, Oregon. U.S.A.

STUDIO  
OF  
FRITZ HOCHSCHEID  
PIANO AND THEORY  
POST OFFICE BLDG., ARLETA  
SUITE 5

PORTLAND, OREGON, \_\_\_\_\_ 191

6 June 1912

To: Herr and Frau Neudorff  
Chemnitz, Germany

My dear Neudorffs,

My wife has again written in such detail that nothing remains for me to add. And to this she remarks I would bring it all together into a summary, but I would still be repeating most of it.

The short of it is that we would like to do it if we could. "I would if I could but I can't," as they say here. The travel costs for my wife and children alone would be as follows:

1. Portland to New York	\$60.65	
(but only if we buy the steamer ticket here, otherwise it would be \$65.00)		
2. Tourist Sleeper	10.00	
3. Food	5.35	
4. New York to Bremen or Hamburg, second cabin	55.00	
5. Hamburg to Bremen to Chemnitz	4.00	(via Cologne, etc. \$10.00)
6. Baggage New York to Hamburg	2.00	
7. Miscellaneous expenditures	8.00	
	=====	
	\$145.00	

This is just for one person; since the children have to pay half price for tickets, the total would be \$290.00, or a bit less.

We would only have to figure numbers 2, 3, and 6 once. It's possible the children won't need a train ticket at all. They are over age five, but here they are not that particular. Perhaps at least the youngest would pass, which would bring the sum to either \$250.00 or \$220.00. In addition to your \$125 "donation," \$150 more would be needed to set us up properly for the trip, and this we cannot get anywhere short of stealing it. We would gladly steal it if someone would let us.

Because of the change in our circumstances, the urgency and advantages of our return to Germany have shifted somewhat, especially in my wife's view, who is guided by the motives she mentioned. With me the desire and inclination stands more in the foreground. As couples we are no doubt somewhat similar—each a pair of contrasts.

We want to try it again here—for one, because we must—even if it means going on half rations. It is always possible that in a few months from now we be allowed double rations—however God in His impenetrable resolution ordains. You don't have to take that literally; I'm not referring to God in heaven, rather what was written previously.

Herr Umrath, or *Umsturtz* [Subversive] as my wife calls him—she can never remember names correctly—must be a very interesting man by your description, my dear Frau Minchen. Monist, socialist, and sales director is quite a paradoxical blossom. Hopefully he doesn't reprimand his subordinates too harshly when they behave subversively. You thought that “maybe it isn't completely out of the question” he may use his influence on my behalf, if only he could see me in person. Oh, no, Frau Minchen, there you have a total misconception of me. One needs only to see or hear me and all sympathetic feelings fly out the window. Only if I play *Sonata Pathetique* for him, and he understands either a very little or a lot about music, might I win back a little of his proclivity. (This should be a warning to you and your husband as well.) Should you be on good enough terms with this aristocratic socialist that he can take a joke, please give him regards from the “comrade” overseas.

I have not yet thanked you for all your kindness and the many things you have offered us. At the risk of sounding sappy, I would just like to say it is a joy to know there are still people in the world that occasionally stretch out their hands to help give a man the opportunity to start all over again, after life has knocked down his house of cards. (Forgive me, but at the moment I can't think of a better way to say this.) Yes, one finds such people only among the socialists or occasional relatives.

Many heartfelt greetings,

Fritz Hochscheid

I just wanted to add, without my wife's knowledge, that I will again ask my brother, who acts as banker for the rest of us, although the prospects don't seem good. You know, my relatives would like to help but can't, and my wife's relatives could help, but....

1 June 1912

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

On May 29<sup>th</sup> we received the money and your dear letter. Many thanks for both. I wanted to write a letter, but since today is Saturday, I probably won't find the time today or tomorrow, so this postcard will have to do.

Dear August, I was ill again with my stomach troubles. One night I had nose bleeding that lasted for an hour. The blood flowed continuously, and I spat it up too, thick and heavy. We were all shocked because I've never had anything like it before. Father was just going to get the doctor when it subsided. When we did send for him the following day, he did not seem too concerned except regarding the stomach. Once again he forbade me to eat anything salty, acidic and spicy and no coffee for a couple of weeks. He prescribed a powder and drops. I'm also not to overwork myself, which I can't do anyway while I feel so poorly.

We thought of having Tina stay home to help, but the 70 Marks she earns is too much to forfeit. For Tina the housework would be much healthier than her job. She has lost weight and was also ill three weeks ago when she missed eight days of work and spent three of them in bed. Next year she wants to go to a convent in Holland, and we have agreed to let her go.

We are happy to hear that Peter succeeded in setting himself up in business once again. He wrote and told us about it. We hope the best for him.

We will be surprised to see what happens with Fritz.

Once again many thanks, dear August. Heartfelt greetings and kisses from your loving,  
Mother

Also from father and your brothers and sisters.

STUDIO  
OF  
FRITZ HOCHSCHEID  
PIANO AND THEORY  
POST OFFICE BLDG., ARLETA  
SUITE 5

PORTLAND, OREGON, \_\_\_\_\_ 191

14 June 1912

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Today I reached the number 16. Just as I began writing you, the 17th student arrived. This means my income has risen to \$55, at least on average. A few more students will show up for sure next week, and I think we can consider ourselves out of danger. I could easily take twice as many students. Once I have 30 I will set the price at \$1.00 per lesson for all new students. Eventually I'll raise the price for the existing students as well. Some only pay 50 cents, some 60 cents, etc.. I have all kinds of methods: one is to give the first couple of lessons for free, another to give them at a reduced rate for the first two or three months. As soon as I have enough, I'll no longer do this. I also write follow-up letters to prospective students and have written to several school teachers with business cards enclosed for distribution to their pupils. Everything helps a little. The last student came in on account of the signs; her mother saw them and came in to inquire.

Other than having your name on letterheads and business cards, don't you advertise? I think you could earn much more if, instead of being "lazy," you were industrious, but it is not as easy, and that's why one doesn't do it. I probably wouldn't either if it weren't so necessary now. But one thing I would do is improve my playing. I don't understand why your playing would have gotten worse. As soon as I can afford it, I will take lessons myself. I'm currently exchanging piano for voice lessons with a lady. How many students do you have by the way? Do you still charge the same price? Is the Gesangsverein still paying you the measly \$10? Are you still teaching German? I still have many questions.

If things go very well here I'll take a week off and come to Kalispell. Business wise it is probably no worse there than anywhere else; but, how you can refer to the cause of it as a mystery is incomprehensible to me. I thought you studied socialism and the socialistic questions. I haven't read any opinions recently in *The Appeal* that the depression will lead to a big crash. I don't believe it will either. There are little depressions going on all the time. Here in America the revolution will soon take place quietly. Didn't you read Henry George? The single tax has been taken up in the socialistic program. Oregon will vote on it this fall. If it passes here the most important first steps will have been taken. Do you understand the principle of anarchism or only the word? Why can't you see any purpose in the political campaign? That sounds so shallow, almost bourgeois.

So your debts, other than for the piano, are still over \$300. How much did you owe in the beginning, seven or eight hundred dollars? It seems like a lot in the absolute sense, but in relation to your income of the past three years it isn't much. Of course what I owe you should be deducted from that. What did you arrange with Willi?

I haven't paid much attention to the number of ants here but will launch an investigation soon of how they managed to get inside your head and why they can't be driven out! Ever since I moved to the South, the exterminator in you has come out with great tenacity in your letters, so that it seems almost a fixed idea of yours.

If at all possible send me a few dollars on the first of the month so that I can buy a new hat. By August 1<sup>st</sup> I hope to be making more than I did in my former employment, so that we can actually, finally move forward. If only something else doesn't go wrong, or there is an earthquake or something like that! When you write to Germany don't mention anything yet about the change in my circumstances; I want to wait until I'm really better off than before.

Why have you stopped using Matthew I, and why is II better? Do you teach scales and arpeggios according to Mason's technique or how we learned them? As for what you wrote about the method, I read it through now and then (I also have a good book by Hamilton). I can play new pieces by ear, and then add the pedals once I'm familiar with the piece. It is that way with everything; as you wrote, one must search, practice and find one's own way.

Actually I now have 19 students. One is the singing teacher I mentioned, and one hasn't paid me yet.

Best regards,

Fritz



2 July 1912

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Yesterday we received the money and your dear, thoughtful letter. Many thanks for both. I would gladly follow your well-meant advice to go to a sanatorium and consult a specialist if I were in my thirties. Then I'd be expected to do the utmost to preserve my health; but now, at age 56, when the duties of my life are almost completed, there is not likely much that can be done for me. I need only to stay with my diet and avoid over exertion, and it will be somewhat tolerable. The doctor I use in emergencies is a thorough, knowledgeable, highly qualified doctor, loved by all. He has always been prompt in helping me and even prescribes the helpful powder ahead of time, so that I have it on hand when I have an upset stomach. I allow myself a couple fresh eggs every few days, and once in a while a glass of red wine diluted with sugar water. It is becoming, and I'm told I look a little better again. I have regained some energy, and if all goes well I will spend eight days in the country next month with Father in order to recuperate. Tina will also be on vacation then; Josef will go to Düsseldorf and Duisburg, and Franz will have to spend that time alone here; perhaps he will also get a few days of vacation.

At the moment the Gerke Family is visiting here. Hermann is on vacation and wants to tour the Eiffel if the weather improves. Berta will remain here with the children during that time. The children are very sweet.

I wish you were here too. Then you could all sing the pretty songs once again. Ah, that would be fine! I hope I will see the day you visit us; but when you do we will not let you go again so easily.

We haven't heard anything back from Peter and Fritz. Did everything go awry again? We will hope not; it would be awful.

Live well, my dear boy, and receive many greetings and kisses from your loving,

Mother

...and all the others

One other thing is that Franz has dropped the piano lessons and is taking classes from eight to ten o'clock in the evenings, three days a week, learning English and bookkeeping. It costs 10 marks every quarter of the year plus text books. He still practices the piano though, according to your instructions. One more thing: there is much sorrow at Geicht.

Last week the child of Heinrich and Johanna was buried after suffering of pneumonia for two months.

Mother

I'm on vacation and in Cologne. Sending you heartfelt greetings,

Hermann

I'm also on vacation. We are experiencing an overabundance of lack; otherwise we would spend it at the seashore. Hopefully it will happen one of these days, and then I'll send you a picture postcard.

Greetings and a kiss, your sister,

Berta

6 July 1912

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
3549 67th Street S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

I asked so many questions that it probably overwhelmed you to answer my last letter. I'll try and ask fewer questions now, and see if it gets you to reply sooner.

What do you teach your students in regard to arm, hand and finger placement? Is it better to be very strict in that regard and not progress forward until a perfect posture, relaxed hand and curved fingers is achieved, or can one let it go and hope for the best in time?

Do you require a piece be played perfectly through before moving on to the next?

What is the correct way to respond to fatigue during fingering practice, continue playing or pause?

Naturally I have my own ideas about these things, but I'd like to hear how you do it and your thoughts.

I had twenty students and an income of \$65. Unfortunately two quit this week, which brought it back down to \$60. This district consists mostly of working class people, and although there is a piano in almost every house, it is usually lack of funds or unemployment that prevents people from taking lessons. I have thought of maybe moving to a better district; I would still be able to keep most of my students. But perhaps in time it will get better here.

Peter seems to be doing as well as I am, meaning out of danger but still in meager circumstances.

Is there no song festival this year?

What do you advise in regard to harmony instruction? Something I could study myself, naturally.

Best regards,

Fritz

STUDIO  
OF  
FRITZ HOCHSCHEID  
PIANO AND THEORY  
POST OFFICE BLDG., ARLETA  
SUITE 5

PORTLAND, OREGON, \_\_\_\_\_ 191

30 July 1912

From: Traudchen Hochschieid

To: Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Chemnitz, Germany

My dearest Minchen,

Maybe a letter from you is already en route; maybe you're also waiting for news of me. The reason why you and your dear husband were not informed at the same time as Herr Hummel is as follows: My husband wrote without my knowledge to Herr Hummel and asked this long-time friend if he could front the balance for the trip, in which case he was to get in touch with your husband. When Fritz disclosed this to me, I beseeched him to write immediately that he should take no such steps at this time, only to let us know if he could afford to eventually help us fulfill our plans at a later date. Yesterday, however, a letter from Herr Hummel arrived, informing us that the money is available and ready to be sent. He had already made arrangements before receiving Fritz's second letter. We are very sorry that you and Herr Hummel put forth such efforts in vain at this time.

The constant fluctuation of plans has made me very nervous. At the moment I would probably not be able to sustain the strain of the trip. It was all a bit too much, what we encountered in life, and I have not always possessed enough strength to stand up to it all.

We've both resolved to eventually return to our old homeland together. As for now, we would like to see if Fritz's new profession will provide a worthwhile existence, and I think by next spring we will have a better perspective on things. Do you and your dear husband think, as I do, that this is for the best? You see, dear Minchen, my husband would have liked to send me to Germany because he thought it would do me good to get out of this restlessness and constant worry about tomorrow; and, to expedite this, he wrote to his old friend. Had I known about this, I would have made objections out of shame. It is always easier to accept an offer than to have to beg for something.

Dear Minchen and Herr Neudorff, we thank you from the bottom of our hearts and will never forget the troubles you went to, to help us find a lifelong means of living. I will write more when I feel better. Many heartfelt greetings to your dear husband from all of us.

I hope soon to hear from you and yours and kiss you a thousand times, your appreciative,

Gertrud

STUDIO  
OF  
FRITZ HOCHSCHEID  
PIANO AND THEORY  
POST OFFICE BLDG., ARLETA  
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PORTLAND, OREGON, \_\_\_\_\_ 191

5 August 1912

To: Carl Neudorff  
Chemnitz, Germany

Dear Herr Neudorff,

Your letter of July 23 with enclosure just arrived. The brochure pleases me as it no doubt will my wife when she has found time to read it. Many thanks as well for the newspaper clippings. I once subscribed to *Vorwärts* for a quarter of a year, but \$2 per quarter was too much for me. There just isn't anything better than a German newspaper; one just can't get used to the local papers here, even if they are German or socialistic. And by the way, you could have saved at least 50 Pfennige in postage if you had sent the "printed matter" separately, and if it isn't too presumptuous of me to ask, it would give me great pleasure, and Frau Traude too, if on occasion you would take advantage of the printed matter rate and send a *Volksstimme* or some other paper for us to read. It seems the middle class Germans are also being attacked by the red worm that is nibbling away at them; unfortunately, many bourgeois skulls are hard to bore through. Lucky then that the bourgeois die off too; the younger brood is more receptive.

You probably received my wife's letter telling you the reasons we were inclined once again to stay here. Yes, the whole thing came about rather nicely. In a short time I had about twenty students together, and we, especially my wife, rejoiced constantly that we had not followed the Song of the Sirens our friends in Germany sang. But every action has its reaction as you know. Your wife once expressed this well in her somewhat paradoxical words, "Whatever one does, afterwards usually turns out to have been the wrong choice." By this I don't mean to imply we again failed, but a temporary reaction has set in due to the vacation Americans have in their schools. Many have quit taking lessons, and new students want to wait until the fall when vacation time is over. Then I figure on enough students to keep me well occupied.

That is one phase of the reaction. Another manifests itself in my wife's intellectual and spiritual apparatus: "If only we had the money already, and if only we didn't have that long train trip. In October it is probably too dangerous on account of the ice..." and so on.

So you see there is an ebb and flow to all things in this world, to little things as well as big things. My wife and I felt greatly flattered that you were anticipating having a trustworthy and reliable person in your business. She did have some fears, thinking she might not be able to work from mornings eight o'clock until evenings at eight, constantly on her feet those long hours slipping Salamanders<sup>1</sup> onto the feet of an esteemed public, thinking that the turnover of hundreds or maybe thousands of leather products day after day may not be so easy, and so forth. I tried to reason with her that it would not be quite so difficult, that so and so many hundred divided by twelve

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<sup>1</sup> A brand of shoes popular in Germany for many decades.

months comes to only so and so many Salamanders per person, and that she would certainly be able to sit down now and then—there are probably labor laws about that in Germany—and that she would surely have a lunch break, and that it would be arranged that she would not have the housework between eight in the evenings and eight in the mornings that she now does from eight in the mornings until ten or eleven in the evenings. But you know, Herr Neudorff, it is difficult to advise women; oh yes, you surely must know. And if sometimes they do give in, they are never totally convinced. Also she has some fears about sewing. She has been away from it for so long that it would take some time before she completely got back into it again. But all in all, as mentioned, she is half sorry that she decided not to return to Germany. Women are sometimes this way, so very conservative, so faint-hearted, as though it were such a big thing to crawl back to the other side of our planet!

You wrote that you could certainly find work for me. Did you perhaps have something specific in mind for me? What was it then, and how much would such a position pay?

Frau Minchen has by now likely returned from her trip to the Erzgebirge and can now begin to recover from her recuperation. Hopefully someday we will again spend Sundays together rambling through ravines and valleys, schlepping a rucksack, pricking our ears to the beating of a German blackbird's wings.

Heartfelt greetings to you and yours,

Fritz Hochscheid

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
3549 67th Street S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

To: Carl and Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Chemnitz, Germany

My dear Neudorffers,

Oh yes, my husband is right. There is a struggle within me between homesickness for Germany and fear of the train trip. One reads so often of collisions and the terrible recent wreck near Chicago is not yet forgotten. A nervous woman such as I have been, unfortunately, for some time now, allows herself to become affected by each new train accident; and each new piano student awakens in me the hope that I will be able to avoid such dangers altogether.

But my nerves have become much better. My husband no longer tells me when he loses a student or gains one, only occasionally when, for example, he gets three new ones in one day, as he did yesterday. He wants to carry the responsibility himself. I am to buy whatever is needed and not concern myself with the business end. Well, that has helped.

Some of our relatives have received the news of our eventual trip to Germany with joy. They think your plan was most generous and your offer a great opportunity. My sister, Agnes, wrote saying that her husband would meet me wherever the ship landed and that the children and I could stay a whole year with them in Monschau. This I would never do because I would either have to become Catholic or feud with her constantly.

Dear Minchen, I did envy you a little as I read you were in the Erzgebirge. You should allow yourself peace and quiet and enjoy not being tied down to house and hearth to the fullest. You, your husband and the children will all profit by it. I would terribly have liked to be there with you. Do you remember our excursion to Kösen during Pfingsten? God, how we laughed together! What all can happen in this world! I wasn't supposed to have come, which made our last afternoon there far too serious. The time we lived in Leipzig is one of my favorite memories. I have come to know many kind and good hearted people in my life up to this very day, but you soar above them all. There isn't a soul who would have been as steadfast and true as you have been to me. And not one of my girl friends can stand above the rest as you do. I have learned much from you, even long after we had gone our separate ways. And when I speak of you, I call you my wise old friend. When Fritz reads this letter he will say one does not write such things, nor does one say them, one only thinks and feels them; all right then, from now on I'll feel them and think them.

On Sundays we now often go on outings and then the conversation revolves around Germany, Chemnitz, the Neudorffs and the Salamander shoe atelier. My husband shares the same opinions as yours, and so do I, except on days when I am nervous, then I give everything a second thought. I can see myself as a skillful saleslady just as easily as a first class dressmaker; however, I do believe I would need a little more practice and getting used to the sewing again before I could consider myself back up to the mark.

And now I must confess something to you, dear Minchen. I would not like to leave my husband for a longer or indefinite period of time. And Fritz would be bored to death without the children and me. When I sometimes go to visit a friend who lives on the west side, which can take a half-a-day and sometimes a whole day, he will say, no, it doesn't work without my wife. Although he would not say a word against it should I find the courage to go back with the children, he would feel very lonesome. He doesn't have a real friend here, someone with whom he could exchange his real thoughts. Yes, he is friends with the husband of my friend in some respects, but this man vehemently opposes all modern ways of thinking. The older one becomes the more difficult it is to make new friends. So this is another reason I thought it best to wait until next spring, and if things don't get better by then, we will somehow find a way for us both to return together.

Four lady acquaintances arranged a surprise party for us last Wednesday. This sort of thing is done often here in the West. One could call it a picnic. Everyone brings food. Just listen to what all was brought: chocolate cakes, a nut torte, a cream torte, ice cream, whipped cream, crackers, peaches, a complete cooked roast of veal, Swiss cheese, which is considered a delicacy here because it is imported, sweet pickles and chocolate. I provided coffee, bread and butter. We were together until almost ten o'clock and had a fine time. The same sort of thing is done when a new family moves into the neighborhood. Then all the neighbors introduce themselves with all kinds of delicacies.

Today, Sunday, Fritz and the children went out without me while I canned peaches. Fruit grows well here and is therefore very reasonable.

So dearest Minchen, this is now my third letter to you, and I hope soon to receive a long reply, hopefully containing many interesting details of your trip to the Erzgebirge. Thanks for the interesting booklet and the clippings, all of which I've read. Greetings to your husband and a thousand greetings to you and the children, your,

Traudchen

Listen to this: I'm making alterations and freshening up my fall clothes and find myself working at a frantic pace, thinking it could be that we may soon be going to Germany after all. I'm a real screwball!



2 August 1912

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

The money you sent and your letter has been here in our hands for several days. Many thanks. Father will answer your letter at the earliest opportunity.

I've written you before that you shouldn't write about such things. Why stir up bad feelings between us? You won't succeed in swaying us to your views.

As for Tina, she is right in saying, "If I wanted to marry, no one would say anything against it, so let me also be free in choosing my vocation." But she is not at that point yet. First she will go on vacation and then return to work, and if a change is advantageous for her, she should go ahead with it.

We celebrated a cozy Namenstag in the company of Willi, Finchen and Berta. We also thought of you, though without a toast, although I did say, "Next year August will be with us."

Heartfelt greetings and kisses from your loving,

Mother

The Düsseldorfers complain you haven't written once since receiving the check. Heartfelt greetings also from Father and your brothers and sisters.

6 August 1912

From: Willi Hochscheid  
Gustav Pönsenstrasse 53  
Düsseldorf

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

We never hear anything from you, at least not directly. In Cologne we learned you gave the sheet music to Finchen. She thanks you and will write again sometime, once you have written to her.

Your last letter to Cologne horrified Mother and Father. They were shocked by the *parasites* and *spongers*. Terrible! Even if true, it would be better not to give them such hard nuts to crack at their age. Especially Father, who was almost traumatized, cannot comprehend such things.

Heartfelt greetings, also from Finchen,  
Willi



"Eifel / Mosel Tour: Burg Eltz on the Mosel."  
Finchen & Willi seated.

15 August 1912

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

All of us send you our best wishes for your Namenstag. May your life be filled with much good fortune, and above all good health and happiness.

Father couldn't answer your letter yet because Berta took it with her and hasn't sent it back yet.

This morning Tina began her fourteen day vacation. She is in a convent in Wetten. Everything is nice and cheap there; she may get by on only two Marks, whereas everywhere else it would cost three to four Marks.

Next month, if I feel up to it, I'll spend a few days in Düsseldorf and Duisburg. Josef is also going there for a couple of weeks; he is on his last, long vacation.

How are you, dear August? Healthy and hearty? Write soon. Heartfelt greetings and a kiss,

Mother

Franz will also receive his first few days of vacation this year. At the moment the Düsseldorf Hochscheids are on vacation in Affeln.

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# MODEL HOTEL

H. LEAK, Proprietor

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EVERYTHING NEW

BUCKLEY, WASH. *Sept. 11* 1912

11 September 1912

From: Peter Hochschied

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Things went sour again. Gave up the studio and am on the road with my friend.

We take portraits inside of a tent that we set up. On the side we also take pictures of houses and everything possible and have managed to stay alive so far, but nothing more. Sometimes we'll have a couple of good days, but then the lean ones eat everything up again. So most of the time we are broke. Would have been nice if things had worked out, but it wasn't meant to be.

How are things with you? Hopefully not too bad.

We figure on being here for at least a week, maybe more. If you want to write, I would enjoy hearing from you.

Heartfelt greetings,

Peter

c/o General Delivery  
Buckley, Washington

16 September 1912

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

I haven't acknowledged receipt of the ten dollars that arrived safely in our hands on September 3<sup>rd</sup>, for which we all thank you. I wish I could do without the money you send so you could get out of debt sooner, but unfortunately we can't make ends meet on our income alone. The money dissolves in our hands like soap bubbles. Everything is so expensive, plus I have Berta and the children here again. Hermann was also here in July for twelve days, and it sets one back. The reason Berta is here again is that she was very, very ill, confined to bed with almost fatal consequences. She was still weak after two weeks, and the worst of it was that they were completely out of cash, so I wrote her she should recuperate here with us. She will stay here until the first, since they have absolutely no money now. Hermann eats at a boarding house and gets whatever else is needed on credit through work.

You see, August, the younger generation is not any better off than their parents' generation was. While they may have larger incomes, we at least had some savings to fall back on. The Gerkes are in debt of about 1000 Marks, which includes a loan Hermann made during his bachelor days with his brother, Fredy. Please don't pass this along to Fritz or Peter, neither of whom I have heard from in a long while, incidentally. Today Berta and her youngest went to Klettenberg to visit acquaintances for a few days. She feels somewhat stronger now but still looks pale, as though she has no blood left in her. A nurse kept watch on her for an entire day and night, administering a restorative tonic each half hour. Later Finchen looked after her and did the housework in addition to tending her own family. I was given two children, Willi's oldest and Berta's oldest, to look after. It is hard to say who is to blame that the Gerkes are not doing better. Hermann spends too much money, and they pay high taxes, I think 200 Marks a year, plus about 600 Marks goes for rent. Berta is also not good at holding on to money when she has it. I wanted to tell you that when you again have a better income, please send them the money for the books; they can well use it. We can't do more for them than to keep Berta here with the children until they receive money again on the first. How often have I told her they need to economize to make ends meet and the consequences if they don't. Willi and Finchen's advice to them also fell on deaf ears. Now they are beginning to see for themselves how their finances can't continue this way. But I wonder if they'll actually make the necessary changes in their lifestyle. If I had an income of 300 Marks with four people to support, two of which were small children, I'd like not to have to depend on others. Naturally a husband shouldn't take his money to clubs and lodges, where he can deliver fine speeches but receives little benefit from otherwise. Even so, if I had 1000 Marks to spare I'd gladly help them

out of their jam, but as I said, I can't, and so they must struggle through somehow, just as we have our whole lives.

Yesterday Father went back to his old home town [Nörvenich] again, and from there intends to go visit Martin a few days. He saved the money for this trip by working at Geicht and at Paula's. Franz also had five days of vacation, which he spent in Düsseldorf. Nothing came of my little summer holiday, but then I'm happiest here in my usual routine.

And so, dear August, I've written much with little good news. How are things there with you? Do you still intend to make the thousand dollars you used to speak of, or have they completely eluded you? How are things with Fritz? And with Peter? That lucky star refuses to rise for my dear boys! But we won't lose heart, as long as we're healthy, right dear August?

Sending you a big kiss and many heartfelt greetings from all of us, especially your loving,  
Mother

Geicht's youngest daughter took her vows to become a nun last Thursday.

24 October 1912

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
3549 67th Street S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

To: Willi Hochscheid  
Gustav Pönsenstrasse 53  
Düsseldorf

Dear Willi,

The picture on back tells what has happened here in the meantime. Yes, after three-and-a-half years Peter is again with us. We are all well and cheerful and will eventually make a decision whether to return. Now there is no time to think about it. Finances are the same. Peter is thinking about looking for a job here.

Heartfelt greetings,

Fritz



L-R: Fritz, Dorchen, Mrs. Welch, Traudchen, Annette, Peter



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*München, den 26. 1. 1913*

26 January 1913

From: Willi Hochscheid

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

What in the world could you be thinking? I beseech you to write me something substantial. Or is your nose out of joint? That would amaze me, because then I would have to conclude you have succumbed to a common human foible. Otherwise I honestly have no idea what prevents you from writing to me. It can't be a lack of new developments to report (whether inner or outer—it's all the same). And I assume it can't be that you are too busy. What then? Indifference? Well, that at least would be understandable.

Finchen is very angry with you. Am I? Nah! At least not that I know of. But I am in agreement with her that your silence is odd. Maybe things are going too well for you—maybe not, who knows? We wouldn't know anything at all if it weren't for those note scraps you send home occasionally. Please try and make a little bit more of an effort.

Here everything is going pretty well. At home too, as you know; other than financially, things are going along relatively well there. I think Father's final insurance annuity will come next month. Unfortunately, next to nothing remains for our parents. As you can imagine I've had to occasionally jump in when you've neglected sending them payments, which has almost completely eaten away the remaining annuity.

One good thing came out of it. Tina is apparently cured of her intention to "devote herself to heaven" for now and is "sacrificing" herself for the family's benefit instead.

I still live in Düsseldorf, in case you forgot, at Gustav Pönsenstrasse 53.

Greetings to you, also from Finchen,

Your brother, Willi



4 February 1913

From: Willi Hochscheid  
Gustav Pönsenstrasse 53  
Düsseldorf

To: Fritz Hochscheid  
3549 67th Street S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

Dear Fritz,

Your letter arrived a day after I had written. Many thanks to Peter for his comments. This amateur photo will interest him, and he can spot its many imperfections. Naturally it is of our boys dressed as boors.

How should we advise you: to return or not? Right now, when success finally seems imminent, it would be pure nonsense. It would probably be possible to arrange a measly paradise for oneself as teacher here, but it would entail working capital—meaning one would have to supplement one's income for a couple of years until fully established. If you have that much to spare, then yes! In any event, see to it that you always have some money in reserve to draw on, in case times get worse again.

I will stop sending the paper; the subscription has run out anyway.

Hope to write a letter again soon. Many heartfelt greetings and wishing you much continued fortune,

Willi, Finchen and The Trio



8 February 1913

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
228 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

It is now almost six weeks since we last heard from you; why are you silent? Can you not send us anything? What you send is only for us old folks; Franz and Tina earn their keep themselves. Franz's salary was raised to 75 Marks in January, but when one deducts expenses for food, clothing, pocket money and rent, not much, if anything at all is left over. Tina gets a couple Marks less, and that means less pocket money. Father, Josef and I have 98 Marks to live on. From that we must pay rent, interest and buy clothes. You can well imagine that it isn't enough, and I have to borrow money every month, since you don't send any regularly anymore.

Josef will end his schooling at Easter, and we want to start him as an apprentice in a business. Willi stopped here briefly yesterday evening while on tour; he spoke with Schramm about Josef and will submit a written offer in the next few days to set up an introduction. Josef is a tall fellow; whether he is as smart as he is tall will be determined soon. In any case, he'll have to be nudged along, since he's very shy. He is five-and-a-half feet tall and not too lean. People always say he is a big and handsome fellow.

I wanted to say that he will likely bring home 10 Marks per month. This money, however, is already spoken for, since we want to do something most uncharacteristic and unusual: namely, move again. Father's gout is making it more and more difficult for him to climb the stairs here, and it doesn't do much for my abdominal troubles either. Since we now have an opportunity to rent a nice, ground level flat, we should do it. The landlady, who has known me a long time by sight, is offering it to us at 45 Marks instead of 59. The house is at Friedenstrasse 20, where we will move in on March 1<sup>st</sup> if all goes according to plan. There are four rooms, a kitchen, and a small courtyard and garden. I'm sure we'll discover the drawbacks soon enough once we're there. Of course, the move will cost money, and there are some debts that must be paid completely before we can vacate here. Willi has offered to help with money before and will no doubt offer it again now, but even this month I'll be short on the first if I don't receive anything. If you haven't already, please send as much money as possible and continue to do so regularly each month. It won't cause you any harm; on the contrary, you'll be helping me overcome many worries, since I have to provide all the necessities for the family; as you know, the brunt of responsibility always falls on the mother. We are again dealing with something unpleasant. In school Josef caught an eye infection.<sup>1</sup> He's been absent from school almost four weeks

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<sup>1</sup> Kömerkrankheit

now and has to go to the eye doctor every other day where he, and many other boys, are treated with Hollenstein. Each visit costs a Mark. Here at home we administer eye drops.

You can see from the enclosed announcement how afflicted poor Frau Geicht is. It was her youngest daughter, and just over seven months ago her oldest grandchild died, the child of Johanna Oberreuther. Heinrich has another daughter with his current wife. He lives in Düsseldorf and is apparently happy. His wife is kind to him, as he is to her. Johanna still doesn't have a man, the poor thing is always sick, probably the result of her youthful recklessness, which millions of youngsters must pay for later.

Write soon, dear August, and not just a few words. Greetings and kisses from Father, Tina, Franz and Josef and especially your loving,

Mother

Things are going somewhat better with Fritz and Peter. Have you sent them money perhaps? Willi's entire savings is now tied up in his relatives; he also helped Berta get out of the mud.

New address: Friedenstrasse 20.

Josef thought you might suddenly walk in the door here, since you don't write.

We were pleased to hear of your success with the group singers.

Did I thank you for what you sent the end of December? It could be I forgot so I'll make up for it now.

18 February 1913

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Quirinstrasse 8, II Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

We received the money two days ago, for which we thank you heartily. It was a godsend, and we are glad to know that you are not ill and that business is good enough that you'll be able to send regularly again.

You know the situation here from my last letter. At the moment, we are sitting in the clutter that will be moved next week to the Friedenstrasse. I wish the move was behind us; it will take some doing to get us there.

Otherwise everything is the same as always. How are you, dear August? How is your health? Are you still mobile? Write us a proper letter. One, two or three phrases and you are done, or you haven't time to write!

Many heartfelt greetings from us all and especially your loving,  
Mother

18 March 1913

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Friedenstrasse 20  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

The day before yesterday we received your dear letter with the money. Many thanks for both. You can't imagine how much your letter affected me. So that is all you have to show for your sojourn in America: An unregulated, disorderly existence? No, I really don't understand what still keeps you there. You with your noble sense of beauty, you couldn't possibly feel comfortable in such company. Save whatever you can spare, so that you get the money together to return as quickly as possible. If you are afraid we won't get along because of our different mindsets, you could move in with Willi or Berta; then you will soon see the good effects a regulated, orderly life will have on you. You poor guy! With all the money you are making, you can hardly afford a decent meal or decent clothing. You wouldn't dare venture out here with such an old coat, nor would any of your brothers. So put an end to it now. No doubt you've mastered the English language by now and could establish yourself as a private teacher here. And you would only have to earn half as much to live a fine life here, especially if you live amongst family. Break off all your connections there, save whatever you can, and maybe in a year you'll be back here.

Things are going fairly well with Fritz and Peter. Hopefully it will continue that way. You are now in your sixth year there, and in my opinion things have gotten worse. Your debts should not be so pressing, especially since Willi managed to front you the money. It would be much better, dear August, if you would stay more in touch with us, especially with Willi, who could give you many sound suggestions. Sunday his entire family will be here. Then we will celebrate Father's and Finchen's Namenstag. Gerkes will be in Bremen until after Easter, the first time since Berta's engagement.

Josef's eyes are much better, although he still has to see the doctor, and it will end up costing about 40 Marks. I'll see about paying it off in installments. This afternoon, or tomorrow morning at the latest, Josef will be released from school, and on the 26<sup>th</sup> he will start working at Schramm in the Breitestrasse for a three year apprenticeship. He'll receive 10 Marks per month the first year, 20 Marks the second, and 30 the third.

So, dear August, let me know how you like my suggestion. I wish you were back here with us and in better circumstances. You used to say, "Everything is possible if one only wants it enough." So now want it! I think it is high time for your mother's hand to guide you again. And God's will.

Stay healthy and be greeted and kissed by your loving,

Mother

19 March 1913

From: Willi Hochscheid  
Gustav Pönsenstrasse 53  
Düsseldorf

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Just five minutes ago your letter arrived, along with a small crate from Cologne (a small present from Mother for Finchen's Namenstag—something for the kitchen).

What rubbish, what awful rubbish! Not what you wrote—on the contrary, but your life, your work, your whole existence over there. I've sensed it all along. Not that you wouldn't do well, but that your private life wouldn't suit you there. Just as I thought. I also know a little of bachelor life. I know it consists of eating out, which I have to do at least six months of the year. But I don't have to worry about money when I eat out because it is a business expense. But we never would have dreamt things would be so gloomy. Do you really need this? Can it not be altered? Probably not for the time being. But listen, the day before yesterday (perhaps telepathically, because your letter may have just arrived in Cologne then) I was speaking with my wife: "Isn't it stupid that August is all alone over there? Giving lessons is something he could do just as well over here—also being his own boss. Could also in time become chorus director here. Could earn just as much here, even more. There are more people here who would like to learn English, than over there who would like to learn German. And how fine it would be if he were here. The piano is standing there, unused, no one can play it. As in Elsdorf, there would be social gatherings and people would sing together again—it was always downright cozy. It would, however, be necessary for him (and I'm telling you this too) to first save up enough money for the trip over and some additional to start out with. He could live with us, and we would, since we are not rich, charge him a low rent. And since we have three sons at the piano learning age, there is opportunity for him to work off some of the rent."

So what are your objections? Likely none to the point, since your main reasons against returning—that in America you can be a "free man without collar, smoking a pipe and referred to as 'professor'" etc., etc.—are no longer that important to you. The possibility of your continued financial help to our parents would be, in my view, even steadier if you were here. You've been at it for several years and won't amount to anything financially over there. And even if you don't succeed in getting out of the hole within a year, being in a normal family environment would help you. Whether you live with us in Düsseldorf or with the parents in Cologne makes no difference. The first step is to make an effort to reach a decision. Tell yourself, "Indeed, Willi is right!" and not just for his, Finchen's and the parents' sake. Find a way to make it happen soon and again become a Prussian, a German, a Cologner, a Düsseldorfer... whatever you like.

I really think your sojourn in America will have been to your benefit; you are business savvy enough to do the math. Pay off those you absolutely have to (it would interest me very much to know how much), hold back paying the ones who are patient, and see what you can save. You can use the thousand Marks you owe me—if you can get that much together—for start up expenses, and you can pay me back just as easily here as from over there. So how much would you need to save up? I estimate about \$500. Your grand piano should bring in a portion of that, as well as other possessions.

That's all for now. Write me back about this. All is well here, and we hope you are in good health. Many greetings from,

Willi

This letter is now two days old, but the topic is still hot.

Dear August,

So, when are you coming? If you hurry Berta can pick you up in Bremen, where she is visiting for three weeks. All kidding aside, think about what Willi suggested. You could get by just as easily here, plus you would be among family. Things are cozy here with us, and I believe we would all get along well. Tell me, why haven't you gotten hitched? Take care you don't miss the boat. Find yourself a Xantippe; it makes no difference in the long run, it always turns out the same.

Yesterday Walter and Fredy went to visit their grandmother all by themselves, which made them proud. Fredy will start school soon. Imagine! Walter has passed and shows everyone his report card, grinning from ear to ear.

Write us soon and in detail. Your mother is worried. Tomorrow we are going to Cologne until after Easter. Live well and receive my heartfelt greetings,

Finchen

STUDIO  
OF  
FRITZ HOCHSCHEID  
PIANO AND THEORY  
POST OFFICE BLDG., ARLETA  
SUITE 5

31 March 1913

PORTLAND, OREGON, \_\_\_\_\_ 191

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

From Fritz and Peter Hochscheid

Dear Brother,

Your letter to Peter and me was, as always, captivating—just as thunder and lightning is captivating. So you have a plan. Well, well... hopefully a plan and not a sham. And when it unfolds, as it must unfold, we will all be carefree. Since everything intended must come about naturally, on its own accord, we are already carefree. My wife just announced that tomorrow she doesn't want to do the laundry...

Oh, you poor fellow! Whether we are skeptical I can't say, since I don't know what Peter thinks. In any case, I'm not skeptical—not one bit. I know everything will be as it will be. And I am always free from worry, as long as I don't think about it. What is it then that you are planning? Perhaps a horse-drawn trolley ride to the moon for ten cents admission? Or have you discovered an automatic thought pump one can use to pump correct notes or timing into idiotic piano students? In either case the Eau de Cologne "side issue" may be preferable. But wait, I have it! You have finally found the ants that you have occasionally advised Peter and me to exterminate. If you really did find something like this or better, I wish you the very best success; and if I can help in any way, other than financially, I will gladly do so. Money we don't have, just plenty of debt. We seldom see Wuebels but will try to procure the recipe soon, if it can be had.

Heartfelt greetings,

Fritz

Dear August,

I can make no sense of your letter. You want the recipe for Eau de Cologne, but it has nothing to do with your plan? Why don't you write more straightforwardly, so one can get an idea of what you mean? Do you intend to, or have you already given up teaching? Or has it come to an end? What was it you gave up all hope for? Do write at length and give more details. Money is in short supply here. The photography has barely brought in enough to cover the expenses during the last two months. Hope for better times soon. I had intended to borrow money from the lodge in order to purchase the studio, then the monthly expenses would only be half as much. Send me the policy in case I need it for that. Also don't forget to enclose the cousin's address. I would have written to her but have no address.

Heartfelt greetings,

Peter



STUDIO  
OF  
FRITZ HOCHSCHEID  
PIANO AND THEORY  
POST OFFICE BLDG., ARLETA  
SUITE 5

PORTLAND, OREGON, \_\_\_\_\_

191

4 April 1913

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

The sheet music arrived yesterday along with your letter. Many thanks. If I remember correctly, last year I wrote asking you to pay the interest one more time, but I don't know if in the meantime another installment has elapsed. Please ask Brinkman about it right away. At this point I don't want to break it off. It's better to occasionally borrow the money, and eventually cash it in with a small profit.

Things were going better for us for awhile, but just after I wrote to Mother about it, worsened again. If my wife weren't also earning something, I'd have given it all up last fall already. There is much fluctuation for me also. My income averaged \$75 per month till the end of January; then it rose to \$94 through February and now sank back down to \$75.00. Likely it will sink lower, since several students are showing signs of quitting. I have 20 students. Isn't it ridiculous how the people here study music?

I had hoped that if things continued to go well, I could take lessons myself this year. I noticed this past year, that in spite of almost being forty, there is still a lot of dormant potential in me. I improved my technique significantly, even though I only practice an hour a day. In January I heard Godowsky, the Russian virtuoso, play, then bought one of his pieces, Chopin's *Impromptu in Fis* and practiced it until I had it memorized. Nevertheless, even today I still can't play it because I don't approach it persistently and systematically. But I know I could learn it in two to three weeks. I have no illusions, but believe that with five to six years of study, I could still become an accomplished pianist.

Naturally we made the most daring conjectures regarding your plans. You shouldn't make such intimations. It awakens hopes that invariably lead to disappointments. It doesn't have a good effect on Peter. Be careful if your plans involve giving up your profession. Let me know well in advance, perhaps I could still take over your students. A small town is always better. Write and tell me how many you have, what they bring in and your terms regarding missed lessons, etc..

Best wishes,

Fritz

23 May 1913

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Friedenstrasse 20  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Best of thanks for the money and your dear letter. We are all scratching our heads wondering what is going on. Franz is thrilled that you wrote money would be as plentiful as dirt, and even Father was pleased and wondered what it is that you plan to make. You say it won't be for a couple months yet. You are making it very suspenseful for us. Are you really not going to tell us anything before then?

So you want to enter your choral group in another contest. Tina is singing in several choirs; she has a good alto voice. Have I written you yet about her change of employment? Starting June 1<sup>st</sup> she will begin working for the firm, F.W. Brüggelmann & Sons in the Altermarkt. It is said they have a very disciplined work environment there, but she will receive 20 Marks more, and for that one must work a little harder, isn't that right?

Friedenstrasse is the first street to the right, coming from Perlengraben, and from the school at Martinsfeld it is the second street to the left—the first street next to the Quirinstrasse. We like it here, but it is terribly cold, even now. Entering from the street, it is like coming into a cellar. It will really be something this winter!

So let us hear from you soon, dear August, and receive greetings and kisses from your loving,

Mother

Also from Father and your siblings.

25 June 1913

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Friedenstrasse 20  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

We received your letter with the ten dollars and the pictures. We enjoyed everything, and send our best of thanks. I will send a picture of you on to Duisburg and Düsseldorf.

My dear boy, you haven't changed much. I think you've become a little heavier and more masculine, but there is still not a single hair detectible on your face. Do you not want it, or does the mustache not? But I like you this way too!

We keep receiving good news from Portland; it is genuine good fortune. And we wish you good luck on your new venture. It seems a little dubious, actually, but time will tell.

Tina is babbling on constantly. She came home early from work again and is in bed.

Father is always dealing with gout. We will have to rent a healthier flat. It's no good here in the basement.

We hope you'll write us all about your trip [to Walla Walla].

Heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your loving,

Mother

and everyone else.

14 July 1913

From: Peter Hochscheid  
East Side Photo Studio  
3 Grand Avenue N.  
Portland, Oregon

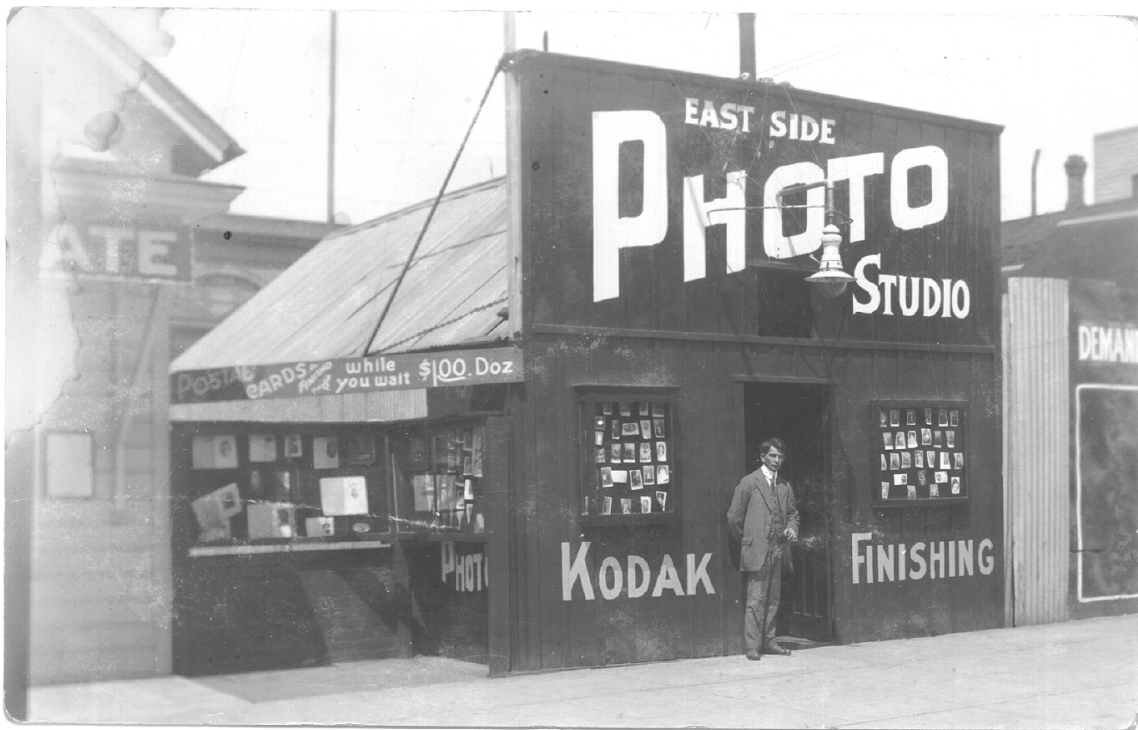
To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Received your letter. Am very short financially and behind in payments. If I can scrape together something as the week goes on, I'll send it, but I can't say for certain how business will be. Fritz also doesn't have much to do because of vacation.

Heartfelt greetings,

Peter



14 July 1913

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Friedenstrasse 20  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

This time I have some unpleasant things to tell you about. First of all, Tina has been ill for the past three weeks with anemia, general weakness and loss of weight. The doctor has prescribed three weeks in the country. Her health insurance only gave 20 Marks for this, since her new employer pays a lower scale medical insurance. Willi added another 20 Marks, and last Friday Tina left for a three week trip. Afterwards she will be in Willi's household in order to build up her strength until she can try going back to work again.

Secondly, we are moving again and will have to pay five Marks more in rent. But we cannot stay here in this cold, damp basement. Starting August 1<sup>st</sup> we will live at Vondelstrasse 44. Three rooms and a kitchen on the second floor. Here all of us would get sick eventually.

I wanted to ask you, dear August, as long as Tina is not earning, if you could send us \$15 regularly each month. Willi will give her 10 Marks for incidentals and hire a maid for the heavy housework. That way we'll be able to meet the bare necessities. Would you please try to do this, dear August? We would all be very grateful. Once Josef has finished his apprenticeship, we will get by without your help, and you will finally be released from it.

Tina has become so slender it looks like she will collapse.

Thanks for your card. Please write us something about your trip to the singing festival. Willi and Fritz are very upset that you didn't answer their letters properly. So get on the ball and write at least what good manners call for.

Heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your loving,

Mother

1913

From: Franz Hochscheid  
Cologne

To: Willi Hochscheid  
Gustav Pönsenstrasse 53  
Düsseldorf

Dear Willi,

Here finally are the pictures. The flash pictures we took turned out pretty well, but I don't know what happened with yours. Perhaps your film cassettes are not tight, which would explain the light spots. They certainly are exposed properly. I will send the plates, cassettes, as well as the reproduction of Finchen's picture back shortly.

There's something else I wanted to tell you. My bookcase that I constructed out of cigar box wood collapsed under the weight of the books. It occurred to me you were getting rid of your old one, and I was wondering if it is for sale and for what price. It would come in useful, especially eventually in the new apartment.

Heartfelt greetings,

Franz



Franz and Willi in back row - Finchen in center

17 August 1913

From: Gerhard Dick  
Teacher

Hersel bei Bonn

--Transport on German Ships-- (written on envelope)

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Kramer, your long-time friend, was married yesterday to the youngest Noll. Life will no doubt be a struggle for him, since wealth is not something she can contribute. His father was against it for that reason. I didn't receive a wedding announcement. He planned to marry in Cologne. I assume he is now married; he told me two weeks ago that he would marry on the 16<sup>th</sup> of August.

I'm still occupied with wooing and don't think about marrying yet. I have been a teacher now for nine years. It is a shame to have wasted nine years, every day wanting to start something different and never having done so. Schmitz and Kramer both failed the middle school teaching exams. You will laugh.

What else can I tell you about what I've done in the last six years since you've been gone? Lived, with no money for extensive travel. Was briefly in Belgium. At home I'm still the only one who earns money; my father is retired, and we live in Hermülheim, where Kramer is from. What are you doing? Have you not found a young, rich girl to marry there? Or do you, like Schmitz, not want to marry? I would enjoy a regular correspondence with you, even if it is difficult for both of us. It could prove advantageous. I would like to get to know the New World through you. You could, perhaps, convey a great deal of knowledge. So get going! I'll also make an effort, even though my handwriting is sloppy because I have a cramp in my hand.

Are zeppelins and aeroplanes well known over there? Here, in and around Cologne, one sees them at anytime of the day. When I see such things and think I will die an honorable school master, I want to go right out and buy a rope to hang myself with.

Money...money... I've never had enough for anything grand, not even 100 Marks where I had the feeling I could spend it on something frivolous. I live here rent free with a 1600 Mark income and never have enough. I have a cramp in my hand and must stop.

Morning of August 18

It is a day later, and I find myself on vacation in Eitorf an der Sieg. I envy your primeval forests. Here are only the typical sparse, German forests, and the mountains don't reach the clouds. I've never lost my sense for adventure, but it won't be fulfilled in my circumstances here.

A thought occurs to me. Please send me a few photographs of yourself and some scenic views of the city and surrounding area. I'll do the same. Or don't you have a camera? I've had one for several years, although I've taken more pictures of other people than myself.

I visited your family often but not for awhile now. I replied with a card to the postcard you sent from your trip a month and a half ago, did you receive it? What is your exact address? Or is Kalispell sufficient? I've been living in Hersel am Rhein, near Bonn by the electric Rheinuferbahn [Rhine Riverbank Train] since January 1<sup>st</sup>, 1911. Naturally I don't particularly like it here either, but I still don't know if it's better to live in the city or country.

My letter will arrive around the time of your Namenstag, for which I send you my best wishes, if such things are important to you.

So write soon. Heartfelt greetings,

Gerhard



18 August 1913

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Vondelstrasse 44, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

One shouldn't reward evil for evil, and that's why we're sending you heartfelt greetings for your Namenstag. If these good wishes are a little late don't hold it against me. It is because I kept expecting a letter from you any day now and wanted to answer it together with these Namenstag wishes.

How are you? How goes the new venture? Nothing doing?

Tina is in Düsseldorf since last week. Things are cluttered here now, though we have a nice, big flat, but... but...<sup>1</sup>

Franz wants to change employment in order to earn more. I hope it works, but business is slow here too, and it will likely be difficult.

Last Saturday Johann Kramer married Anna Noll. What do you think about that?

With heartfelt greetings from us all, your loving,

Mother

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<sup>1</sup> Tina's son, Matthias, recalled: "The Hochsheids moved a great deal. During her school days from 1887 to 1904, my mother changed schools six times and probably changed residences more often. As she told it, some of the reasons were: too cramped living quarters due to expansion of family, rodents in the home, rooms not big enough to accommodate a piano, her father found a flat closer to the factory, etc.."  
Franz also told of having lived in every district of Cologne while he was growing up. He remembered living in one apartment so briefly that they didn't even bother to unpack before moving again.

23 August 1913

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Vondelstrasse 44, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Your letter with the five dollars arrived just a day after I sent you the card of August 18<sup>th</sup>. Best of thanks for both. I'll be glad once all your students return, because now we are truly dependent on what you send. We are in need of just about everything, including new clothing for the coming winter, and the tailor has taken measurements that will add up to a hefty bill, which I'll have to pay in monthly installments.

I know you are happy to send it, and that is why I wish you much success in your new venture. Father thinks you should contact Willi about it, since he knows so much about business matters. But you yourself must know if you are able to bring it about. With all the writing, do you still have time for your music lessons? You must be busy from morning until night. It would be such a pity if all your work turns out to be for nothing. We'll hope for the best.

Best of greetings from us all, and a big kiss from your loving,

Mother

We like it here in our new residence, but we don't like the high rent: 50 Marks per month.

1913

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
3549 67th Street S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

--Beginning of letter missing--

that is to say that you, whatever kind of history you may have, must deal with this possibility; if your idea, however, must be infallible in order to work then give it up.

The names and addresses not marked with an *O* are likely 99% correct. Once I return your invitation to dig up names, you can anticipate only 4 to 5 mistakes in the whole list, which is minimal and should satisfy you. In any case, you only asked that the list is as accurate as possible. The extra care taken might indicate a shrewdness on the part of the future captain of industry! If possible I'll send it this evening or tomorrow.

And, by gosh! I never thought I could have earned \$130 so easily. But that is probably only possible among brothers, and you'll have to become more business savvy before offering even a brother a dollar per name; to do that would never have occurred to me in my wildest dreams.

Best wishes,

Fritz

STUDIO  
OF  
FRITZ HOCHSCHEID  
PIANO AND THEORY  
POST OFFICE BLDG., ARLETA  
SUITE 5

PORTLAND, OREGON, \_\_\_\_\_ 191

12 June 1913

To: Willi Hochscheid  
Gustav Pönsenstrasse 53  
Düsseldorf

Dear Willi,

I've had your letter for some time now and could easily fill a page about the neglect and irregularities of correspondence. But since this happens all too frequently with no change in sight, repeating it would be redundant. One must accept what I said back then; everything in this world eventually goes to sleep: bacteria, friendships, men, gods, planets and suns, and also the correspondence among relatives.

Unfortunately I can't reconcile myself to your ideas about saving. I too used to believe in the hard-headed, bourgeois, "Uncle Billy," nevertheless genuine idea that no matter how small the income, one should still set something aside. Logically an extreme example would be that if one only earned 10 Pfennige per day, one would have to save 5, 2 or at least 1 Pfennig of it and still be able to live on what is left over. But practically, one will soon discover that is impossible. Our necessities are set; what a cave man or coolie can do, we cannot. It has been statistically determined that half of the American workers cannot live well enough to be considered healthy animals; the average [annual] income here is just over \$400, while the requirements of a family of four are \$850 to \$900. Our income is about \$700 to \$800. You see that we are just bordering on the animal kingdom, and what we pay in debts takes away even more. You say, "But you are paying off debts, pay a little less on your debts and save the remainder." No, I've worn out that philosophy. I prefer to live from hand to mouth, satisfy my creditors when they put pressure on me and not worry when they don't, to satisfy my, and my family's, needs as well as possible and take my chances. \$50 in the bank would just be something else to worry about; I'd drive myself crazy wondering whether to spend it on this or that necessity. Once our income goes above the animal kingdom level, all our debts are paid and all our requirements met, we will think about accumulating money, only to spend it again on whatever else may come up.

We've often talked about our younger brothers. We can consider Franz and Josef as belonging to a different generation altogether. I used to think August would astonish us someday, and that his sharp and logical mind would have assured him of a prominent position, if he hadn't lacked ambition and energy; because, a lack of energy is only a polite word for laziness, and it is nothing more than laziness that manifests itself in his reckless, one could say shameful, manner of not answering letters. He even admits his laziness. You're telling me! You'd think something would happen when you write him a four page letter after a long pause, and all the friendly advice and offers of help would incite at least a "thank you" or "go to hell." Not brother August! He reads letters as one would read announcements on a strip of newspaper that one picks up off the floor

while sitting in a certain place, and you know what newspaper is used for after it has been read.<sup>1</sup>

Pathetic as your experiences with him are, I can do one better, as one says in English. After hinting, in his disjointed style, at his latest get rich scheme, and I had answered him somewhat ironically, one morning at 7:00 am I received from him an express letter in which he explained to me that in order to fulfill his plan he needed names and addresses. These addresses would be worth up to \$250 apiece; however, this apparently had nothing to do with the Eau de Cologne, and furthermore this gathering of addresses is not even the core of the matter. He offered me a dollar apiece, which would be subtracted from my debt, and I was to tell him exactly when the letter arrived. “Time is money!” I answered his letter on the same day, and sent him 100 addresses the following day. It took considerable effort because I had to verify they were all correct. And after that, naturally, I didn’t hear anything anymore. Not a single word. Whether he received my addresses, whether he could use them for his secret get rich scheme (which he was going to divulge once our debts had been paid off with addresses)—nothing! This occurred a good two months ago. Either things are not right in his head, or his conduct is simply boorish, which one would not expect from an educated person. Putting all family sentiment aside, “boorish” remains the best word I can come up with for such behavior. But I won’t get annoyed about it anymore. I’m through with him.

Next week is the festival of the singing group he belongs to in Walla Walla, about twelve hours from here, and there is the remote possibility of a surprise visit. I was going to ask you to send him this letter after you add your feelings at the bottom, but ask that you wait a couple of weeks before doing so. There is, after all, on the slim chance of his visit, the possibility of a half plausible explanation, and I don’t want to do him an injustice.

I could spin this theme across several more sheets of paper but want to make only one more point. He and I have the same vocation. He has more experience and could have helped me in a number of ways, but it was too bothersome for him. In the beginning after he sent me some material, and we had exchanged several letters (on a ratio of 3:1—I wrote three and he wrote one) he left the last series unanswered, and many questions remained that he could have answered, which I then had to try and find answers for through my own experience over the course of the year. And you have no idea how this occupation could be a constant source for the exchange of ideas.

I’ve reopened my studio and enclose my business card. I think in time I’ll have a good income. At the moment things have gotten worse. Many quit during the summer. By the way, do you happen to have an old black suit in good condition that you no longer need?

With heartfelt greetings to Finchen and the boys,

Fritz

I delayed sending this letter until after the festival. He didn’t come here, however, he did send his regards through Ännchen Rathgeber, who also attended the festival and is currently visiting us. Voila!

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<sup>1</sup> Toilet paper, back then.

29 August 1913

From: Willi Hochscheid  
Gustav Pönsenstrasse 53  
Düsseldorf

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Actually I had planned to write yesterday, but it didn't work out. So, in two weeks you'll receive herewith our congratulations. Of course this is not the reason why I'm writing; the main reason is your comment to me in your last letter to our parents. I would have enjoyed receiving your P.S. directly, in the form of a letter.

You'll see by the enclosed letter that I've corresponded about this with Fritz as well, and hopefully it will make you aware of your negligence, as Fritz mildly calls it. I'm the last one to hold a grudge, but my dear boy: if you receive two (or was it three or four?) letters, some six pages long, it seems strange at the very least not to hear a syllable back from our loving brother; especially if this brother withheld any mention of the 1000 Marks, the receipt of which was very poorly and indirectly acknowledged and after that, dead silence. Fritz's letter has been here awhile, so as not to poke you in the ribs prematurely. Now, after your few lines about your intention to make me beneficiary of your life insurance as a security measure, you might write a more detailed letter, if you feel like it, and disprove Fritz's assessment of you. I have complete understanding that someone in business has no great love for private correspondence and take it with a grain of salt. I have just as much, if not more, correspondence on the side as you do.

You're certainly not obligated to explain your venture to anyone, but I'll bet, based on how you describe it, that with 100 times more business experience than you, I would have talked you out of a mail order business, even though I don't know what it is you are selling. These exist even here down to the smallest scale, and likely must be operated even more intensively over there than here if one is to succeed. My advice, if you want it, is to stay with what you know best. After all, you were on your way up. One can't do two things equally well; one thing will suffer. Your teaching vocation should get you further than such monkey business, and I noticed this new endeavor has set you back. Why else would you not use the extra \$25 you mentioned you now save by having paid off the debt to the bank for your piano to help pay off the other debts you agreed to pay, but which no one could or would want to force you to do? I'm sure it's not frivolity. So, again, don't scatter your energies, and don't be taken in by the brochures. Why don't you explain your "system" to me? Most likely it isn't something unfamiliar. And then I'll tell you what I think.

Heartfelt greetings,

Your brother, Willi

Best wishes from your sister, Tina.

STUDIO  
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PIANO AND THEORY  
POST OFFICE BLDG., ARLETA  
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PORTLAND, OREGON, \_\_\_\_\_

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7 June 1913

To: Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Chemnitz, Germany

My dear Frau Minchen,

You'll hardly believe me when I tell you that my wife, to whom you mainly directed your letter of May 22/25, has not read it at all yet. It won't be long now before she does; nevertheless, it may seem odd to you. But there is a simple explanation. Since you addressed it to my studio, and since it was addressed to "the family of," and since I still belong to the family, I allowed myself to open it. I further allowed myself to read it all the way through, down to the smallest details. I don't want to flatter you, for then I would also criticize—an unpleasant habit I've almost managed to break, but I will allow myself to comment on a few of your interesting points, since I have nothing else to do while waiting here in the studio for a student that doesn't come.

It is certainly true that I have already begun teaching our little ones music. Here in America music, like brick manufacturing, is 99% geared toward profit, which it contains—or I should say, it doesn't contain enough of to make a living. The professional point of view is to start music at an early age; however, the average child should not start piano before age 10. Our Dorchen has unmistakable talent, and because her hands are quite large and strong, and because she absolutely wanted to, I started with her, but continue along very slowly. Annette has less talent but also wants to play sometimes, so I give her a little lesson.

Because yelling is also a form of music, even though little talent is required, I'll respond to your charming account about your husband bellowing frantically while looking for birth certificates in the curio drawer. Oh, Carl, you poor soul, how I feel for you. But who could describe the emotions a man has in his heart when he sails into the sea of his wife's orderliness, frantically exploring all inlets, channels and bays and still not finding what he seeks? Who can blame him for venting his repressed feelings in the tones of youthful idealism? Oh, Frau Minchen, you disappoint me terribly. I always imagined—I don't know why—that you were the exception to the rule; that you wouldn't put an object into a place and not put similar object with it, so one can find it. So you're no better than anyone else. Well then I'm not coming back to Germany!

It is lucky that, aside from you and us, no one knows the contents of your letter; otherwise, I would be very much ashamed. I often feel ashamed anyway as it is, but only to myself, and it is lucky for both of us that you are not able to express your esteem face to face. My irrepressible proletarian soul would be all shook up. Naturally, as far as my other self is concerned, I gladly accept your praise.

You, however, earn it, and I'm amazed where "the little woman" gets her strength. She is only little in the physical sense, from head to toe; intellectually and on the whole she nears greatness. What you write about your intellectual aspirations, my esteemed Frau Minchen, gives me great pleasure and makes me regret that I'm not there. There is only one point I'd like you to clarify for me in your next letter; namely, the difference between social democracy and socialism. I don't mean to imply that I'm well grounded in socialism, but I have read and heard much on the subject, unfortunately not much in English. But I've never detected a difference between the two, although I believe one exists, and my brother once mentioned it. I read some translations from Kantsky and Liebknecht; everything else is by American authors, and from them it is all second hand. All the founders are German. In the *Reklam Sammlung* one can probably find all this. Would you be so kind and purchase several and have them sent to me? I'll then send you the money. Do you read *Die Neue Zeit*?

Best wishes to you and your husband,

Fritz Hochscheid



STUDIO  
OF  
FRITZ HOCHSCHEID  
PIANO AND THEORY  
POST OFFICE BLDG., ARLETA  
SUITE 5

PORTLAND, OREGON, \_\_\_\_\_ 191

20 August 1913

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
3549 67th Street S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

To: Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Chemnitz, Germany

My dear Minchen,

I'm just reading the part in your last letter: "Please return Anneliese's drawings, since we are saving them." and then you mention three little items you were going to enclose but forgot to. Also in a previous letter you wrote of a drawing of Anneliese's. We have never seen any, but look forward to it perhaps in your next letter. Of course we are amused by the splotchy paintings of our children, but they take them very seriously as does their teacher, who gives them a star to reward them for good work.

So my dear friend, now I've started this letter although it is close to 11 pm; tomorrow, if I manage to make a little time, I'll continue. It has been two-and-a-half months since my husband responded to you and your husband, and I will enclose his lines. Sadly time is something the workingman lacks more than anything else.

August 21, 9:00 pm

I've just reread your entire letter; it was so nice and interesting, and I thank you very much for your kind words and Carl's lines. You should write more often; do you have more time than I do for such things? I am still sewing, but at home, in addition to my housework. Household help is too expensive, so I do it all myself, including the laundry, but this only for the last two months. I can't sew more than one dress per week. Now and then I'll have a week when I don't do work for others, then I'll quickly do the mending for us, or perhaps sew us something new. You know, Minchen, I mostly create elegant gowns, which take more time to complete. I can make a simple, washable street dress in four to five hours.

Now isn't the best season for a seamstress, or for a music teacher. Vacation lasts three months, and a large number of children go into the mountains or to the ocean. And those students that have remained will likely go into the hop fields at the beginning of September. This is interesting. I would also go hop picking with the children if I could join a nice family, because it is easy to be swindled if one doesn't know the ropes. Our friends and acquaintances don't really need to earn money while on their summer vacation. One gets a tent set-up with straw beds and a stove. Potatoes, vegetables and fruit are free. Mornings

after breakfast, at four or five o'clock, one begins work, wearing a large brimmed hat and gloves. One gets 50 cents for each basket of hops. If one works fast, one can earn 3, 4, 5, even 6 dollars per day. It is said a woman who picks hops for the first time will not make more than 2 to 3 dollars per day, and two children together will make perhaps \$1. A typical hop farmer will hire about 3000 pickers. The crop is ripe at the first of September.

Many people go to the hop fields for health reasons, and it is said they feel renewed and strengthened for the whole year. Many go just for pleasure; they work in the mornings, rest in the afternoons and go dancing in the evenings. The farmer also provides music for the dance. It is said to be a most enjoyable activity, and many look forward to it all year long. Even the well-to-do participate. In this country one need not feel ashamed of the work one does. Perhaps I'll still find someone who'll go along. I'd like so much to go, if only to get a break from the sewing.

If my husband had no students at all during September, we could go into the country together. Things are better for us this year than last year, and we were able to pay off a hefty chunk of our debts. Up until July things kept getting better and better, and if it continues this way for three more months we'll have made it. After vacation time things will pick up again, and by next year we'll be in good shape.

Did you know my husband opened a music school together with a singing teacher? I believe it was in June. So we have to pay double for rent and the pianos, since we also still have a studio in our house. The music school will begin to pay for itself after this fall or winter.

Dearest Minchen, I read with joy that your last winter was so interesting and spiritually satisfying for both you and your husband. It is really wonderful that you have the time and opportunity for spiritual pleasures; that your day to day worries don't rob you of a sense for it. How funny the world sometimes seems to me. There are people in this world who are content when they have a piece of bread to eat and feel happy knowing there will be bread tomorrow and the next day; and, there are others in this world who believe they could exist without bodily sustenance as long as their spiritual self is intact. And yet these two types of people could be the same, during different times. We don't keep the right company. I do believe the constant pursuit of money in this country smothers the finer interests. My husband is content with his books and I with my stockpot and sewing needle.

But no, that is not true; I am not at all content and cry often for days at a time. I am not as courageous as you think. Or do you call it courage that I am too afraid to end my life? I am a coward; otherwise, I would stand on my own two feet and not be a burden to my husband. Alone I could manage, but I wouldn't be strong enough to feed and educate the children. The strongest ties of a marriage are the children.

I'm sorry about your friend's situation, both for you and for her. Actually this problem is commonplace. Here in this country, oh my God!—a marriage is made only on a trial basis. Seems every household conceals a divorced husband.

--End of letter missing--

5 September 1913

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
at a hop farm in the Willamette Valley

To: Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Chemnitz, Germany

My dear Minchen,

I'm sitting in front of my tent, glancing at the branches of a grove of green trees, below which are rows of tent after tent, and behind each is a campfire that crackles happily and makes it possible for all of us to sit outside. Too bad I don't have a Kodak; I would so like to show you a little of this Indian lifestyle. The people here all wear old clothes, very clean, and they look fantastic with their enormous, high pointed, white sun hats, each gracefully draped with a colorful silk scarf.

I did find a family that took me with them into the hop fields. We've been here since the second, arrived at noon. It was a pretty day, and about 300 people were lying around in the grass waiting for their gear and tent. It was already dark when ours arrived, and the camp fire doubled for lighting. Tents were erected until after midnight. Benches, tables and kitchen cupboards (!) were already built and ready that afternoon. I slept for the first time in a tent; it was simply excellent. The bed consists of a sack of straw and two comforters, and straw is strewn all over the floor of the tent. A bench and table, a box of groceries, a few pots and pans, and a small cook stove complete our entire inventory. Unfortunately it began to rain the second day and continued until noon today.

The word is we begin picking hops on Friday afternoon. Have you ever seen a hop field? I had never seen one before. The vines are strung three to four meters high and arc dramatically to the ground. It is a beautiful sight to see. The owner has 150 acres that will be harvested by 300 pickers in three weeks. I will tell you later how it is done.

I'm sitting here by candlelight, but I've strained my eyes by too much sewing and won't be able to write much longer, nor was it possible by the flickering campfire. This afternoon, while stretching out on my bed, I read in *Das Amerikanische Volk* by Georg von Skal, published by Egon Fleischel and Co., Berlin. Maybe you can find it at a library over there, which is where I got it from. I know it will interest you and Carl. Good night for now.

September 17

On Saturday this wonderful hop picking time will come to an end. I have red cheeks and feel refreshed in both body and soul. It did me well! From five in the mornings until five in the afternoons I worked very hard in the fields, and yet I only made \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day. The children hardly helped at all; it was too strenuous. We took a one hour break at noon to eat the lunch I brought along into the field and stretched out to sleep on the bumpy soil for the rest of the time. One's appetite can hardly be satisfied. Just now I've finished preparing tomorrow's lunch: four ears of cooked corn, four large sweet potatoes, nine sandwiches, peaches and plums.

Well, dear Minchen, I think I'll close. Tomorrow I plan to get a lot done, as well as for the remaining days. My poor husband has great need for the money. I didn't bring your letter along and don't know what remains to be answered. I had a good notion to destroy a part of my last letter. I'm depressed every month on the same days I used to get my period before the operation. It was during this time I wrote the sentimental part of that letter. But so what, when you already know how the happy-go-lucky Traudchen sometimes feels! I long for you often. With much love,

Traudchen

Greetings to your dear husband and children. I'm enclosing a picture of our house and another one. The two friends are a young lady from Spokane, who visited us for two months, and a friend of our children. Dorle is at the right and Annette left. Many find Dorle prettier than Annette.



Summer 1913

Hochscheid residence at 4525 70th Street, Portland Oregon  
with "Music Studio" sign in front window.

11 September 1913

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
Independence, Oregon

To: Christina Hochscheid  
Vondelstrasse 44  
Cologne, Germany

Dear Mother,

How are things? We haven't heard from you in a long time. For your Namenstag you must have received a letter from us, and for you and Tina a small scarf. We received a note from Tina that she is feeling better.

Fritz's business is slow. Vacation. I was in need of recuperation, and since a week ago am 65 miles away from home. I live in a tent with the children and make my living by picking hops eight hours a day. It is very interesting, and we all have red cheeks. I will stay another week or two until the harvest is done.

How do you like our house? The lady in white is visiting us. The child in the middle is a friend of our children. Dorle right, Annette left.

A thousand kisses,

Traudchen

3 October 1913

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Vondelstrasse 44, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Many thanks for your dear letter with the ten dollar note. Hopefully things will improve there soon.

Willi was here for a few hours on Wednesday. He found a job for Tina at Guttman in Düsseldorf. She will start on November 1<sup>st</sup> with a 100 Mark salary. Eight to ten Marks will be deducted from that for medical coverage, 6 Marks for an electric streetcar pass and 30 Marks for food and lodging at Willi's. 54 Marks will remain, from which she will likely be able to send us 25; the remainder she will need for herself, since the girls at the stores there must be dressed well, and she will again need to buy new clothes.

Franz also wants to change employment in order to earn more. He'll probably also have to go outside of Cologne, since there is little available here at the moment. Willi has used his influence on Franz's behalf at Jansen in Krefeld. We would then also receive 20 Marks from him, and along with your contribution we would get by. I will then rent out one room if I can.

Berta was here for a few days with Hermann and the children. Hermann has applied at Humboldt in Kalk. I hope something comes of it, then they would be closer to us again.

Heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your loving,

Mother

STUDIO  
OF  
FRITZ HOCHSCHEID  
PIANO AND THEORY  
POST OFFICE BLDG., ARLETA  
SUITE 5

PORTLAND, OREGON, \_\_\_\_\_ 191

3 November 1913

To: Carl and Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Chemnitz, Germany

My dear Neudorffs,

We received your dear card and three shipments of newspapers and thank you from the bottom of our hearts. You will understand how very welcome these were when I tell you that for many months we have read absolutely nothing in German and downright hungered for it. In spite of this, in case you intend to send more, I must ask you not to. Because of the high postage costs, we cannot accept it; and besides, it wouldn't be economical, since a direct subscription would be cheaper in any case. It would be enough if you would like to send us a few issues now and then, and we would be most thankful. As soon as the Parliaments are established and I'm able, I will subscribe from here.

You could do me another favor, dear Mr. Neudorff, if I may be so bold. Please stop by a music store and have them give you a sample of each music magazine available, and send them to me. I would like to compare what is currently available in Germany with what the professionals use here. And then too with the thought in the back of my mind that I could make my living in full, or in part, with my present profession if we again consider returning to Germany. It may sound over-confident, but I can't deny I'm a very good teacher, and believe me, good music teachers are hard to find. You might on occasion ask among your acquaintances what they pay for good music lessons, and let me know. You see, if we should again return to Germany—and in that case we would only consider Chemnitz—I could perhaps find a part time job where I could make use of my knowledge of the English language and fill the rest of the day with music lessons. And if the Salamander opportunity is still available for my wife, we would be well off. Yes, these are probably all future fantasies, I'm sorry to say, and from the bottom of my heart I wish that, instead of a deceptive mirage, I could wallow in the true spring of my beckoning homeland, after this long safari in the desert.

I don't dare show this letter, which I'm writing in my studio, to my wife because I've decided not to influence her at all; any decision, should the issue come up again, must come from her. Actually it shouldn't be hard for her to decide, because things couldn't be worse for her than they are now. Aside from the housework, which is quite enough considering her constitution, she has to sew into the night, sometimes until one in the morning; and unfortunately, we have to rely on it, since in spite of my capabilities I cannot find enough students: 1. Because mostly low income people live in this district. 2. Because hard times (as usual) are with us. 3. Because the people here are backward and ignorant when it comes to music. It would be a long, hard battle for me to secure an income of \$100 to \$150, which would have a purchasing value of 200 to 300 Marks in Germany.

We hope to hear from you soon, how you and your children are doing physically, spiritually and economically. With heartfelt greetings to you both from me and my wife. I'll tell her I wrote you a card.

Your Fritz Hochscheid

**Hotel Schwert**

**HÔTEL DE L'ÉPÉE**

**: ZÜRICH :**

TELEPHON No. 4241

ZÜRICH, DEN 18. 11. 13

ZENTRALHEIZUNG  
ELEKTRISCHES LICHT  
ELEKTRISCHER AUFZUG

18 November 1913

From: Willi Hochscheid  
Zurich

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3rd Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

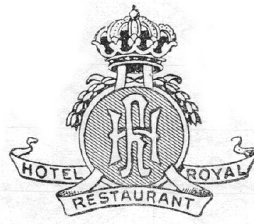
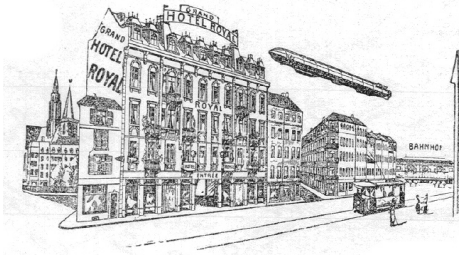
Dear August,

Now I am the one who is late in responding to your first letter. I'm living the unsettling life of a traveler, and that is my main excuse. Also business is very bad here, which dampens the pleasure of correspondence. In the meantime I've come from Zurich to Strasbourg. In Zurich I was distracted from writing by an acquaintance; it's a small world, and wherever I go I encounter a familiar mob, and in the meantime it is November 22nd, and I've been thrown off my train of thought. Since I don't have your letter at hand, I can't respond specifically to it.

Based on my business experience, I wanted to further advise you against your current activity as a mail order businessman, especially since you admit in your letter that it isn't going as well as expected yet. At least while reading your mysterious innuendo, before one knew exactly what you were dealing with, one had the impression—at least, I did—that it dealt with something very special—something of your own. I would have agreed to it then, but what you started and are doing now is somewhat hackneyed and could only succeed with iron tenacity, and then only on a much larger scale. You lack both. Admit it openly, especially the tenacity! With it you could perhaps attain large scale success, as is the wish of everyone, but which only a chosen few achieve. What it comes down to is whether there is a need for the item sold. There are always so many people trying to find such an item that I can't give you any hope. I've been looking for years. Although I get an idea once in a while, I've come to the conclusion it takes a genius to succeed. Haven't you figured out yet that the one who is making the most money with this system is your "con man?" He always finds those who will fall for it. Even though it isn't a hoax, the optimistic way in which it is presented is designed to attract unsuspecting souls. If you can find something better go ahead, but not with a trivial mail order business. Or find a capitalist you can explain the system to, hire ten typists, purchase 100 articles of merchandise, and then... and only then, maybe you will be successful.

Just imagine, one ad for 1 to 5 dollars with a circulation of, let's say, 50,000 would at best be read by 500 people in one day; of those, there are 100 who are interested and 20 who will order. Is





Strassburg, den .....

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that enough to be considered successful? And I'm convinced these numbers are not conservative. Well, in the meantime you've probably gotten burned, and I hope you've given up on this nonsense. It wouldn't be the worst you could do; consider it one more lesson learned.

My advice is, as before, stay with what you know. That way you can surely succeed if you want to, more than ever. Of this I'm convinced. Enlarge the number of your students again, by going to a larger city, or by reaching into the outskirts of town. If you apply only half of the above mentioned tenacity to your musical endeavors, success is bound to blossom.

You misunderstood the comments in my last letter that you are not fulfilling the responsibilities you've taken on. I wasn't thinking of myself, rather of our parents. Dear August, things are worse for them than they should be. Even though Tina is again pandering to the Jew in Cologne and brings home 80 Marks, and Franz may be working for C. A. Jansen in Krefeld, as I heard today, and he also contributes 20 Marks a month, added to my donation of 20 Marks, it is indeed sad that our parents are on such a tight budget. Even if you send money once in a while, it only helps out momentarily. What is lacking is regularity and reliability on your part. That you have sent a great deal is, of course, greatly appreciated, but it is not enough to keep the wolf from the door. They will not starve, but it would be nice if especially Mother could afford something for herself once in a while. I don't want to toot my own horn, but I do many little things as often as I can: three to five Marks to Father (now, during the move, 20 Marks), one to two Marks for the boys, 40 Marks recently to Mother; then, because my oldest was visiting there, 10 Marks plus a big package and later another 20 Marks. Yes, my boy, this adds up, and as much as I enjoy doing it, it is impossible for me to do more. My savings are pretty much all loaned out; nothing is coming back: you, Fritz, Berta, Karl Lawaczeck, Franz Hövel, and on top of that I earn 1,200 Marks less during these bad times than last year. If it continues to get worse, I'll have to eat the debts of my oldest debtors. In addition, my boys are growing up and cost more. Just think, the oldest is now eight and will attend the Höhere Schule next year, etc. etc..

It's a pity our correspondence always ends up in letters of complaint. I don't mean or intend to complain if it weren't for the sake of the others. I have no worries about my own family. But it seems that worrying is an inherited trait. I do worry about family members and above all our parents. Father is growing old, 65, Mother especially so. What will happen if she dies? It is necessary to think about that. We could get along without Father more easily than without Mother. He would truly be all alone and would find it difficult to get by if she were to die first. Why do I think it may happen this way? It would be lamentable! I love and cherish Father dearly, and he

is never troublesome, even on his numerous eight to fourteen day visits, but I wouldn't have the nerve to take him in permanently. His political, and especially religious, views strike me as odd, and I don't think it would be disrespectful to say they are often more than childish; and, in addition, he is so obstinate that it is often too much for me to take. I would also be sorry for Josef if it came about that way; he would then either have to live with me or with Berta. Tina could probably muddle through; Franz especially. But not Father. I only hope that Mother will outlive him, but I fear the chances are slim. When I see them together I get the feeling a change will come soon. Father doesn't really have much to occupy himself with and has trouble walking. And Mother... she with her fourteen births and prolapsed uterus.... That says it all!

Well, my dear boy, I didn't mean to dishearten you, it just came out that way. Don't mention any of this to our parents.

Don't be a fool. Do what I recommend. Freedom!? What sort of freedom do you have over there? There is just as much freedom here. One just has to feel free. So get going. Scrape \$500 together and come back.

Heartfelt greetings,

Willi

21 November 1913

From: Fritz and Traudchen Hochscheid  
3549 67th Street S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

To: Carl and Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Chemnitz, Germany

My dear Neudorffs,

Your card of the 6<sup>th</sup> surprised me a little. I sent you a short letter after your second or third shipment, but I realize now you couldn't have received it yet. Well, we received all the newspapers and gulped down the contents, and I don't need to tell you how much we enjoyed them. Some time ago I subscribed to the *Rheinische Zeitung* and later *Vorwärts* for awhile. I think the *Volkstimmen* is equally well edited and has good content like this last issue. We haven't discovered articles with blue borders, however.

Yes, we also sometimes think it would be nice if we could attend such lectures with you and again participate in all German cultural offerings. In the almost seven years we've been here, our intellects and souls have become pretty much depleted. We have seen neither a play, nor heard an opera, not to mention any esthetic pleasures. One is, and remains, an antibody in the flesh of the American body, which is outwardly covered with money and filled with dirt. But the extraction would certainly be painful, and the question of whether we could grow roots and flourish over there needs to be answered first.

With heartfelt greetings,

Your Fritz Hochscheid

Dear Neudorffers,

It is as my husband writes; we can't shake off the homesickness for the old homeland, and yet can't suppress the affection for the new land. We now speak often of returning. I believe my husband is sometimes plagued by a hidden homesickness, which is about the same as having a ticket in hand for the journey back. A woman suppresses hard to fulfill wishes, while a man finds the means and ways to fulfill them, at least my man does.

And so, one of these days we will find ourselves in Chemnitz looking for work. It must be Chemnitz. First, because our dearest friends live there, and secondly, to be far enough away from the influence of our relatives. We love them all very much but want to raise our children ourselves.

Health wise and business wise we are doing well. I gained thirteen pounds during my "summer vacation." How are you? Thank you for the newspapers; I'm very amused by the writing style. A thousand greetings,

Traudchen

2 December 1913

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Vondelstrasse 44, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

On Sunday, November 30<sup>th</sup>, the day of your departed grandfather's Namenstag, we received the money and your dear letter. Many thanks for both.

Today Franz sent his first 20 Marks from Heidelberg; he will likely be moving to Krefeld starting January 1<sup>st</sup> with the same starting salary of 110 Marks. The position was procured for him through Herr Lawaczeck, and he accepted it because the business in Heidelberg is too small, also because he will be closer to home and even closer to Düsseldorf. Tina is again employed by Guttman and receives 90 Marks.

Last month was bad for us, although Willi helped out a lot. Thanks to your help, it will be better again this month. It is bad everywhere, here, likely because of the war,<sup>1</sup> though things are expected to get better next spring. Hopefully your business will improve too. Have you not made anything in your new enterprise? It's a pity, isn't it? How are you health wise, dear August? Here it is so-so.

Heartfelt greetings and kisses from your loving,

Mother

Also from Father and your siblings.

---

<sup>1</sup> Christina was likely referring to the Balkan Wars of 1912-1913, one of the precursors to World War I, which began in the summer of 1914.

12 December 1913

From: Peter Hochscheid  
East Side Photo Studio  
3 Grand Avenue North  
Portland, Oregon

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

I don't know what to do. I would really like to send you something if only I'd know where to take it from. I'll briefly tell you how things stand:

I think I wrote you that I purchased the studio, for which I paid \$300. I pay installments of \$20 per month with 7% interest, \$10 per month rent for the property, \$8 advertising and \$7 to \$8 for light and heat. I live here in the studio and eat out. Breakfast, coffee, etc. 10 cents, lunch 20 cents, dinner 15 to 20 cents per day, or \$15 per month. Luxury is 10 to 15 cents tobacco per week, lodge dues \$1.30, and now and then streetcar fare when I visit Fritz. He lives so far out that I lost too much time going back and forth, which I didn't like, plus always having to wait for the cars, and so I've been living here since last summer. My bed and whatever else I need was here to begin with.

So far I've paid \$200, but am \$25 behind on the rent, still owe \$10 on my old gas bill, and \$15 to an acquaintance. I thought I would be able to pay off these debts this month, but it seems unlikely, since business is bad in general, and people can get along without pictures. Several times I've contemplated walking away from it and leaving everything behind, which Fritz then talks me out of. There are no jobs here either, and thousands are unemployed. So, one must be glad when one is able to get a few cents together for food, even if it means living in debt. If the times would get better I could do quite well here, especially if I could hang on until the first of May when everything will be paid off. During the last few months I've hardly taken in more than \$65 to \$75 per month. When you consider the on going expenses, and 20% for materials, you can see how it is. I've not been able to purchase anything for myself. My suit, which I've worn a number of years now, is completely worn out.

Things are also bad for Fritz this month. We did figure out that things can't be quite that bad for our parents. Since Papa's pension is 80 Marks, Franz sends 20 Marks, Willi 20, and Tina receives 90 Marks, it comes to 210 Marks. Since you were able to send them something now and then, I can't understand why they are not able to get by on that. Naturally they have to budget themselves, but simply put, things cannot be as bad for them as they are here with us.

As I said, I would like to help if I only knew how. Can you advise me?

We don't understand your fears regarding Mama. Her last letter was not without her usual humor; although, when one considers what she suffered through in her lifetime, it is

doubtful that she will become very old. I hope she will be with us a good while longer. I would like to see her again once more.

There in Kalispell business is also probably bad, otherwise things couldn't have gotten that bad for you. Or are you no longer teaching? How did your business venture turn out?

Write again, soon. Heartfelt greetings,

Peter

11 February 1914

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Vondelstrasse 44, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

It has now been three months since we've heard anything from you. How come? If it wasn't possible for you to send anything you could have at least written a few lines. Not even did you send a Christmas or New Year's card. One doesn't know what to make of it; you're not ill by any chance, are you?

If nothing is working out over there, why don't you come back? I'm sure something could be found for you here. Willi suggested it to you too. You'll probably never become a millionaire over there so stop trying and come back. If you set up a music school here, and also teach German and English, you would probably earn enough to do more for us than you do now, plus you would be home. Or you could live with Willi, or by yourself, in which case Tina could manage your household, since she has visibly gotten worse and does nothing but whine ever since she's back at work. Housework would be much healthier, but she wouldn't be able to earn enough to help us out. So think about what you want to do. Do you have a lack of students? In the beginning you took in \$26 per week; has it gotten worse rather than better, or are you no longer putting forth any effort? Or are you not leading a good lifestyle? There must be a reason. You were so popular over there, one would think your business would have improved rather than declined, isn't that right, dear August?

I think it would be better for you to come back under your mother's wing, because she can show even grown up children the right path, and you would have half as many troubles as you do now, and so would we. Look at all your colleagues here from the past. They are all doing well. I met Herr Kramer a few days ago. He has become a distinguished gentleman and seems very content being the husband of Ännchen Noll. He told me he sent you an engagement announcement but never hears from you. You had written him you wanted to come in 1913, etc..

I beseech you to think it over very carefully, dear August, and don't continue to live day to day without doing so. You will soon turn thirty and must start thinking about the future. You are now at the best age to achieve something; otherwise, it will be too late.

We've managed to muddle through the winter. I borrowed almost 100 Marks from Willi and still owe the tailor 150 Marks. We are so strapped that I cannot afford even the barest necessities of clothing and shoes. If it is possible for you to send something soon I would appreciate it very much. It doesn't need to be much; even \$5 a month would help out a lot.

So now you know how things stand, dear August. Health wise things here are so-so. Mostly Father suffers of a runny nose and cough during the winter. Franz is working at Jansen in Krefeld since January. He can spare only 10 Marks at the most for us per month. We gave up one room and only pay 40 Marks rent now per month. We all sleep in one room now, which is 6 ½ meters long and almost 4 meters wide [about 21x13 feet].

Heartfelt greetings and kisses from your loving,

Mother

and from Father and your siblings. We still live at Vondelstrasse 44, so please write soon, dear August.



10 March 1914

From: Fritz Hochscheid  
3549 67th Street S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

To: Carl and Wilhelmina Neudorff  
Chemnitz, Germany

My dear Neudorffs,

Since we received your last long and thoughtful letter, there has been a slight change in our circumstances with regard to the question of our return, which when solved, even though in a different way, will bring us one step closer. The essence of the whole matter revolves around two minor issues: 1. How to get there. 2. Once there, what then?

Solving the first issue is the most important. We are very reluctant to borrow the money for the trip, even if it were possible, and likely carry the debt with us like a ball and chain our entire lives. We could, however, get at least the bulk of it together within a year's time. We've planned to live in a tent starting next month, which is commonly done here by people who buy building lots on installment. We could save about \$100 in half a year's time that way. We may also get \$100 for our furniture, and since the trip via Panama will probably not cost more than \$300, we would then have two-thirds of the sum together. Maybe I can also sell my students. At any rate my brother could come up with the rest of the money, or through a loan from Hummel.

This brother wrote to me recently, and it brings me to the second issue: what then? There is no doubt it would be burdensome for you to take us all in for several weeks. How would it be if we divided the family, and my wife and one child came to your home in the beginning, while I and the other child stayed with my brother in Düsseldorf? Since my wife could begin earning immediately, she could pay her own and the child's expenses, while I have a similar opportunity in Düsseldorf. My brother wrote he could guarantee ten students for me right away. He also wrote he would pay 2 Marks for piano lessons for his children, but the fee for an accomplished, professional music teacher is at any rate higher, and I should be able, if I employ some of the American methods, to provide for myself and the other child within a short time. Also my brother is representative for three manufacturing firms and has a huge amount of work when he is not traveling; and, perhaps in time I could work my way into this. You see, this way we would have the opportunity to look around for something permanent without having to lean on the support of friends and relations for an indeterminate period of time.

There is no question we would prefer to settle down with you in Chemnitz, but I have the feeling Düsseldorf, "the old city of art," would be better for my business, and if we eventually decide to settle there I hope you won't hold it against us. One can't always do what one wants, and we would still be close enough to see each other often.

But for now these are all fantasies. First we must have the where-with-all. As we figured yesterday, the tent would cost us circa \$20. We have the tent but would need to construct

a floor and half high walls, which would be costly. In the end it would be better if we rented a small house for \$4 to \$6 in the country. Then we could still save \$80 to \$100 rent in a year's time.

March 24

Unfortunately this letter has lain here for two weeks under the influence of all kinds of emotions. Meanwhile we have turned the last plan mentioned above into a reality. The "premises" we've rented for \$3 a month, and into which we will move next week, consists of a so-called "shack," two rooms, kitchen, with an attached tent. It isn't far from our current home and is very close to the school. We will pay \$11 less rent per month, and if we actually manage to save this, we should have \$130 together in one year. But things will no doubt come up. And meanwhile I'll admit the barometer of our homesickness for Germany fell a little. But that doesn't signify much; this always happens when we're able to pay our monthly bills.

The newspapers arrive regularly and are eagerly anticipated. Heartfelt thanks and best wishes,

Your Fritz Hochscheid

My wife thinks this is not a proper response to such a long and lovely letter, and she will add a few lines.

That was two weeks ago and now she says to send it, otherwise it will lie here another three weeks. And so I'll obey her wishes. A non-proper response is better than none at all.

We are moving today and it is raining buckets full, which is par for the course. Congratulations, comrades, on your withdrawal from the church. With heartfelt greetings from us all,

Fritz Hochscheid

30 March 1914

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Vondelstrasse 44, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

Yesterday on my 58<sup>th</sup> birthday we received your long letter with enclosure. Many thanks for both. It made me very happy, because I was worried and restless not to have heard from you in four months. No, it could never have happened that you only received one letter from us in two years. It must be an error. I write you at least two or three letters every year, and the cards I write could be considered half letters.

Father doesn't like to write at all. He says he would rather work a day in the basement at Geicht than to compose a letter. At the moment, he is visiting in Düsseldorf and Duisburg. He is helping Berta move. The Gerkes are moving into the suburbs: Duisburg-Wedau, Birkenweg 8. They have rented a single family residence with six rooms, garden, electric light, etc. for 40 Marks a month.

Yesterday I also received a letter from Willi with another long one enclosed from Fritz. Willi intends to see to it that the Hochscheids return here in the fall, since they seem to be very homesick and aren't getting anywhere over there. Fritz is to give music and English lessons in Düsseldorf, and Traudchen will sew. I hope this will work. At first Fritz will live at Willi's with Dorle, and Traudchen and Annette will move in with her friends in Chemnitz, where she can earn 120 to 150 Marks per month. And so Willi will give his entire savings to his family. He wrote me he intends to raise 600 to 700 Marks for Fritz by next fall. A good chap he is, and so is Finchen for agreeing to it; otherwise, he would not do it.

Dear August, nothing has changed here. When there is a lack of something Willi helps out. Franz can only spare 10 Marks. We had to sign two notes for the tailor at Tonger; 100 Marks due by the end of April and 50 Marks by the end of June, so I'm very glad to have received the 50 Marks from you. It is a great help now that it is spring, and so much is needed again.

So you are going to be a candidate to become mayor. How proud you must be. Do you need to become distinguished looking with black tails, white vest, white (or red!?) tie, or is that not necessary? Oh, dear August, drop all this nonsense and return to your basics. To assume such high stations here on earth will not bring happiness or contentment. I would be ashamed to tell anyone my son is a socialist, but would be proud if you attained an honorable position in the areas of art or science.

Dear August, you misunderstood when you thought I wanted you to marry, as Kramer did. Oh no, on the contrary, by all means stay single; then perhaps we will get you back to Germany after all, one of these days.

And so take care of yourself, stay healthy, God bless you, and think often of your loving,  
Mother

I am now going to exchange the money in order to pay the bill at Tonger.



24 April 1914

From: Peter Hochscheid  
East Side Photo Studio  
3 Grand Avenue North  
Portland, Oregon

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

Mother complained in her last letter that she hadn't heard from you in a long time. She is worried about you and wishes you would write now and then, even if you can't send any money. So do it soon.

Fritz and family plan to possibly return to Germany this fall. Willi intends to help them out. You could then maybe take over his students. Don't you want to come here? Fritz makes about \$60 to \$80 per month. Or do you make more there? I think the best would be for you to tear yourself loose there.

--Last two sentences illegible--

24 May 1914

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
7052 Powell Valley Road S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

To: Wilhelmina & Carl Neudorff  
Chemnitz, Germany

My dear Neudorffs,

I doubt if I'll be able to answer your very dear letter on all points. The letters are still not unpacked, and I don't want to lose valuable time searching for them now. You are really special. Always you have new offers! How can we ever reciprocate all your plans and concern for improving our existence? Many, many thanks, also for the mental nourishment in the form of the regular newspaper shipments.

Your children, Anneliese and Gustav, look very nice in their bathing suits. How you do worry and torture yourself with their homework! Let everything take its course. If you have to do all the housework yourself, you are already overburdened with chores. Does one really need to be in such a hurry with the intellectual growth of the children? My thinking is if they develop well physically, it is enough to emphasize education for subjects they display special talents for when they are little, aiming for their future occupation, so they can achieve success. Reading, writing and arithmetic is something they should all learn but not necessarily to an extraordinary degree. Our children have been attending the public school here for two years now. They started together. Dorle stayed behind one term. She couldn't keep up with reading; otherwise, she is better than all her classmates in all other subjects. The child still doesn't speak clearly and so does not read all the words clearly aloud. The teacher is very dear with her; she lets Dorle sit next to her on a stool during reading, puts her arm around her shoulders and says something encouraging to her when she is finished. She never reprimands the child. Dorle is pampered by all her classmates, boys as well as girls. I wonder if in Germany as many allowances would be made for a child that is different from all the others. My husband intends to educate her in music, for which she shows special talent. We still don't know what Annette's propensity is. She has the most fun playing boys' sports and regrets she is not a boy, but consoles herself that when she is born again she will definitely be a boy. I wish it for her; if she is persistent then it will be so! The teacher says Annette is intelligent; now and then she displays brainstorms, which makes one believe she is above the level of her classmates. She would excel even if she were to skip a term, if only she would take the time to do her homework, but she is too flighty, too wild. This she inherited from her mother and her brains from her father. I'm not especially happy about this. I would wish our children to be more average, so they don't lose the ability to experience joy even for minor things. Too much knowledge kills the most delicious thing in life: happiness. Too much knowledge never allows one to feel contentment. Annette is a dear comrade to me. She is the one I will bring to Chemnitz if our latest plan comes about. It would have to be her, if for no other reason than no one else could be found in the evenings to mend the clothes she tears to

shreds during the day.

In any case, I await your views in this regard. I am only inclined to live with you in Saxony; otherwise, I'd rather stay in America. I must be far enough away from my relatives to avoid annoyances based on my child rearing views. I imagine Fritz would follow soon. One does not endure living with relatives for long once the joy of the initial reunion has dissipated. My husband's brother can make 700 to 800 Marks available in September of this year, which we could use for our eventual return voyage. Willi thinks the rest of the money should come from my sister, Agnes; he would then repay her in January so that we would have only one creditor. So you see, dear Neudorffs, we could already be back in the old homeland by fall. I wonder if the Panama Canal will be open for regular traffic then. The latest information we received about it was through your newspapers. There has been nothing about it in our local papers.

Dear Minchen, write to me honestly how you would feel if Annette and I invaded your home for awhile. If you agree to it, I thought we would pay for all our food and half the cost of an efficient maid, so that you would in no case be burdened with any additional housework because of our presence. Also, almost a month would pass while we visit all the relatives, and since they all live in the Rhineland we would take care of that first.

Now an important question: Are clerks there allowed to sit down when they are not busy with a customer? Only under the condition that I can sit down now and then could I accept such a job. I cannot endure standing on my feet continuously. In that case I would have to stay with the sewing, much as I enjoy

--End of letter missing--



28 July 1914

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Vondelstrasse 44, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

On Sunday, July 20<sup>th</sup>, we received your dear letter, the \$5, and a letter to Willi, which I immediately forwarded. This morning I received a second letter from you along with \$5 for my Namenstag. Many, many thanks, dear August, for everything. The money is most welcome, because now I am able to finish off the month without going into more debt. And just think, dear August, along with your letter I received one from Peter, also with \$5 enclosed for my Namenstag, plus a dollar bill for cigars and Kölsch beer for Father. How happy that made me also! I can now finally have the dress finished that I received from the Düsseldorf children for Christmas. And Tina shall receive a little also, since it was her Namenstag too.

Speaking of Tina, I wanted to let you know she finally gave up her ideas of becoming a nun and intends to take a husband. Her choice is a mature man (47 or 48 years old), bachelor, an insurance civil servant, a tall, distinguished man with an annual income close to 3000 Marks and a good, solid Catholic. Everything that Tina desires. He isn't a great catch, money wise, but then Tina doesn't have any to offer either. We hope everything turns out well for her should it come to marriage. It could take another year, if he doesn't prefer to marry sooner.

I'm glad things are better for you again, and that the gloomy times have subsided. I wish I could live to see you with us again. By coincidence, on my Namenstag, Anna Noll visited me with her 6 month old daughter, a striking image of Kramer. The Elsdorf Nolls all congratulated me too. How pleased everyone in your old circle would be to see you again. So let's hope.

Dear August, if it is possible for you to send something each month, it would enable Tina to save a little each month from her salary for a small dowry. I don't know where else to take it from. At the very least she should have linens and a bridal gown. So please see what you can do.

Peter writes he is doing somewhat better. He hopes to have everything paid off in three months and then be able to help us out a little.

Last week I again had the terrible stomach ailments, nearly fainting from the pain, but now I'm better. Let's hope for the best.

With thanks for everything, I remain your loving,  
Mother

I wonder if Fritz and family will actually come back. Hopefully we won't get a war; that would be terrible for all of us. We received 50 Marks from Willi this month, 30 were for my Namenstag, for essential needs. If it does come to war, Willi won't have any business anymore, and all his savings are tied up in the family.

4 January 1915

From: Christina Hochscheid  
Vondelstrasse 44, I Etage  
Cologne

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

My dear August,

We just received your dear letter and the money. We are happy to finally receive a sign of life from you. How we have worried in the meantime! The money is most welcome, since everything has become so expensive lately.

These are indeed terrible times. It is hard to believe things can go on this way; and yet it has been said it is far from being over and will get worse! Oh, how terrible such a war is. All the young men who will have to die and the poor ones they will leave behind. Even though it hasn't affected us directly yet, one suffers along with the others.

Two days before the mobilization I met Kloth, who said he would have to leave immediately once it starts, and regrets not being able to take his vacation, which was due in the coming weeks. Kramer is also drafted, but he is still in Deutz as far as I know. Karl Noll was in it from the beginning, had a small injury on his leg, but must likely be back at the Front by now. Willy Noll visited us once in a while but hasn't been back here in a long time. He is also likely gone. All will be called. Even Wilhelm Blumenthal had to go to Aachen for garrison duty, and he is forty-five years old. Franz won't be able to avoid it, even though he is so tall and thin, and he must enlist in the next few days. Everyone will be utilized for something. Even Willi and Hermann will certainly have their turn. Willy Melles serves at Zugeweg, which is close to us; he is a soldier for six weeks now and visits us every evening. I found him a room here in the house; he didn't want to sleep in the barracks. Also Hubert Stiefmacher serves in Cologne and must march out in the coming days. All mothers are disconsolate. Let us hope these awful times will soon end.

Dear August, please write back soon, and if you can again enclose another bill it would make us very happy. Heartfelt greetings and a kiss from your loving,

Mother

Also from Father and your siblings. Many thanks for the money. We haven't heard from you since your letter for my Namenstag last July. I've written you several times since then.

W. Hochscheid

Harless-Strasse 10  
Fernsprecher 9127

ooo

Vertreter der Firmen:

Stahlschmidt & Kühler  
A. Gladbach

Goertz, Clay & Co.  
Mülfort (Rhld.)

Mech. Baumwollweberei  
Fulda G. m. b. H.

11 March 1915

From: Willi Hochscheid  
Harless Strasse 10

Telephone 9127

Dear August,

I trust you received—and maybe even answered!?!—the letter in which I poked you in the ribs figuratively. You may imagine my writing again so soon has a specific purpose, and indeed it does.

Yesterday I became a soldier on furlough status. I was classified eligible for active duty in the guards infantry and must, as a thirty-six year old, play soldier within the next little while. Exactly when has not yet been determined, but the call will take place soon; it can happen from one day to the next. I now need to settle all kinds of things hastily, including the unpleasant matter of money. Government support will certainly not provide nourishment for four people, and my income will end, since I am an independent contractor on commission. So I'm forced to resort, in the interest of my loved ones, to my accounts receivables. Franz Hövel, who has 1000 Marks of mine, is in the Carpathian Mountains shooting at Russians with his hunting artillery. Berta, respectively Hermann, is receiving a reduced salary and already contributes twenty Marks per month. Fritz will probably also send twenty to thirty Marks per month. This leaves you and the hope you'll make a serious effort to dig a little deeper into your pockets; otherwise, I don't know how Finchen and the boys will make it through the war. We can manage for the present, but in two to three months our cash reserves will run dry. If my outstanding accounts don't provide enough income to keep my family's heads above water, I'll have to reproach myself for not having taken enough precautions and putting enough aside. On the pending funds (which total approximately 5000 Marks) Finchen would be able to live relatively comfortably, with certain restrictions, for about two years. If I die a "hero's death," she would receive 13,000 Marks insurance, but for now I'm still alive and don't know whether my esteemed debtors are in any position to make installment payments on the funds that I advanced in one lump sum.

I'm asking you to please send me solid assurances I can bank on, and that you'll make payments regularly.

Greetings, also from Finchen and my boys,

Your brother, Willi

9 April 1915

From: Traudchen Hochscheid  
Portland, Oregon

To: Augusto Rathgeber  
1918 Mansfield Ave  
Spokane, Washington

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Rathgeber and Family,

Our children received their enormous Easter baskets and were thrilled. Many thanks for your kindness.

I wasn't able to send anyone Easter greetings; I sewed until late Saturday evening. Sunday I could barely cook a meal. Monday we had a recital. Tuesday I went to the doctor and since then have been taking treatments with the children daily.

My husband's business finally seems to be on the rise.

How are all of you doing? I'll write a letter once I feel better. Have you heard from L.? I haven't written him in a long time.

Heartfelt greetings to all,

Mrs. Hochscheid and Family



Via Denmark

15 August 1915

From: Willi Hochscheid  
Friedenstrasse 11  
Cologne

To: Fritz Hochscheid  
990 Hawthorne Avenue  
Portland, Oregon

Dear Fritz, Peter and Traudchen,

We are all in Cologne. The reason is very sad.

This card is to prepare you for the news that in a matter of hours at the most we will no longer have a mother.

Mother became ill two weeks ago, and now we await her passing. Her liver and gall ailments became worse three days ago, and she is now in the final stages. It won't be long now.

Greetings from Father, Berta, Tina, Franz, Josef, Hermann and your,  
Willi and Finchen

Sunday, 10:30 am.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Christina died on Tuesday, 17<sup>th</sup> of August at 2:30 am.

6 October 1915

From: Willi Hochscheid  
Feldpost - Düsseldorf

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Dear August,

I am a light infantry soldier since October 1st. Can you imagine what that means? What are you up to? One never hears from you. Write sometime. Starting Saturday I will sleep and eat at home. I joined up voluntarily; otherwise I would already be at the Front.

Best wishes,

Willi

Address: Fusilier W. Hochscheid, 1 Ers. Bat. Reg. II, 2 Comp. 7 Rkt.



From: Willi Hochscheid  
II Ers. Batl. 2/39  
Düsseldorf - Derendorf

To: Friedrich Hochscheid  
Friedenstrasse 11  
Cologne

Dear Father and Family,

Fortunately I'll be going back to Düsseldorf tomorrow. It can't be any worse at the Front than in these godforsaken outskirts. Only with humor and gnashing one's teeth can it be tolerated. Goodbye until Christmas. Hopefully I'll still be here.

Heartfelt greetings,

Willi

8 July 1916

From: Willi Hochscheid  
Düsseldorf

To: Fritz Hochscheid  
3551 70<sup>th</sup> Street S.E.  
Portland, Oregon

Dear Fritz, Peter, Traudchen and Children,

Your card dated April 14<sup>th</sup> arrived a week ago. I've not written in the meantime because it was said no mail would go through anymore. But I guess if you wait long enough it will still work.

I'm still not in the trenches. Have been working at the garrison company in Wesel and went to Friedrichsfeld three days ago. Currently I am on a ten day vacation and after that will likely be mustered in again. When and how it will end is unforeseeable. At the moment the Allied offensive, which began with great fanfare, is fizzling out.

In the meantime we celebrated Communion here. The boy next to Father is our oldest, Walter, who attended the Communion. The other soldier is Willy Melles, a 42 year old gunner.

Josef, the tall fellow in back, is employed here at Tietz<sup>1</sup> and lives with us. Father moved to Nippes. So there have been many changes here and there.

Heartfelt greetings,

Willi, Finchen and the Boys

My dear Ones,

I am also employed here in Düsseldorf. If the war lasts much longer I may also have to go.

Best wishes,

Josef

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<sup>1</sup> Later called *Kaufhof*.





Düsseldorf - 1916  
Willi left back row, Finchen and Friedrich (with Walter) seated center row,  
Josef back row center.



26 October 1917

From: Josef Hochscheid  
Lahr

To: Franz Hochscheid

Dear Franz,

Here's a photo. It didn't turn out too well. When we receive field-gray I'll have another picture taken.

Finchen wrote that a letter from you arrived for me in Hösel. Haven't received it yet, it will probably reach me soon. I can't write much. Am going on a night march at 9:45 pm. The drills get harder each day, but one can still endure them. At least we don't exercise in the heat, just in the mornings and late afternoons.

For now, greetings from your brother,

Josef

Write soon.

8 April 1918

From: Franz Hochscheid

To: Tina Hochscheid

Dear Tina,

I received your letter of the 30th and the card from your trip. So now you are in your new home. I wish you all the best and hope to be able to visit soon.

Here's a photo of our company. How do you like it? More to come soon. For now heartfelt greetings from you brother,

Franz



*Onkel Franz*

9 April 1918

From: Kanonier Willi Hochscheid  
Ers. Batl., Fusilier Artillery, Reg. 7  
4 Recruit Depot, Moorish Temple  
Cologne

To: Tina Hochscheid  
Mission House Dieffler  
Villingen on the Saar

Dear Sister,

So now you have what you want. I received your card yesterday. Finchen and Berta were here on Sunday, and we spent a nice evening at Paula's on Sunday evening. Have you settled in yet?

Heartfelt greetings,

Willi

15 May 1918

From: Franz Hochscheid

To: Tina Hochscheid

Dear Tina,

I received your dear card of May 9<sup>th</sup>. It is now several weeks since you are in your new home. It is not hard for me to believe that you are accustomed to it by now.

Even I have become accustomed to the war and know nothing other than living deep in the trenches and hearing the cannon fire around me day and night. I am well familiar with what it means to be a recruit and wouldn't want to do it again. I'm already considered an old man here—almost two years as a soldier and over a year at the Front; I can call myself an “old soldier.” Last year at this time we were engaged in the heaviest battles in Laon. Nothing bad has happened up till now, and I continue to hope for the best. I long not for Egyptian flesh-pots, just peacetime food and living, and hopefully peace will come before this year ends.

I recently took this picture at the funeral of a fallen lieutenant of my company.

I await the letter you promised me and greet you heartily.

Your brother Franz





**F**ranz was wounded twice in WWI. He was sent to a military hospital in Freiburg for five weeks for a wound sustained in his right arm on June 6th, 1918 in Reims. On August 28th, shell splinters hit his left lower leg, and he was sent to a military hospital in Dorsten where he remained until after the war ended on November 11th.

While at the military hospital he made himself indispensable to the commander, doing all kinds of clerical, secretarial work, which helped keep him from being sent back to the Front.

Franz told a story about when he was in the trenches in WWI. One of his duties was to bring food to his comrades. The food was prepared in an entrenched kitchen area. There were two ways to get there: the short way, which meant scrambling out of the trench and, at the risk of being shot, making a beeline some twenty yards

to the kitchen area, or the long way through a maze of trenches that eventually connected with the kitchen. Franz always chose the long, safe way; however, his comrades complained that by the time he got back their food was cold.

Franz wrote on back:

*The photo shows a mine launcher delivering barrage fire during an enemy gas attack - for eventual use in your weekly illustrated magazine, Der Weltspiegel. Kindly notify me upon acceptance.*

*Respectfully,  
Musk. Hochscheid  
Inf. Reg. No. 364  
10 Company*



7 July 1918

From: Franz Hochscheid  
Kriegs Lazarett 40b  
Deutsche Feldpoststation 227  
Hildaschule

To: Friedrich Hochscheid  
Cologne

Dear Father,

I'm sending you the first photo made with the new camera. As you can see, it turned out well. All the pictures are slightly larger than with my old camera. I've had to make over thirty prints from this one exposure. Tomorrow I'll take more.

By now you'll have received the card acknowledging receipt of the 25 Marks you sent; will send cigarettes again within the next few days.

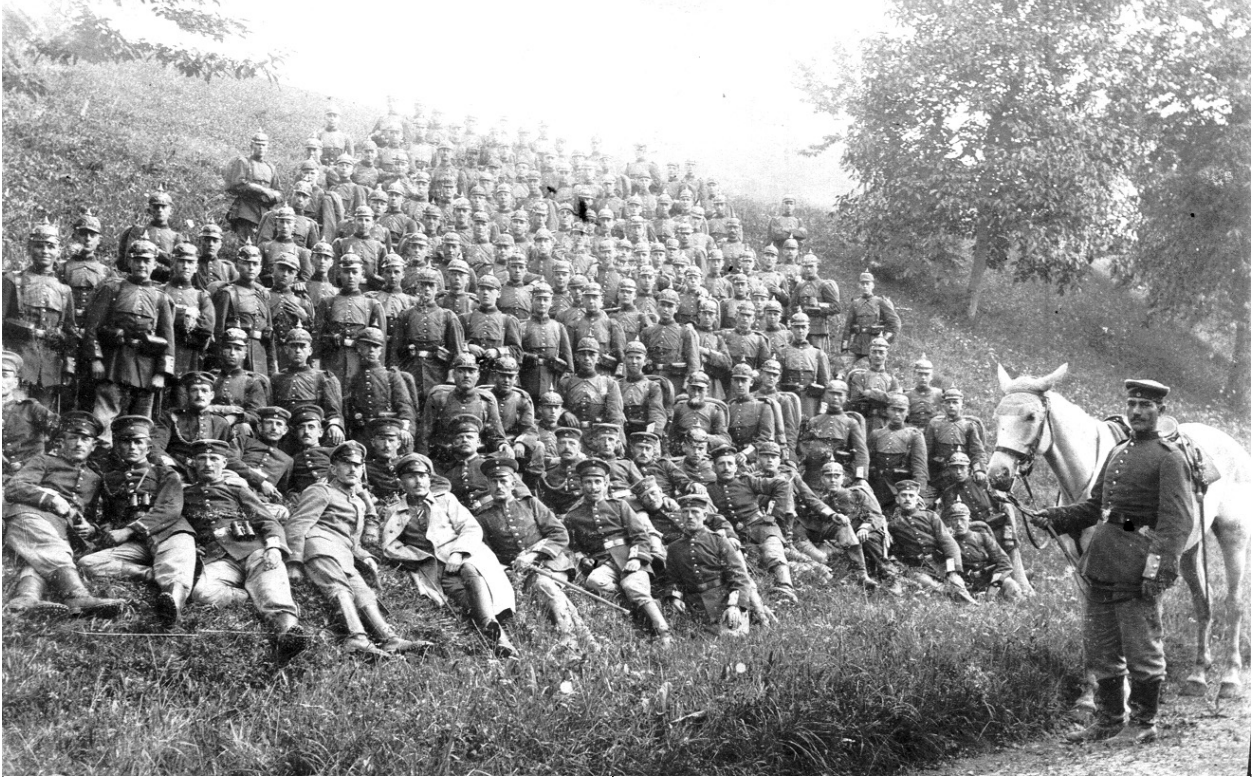
For today receive heartfelt greetings from your son,

Franz



At a military hospital in Freiburg.  
Franz is second from left, back row.

**D**uring the war Willi jotted down notes, supplies, ordinances and card game scores in a small pocket notebook, also some of his experiences and movements of German troops during the Second Battle of the Marne.



10 March 1915

Enlistment 39ers, Düsseldorf

April 1916

Reserve Battalion III, Elberfeld

May 1916

Garrison Company, Wesel

1 February 1917

Released to Rhein Metallwaren und Maschinen Fabrik [Rhine Metalwares and Machinery Factory], Düsseldorf. Received 68 Pfennige per hour, then 70 Pfennige, then 75. Since September 1st, 1917 was engaged for 170 Marks salary, plus 30% cost of living allowance, plus 30 Marks extra, plus 30 Marks for being married, plus 30 Marks for having children.

29 January 1918

Fit for active duty, heavy infantry foot soldier [fusilier].

25 March 1918

[During the night there had been an air raid on Cologne, 8 bombs were dropped, no one was injured.] Cologne depot. Moorish Temple. A flea circus. 300 men, joyful and sorrowful. Trained on 15" Howitzer cannon, then 4 weeks rifle.

3 June 1918

Returned from Sunday leave, everyone had flown the coop. Monday morning followed First Battalion to Arnallhöhe 4.

7 June 1918

Transferred to 99th Battalion, Rodenkirchen. From there to Munitions Column, 1st Battalion, Immendorf. Nice 18 days. Finchen visited often, plus the boys, Father, Berta, Luise, Kramer, Frau Lampmann, Klemms. Visit after visit.

25 June 1918

Marching off to the Front.

To the Bonnthor Railway Station with the Column.

11:30 departure to Aachen, Herbesthal, Lüttich, Löwen, Brussels, Kortryk, to St. Amand at Lille. 26 hour train journey. Stood guard duty. Two days rest in a park in St. Amand. Slept in cellar.

27 June 1918

As Quartiermacher [Billoting Officer] in charge of finding accommodations. Rode bicycle to Armentières - first heavy signs of war. All houses destroyed beyond Lille. Old military positions in Armentières totally leveled. No town inhabitants to be seen. Quarters found in a spinning and weaving mill. Quarters as Orderly.

28 June 1918

Bicycled to the battalion in Pontcean. "Danger Zone" but no sign of danger.

4 July 1918

Heavy barrage and intense air raids during the night. Earflaps down since yesterday. Uncanny. Played cards (Skat) throughout all this.

8 July 1918

To Brussels. Many soldiers - much hustle and bustle. Met Born and Neschkes, then Fritz Ahlert on the way back to the station.

9 July 1918

Received one case of blood vials from Munitions Colony I, Heavy Artillery Battalion 99.

16 July 1918

Early yesterday we arrived in partly French occupied posts southeast of Reims. In the meantime General Von Boehm's army crossed the Marne between Jaulgonne and east of Dormans. Engineers were positioned at dawn. The storm troopers are pressing forward, laying the foundation for the day's success. The infantry stormed the steep south banks of the Marne. Under their guard a bridgehead was established. Forging ahead steadily through the woodlands we broke through the first heavily defended position of the enemy and pushed them back to their former Cónde La Chapelle - Comblizy Mareuil line. Also north of the Marne, we seized the French and Italians' first position between the Ardre and Marne. By evening we were fighting east of the Châtillon--Cuchery--Chaumuzy line. Attacked Champagne from Prunay to Tahure and took the first line. Advanced south of Nauroy - Moronvilliers over the Höhenkuth, Cornillet, Hochberg, Keilberg, Pöhlberg up to the Roman Street, north of Prosnes, in the woodlands south of the Fichtelberges. East of Suippes we took the combat areas of the Champagne battle between Aubérive and Tahure. East of Reims the enemy held its second position north of Prosnes Lorraine - Perthes. Rupprecht<sup>1</sup> The fighting did not start up until the evening hours. Took prisoners in reconnaissance southwest of Ypern [Ypres]. Crown Prince Local fighting at Savières Grande and west of Chateau Thierry. Southwest of Courtémont we pushed our line up to the Surmelin sector. On the southeast banks of the Marne, the enemy engaged in fierce counterattacks against our Front, costing heavy casualties. On the north banks of the Marne our gains broadened. After warding off French counterattacks, we beat the enemy back to the high ground north of Venteuil and fought our way through the Königswald [Bois du Roi]. On both sides of the Ardre we beat the enemy back into the Reims hill country between Nanteuil and north of Pourcy. No change east of Reims. We held back enemy lines under heavy fire and improved our position at the Roman Street and at Suippes. Took a few strongholds on the heights northwest of the Marne. Number of prisoners taken rose to 18,000. Six airplanes and two balloons were shot down over the battleground.

<sup>1</sup> Army group Rupprecht named after Field Marshall Rupprecht, son of Ludwig III, the last king of Bavaria.

17 July 1918

Garrison Headquarters.

The troop divisions were reminded to remove the horse dung and garbage from their quarters. Failure to follow the order will be reported to the General's Headquarters.

18 July 1918

A brown horse with a white spot on its face ran off from the Schirholn Column during the night of July 16th and 17th. If found contact Munitions Column of Division U..

The troops are busy building quarters. Most important is the roof. Where the wooden rafters are not destroyed, it is easy enough to replace missing roof tiles by using those from destroyed neighboring houses.

Household items, even those brought along, may not be taken from the premises when moving out, according to the order of May 18th.

On the 13th of the month, midday around one o'clock, a bicycle (Presto Model No. 358544) belonging to an orderly of the battalion was lost in front of the house at Gutenbergstrasse 37 in Armentières. When found return to: 8 Comp., Landsturm Battalion, I Bay. 25.

21 July 1918

Local order: Carelessness and curiosity for approaching enemy airplanes has again led to casualties. During an air raid alarm, every man is to seek immediate shelter within the first available house.

A black attaché case was lost on the corner of Jägerstrasse and Rue Messiner.

Some of the troops have to dig new latrines and fill in the old ones in order to maintain sanitary conditions. Lime chloride may be applied as of 7:00 o'clock at the garrison headquarters.





Hösel - Summer 1918

L-R: Fredy, Franzi, Finchen, Willi, Walter  
During WWI Willi and family moved to Preussenstrasse 11, Hösel,  
a village near Düsseldorf

25 October 1918

From: Luise Emanns-Hövel  
c/o Finchen Hochscheid  
Fürstenplatz 3, III Etage  
Düsseldorf

To: August Hochscheid  
328 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue West  
Kalispell, Montana

Forwarded to:  
August Hochscheid  
307 Sherman & Clay Bldg.  
Portland, Oregon

Dear Mr. Hochscheid,

Years ago I once made your acquaintance; I do not know whether you still remember. For the moment, however, this is unimportant. I have been asked by Finchen to relate to you some very sad news. The war has claimed that which she held most precious. During the night between the 16th and 17th of August, Willi was severely wounded by a piece of shrapnel. He died of his wound approximately a quarter hour later. Finchen is inconsolable, and we are all at a loss why Willi of all people had to die. This war is gruesome and gives no consideration toward whom it chooses for its victims. Perhaps it will be possible for you to send a message to Finchen; she lives in Düsseldorf, Fürstenplatz 3, 3rd Etage. I have written to your brother, Fritz, as well.

I trust you are in good health and send heartfelt greetings!<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Franz Hövel

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<sup>1</sup> Willi died on the same day of the year, at the same hour of the night as his mother had three years earlier. He was buried at Pont-de-Nieppe cemetery, near Armentières, France.



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Afterword...

**W**illi Hochscheid's name was carved on a monument erected in Hösel for soldiers killed in WWI. Traudchen wrote: *The finest son of the Hochscheids lost his life. He was not only that, but one of the best men I have ever known. I'd like to believe destiny is bestowing an honor when someone dies so young.* **Finchen** left Hösel and returned to Düsseldorf after WWI. Her grandson, Ernst, recalled: *Although her grandchildren remember her best for her gripping hugs and wet kisses, Finchen, in terms of women's liberation, was years ahead of her time. From birth on, she lived life unconventionally. When her husband Willi was shot in WWI in 1918, she took over his sales districts for a time, traveling and calling on the dealers herself. Willi's brother, Franz, later took over some of these accounts, which got him set up nicely. In the twenties Berta's brother-in-law, Franz Gerke, moved in with her and the children. He was between Finchen and her oldest son, Walter's, age, so there was a camaraderie established between the four. Josef also moved in for a time, as well as Friedrich, and she had two borders also. Finchen had a strong persona, and she wasn't particularly affected by any gossip spread regarding her relationship with Franz Gerke. Her sons, Walter, Fredy and Franzi grew up wild. Their flat in Düsseldorf had a room eight meters long, just big enough to play bicycle polo in. It was also rumored that the gray streak in Franz Gerke's hair was caused by living with Finchen. In the late 1950s he left Finchen and married. She died in 1964.*



Friedrich, Finchen, Berta  
& Hermann in the 1920s

**Friedrich Hochscheid** lived nine more years after the end of the war, staying with Franz in Cologne-Klettenberg and Rodenkirchen, with occasional visits to Berta and Hermann in Bremen. He also lived briefly in Düsseldorf with Finchen and his niece, Paula, in Cologne.

In 1920 he was invited to return to America and live with his three sons, all residing in Portland, Oregon. He wrote to Peter: *I would like to come very much but am already 72 years old, and while the sea journey doesn't frighten me, the long train journey worries me. If one could travel via zeppelin directly to one's destination I would gladly do it. I don't think the climate would bother me much in spite of the long, rainy periods in winter. It would be nice to do a little yard work again, or take a trip on your motor boat on Sundays and visit August's movie theater once in a while—then I wouldn't be so bored. ...Even your Prohibition wouldn't deter me; we had to get used to not having beer during the last*

*years of the war. ...But why fantasize about such things that won't come about? Fritz wrote the journey from here to there would cost \$170; that would be 14,450 Marks at the current value of 85 Marks to the dollar. So we won't think about it anymore.*

The post-war inflation that plagued Germany would get worse, and in 1923 Friedrich expressed regret at not having come over in 1920. A dollar was now worth 415,000 Marks, and a ride on the electric streetcar cost 5000 Marks. *It is really not a pleasure to live in Germany anymore, he wrote. As you probably remember, I'll be seventy-five years old in October, and since my remaining days may not be many, I have put aside \$10 for a simple burial and hope this will be enough. It used to be said that death is free, but these days dying is very expensive, and only wealthy families can afford even simple wooden caskets; those that cannot must be buried by the city.*

Friedrich's last days were spent at Franz's house on the Rhine in Rodenkirchen, and that is where he died at age 79 on December 27, 1927.

**Paul and Marie Hochscheid** stayed in Birmingham, Alabama. Paul continued manufacturing ammonia. His daughter, Mamie, recollected he was asked by the U.S. government to make ammonia during WWI, setting up a factory in Florida. His grandson, however, recalled, *I have been told that Paul had one or two ammonia plants in Birmingham. These were taken over by the U.S. government without compensation during World War One, since Paul was still a German citizen.* Paul died of pneumonia in 1929; Marie died in 1954 in Birmingham.

**Tina** was the only one of her generation who, except for a temporary exile in WWII, remained in Cologne all her life. She married Hermann Schilde in 1920, adopted his sons from a prior marriage and had three children of her own. She remained a devout Catholic. Writing to August after Tina's death in August of 1965, Berta thought she had had a hard, hard life. *Tina could*



Tina & Peter - 1958

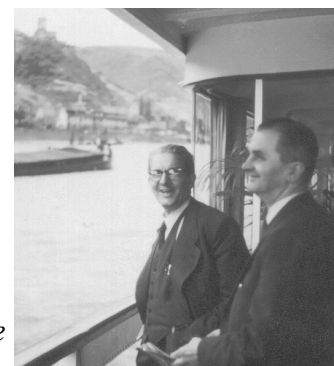
*have told you best about her own funeral. Following the mass, the pastor held an obituary ordinarily reserved for well known celebrities. For years many had come to her seeking advice. During the three years I lived with her, we became close as never before. I often saw her console other women. She often felt unwell but would improve in the evenings. When barely a note of music had come out of the radio she would start dancing around the room, making me shake with laughter.*



Marie Hochscheid (center) with daughters Alice (L) and Paula "Mamie" (R) Birmingham, Alabama 1953

**Berta and Hermann** remained in Bremen, later moving to Homberg. The financial difficulties Christina had described disappeared as Hermann maintained steady employment as an engineer, and by all accounts they enjoyed one of the happiest of the Hochscheid marriages. During WWII, in 1940, their son, Fidi, was killed in action in Northern France. Heinrich started a family and became an executive at a coal based electricity plant at Uffort bei Moers. After Hermann died in 1961, Berta lived for a time with them before entering a retirement home in the late 1960s. She died in 1970.

**Josef** married Maria Weissenberg in 1928, had two sons and eventually settled down in Düsseldorf-Oberkassel, where he remained his whole life long. He continued working in textile sales but was drafted again in WWII, serving mostly in Duisburg at a reinforcement supply depot. In 1968, accompanied by Franz, Josef visited August in Portland, returning back home by train over New York, then by ship aboard the *Bremen*. Josef died January 24, 1979; Maria died the following day.



Franz & Josef

After the war, in 1919 **Franz** wrote August: *I arrived in Cologne on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of January and had to find a place to live, which was difficult because of the shortage of housing here. I passed by the Quirinstrasse, where we lived while Mother was still alive. The people who lived in the house with us then were occupying our former rooms. I had the good fortune that they were able to rent me a mansard as living quarters; it was the very same mansard where I used to sleep with Josef. I still had 85 Marks to live on. During the middle of the month, to pay for food, I borrowed 50 Marks*

from my school friend who, as in former times, again lived across the street. I ate at a *Wirtschaft*. As soon as I was working again for a few weeks, I tried making some “under the table” deals, which succeeded. I sold a couple of used carpets (new ones are almost nonexistent now) and made a couple hundred Marks. By the end of the month I was able to pay my friend back and pay Finchen on the first. I had more luck in February. Dealing also in groceries and cigarettes, I brought my income up to 1000 Marks. It sounds like a lot, but 1000 Marks now do not have much more value than 100 Marks did before the war. But I was able to live and eat a little better than I would have from just my salary. I paid back my debt to Finchen and promptly went to see a dentist, having lost most of my front upper teeth, which looked ghastly.... I continued selling carpets secretly, earning up to 1000 Marks. Now I could see about getting better living quarters, which I found in the house where I ate my noon meal, just around the corner at Martinsfeld—a room with piano and separate bedroom, for which I pay 85 Marks rent. And so I lived relatively well, at least better than during the war. I also knew that this good fortune would come to an end as soon as it became known at work that I was making deals under the table, especially since I usually sold the carpets to people who came into the store. In the meantime this has now come to pass. My bosses found out somehow and fired me. Today I was released without the usual two weeks notice. They were of course justified, since it is against policy for employees to conduct business on the side. So I’m on my own again without a job, but don’t need to be too worried. Actually I’m not worried at all; something will turn up again. I still have a couple thousand Marks that I can live on for the time being, and I expect I’ll find something in the meantime. I have also applied for the independent sales rep positions that Willi had. I hope very much something will come of that. Currently the factories have insufficient raw material and can’t produce enough product. In time things will improve, and if all goes well I’ll be following in Willi’s footsteps. Then I would have what I want: a steady position that would assure me a decent living. One wouldn’t need more than that! It was so unfortunate that we had to lose Willi. Even just in this regard I had strong ties to him. We had talked about one day going into business together; something we would have likely started by now. Franz got what he wanted and enjoyed a long, lucrative occupation

as representative for various carpet and textile manufacturers. In 1921 he married and five years later started a family. The survival instincts he developed during the First World War, “the war to end all wars,” served him again during the Second. Drafted again, he was released from service after a few months on account of his large family. Anticipating the worst, he moved his family away from the city. Except for the loss of his ten year old son, who was killed toying with abandoned artillery in the woods, Franz came through the war battered



In 1924 Franz enjoys an outing with Else and friends in his Model T Ford

but not beaten. The post-war reconstruction period brought new business his way just as it had done in the years following WWI. In 1977, at age 82, Franz visited America and his 93 year old brother, August, one last time. Franz died at home in 1987, the last surviving child of Friedrich and Christina. During the 1920s, my grandparents came close to immigrating to America, even buying a steamer trunk for the occasion. As things improved in Germany they decided to stay, and the trunk was not used until 1962 when my family and I immigrated.

The three brothers, Fritz, Peter and August, were together in Portland until 1922, when **Peter** moved to San Francisco and opened a photo studio. Fellow Seattle concessionaires, George and Leo Whitney, had also settled in San Francisco and opened a photofinishing booth at Ocean Beach and began buying up concessions, carnival rides and eating places that later became known as Playland at the Beach. Genie Adams remembers Pete saying *Whitney went to where Pete was working in downtown San Francisco. He asked Pete to come to Playland and set up the photography. Later, I guess the photography studio wasn't paying, so Whitney closed it, and Pete went to work in the Playland office. He worked at Playland from its beginning to its end.*



Pete and Ann

Pete bought a house walking distance from Playland at 863 46<sup>th</sup> Avenue, and in 1930 married Ann Korb, a native of San Francisco. Ann helped Pete obtain lawful entry status, and in 1944 he was naturalized as a U.S. citizen. Ann died in 1947. Peter continued working at Playland and living in his house on 46<sup>th</sup> Avenue. *In the basement, Genie Adams remembers, was a little room where Swede [a friend] lived. Swede helped Pete build an electric organ in Pete's entry hall. This wasn't a separate instrument but a pipe organ built right into the house. They used vacuum cleaner hoses to carry the air needed to play the organ. In 1958, accompanied by his niece, Annette, Peter re-*

turned to Germany for a 10 week visit, seeing his brothers and sisters again after 55 years. His quiet, generous, and good-natured demeanor endeared him to friends and family, who visited him frequently during his old age. A few months before his death his niece, Toots, took him to Portland to stay with August and Emmy, who cared for him until his death in November 1965. Toots recalled: *I remember having a sale and putting the things out on his driveway in front of his garage there in the morning. I remember when we sold the waffle iron, he said, "Now we'll never have waffles again on Sunday mornings!" and I felt so guilty and it was so sad. But we were going to Portland; we couldn't take the things with us. I had a little station wagon and the children were with me, and Uncle Pete sat in the front and all the kids in the back. When we were approaching Portland and saw the sign for Seattle, he said, "Shall we go on to Seattle?"*

In 1920 Traudchen wrote: ***Fritz** is very busy in his studio, which is downtown. In the summer months, when the music income is next to nothing, he works diligently outside with the help of his daughters. Last May he became a farmer, has two acres, a cozy six room cottage with electric lights, running water, bath and gas. We have chickens and rabbits, over 40 stately fir trees, some 100 assorted fruit trees—some still young but all fruit-bearing except for six nut trees. We also have all imaginable varieties of berries and grapes.* Fritz and Traudchen continued living in Portland until his return to Germany in 1927. During this period Fritz fathered at least two other children. In 2002 his granddaughter, Doris Wilson, wrote: *Fritz and Traudchen Hochscheid had only two children together, Dorothea (Dorchen) and Annette; however, a letter written in 1921 by a young woman in Germany named Sophie Fischer (who had become Mrs. Reick) to August Hochscheid in America claims that she is Fritz's eldest daughter. And Annette mentioned a wordless encounter on a streetcar in Oregon with a young man she was quite certain was another half-brother; his name,*

although she knew it herself, she would not tell me. I was told that he bore a remarkable resemblance to Fritz, and that his alleged mother (by then a prominent matron in Portland society) had been a piano student of Fritz's. Annette speculated that Fritz may have had other offspring. I only know that Fritz returned to his native Germany several years before he persuaded his wife to join him in late 1937. When Traudchen arrived, she soon realized that Fritz was having an affair with their landlady's daughter. Traudchen left her husband, but she would not divorce him. Fritz lived out the rest of his life—he died in Bremen on January 12, 1957—with that mistress, introduced to me as Frau Radicke. Kurt Poehleman added the following information in 2002: In 1969 when my mother, Clara Poehleman, was passing away, I asked her for information regarding my father. She told me that his name was Friedrich (or "Fritz") Hochscheid, and that's all she would tell me, other than that I could go up to Portland, Oregon, and find out about him. Eventually Kurt did just that. My grandmother, Meleta Kuhnhausen, had married Ernst Hugo Poehlemann in Germany and died giving birth to twin girls in 1883. The two girls, Clara and Meleta Poehlemann, had emigrated to the U.S. in 1899 and had stayed with their grandmother, Amelia. My mother, Clara, soon afterward departed to Portland. At first she worked as a domestic, then as a seamstress, and finally as a professional dressmaker. She was also in the chorus of the Portland Symphony, I was told, singing with various members of the Hochscheid family, who were very active in music at the time. My father, Fritz Hochscheid, directed the chorus and was an accompanist. He had his own piano studio in downtown Portland. He lived in Milwaukie, which is a suburb of Portland, with his wife, Gertrud Blumenthal Hochscheid, and two daughters, Dorchen and Annette. He had many music pupils and also, I understand, sold pianos for Sherman & Clay now and then. Kurt was born in Oakland, California in 1925, and his discovery has added a large branch to the Hochscheid family tree. Much of Fritz and Traudchen's later years is detailed in the letters Traudchen wrote to her friend, Minchen.



Fritz in Bremen

In 1920 Traudchen wrote to her friend: *My husband's brother, August, the former teacher, now owns a theater here in Portland. He came here from Montana to say goodbye to his brothers a few months before the armistice. He was awaiting the draft, but it never came to having to fight his own brothers in the old country. He liked it here in Portland and stayed, was offered a partnership in a movie theater, gives piano lessons and works for a local paper. Although even as a bachelor he was not able to amass much money, August takes life as it comes. He doesn't know the meaning of the word "worry."* August remained in Portland, Oregon. He met his future wife, Emmy, through a beauty contest promotion his Victory Theater on Stark Street put on to attract a larger audience. Contestants submitted photos that were converted to slides and projected onto the screen so that the audience could vote for their favorite. Emmy not only won the prize, a diamond ring, but August's heart as well. Genie Adams recalls: *It was actually a sort of popularity contest. One reason she won was of course she was very pretty and dignified, but also because her family had the shoe store in the area, and she was known by many people who voted for her. As to the prize, it was a very nice diamond ring set in white gold. However, Papa did buy a beautiful diamond solitaire set in a Tiffany platinum setting for an engagement ring. He must have spent many years paying for it. Like many Hochscheid enterprises, the theater didn't pay as well as hoped, and August moved on to other things. During the depression he was editor of a German newspaper. During WWII his pro-German*





Emmy and August

stance brought about a forced exile away from the coast, to Denver, Colorado. After a series of jobs there he became part owner of the Annex Hotel, a 22 room hotel located near the railroad depot in Sterling, Colorado. He continued in the hotel business until retirement. In 1956 he revisited Ger-

many, spending three months visiting friends, relatives and touring with Franz on his sales tours through the countryside. Later in life he wrote to the editor of a Sängerverein publication: *You have honored me by writing something about my life, for which I thank you. But there are a few errors. It is now so many years ago I first joined the Sängerverein that I can't remember exactly when, but it couldn't have been in 1871, as you wrote, or I would be at least 120 years old now, and I don't look that old, do I? And I didn't leave Montana in 1909, but 1918. And I wasn't a teacher there, at least not a school teacher, which I was in Germany. I did teach in Kalispell (or should I say I tried to teach, since you refer to me as modest?), and what not all! Piano, violin, German, French and even dancing. And, of course, the choir directing is also teaching.*



#### 1956 Reunion

Back L-R: Josef, August Franz

Front: Finchen, Tina, Berta

*Thus proving the principle, "he who can teach can teach anything." Genie Adams recalled: When my father was in his eighties he was worried about not having enough challenging mental activity. I remember he had four or five versions of the Iliad lined up on the dining table. Greek, Latin, German, French and English copies, which he read page by page to make sure he was getting the accurate meaning in each. All in all, my father was in some ways a remarkable man. Though he was never rich, he said to me when he was in his nineties, "You know, many of my friends were very successful in business and became quite rich. But they're all dead now and I'm still here." He was lying on the sofa at home one day, and he was quite rational. He said to me, "It's strange. As I lie here I have the impression that the gray and ghostly figures of my friends are standing there behind me, waiting for me to come. I know if I turn around they won't be there, but perhaps I just can't see them. As though they are in another dimension." Of Friedrich and Christina's fourteen children, August lived the longest. He died in 1978 at age 94.*