

Paula Siebs Vogelsang Leonard
A family history and personal biography

Robert Garber
2022

I know my life will never be
An open book for all to see
By reason of biography.

I don't regret obscurity
Which means release from sympathy
And maudlin curiosity,

But I bewail the fallacy
That it should be obscure to me,
Who plainly has the right to see!

--Paula Vogelsang, "Gross Injustice"
in *Sauce for All*, 1933

The branch of the family tree I am on dies with me. I am an only child, and have chosen not to have children myself. No one will ever do a genealogy search for me. When I die I will be forgotten, most likely...This...is an opportunity for me to once more have someone say my name, think of me, know that I lived, and that I loved my life.

--Leah Wallace, 2022 Irish census¹

Table of Contents

Preface	4
Acknowledgements.....	5
Paula Vogelsang’s family and its European roots.....	6
Osthoff family and Johann Gottlob Leidenfrost	10
Siebs and Reuter families.....	14
Vogelsang family	19
Paula’s childhood: Augusta, Georgia 1910-1923.....	21
High school and college: Paula’s education 1923-1930	27
Paula’s professional training and career in fashion design and education	31
Paula’s personal life and interests	35
Afterword: how Paula Vogelsang’s life story came to be told.....	39
Appendix 1: Text of Anna Siebs Vogelsang’s 1940-1941 letters to Paula Vogelsang ...	44
Appendix 2: Transcription of Paula Vogelsang’s recording of her childhood memories from Georgia.....	52
Appendix 3: Corroborations of Paula Vogelsang’s childhood memories from Georgia ..	78
Appendix 4: Photographs of Paula Vogelsang	86
Citations.....	88

Preface

Paula Siebs Vogelsang Leonard was a fashion design professional and an educator whose life spanned nearly the entire twentieth century. She was also my third cousin twice removed. I have written her story as a combined family history and personal biography. This dual approach reflects how I came to learn about Paula: during the process of studying my family's genealogy, I came to possess, largely by accident, a surprisingly rich collection of family photographs, documents, and memoirs about her life. The materials used to assemble this document include public records (census pages, ship manifests, city directories, newspaper articles, college yearbooks); family photographs and letters; memoirs, poems and recordings from Paula herself; an oral history interview conducted for her high school; and the recollections of friends and relatives who knew her. It was not written from my own memories because while Paula was my cousin, I never met her. In fact, I didn't even know of her existence until several years after her death in 2006. Paula wasn't famous, and she had no children—yet she lived a full life, and it is one worth commemorating.

Thus, an opportunity and an obligation: by documenting the story of Paula Vogelsang* and her ancestors, I'm able to give something back to the relatives and family friends who shared their memories and materials, as well as archivists at the institutions where Paula was educated and where she worked.

Robert Garber
New York City
Spring 2022

* I follow the genealogical convention of referring to women by their birth names, although I append their married surname if it serves to clarify a relationship.

Acknowledgements

Gillian Leonard; Laura King Reichman, Richard King, and Katherine King Ackerman; Ellen von Wedekind; Paul Schlotthauer and James Adams (Pratt Institute); Dan Kammer and Alan Havig (Stephens College); Michael Sechler (Randolph College); Erasmus Weddigen; Dr. Axel Behne (Hermann-Allmers-Gesellschaft, Cuxhaven, Germany); Charlotte Roan and Harriet Cann Martin; Janet Hicks Dobbs; Kris Santos (The Dalton School).

Paula Vogelsang's family and its European roots

Paula Siebs Vogelsang was born on 14 March 1910 in Augusta, Georgia². She was the daughter and granddaughter of German-born cotton brokers, which makes the American Civil War a good place to begin her story. The Union's blockade of southern ports effectively prevented the Confederacy from exporting cotton to Europe and caused significant disruption to the textile industry on both sides of the Atlantic, an impact called "The Silence of the Looms" by one historian³. After the war, European cotton mill owners in England and Germany worked to rebuild their businesses in the United States. They usually worked through intermediaries known as cotton brokers or exporters, who bought cotton from growers and sold it to mills in Europe. They were typically nationals of the countries where the mills were located. Among them was John Siebs, who had been



Figure 1: Johannes Gerhard Siebs circa 1889. Courtesy Gillian Leonard



Figure 2: Paula Vogelsang with Johannes Siebs circa 1915. Courtesy Gillian Leonard

born Johannes Gerhard Siebs in 1853 in the German port city of Hooksiel, on the North Sea. Siebs arrived in the US in 1874 and worked in Savannah and New Orleans before settling in Montgomery, Alabama. In the early 1880s he returned to Germany and married Anna Elise Henriette Osthoff, who was his first cousin, ten months his senior, and whom he had known since childhood*. Annie Osthoff was from Bremerhaven,

* Johannes Siebs' mother Friederike Reuter Siebs (1819-1886) was the sister of Annie Osthoff's mother Anna Reuter Osthoff (1826-1878). Paula remembered that her grandparents' "early love began as children in the same house, side by side" and that her grandmother had been her grandfather's "orphan cousin, perfect in his eyes" but in fact both Johannes' and Annie's mothers had lived until their children were young adults.

another city on the North Sea just 35 miles east of Hooksiel. Both Hooksiel and Bremerhaven were in the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, until 1918 an independent monarchy within the German Confederation.



Figure 3: Anna Osthoff Siebs with daughters Dorothy and Annie. Germany, c1889. Courtesy Gillian Leonard

John Siebs's cotton brokerage prospered—a 1918 newspaper article described him as "one of Montgomery's most successful cotton buyers...presumed to have had large holdings here."⁴ He and Anna raised three daughters in Alabama: Anna, Dorothy, and Paula. Anna Henrike Hermine Siebs, the oldest, married Ernst Vogelsang in Augusta, Georgia in 1909⁵. According to Paula, their romance had been engineered by John Siebs. In an oral reminiscence of her childhood, she recounted the family story of how her grandfather learned that a business partner in his Bremen-based firm had a nephew who also worked as a cotton broker and was relocating to Georgia. Siebs took his daughter Annie, who was

then nearly 25, with him to Europe and arranged to return on the same ship as Ernst Vogelsang. When romance followed, Paula said "Grandpa was as pleased as punch." She called it "still the best romance I know"⁶. Paula was Ernst and Anna Vogelsang's only child, although Anna gave birth to two other children who did not survive. Paula grew up in Augusta, Georgia until 1924, when her family relocated permanently to New York City.



Figure 4: Anna Siebs, Montgomery, Alabama c. 1900. Courtesy Gillian Leonard



Figure 5: Ernst Vogelsang and Annie Siebs Vogelsang on their honeymoon, 1909. Courtesy Gillian Leonard

John and Annie Siebs's other two daughters followed very different paths. Their middle daughter Dorothy Ellen Siebs (1887-1963), known to Paula Vogelsang as "Aunt Dodo", was married in 1911⁷ to Albrecht Franz Schütte (1879-), who was yet another cotton broker, working for the same Bremen-based firm of Heineken and Vogelsang as his new brother-in-law Ernst Vogelsang. Albrecht and Dorothy Schütte settled in Bremen and after ten years had a son—"a miracle", Paula Vogelsang recalled⁸. The story was remembered differently in Dorothy's branch of the family: Franz Schütte was gay, and Dorothy deliberately got pregnant by another man⁹. Her son was accepted by Schütte, but the marriage failed, and Dorothy left Schütte for Heinrich Amsinck (1892-1968), an architect from Hamburg. Dorothy won custody of her infant son, moved to Dresden with Amsinck, married him in 1921, and had two daughters by him.



Figure 6: Heinrich Amsinck and Dorothy Siebs Amsinck 1953.
Courtesy Gillian Leonard

Paula Ellen Siebs (1890-1979), youngest of Johannes Siebs and Annie Osthoff Siebs's daughters, married the American naval officer Vaughn Coman (1882-1954) in June 1917 in Washington DC, an event whose timing was dictated by Coman's duties as a lieutenant commander in the US Navy during World War I. Seven-year-old Paula Vogelsang adored her namesake aunt and was a flower girl at the wedding. The Comans had one child, Dorothy.

Thus, Paula Vogelsang grew up during the early 20th



Figure 7: Paula Siebs. Courtesy Gillian Leonard

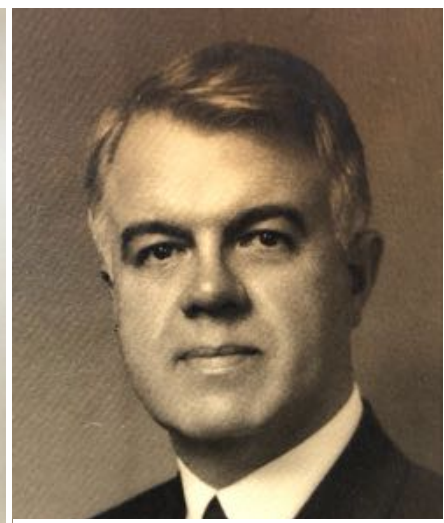


Figure 8: Vaughn Coman, U.S. Navy officer and husband of Paula Siebs. Courtesy Gillian Leonard

century in an upper-middle class family in the American South. Her situation exemplified the successes and strains of a German-American family of the time: they enjoyed the privileges of being white in the still-segregated South, but as will be described later, also experienced the pressures and suspicions of being seen as German during World War I, which took place when Paula was 4-8 years old. Paula's family maintained their connections to their German relatives, and letters written by Annie Siebs Vogelsang to Paula make it clear that Annie knew a lot about several different family lineages, including those of her husband Ernst. Their occupations required Paula's father and grandfather to make repeated trips back to Germany, and Paula and her mother both made the week-long sea voyage more than once to visit not only their close living relatives such as Paula's aunt Dorothy, but also the towns in northern Germany where their ancestors had lived. Annie reminded Paula of these visits in her 1940-41 letters.

Everyone's ancestral lines basically double in number each generation we look back, with occasional variations such as intra-family marriages. In countries like Germany where records of births, marriages and deaths can easily go back hundreds of years, the proliferation of lineages can be vast. In Paula Vogelsang's case, her mother's letters on family history tell us which family lines she knew about: those of her mother (Osthoff) and father (Siebs), her mother's mother's family (Reuter), a little bit about a famous physician (Johann Gottlieb

Leidenfrost) on her Osthoff side, and her husband's

Vogelsang family.

All these families

have a couple of things in common:

first, they were all

from a region of

northwest Germany

that was no more

than 300 miles from

one end to the other,

roughly the distance

from New York City

to Portland, Maine. Second,

they were middle- to upper-

middle class, even going

back to the 17th or 18th centuries. The men in the Osthoff, Siebs, Reuter, Leidenfrost

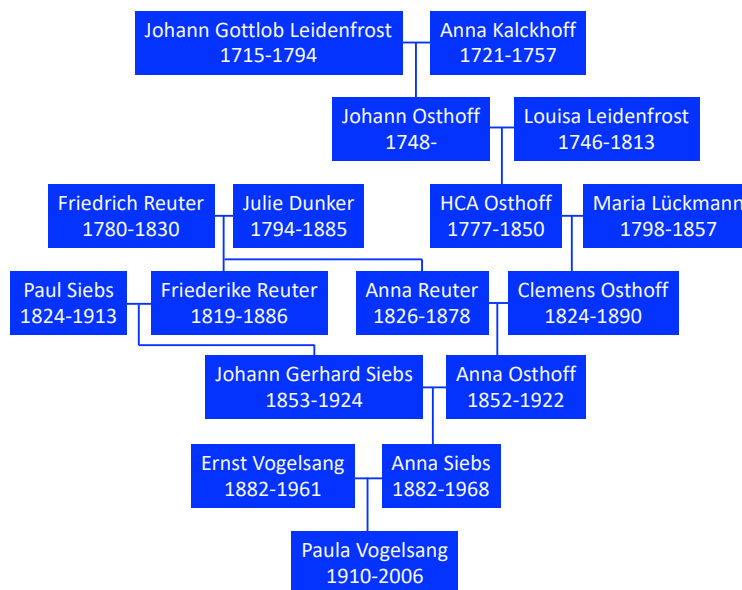


Figure 9: Selective family tree showing connections between the people and families in Paula Vogelsang's story. Paula's maternal grandparents were first cousins because their mothers Friederike and Anna Reuter were sisters.

and Vogelsang families had professions like wine merchant, physician, minister, professor, brewer, toll inspector, and economist. They were neither titled nobles nor wealthy landowners. There don't appear to be any records of farmers in the family, although there are tradesman and artisans with occupations such as baker, stocking knitter and teamster. They lived in towns ranging in population from a couple of thousand (Hooksiel, Jever, Vechta) to several tens of thousands (Duisburg, Bremen, Oldenburg). Let's look at these families one at a time, through the lens of the anecdotes that Paula's mother wrote about.

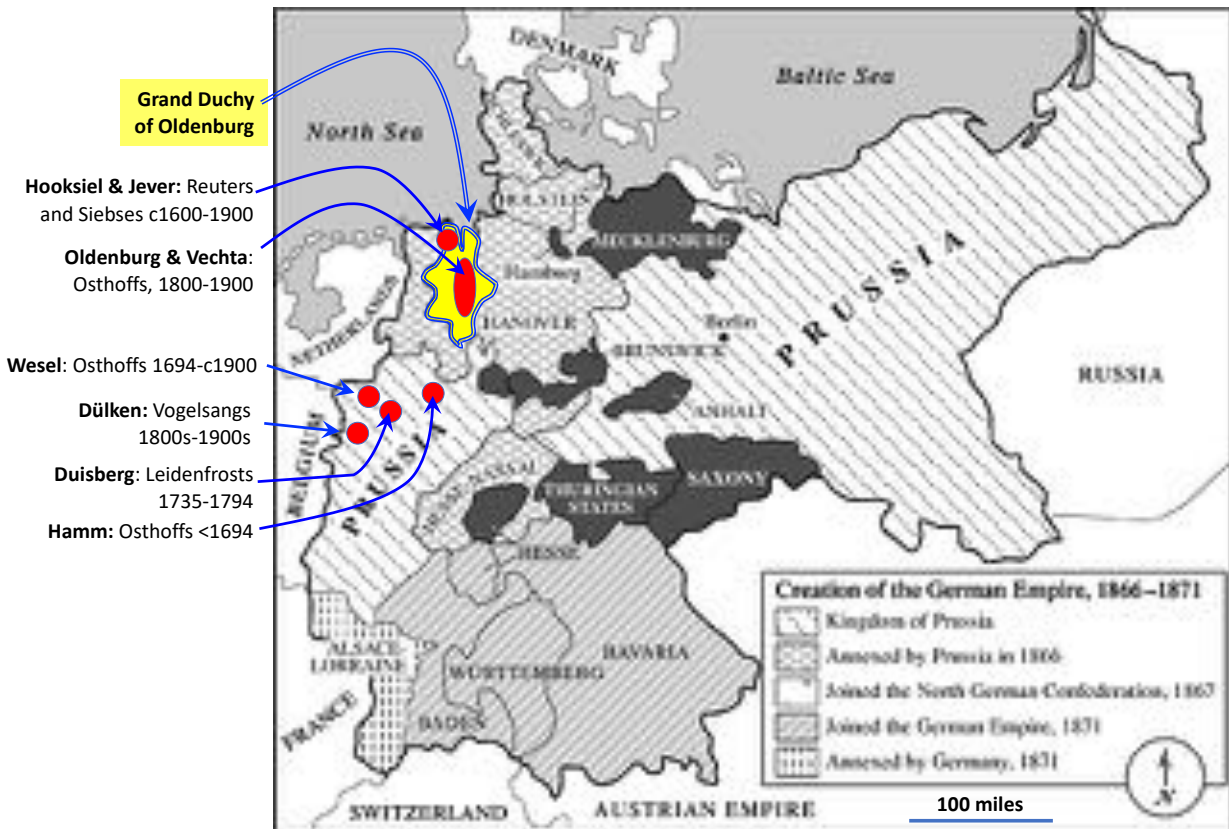


Figure 10: Paula Vogelsang's German origins.

Map source: <https://www.internationalschoolhistory.com/lesson-7---german-unification---1848-71.html>

Osthoff family and Johann Gottlob Leidenfrost

The name Osthoff first appears in reliable records from the mid-17th century in the city of Hamm, Germany. Hamm is on the Lippe River in the Ruhr Valley, and in the 17th-19th centuries had a population of a few thousand people¹⁰. Like its larger neighbors of Duisburg and Dortmund, Hamm was an industrial city known for coal mining. The Osthoff family first appears in church records there in the 1650s: one Peter Osthoff who died in 1659 was a 'fiscal councillor' in Hamm; his grandson Peter Osthoff who died in 1679 was a cloth dyer. By the late 17th and early 18th centuries, the Osthoff clan moved

from Hamm to the city of Wesel, about 50 miles due west. Wesel is on the Rhine River, in a pocket of Germany just 20 miles from the border with The Netherlands. The Osthoffs appear over the span of around

200 years in civic records as well as numerous birth, marriage, and death records of Protestant churches in Wesel, from as early as 1694 until around 1900. In her first letter to Paula¹¹, Anna Siebs Vogelsang wrote that Anna's great-great-grandfather Johann Caspar Osthoff was a



Figure 11: Heinrich Osthoff (1700-1766), a brewer in Wesel, and his wife Christina terStegen (1710-1767), Paula Vogelsang's fourth great-grandparents. Photos courtesy Josef Köllman

“descendant of that French Huguenot family the Barons d'Osthoff who fled from France when their lands were confiscated”. This was probably a muddled interpretation of a family story that the Osthoffs were Protestants who emigrated to Germany to escape religious persecution. Since Osthoff is not known to be derived from a French name, it seems likelier that the family moved to northwest Germany from nearby Belgium or The Netherlands and Germanized their surname, in which case they were Walloons (a term used for French-speaking Protestants from the area called the Spanish Netherlands in the 16th century, now divided into Belgium and The Netherlands)¹². Early waves of Walloon emigration from oppression by the intensely Catholic Spanish monarch occurred as early as the 1560s, which is easily consistent with the oldest records of Osthoffs in Germany a century later. According to a Huguenot museum in Germany, “Walloons found refuge in particular along the Rhine, in Wesel, Cologne, Frankfurt, Hanau and in the Palatinate”¹³. Hamm has been specifically identified as a city to which French Huguenots emigrated¹⁴. In Wesel, many Osthoffs were married and baptized in St Willibrord Dom, a church associated with French and Dutch protestants since the early 17th century¹⁵. So, Annie's story that the Osthoffs were Protestant refugees may have some basis in fact, although we don't know what the family name may have been prior to arriving in the Hamm area in the 17th century.

Annie launched her series of letters to Paula by writing about a different family name:

“Let me begin by telling you how that medal coin, now in the bank box, descends to you. It was struck off to honor a Doctor Leidenfrost for having saved his fellow townspeople from the plague. This doctor had a daughter who married a certain Osthoff...they had a son whom the mother, remember[ing] her honored father, made into a clever doctor. He

was the Doctor Osthoff who refused the appointment as court physician at the court of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, who wrote what he called ‘the poor doctor’s text books’ and whose seventh son was Clemens, the father of your grandmother, my mother”.

Annie had most of her facts correct and it’s quite remarkable that the story passed down in the family for more than 150 years. The “Doctor Leidenfrost” in whose honor a medal was struck was Johann Gottlob Leidenfrost (1715-1794), a German polymath who was on the medical faculty of the University of Duisburg for 50 years. There was indeed a medal struck in his honor, but it was for his long service to the university, not for anything having to do with the plague. According to an article about the Leidenfrost medal¹⁶, “It is to be assumed that Leidenfrost received a gold medal...Whether cheaper versions in base metals such as bronze, copper or tin were also made has not been shown. These pieces, the original number of which is unfortunately unknown, would surely have been available for the relatives, friends and admirers of Leidenfrost”. Annie doesn’t say what metal the copy that was in her family was made of.



Figure 12: Johann Gottlob Leidenfrost. Source: National Library of Medicine



Figure 13: Leidenfrost medal in Stadtgeschichtliches Museum, Düsseldorf. Source: Günter von Roden. 1968. *Die Universität Duisburg*, figs 50-51.

Johann Gottlob Leidenfrost, who was Paula’s 4th great-grandfather, was perhaps the most distinguished member of Paula Vogelsang’s family. He exemplified the physician-natural philosopher of the Age of Enlightenment. Descended from a long line of Lutheran pastors, Leidenfrost received a medical degree, served as a field physician

during the Silesian War in the early 1740s, and was appointed professor at the University of Duisburg. At Duisburg he was academic rector, founded the university’s botanical garden, was a member of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, and conducted research. Despite his long and distinguished tenure as a physician, Leidenfrost’s name would have been known only to specialists in 18th century German medicine were it not for a curious

scientific observation that he was the first to study closely: the tendency of water droplets to skitter across a hot surface such as a frying pan without evaporating. The phenomenon, now known as the Leidenfrost Effect, continues to be studied more than two centuries after his observations were published¹⁷. Known to everyone who has flicked a drop of water onto a skillet to see if it's hot enough to make pancakes, the Leidenfrost Effect has been proposed as the basis for moving ships more rapidly through water by heating their hulls, and as a means of levitating trains.

Annie was also correct in telling Paula that

“This doctor [Leidenfrost] had a daughter who married a certain Osthoff...they had a son...[who] was the Doctor Osthoff who refused the appointment as court physician at the court of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, who wrote what he called ‘the poor doctor’s text books’.”

This is a remarkable piece of family storytelling. Annie was describing Heinrich Christian August Osthoff (1777-1850), who like his maternal grandfather Johann Gottlob Leidenfrost, was a physician with many side interests. H.C.A. Osthoff was born in the Osthoff center of Wesel, received his medical degree from the University of Duisburg in 1798, and then relocated 110 miles northeast to the town of Vlotho, beginning a century of Osthoff family presence in the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg*.

Annie Siebs’s story that H.C.A. Osthoff, who was her great-grandfather, declined an appointment as court physician to the grand duke, has not been confirmed. But her comment that he wrote “the poor doctor’s text books” is quite accurate: Osthoff was a prolific writer and even served as a newspaper editor, while simultaneously serving as a “Kreisphysikus”—a district physician responsible for managing the delivery of medical care across a region. Among his numerous publications were a series of three books published under the pseudonym of Ferdinand Niederholdt between 1807 and 1810 that contained his opinions about the training of young physicians. One book’s title may be translated as “The poor physician’s blamebook—made known through a friend of the truth”.

These were undoubtedly Annie Siebs’s “poor doctor’s text books”, and it’s remarkable that she knew about them 130 years after their appearance.



Figure 14: One of HCA Osthoff's "poor doctor" books. Source: Bayerische Staatsbibliothek at reader.digitale-sammlungen.de

* Oldenburg was a curious geopolitical entity that survived for half a millennium in the patchwork quilt that was Germany before its confederation. Oldenburg was ruled by a succession of counts, princes, and grand dukes and was a small, largely agricultural land with a major North Sea port, Bremen. Oldenburg became part of the German Confederation in 1871, but maintained its independence until World War I.

The Osthoff family radiated from Vlotho, where H.C.A. Osthoff moved in the last years of the 18th century, to several other cities in the Grand Duchy, including Vechta and the capital of Oldenburg itself. The last known member of the family to live in Oldenburg was H.C.A. Osthoff's great-granddaughter Anna Hermine Antonette Osthoff who died there in 1931, but the family had been in decline since the last decade of the

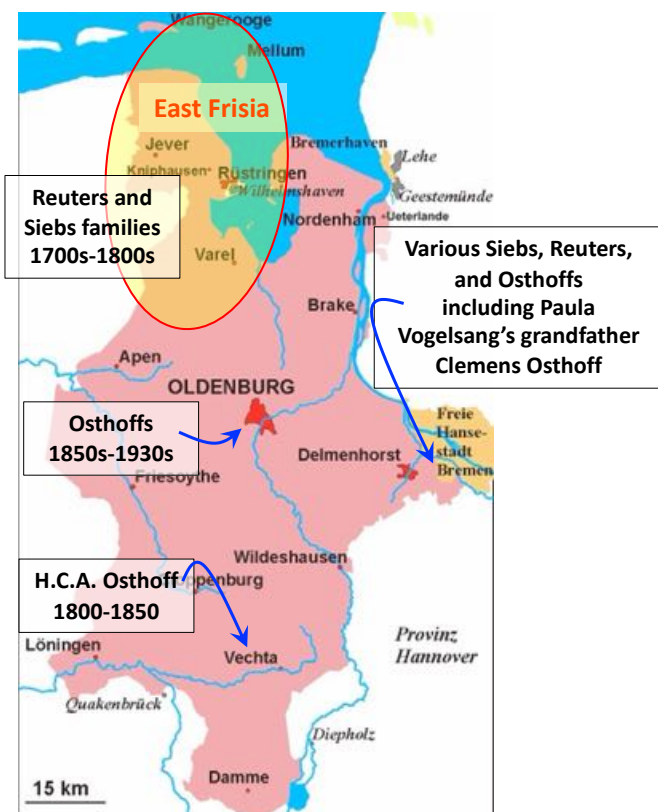


Figure 15: Paula Vogelsang's family roots in the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg

19th century. In one of her letters, Annie wrote to Paula with only slight exaggeration, "I made one visit with my parents to the city of Oldenburg in 1898 I believe, but no living relatives were there, only graves in the cemetery."¹⁸

Siebs and Reuter families

Annie Vogelsang devotes more space in her letters to her paternal Siebs and Reuter families than to her maternal Osthoff relatives. She introduces them to Paula by writing,

"I have been thinking of what your great uncle, Geheimrat Prof. Dr. Theodore Siebs, told me of an interesting ancestor of yours. You remember this only brother of your dear Grandfather so well from both your visits to him..."¹⁹

She goes on to relate the story that a minister named Reuter had the habit of pounding forcefully on his lectern during sermons.

"...there were some boys, full of mischief who thought it would be a fine joke to saw the base of the lectern so far thru, that a heavy stroke would send it toppling over. And this is just what happened the very next time Pastor Reuter preached."

In this one paragraph, Annie has introduced Paula to two of the most distinguished members of the Siebs-Reuter lineage:

broken engagement and Annchen's being won over by the friend. To see this young girl must have been to wish to marry her, for when after she visited the Osthoff family, Clemens's younger brother Carl fell so greatly in love with his brother's fiancée that he wanted to fight a duel with him because of lovely Annchen. But fortunately he calmed down. Later, Paul Theodor Siebs married the eight-year older Frederika Reuter."²²

So, Paul Theodor Siebs first lost his fiancée Anna Reuter to his friend Clemens Osthoff, then married her older sister Frederika. But before he could marry Anna, Clemens had to fight off his own brother Carl Osthoff!

Annie further connected the Siebs and Reuter families by writing,

"I do know that the Reuter family lived on the same island of East Friesland, where the Siebs Family had lived since 1606...while the Siebs lived on their lands, they were also 'sailors of the sea'...but the Reuters always remained preachers and the father of Frederika and Annchen was one..."²³

By mentioning the linguist Theodor Siebs, East Friesland, and the line of Reuter pastors, Annie encapsulated several elements about a distinctive patch of around 1,200 square miles in the northwest corner of Germany known as East Frisia or East Friesland. East Friesland is a low, marshy country with a string of offshore islands. Because of its relative isolation, East Friesland developed a distinctive family of languages called Frisian, now spoken by about 500,000 people in Germany and The Netherlands. The Frisian languages are most closely related to the Anglic languages from which English is derived, but Frisian is not mutually intelligible with English. Annie's uncle Theodor Siebs was the recognized authority on Frisian languages*. Annie recounted anecdotes about the Siebs and Reuter families to Paula, including one whereby Paula's great-grandmother Friederike Reuter Siebs cleverly coaxed children down from a dangerous game they were playing on a "slanting red tiled roof" by seizing a freshly-baked cake and running to the attic, enticing the children in with the promise of a treat²⁴.

Annie's final anecdote about the Siebs family in her correspondence with Paula was especially notable for its scope,



Figure 17. Carl Bernard Osthoff. Courtesy Winfred Povel



Figure 18: Theodor Siebs. Source: collections.tresoar.nl

* Theodor Siebs' best-known work was the book *Deutsche Bühnenaussprache* ("German Stage Pronunciation") which became the *de facto* authority on modern spoken German—the book was known as "The Siebs".

its detail, and as a demonstration of her habit of finding life lessons in family history. Because Paula's maternal great-great grandparents Johann Gerhard Siebs (1799-1834) and Aletta Maria Müller (1796-1829) had both died in their mid-30s, their two children (Paul Theodor Siebs 1824-1913 and Hermine Siebs 1826-1893) had a guardian, who took them to Italy for reasons having to do with his business. As Annie wrote the story,

“Paul Theodor should really have been allowed to follow his natural and inherited bend [sic] of being a student but the guardian was more interested in trade and industry so when Paul Theodor married he had to bring his bride to the Italian port city of Triest and there their first child, Julia, was born. You don't know Italy but you can well imagine that the young wife, used to the Holland like way of life was most unhappy among the Italians of her time. To please her, her young husband gave up his splendid business chances with his guardian and went back to his and his wife's homeland – there the 2nd child, your grandfather [Johann Gerhard Siebs] was born.”²⁵

The next week, Annie wrote again to Paula. It was the final letter in which Annie described her family's history, and she delivered a sustained riff:

“In thinking over what I wrote last week about your great grandparents Siebs, one truth stands out above all else, the fact that your great grandmother so regretted her impulsive wish to leave Italy and its personal advantages for her young husband, that she impressed her mistake upon her young niece and later, daughter-in-law. My mother often told me how continuously, she was cautioned not to let homesickness or other causes interfere with her ability to adapt herself to new strange surroundings and thus ruin her husband's business chances – this my mother never did. But there were other results from the early Italian connection and since the guardian was still alive in Italy when the younger daughter of Paul Theodor Siebs was a grown up (having had a year's advantage of schooling in England where she passed her English language teaching tests) her mother took her to Italy to visit the former guardian. There, Anna Siebs with her charm, her fair coloring of skin and blond hair and her blue eyes was sought in marriage by a well known Italian Senator, Baron Vincenzo di Cordova, a widower without children, but very much

older, nearly the age of her own father. This man's home and estates were on the Island of Sicily, county of Catania near the township of Aidony – all these spellings are from my own vague memory. Because of his age and his impoverished estates, Anna Siebs' family in Bremen did not think well of the match but the marriage did take place. In 1897 Baron Vincenzo di Cordova died and the following year the widow visited her home town of Bremen where I met (my family being in Bremen too, that summer) my Godmother aunt for whom I was named. A friendship started between us that lasted all her life and kept up thru an exchange of English letters. In her heyday she was in Rome while her husband was in the Senate, was a personal friend of the then Queen Margaret with whom she often had tea; had her ruby jewel-necklace broken and a part stolen by her personal maid, so that she had to have the lost part replaced by garnets etc. But most important of all, her younger brother Theodor (now your great uncle) visited her in Rome while he was just a very new professor, having but recently gotten his degree of doctor in his branch of learning. It was during that Easter vacation in Rome that Dr. Siebs met his future wife. She was then Ellen Asmus, born on the shores of Lake Superior, the daughter of Ellen



Figure 19: Vincenzo di Cordova.
Source:

http://dati.camera.it/ocd/deputato.rdf/dr1867_12

put
the

includes memorable details about her aunt's friendship with the Queen of Italy*; notes in passing that her aunt had a ruby necklace some of whose stones were stolen by a maid; and

and George Asmus a mining engineer, who also wrote poetry. She had only one brother, who became a well-known oculist in Dusseldorf where he invented the magnetic instrument for drawing out particles of steel that had become lodged in the eye. I learned all these particulars from an American competing oculist whose instrument was not as practical as Dr. Edward Asmus – the latter's wife was called Hildegrad [sic], and they never had any children. I think you called on the widow in 1926 when you went to Dusseldorf with your Aunt Dorothy Amsinck. But now you see, Dearest, where I get my theory of cause and effect of little things in lives of people – a Divine plan, it seems to me.”²⁶

In this tour de force, Annie delivers a life lesson about a what she thought was a wife's responsibility to her husband's professional advancement above her own preferences, recounts a curious but accurate tale about marriage of her aunt Anna Siebs (abt 1855-) to an Italian nobleman more than 40 years her senior;

* Margherita of Savoy 1851-1926, after whom the margherita pizza is supposedly named.

links the family's Italian connection to her own uncle Theodor Siebs, the linguist, who met his future wife while visiting the ruby-less aunt Anna in Rome. And there's more! Annie also knew that

- her uncle's wife Ellen Asmus was the daughter of the mining engineer George Asmus and had been born "on the shores of Lake Superior".
- George Asmus also wrote verse, described in his obituary as "poetry of no mean order"²⁷ (an opinion somewhat undercut by an 1878 speech he delivered to mining engineers in Chattanooga that included the lines, "I do adore/The ladies more/Than coal and lime/And iron ore"²⁸).
- Ellen's only sibling invented a "magnetic instrument for drawing out particles of steel that had become lodged in the eye". This was Edward Asmus's "sideroscope", and Annie's only error was in thinking that the sideroscope was used to remove metal from the eye—in fact it was only used for detection, not treatment²⁹.

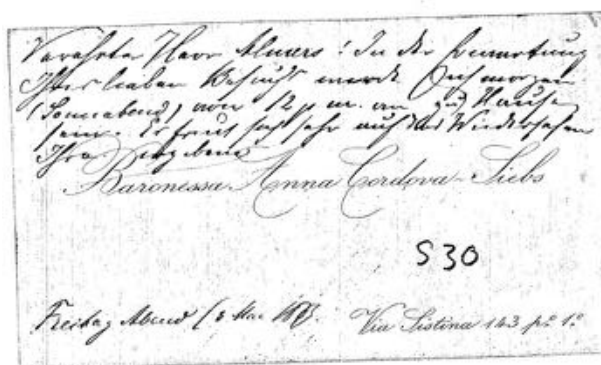


Figure 20: Anna Siebs' card as Baronessa Cordova. Source: Archiv Landkreis Cuxhaven, Germany



Figure 21: George Asmus advertisement. *Bull American Iron and Steel Assoc* 7:448 (24 September 1873)



Figure 22: Edward Asmus' sideroscope *Graefe-Saemisch Handbuch der Gesamten Augenheilkunde*. (1913)

Vogelsang family

Paula knew less about her paternal Vogelsang family than about her mother's family. Annie wrote Paula that when she had "asked your Grandmother in Duellen for details, she couldn't tell me much."³⁰ The Vogelsangs were part of the cotton industry in the city of Dülken, located in the heart of the industrial Rhine Valley near Cologne, Düsseldorf



Figure 23: Villa Vogelsang at 22 Marktstrasse in Dülken. Source: http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:101_Wohnhaus,_Marktstra%C3%9Fe_22_%28D%C3%BClken%29.jpg



Figure 24: Ad for the Vogelsang family's company: "Business: mechanical twisting. List of goods: linen and cotton threads." Source: *Waarenzeichenblatt* ("Trademark sheet") vol. 7, 1900, p1054.

and Duisburg. Dülken's niche in the global textile industry since the late 18th century has been thread manufacturing³¹. The Vogelsangs were involved in the thread business since at least 1854, when J. Vogelsang of Dülken exhibited "fils de lin retors" (twisted linen thread) at an industrial exposition in Paris³². The family owned the Rhenania thread mill in Dülken (Figure 21) and were partners in the cotton import firm Heineken & Vogelsang with headquarters in Bremen. Heineken & Vogelsang was the company that employed Paula's father Ernst Vogelsang when Johann Siebs learned about him and engineered Ernst's 1907 encounter with Siebs's daughter Annie on their voyage from Bremen to New York. Ernst Vogelsang was described as "chief clerk" for Heineken & Vogelsang in the 1908 city directory for Augusta, Georgia, and as "assistant manager" in the 1910 US census. Heineken & Vogelsang had been co-founded in Bremen in 1886 by Ernst's uncle Johannes Vogelsang (1856-1905), specifically to import cotton. The Vogelsangs were prominent in Dülken, and Annie described to Paula the address of their home on Marktstrasse, the families they married into, and their probable origins in Austria. Some of the mansions they built in the mid-19th century in Dülken still stand. Annie also passed on the story that Paula's great-uncle Wilhelm Vogelsang had volunteered to serve in the German army in the Franco-Prussian War, and war promptly killed in action in the Battle of Bapaume. As was usually the case, Annie had the details (date, location of the battle) correct.

Paula's childhood: Augusta, Georgia 1910-1923

We know about Paula Vogelsang's childhood in exceptional detail because she recorded two hours of her memories at the urging of the King family of Atlanta, longtime friends*. The recordings were probably made in the 1980s or 1990s, when Paula was in her 70s or 80s, but the details and accuracy of her memories (many of which can be corroborated from independent sources--mostly newspaper articles and census records) with known events or people, is as impressive as those in the stories set down by her mother in her 1940-1941 letters to Paula.

Paula was born in Augusta, Georgia. Augusta had been an important rail junction and industrial center for the Confederacy, including a large munition works. Surprisingly, its industrial infrastructure survived the Civil War intact³³, and the city thrived in the last quarter of the 19th century. At one point it was the second largest inland cotton marketplace in the world³⁴. Despite calls to diversify its economy beyond traditional dependence on King Cotton, cotton continued to dominate the local economy into the 20th century. The Augusta city directory from the year of Paula's birth listed 50 businesses directly associated with the processing, storage and selling of cotton, in addition to the farming-related enterprises that supported the cotton industry³⁵. One of the 50 was Ernst Vogelsang's employer, Heineken & Vogelsang, which was listed as a

HEINEKEN & VOGELSANG

COTTON MERCHANTS
BREMEN, GERMANY

Branch Office: LIVERPOOL, 2 Tithebarn Street
NEW YORK, 46 Beaver Street
AUGUSTA, Georgia
DALLAS, Texas

Members of
LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION
NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE
NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

Figure 25: 1915 ad for Heineken & Vogelsang in *Cotton Facts*, an industry magazine.

cotton exporter. Segregation and Jim Crow laws were in full effect at the time of Paula Vogelsang's birth: the Georgia state constitution had been amended just two years earlier to add literacy and property requirements to the existing poll tax, disenfranchising poor white Georgians as well as nearly all Black residents³⁶. Augusta was a city of 41,000 in 1910, nearly triple its size at the end of the Civil War³⁷. When Paula was born, Ernst and Annie Vogelsang lived at 569 Greene St in downtown Augusta, a 10-minute walk from Ernst Vogelsang's Heineken & Vogelsang office near the Cotton Exchange

building on Reynolds St. When Paula was 5, the family moved to 1111 Milledge Rd, three miles away from downtown in the neighborhood known as Summerville or "The Hill". Then as now, The Hill was the home to prosperous, white Augustans³⁸. Its

* The Kings had been friends of Paula since their mother, then Barbara Nelson, was a student of Paula's at Stephens College in Missouri. Paula became a godmother to one of Barbara King's children, who knew her as Aunt Paula. They even knew Paula's mother Annie Siebs Vogelsang, whom they called "Nana V" (Laura Reichenbach, pers. comm., 2021).

elevation and distance from the malarial Savannah River environment made it the most desirable neighborhood in the city, and an indication of Ernst Vogelsang's increasing prosperity.

Paula was a cherished and perhaps a pampered child, as the photographs that she saved from that period attest. In her recorded memoirs, she noted her mother's regret



Figure 26: Paula Vogelsang at 1111 Milledge Road, 1914. Courtesy Gillian Leonard

that Paula didn't have siblings. After two unsuccessful pregnancies, one when Paula was 3, Annie had surgery that left her unable to bear children³⁹. Paula began her childhood recollections by saying "My age was 4", and that she lived in a "house built on The Hill". That year, 1914, began a difficult period for the Vogelsang family, due in part to the hyper-patriotic jingoism that characterized American propaganda during World War I. Although Heineken & Vogelsang was one of the "patriotic cotton dealers" of Augusta that paid for a full-page newspaper ad⁴⁰ encouraging Augustans

to buy US Government War Savings Stamps by raising the specter of "Prussian hordes" landing "giant guns and all the paraphernalia of her frightful fighting machine" in Canada and invading the United States, the Vogelsang family still experienced anti-German prejudice. Paula recalled that boys would walk by her house, "call me German", and pick up rocks as if to throw them at her. Her mother encouraged her to stress her family's supposed French connections⁴¹. When the United States declared war on Germany on 6 April 1917, by coincidence her mother's birthday, Paula remembered that it was a bitter day for Annie because she instantly became "an alien by marriage"⁴². Three months later, Ernst was arrested and charged with a failure to apply for a permit to live within half a mile of a military post--in this case, an arsenal.⁴³ When Annie noted that in fact their house at 1111 Milledge Road was a mile from the arsenal by car, the response was, "we measure as birds fly."⁴⁴

A bizarre incident involving the Vogelsangs was reported in the Augusta newspapers in January 1918: a close family friend named George Seidenberg, who also worked for Heineken & Vogelsang in New York City, came to stay with the Vogelsangs. "I'm to call him 'Cousin George' even though we're no relation", Paula recounted. "He is sick and

sad.”⁴⁵ Apparently the source of Cousin George’s sickness was appendicitis, and the source of his sadness was the death of his brother in a horseback riding accident in Central Park⁴⁶, but when he underwent surgery in January 1918 to have his appendix removed, a nurse described by Paula as “a mental case” denounced Seidenberg to police as a German spy. She claimed that she had seen a map at his bedside and said that spy papers were inserted in a tube into his body, to be retrieved when he returned abroad. After Seidenberg was arrested in the hospital and his surgeon held for “aiding and abetting the enemy”, the Vogelsang house was searched⁴⁷. The whole thing unraveled, the map found to be taken from a copy of *Treasure Island*, and “the spy case died as fast as it had grown.”⁴⁸

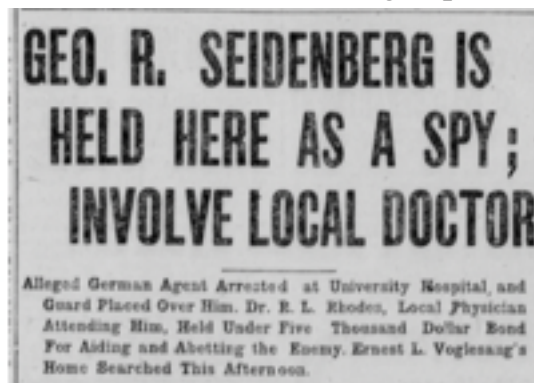


Figure 27: *Augusta Herald* 28 January 1918 page 1

The World War I years were eventful for the Vogelsangs in other ways. The disruption in global trade, especially between the U.S. and Germany, hurt Ernst Vogelsang’s cotton exporting business. The family had to “draw on funds her [mother’s] father gave her access to.”⁴⁹ Looking back more than 80 years later, Paula wrote, “it must have been painful for my father to lose his livelihood with a wife, a child of four, and a new house.”⁵⁰ Paula’s maternal grandparents, Johann and Annie Osthoff Siebs, sailed to Germany at the beginning of the war to visit their daughter Dorothy Siebs Schütte, who lived in Bremen. A 1918 Montgomery newspaper article reported that “the German government detained [Siebs] and placed him in the auditing department of a street car company at Bremen.”⁵¹ At some point, the Siebses were diverted to Switzerland, where they remained for the duration of the war and a few years beyond. It’s unclear if they attempted to return during the war years—neither had ever become American citizens, even though Johann Gerhard Siebs was known as “John George” in Alabama and had lived in the United States for 40 years. As Paula remembered it, after “the fracas began in Sarajevo”, her grandparents were advised to “wait it out in neutral Switzerland.”⁵² Her grandmother also had health issues of an unknown nature, for which she was hospitalized in Switzerland. This was reported in a note in the *Montgomery Advertiser*⁵³, which went on to say that Dorothy Schütte had sent “extremely interesting letters about the war in Germany” to her sister Annie, writing “that the truth does not get through to this country, and that [t]he tales related of the ‘German atrocities’ are all false and exaggerated in every possible way.” Since Dorothy’s comments presumably made their way to the newspaper by way of Annie, it suggests she retained loyalty or at least sympathy to Germany and was prepared to have her name publicly associated with those sentiments. Paula also remembered that her other aunt, Paula

Siebs, had visited her family from Europe, and that she had been “sent to reassure that all was well.”⁵⁴

Aunt Paula Siebs was the focus of another major event in Paula Vogelsang’s childhood: Paula Siebs married an American naval officer, Vaughn Coman*, in Washington DC on 22 June 1917. In Paula’s recollection, Dorothy Siebs had met Coman in Biloxi, Mississippi in 1907 at a ball given by Admiral Robert Evans⁵⁵, which agrees with newspaper accounts of a Biloxi stop on the world tour by the U.S. Navy’s Great White Fleet in 1907-1908. Admiral Evans was the commander of this fleet.⁵⁶ Paula Vogelsang adored her aunt and namesake, whom she described as “as beautiful as silk” and “as sweet as honey.”⁵⁷ In the summer of 1917, the United States had just declared war on Germany. Lieutenant Commander Coman’s ship had been ordered into report for repairs before proceeding to France, which triggered a June date for the



Figure 28: Dorothy Coman (L) and Paula Vogelsang, *circa* 1923. Courtesy Gillian Leonard

wedding. Paula remembered a whirlwind of planning, during which she got whooping cough but recovered in time to be a flower girl. Seventy years later, she remembered that Paula Siebs wore a dress that looked “like a suit” and was navy blue with satin trim, and had a hat with ostrich plumes.⁵⁸ Nine months later, Paula Coman’s only child was born: Dorothy Coman (1918-1990). Like her mother, Dorothy got married in Washington DC during wartime: she married Robert Holman Hicks on 11 September 1943.

Another Siebs family drama during Paula’s childhood involved her mother’s third sister, Dorothy Ellen Siebs (1887-1963). “Aunt Dodo”, as she was known to Paula, was raised in Montgomery like her sisters. However, after she, like Annie, married a cotton broker associated with Heineken & Vogelsang, she moved with him back to Germany and spent the rest of her life there. As noted earlier, Dorothy’s first husband was Franz Schütte 1879-. In her reminiscences, Paula said that she didn’t know Dorothy well, and saw her “mostly through her sisters’ eyes.”⁵⁹ After her first marriage failed, Dorothy married Heinrich Amsinck (1892-1968), an architect, professional-level pianist⁶⁰,

* Vaughn Kimball Coman 1882-1954 was a captain in the U.S. Navy. He was awarded the Navy Cross, was Commander of the Naval Training Center in Newport RI in the 1930s, and was the fifth great-grandson of Richard Coman (1659-1716), a tailor who emigrated to America from England in the 1690s and testified against one of the accused women in the Salem Witch Trials (<https://saalem.lib.virginia.edu/n13.html#n13.13>).

Olympic-caliber polo-player⁶¹, and member of a distinguished family of Hamburg merchants and civic leaders* that was originally from The Netherlands. The Amsincks of Hamburg lost their fortune during the period of 1920s hyperinflation⁶² that doomed the Weimar Republic and fueled the rise of Nazism, and Paula remembered of this time that her aunt's circumstances in Dresden "are not good. We are sending packaged food."⁶³ Dorothy had two daughters with Heinrich Amsinck, and the family has a number of descendants with whom Paula maintained relationships throughout her life.

Robert Hicks:

Paula's banjo-playing, FBI agent relative

Paula Vogelsang's first cousin Dorothy Coman married Robert Holman Hicks 1901-1988. Hicks, who was from Staten Island, played banjo with his brother Melville in Vaudeville houses and movie theaters in the 1920s. Later, he became an FBI agent and was involved in the arrest of the notorious gangster Baby Face Nelson in 1934. He was the second director of the FBI Academy at Quantico, Virginia and later served as an analyst for the CIA. He and Dorothy had no children.



Left: Bob Hicks, courtesy Janet Hicks Dobbs. Right: Dorothy Coman and Robert Hicks on their wedding day, courtesy Gillian Leonard

Paula's childhood involved much more than family marriages and the tension of World War I, of course. She had friendships and participated in social events that remained vivid to her more than a half century later. She was tutored rather than attending school during the War, because her mother took their cook's advice not to send Paula to school until the conflict was over.⁶⁴ She recalled childhood friends such as Minot Kellogg, son of a physician who "walked with canes out to his car, the chauffeur standing by in case he falls."⁶⁵ Her next-door neighbor Allen Pendleton was a descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.⁶⁶ Paula played parchesi on the porch with her neighbor Ann Wallace who had polio and a "big white cast up to her hip."⁶⁷ Paula eventually began public school in the sixth grade, where she met what seems to have been

* The Amsincks were a Dutch family that fled religious persecution in The Netherlands in the sixteenth century, reminiscent of Paula's Osthoff ancestors. The Amsincks became prosperous merchants in Hamburg, which in the 18th and 19th centuries was actually a sovereign state. Heinrich Amsinck's second great-grandfather Wilhelm Amsinck 1752-1831 was First Mayor of Hamburg in the late 18th century—in effect the head of state (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amsinck_family).

her first Jewish friend: Sophye Lee Schneider. Looking back, Paula acknowledged that she didn't know at the time what it meant to be Jewish, except that she was aware that Jews use "the Bible's oldest parts."⁶⁸ She hoped that Sophye Lee could be recognized by something like the "honored girl" designation because she was "just as smart, and kind" as the previous awardee, but her friend Minot told Paula that she was "wasting her time" because "the South is full of prejudice."⁶⁹ Sophye Lee, who got married at 16, went on to become a landscape designer and flower show judge.

When Paula was 12, her maternal grandparents finally returned from Germany, eight years after they had departed. Although her grandmother had been deemed healthy enough to make the sea voyage, she died only two weeks after returning to America, on 24 April 1922.⁷⁰ Times were still hard for the Vogelsangs, even though the war had been over for more than three years. Paula thought that her mother, of whom she had once felt "No problem is too big or small for her; she solves them all"⁷¹, had her confidence "destroyed" by the war.⁷² Ernst Vogelsang pronounced "words of doom to Georgia's cotton crop" in the summer of 1921, due in part to an infestation of boll weevils.⁷³ Paula remembered that as she neared her 13th birthday in 1923, she roller skated a lot "to think my problems out."⁷⁴ Then, in early 1923, a letter arrived from New York City. George Seidenberg, the same "cousin" who had lived with them and been falsely suspected of being a German spy during World War I, offered Ernst a job in Seidenburg's family firm in New York. Annie was doubtful—the family has strong ties to the South. But Grandfather Siebs declared that their own family firm of Heineken & Vogelsang was dead, and that "New York deserves a trial". He (Johann Siebs) would take over the Vogelsang house in Augusta. Paula is confused — "in this chess game, I am a hapless pawn."⁷⁵ She and her mother wondered if they could trust George, who seemed to control their lives. But Paula's father "sees a green light—dawn in gloom", and they committed to moving to New York.⁷⁶ As Paula prepared to make the transition from her childhood home, she thinks she will miss her friend Noel Moore * "most of all."⁷⁷ She marvels that her grandfather had recovered his joy in life and his sense of humor "in just one year" after his wife's death.⁷⁸ Paula's recorded memories of her Augusta childhood end with her friends seeing her off at the train station. Although she doesn't note it in her Georgia memoir, her beloved grandfather Johann Gerhard Siebs died just a year later⁷⁹.

*Noel Moore joined the Royal Canadian Air Force as a pilot and died when his plane was shot down over Belgium in 1942 (<http://www.419squadron.com/X3712.html>). In the late 1990s Paula remembered him as "my first boyfriend" (Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 66).

High school and college: Paula's education 1923-1930

Paula's detailed recorded reminiscences about her childhood are complemented by a 200-page written memoir that she donated to her high school in the late 1990s, and by an oral history interview she conducted for the same school in 1999⁸⁰. Her book, *Early Dalton. A Memoir of the 1920s*, was, as its title indicates, written to capture her recollections of high school. It begins with her family's arrival in Manhattan in October 1923 and concludes with her graduation from high school in 1928, although she also includes some material about her college years and appended brief but valuable postscripts that describe her professional life. Although Paula remembered that her feelings were complicated by her father's business woes, her mother's reaction to the recent war, and her grandfather's grief over the death of his wife, she was "dazzled...by the prospect of moving to New York City"⁸¹. The Vogelsangs' first home in Manhattan was at 26 West 75th Street, in a brownstone just off Central Park West. They rented an apartment there from a physician named Mary Edwards*. Paula attended The Dalton School, which had moved from Massachusetts to West 74th Street in 1919 and, as Paula noted, was still known by its original name of the Children's University School⁸²; she remembered that she had taken French in Augusta the summer before leaving because it was required by the New York school that her father "has found for me."⁸³

The bulk of Paula's memoir about high school consists of detailed recollections of her teachers and friends, and her social life and scholastic life. She was attentive to her classes, attended numerous parties and dinners, and was aware of the wealth and fame of many of her friends' parents. For example, her first friend at Dalton was Peggy Dowst, whose recently deceased father Henry P. Dowst was a well-known editor and contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*.⁸⁴ Another friend, Barbara Barnard, was the daughter of the sculptor George Grey Barnard, whose collection of medieval art and building fragments was purchased by John D. Rockefeller Jr. and became a nucleus of The Cloisters branch of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and whose death in 1938 was a front-page story in the *New York Times*.⁸⁵ Paula took advantage of New York's cultural riches: her descriptions of the live dramas and dance productions that she attended are a mini-tour through 1920s theater history. ** Ernst Vogelsang was devoted to the opera, and Paula remembered not only the performances that he took her to, but his careful

* Mary Louise Edwards 1859-1930 was a homeopathic physician who graduated from the Women's Medical College in 1890 (*NY Times* 4 Sep 1930 p23). Paula remembered that she was descended from the Puritan Jonathan Edwards, and that she "made her house calls in a fine carriage with a coachman" (*Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s* p12).

** Blanche Yurka in *Hedda Gabler*, Jane Cowl in *Romeo and Juliet*, Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, Anna Pavlova in *Swan Lake*, Eva Le Gallienne in *Alice in Wonderland*. Paula also saw the first motion picture with sound, Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer*, and remembered, "The sound was way too scratchy to be good but it was something new."

consideration of what works were suitable. She quoted her mother as saying, “He also thinks its [sic] time to start your education in opera, which to him means Wagner.”⁸⁶

By 1929 Ernst and Annie Vogelsang were living at 325 East 72nd Street, in an apartment that would stay in the family for more than 60 years. Her father continued to work in the cotton business, first as a broker and by 1940 as a “commodity statistician”.⁸⁷ When Paula was married in 1974, after her father had been dead for several years, she specifically identified him as having been a partner in Reinhard Seidenberg’s cotton brokerage.

In the summer of 1926, Annie and Paula sailed to Europe. Annie cited their trip several times in her 1940-41 letters to Paula, allowing reconstruction of some of their itinerary:

“Do you remember how upset I was on learning [in] that summer of 1926, that the Holbein picture had never been in **Dresden**. I know now that I could have shown you the picture in **Basel**”⁸⁸

“You remember this only brother [Theodor Siebs] of your dear Grandfather [Johannes Siebs] so well from both your visits to him [presumably in **Breslau**, where he was a professor from around 1900 until his death in 1941], the first time in 1926”⁸⁹

“you saw the house [26 Lerchenstrasse, **Bremen**] in 1926 when only your great aunt Julia Siebs lived in it”⁹⁰

“I asked Dorie Vogelsang’s husband Hans Adams if all this might be true [referring to Vogelsang family origins] when we met him [probably in **Wesel**, Germany⁹¹] in the summer of 1926”⁹²

“I think you called on the widow [Hildegard Asmus] in 1926 when you went to **Düsseldorf** with your Aunt Dorothy Amsinck”⁹³

Annie, Ernst, and Paula all went to Europe again in the summer of 1929⁹⁴. All that is known about their route is that they again visited the linguist Theodor Siebs, presumably in Breslau, and that they went to Switzerland where Paula was photographed in a swimsuit on the beach near Lucerne, and with a young man named Fontaine and another man named Walter Vogelsang. Her memoir notes that her father’s family had relatives in Switzerland, so presumably Fontaine was a Vogelsang relation as well.

Paula Vogelsang graduated from The Dalton School in 1926⁹⁵ and enrolled at Randolph-Macon Women’s College. She was just 16 years old when she entered college. Her memoir about life at Dalton describes at some length the examinations she took in



Figure 29: Anna Siebs Vogelsang and Paula Vogelsang 1926 passport photo. Courtesy Gillian Leonard

anticipation of applying to college, and the decision-making process that went into selecting one. From Paula's description of the process, attending college seems to have been a foregone conclusion for her and for most of her friends, even though in the 1920s, only about one American in 20 graduated from college⁹⁶. But Paula's memoir gives the impression that it was routine in her milieu—indeed, it was noteworthy that a friend of hers dropped out of Dalton to work at Wanamaker's department store because “she felt she could not refuse to work now that she was sixteen and everyone in her family was working”, and even that friend “could enter one of the city colleges, like Hunter”⁹⁷.

Without exception, the colleges that Paula remembered as possible choices were small, private institutions, mostly but not exclusively women's colleges or the women's college of a larger university: Bryn Mawr, Swarthmore, Smith, Sophie Newcomb at Tulane, Agnes Scott at Emory, and Randolph-Macon Women's College. Paula's early choice was Smith, based on other Dalton students who had gone there, but an influential mentor at Dalton suggested Swarthmore. Paula's memoirs suggest that she was highly deferential to her parents and respectful of Dalton's faculty and administrators, and she remembered thinking that “my mother didn't appreciate how much it mattered to me that I not let the school down”. That is, she wanted to go to a good college—she wanted to honor Dalton by her choice and referred to older students that had gone to Smith as “the school's best investment”⁹⁸. Since Paula was only 16 years old when she graduated from Dalton, her mother seemed to be particularly focused on finding a protective environment for Paula—even Smith College was too bold a choice, and New York City “could not provide a good balanced social life for very young males and females unless a family could invest considerable time, energy, and money”⁹⁹. A deal was struck whereby Paula would attend one college for two years, then have the option of transferring to Smith. Her mother's choice was Randolph-Macon Women's College in Lynchburg, Virginia. It was in the South, and Paula remembered that her mother “thought it would be good for me to be back in the South...She was a Southerner. She was from Alabama.”¹⁰⁰ It was also where Marjorie Hill, daughter of a close family friend of Annie's from her childhood in Montgomery, Alabama, was already a student. In the Winter of 1926, Paula visited Randolph-Macon, attended classes, and socialized with Marjorie. Paula liked what she saw and decided that she “was willing to start college at Randolph-Macon. It was not a hard decision really, once I settled down to comparing the actual cost with Smith”¹⁰¹. Paula's repeated references to financial considerations suggest that the Vogelsangs were not wealthy.

Paula thrived at Randolph-Macon, and 70 years later she remembered, “I was so happy there”.¹⁰² She showed an interest in writing and journalism (she contributed an

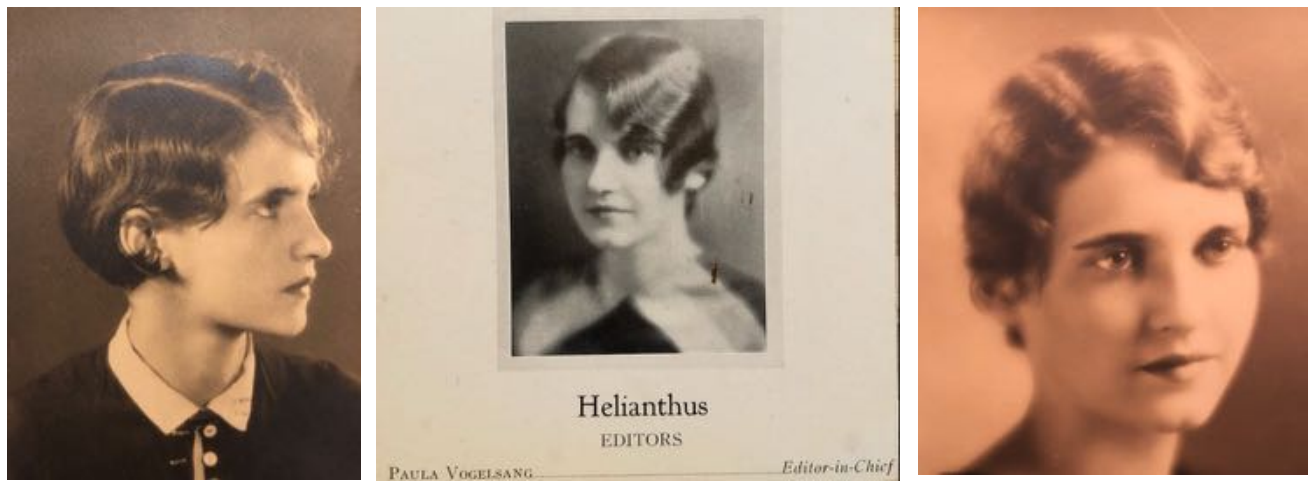


Figure 30: Paula Vogelsang at Randolph-Macon Women’s College. Photos courtesy Gillian Leonard.

article to the national magazine of the sorority Alpha Omicron Pi¹⁰³, was first vice president of the Intercollegiate Press Association of Virginia¹⁰⁴, and was editor-in-chief of the Randolph-Macon yearbook *Helianthus* in 1930). After graduating in 1930 with a degree in English literature, she moved back to New York (she appears in the 1930 US census, taken on 10 April 1930, as living with her parents in Manhattan¹⁰⁵). She noted in an Afterword to her memoir that her degree in English literature ran into the reality of the Depression, and she “soon returned to school to learn a practical skill”¹⁰⁶.

Paula's professional training and career in fashion design and education

The practical skill that Paula selected for a career was clothing design. In her *Early Dalton* memoir, she provided two brief explanations for how she came to choose her career: it followed “an interest from childhood when I’d made dozens of original paper-doll wardrobes”¹⁰⁷, and her mother’s best friend in Montgomery, Alabama (unnamed, but presumably Algie Hardwick Hill) “told me that I was going to be a designer”¹⁰⁸. There are a few additional hints in Paula’s *Georgia Years* memoir. She remembered that in sixth grade (which she attended in 1920-21 at the age of ten), “In sewing class, I am the one to lead our trio, with suggestions to enhance the baby dress the girls all have to make.” She already identified herself as competent in sewing, whereas another girl led their efforts in cooking and yet another was the strongest academically. A year later, contemplating a summer dance at the country club, she had “No time to make the dress I worked out in my head.” And in 1923, looking for activities to keep herself busy during her final summer in Georgia, she remembered, “I took up sewing eagerly as chess, moved by success with my first formal dress.” So Paula had some experience in clothes design and sewing as a child.

In March 1931, less than a year after graduating from Randolph-Macon, her college sorority reported that Paula was taking courses in design and sketching at the Fashion Academy in Manhattan¹⁰⁹, and she later wrote that she received a certificate in 1932¹¹⁰ and was a member of the Fashion Academy staff from 1932 to 1936¹¹¹. The Fashion Academy was a “school of design, styling and merchandising”¹¹² that was run from 1920 to 1950 by Emil Hartman. The curriculum included courses in Textile Design, Sketching, Model Making, and Costume Design for Screen and Stage.¹¹³ Fashion Academy was a legitimate entity—something like a trade school for fashion design with elements of a correspondence course, it was less formal and more accessible than Parsons or Pratt. Hartman was an energetic self-promoter, and appears to have invented—or at least been a pioneer in publicizing—the best-dressed list¹¹⁴. Of her own experience working with Emil Hartman, Paula wrote,

I enrolled in an 18-month diploma program in fashion design...There were no scholarships but I managed to earn my tuition first by taking on ghost-writing assignments for the school’s proprietor, and then by writing and supervising his home-study course in design and pattern making. All useful experience, indeed, but neither the experience nor the program’s diploma opened doors to design rooms on Seventh Avenue. The Depression years rolled on, and I worked as a freelance designer through the worst of them.¹¹⁵

After receiving her certificate from The Fashion Academy, Paula tried to break into the industry – “Seventh Avenue”, as she called it. She tried to engage both her clothing design training and her talent as a writer. In her Dalton oral history interview, Paula mentioned in passing two rather remarkable interludes from the early 1930s: she “had an apprenticeship with the designer Elizabeth Hawes”, and she got hired by the high-end clothing store Lord & Taylor by writing to Dorothy Shaver.¹¹⁶ Paula referred to Hawes and Shaver casually, but both were extremely influential members of the clothing industry and her connections to them while in her early 20s is impressive. Paula did not mention how long she worked at Lord & Taylor, but she remembered that Shaver “encouraged some of us to do fashion writing as well as promotion work...I started first as a model and then as a sales person and working on promotion jobs too.”¹¹⁷ In 1943, Paula wrote that she had “retailing experience” with Lord & Taylor, B. Altman, and Bonwit Teller”, and

Elizabeth Hawes (1903-1971) was a clothing designer who was also a well-regarded writer (*Fashion is Spinach* is her best-known book) and industry critic. Hawes was a feminist, a political progressive, and an activist whose political views during the McCarthy era caused her to move to the U.S. Virgin Islands for several years. Hawes was at various times primarily a designer for the industry, a writer, and a freelance designer who had private clients. * Seven years older than Paula Vogelsang, it’s striking how Paula’s aspirations to design, write, and eventually to have private clients mirrored Elizabeth Hawes. However, Paula didn’t elaborate on the parallels in her oral history interview.

Dorothy Shaver (1897-1959) was perhaps even more influential in the fashion industry than Elizabeth Hawes, but as an executive rather than a designer. Hired by Lord & Taylor in 1921, she rose rapidly through the ranks and became president in 1945, a position she held until her death. She was the first woman to head a major retail company, oversaw steady revenue growth, and is credited with a number of innovations in sales, marketing, and merchandising. * *

* Alice Gregory. “The Most Brilliant American Fashion Designer”, *New York Times Magazine*, 12 June 2014. https://tmagazine.blogs.nytimes.com/2014/06/12/elizabeth-hawes-the-most-brilliant-american-fashion-designer/?_r=0

had “done free lance designing” with at least one of those stores¹¹⁸. In summary, Paula Vogelsang spent 1930-1935 in Manhattan securing a credential in fashion design, working in high-end clothing retailers and attempting to launch a career in clothing design in the throes of the Depression.

Paula was hired at Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri in 1936. She had been offered the job teaching fashion the previous year but “turned it down, because I was confessing failure to leave New York, where everything happened.”¹¹⁹ Stephens is a nearly 200-year-old private women’s college that is known for its fashion design program¹²⁰, recently ranked in the top 15% of such programs nationally¹²¹. In the 1930s, it was a two-year institution—Paula referred to it somewhat deprecatingly as a “girls junior college in the Middle West”. But she appreciated that the head of the school was willing to hire her with only a bachelor’s degree, accepting her certificate from the



Figure 31: Paula Vogelsang in Stephens College yearbooks from 1937 (L) and 1940

Fashion Academy as the equivalent of a master’s degree. Paula was described as an “instructor in clothing” in the 1937 Stephens yearbook. She taught courses entitled “Elementary Clothing”, “Advanced Clothing Problems”, and “Consumers Textiles”¹²², and was at Stephens for a total of seven years, serving as chair of the department for the last two¹²³. She took a leave of absence

to earn a Master of Science in Education degree from the University of Southern California. Her thesis, completed in June 1939, was entitled, “An Investigation of Costume Design Training in Junior Colleges”¹²⁴. It was a conventional questionnaire-based study. Paula pursued the degree because Stephens required it within a year of starting. In 1943, she spoke at a “Wartime Clothing Show” in Kansas City and discussed the issues and opportunities available to “merchandisers and style coordinators” in wartime¹²⁵. That same year, she “took a leave of absence from teaching to do war work as an apprentice engineer at the Grumman Aircraft plant on Long Island, N.Y.”¹²⁶ Other than a brief mention of this surprising interlude in the Afterword to her Dalton memoir, nothing is known about her work at Grumman or the basis for her qualifications to work as an engineer. By 1945 Paula was again listed in the Manhattan phone directory, and she lived in New York for the next several decades.

When World War II ended, Paula did not return to Stephens College. Instead, she remained in New York and worked for five years at Conde Nast as a designer for Vogue Patterns¹²⁷. She left Vogue to launch her own clothing design studio, which she called “Design Workshop”. Little is known of this business, which Paula described as providing “samples of original designs to the trade, and custom-designed fashions for private clients.”¹²⁸ She also wrote that the workshop “designs and makes clothes for discriminating individuals”¹²⁹, and that it offered apprenticeships to colleges with fashion design degree programs, including Drexel and Pratt Institute. She maintained the Design

Workshop enterprise until 1985. In her oral history for Dalton, she described her business as follows:

I got my...own private business, which did custom clothes and models for the industry folk, which is a mixture that not many people knew. Most people did custom clothes hoping it would lead to wholesale design and manufacturing fields. In my case, my backer wanted to keep it as non-commercial as possible. She didn't want a loft with her name attached to it. They were custom made clothes as a primary emphasis.

At Stephens, Paula had acquired “a taste for teaching that I never lost”.¹³⁰ After moving back to New York, she resumed teaching fashion design, at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. Like Stephens, Pratt is well-known for fashion design—it was ranked second among all US fashion design degree programs in 2018¹³¹. An undated Pratt newsletter from 1961 or 1962 stated that Paula had been “visiting lecturer and consultant to the Pratt Fashion program since its inception in 1953”. Pratt yearbooks show her evolving titles over nearly 30 years¹³²:

1957-1959: Instructor in Fashion Design

1959-1961: Professorial Lecturer in Fashion Design

1961-1963: Associate Professor of Fashion Design, Assistant Dean, School of Continuing Professional Studies

1963-1964: [Not listed as faculty]

1964-1967: Instructor in Fashion Design

1967-1973: Adjunct Professor in Fashion Design

1973-1983: Visiting Professor in Fashion Design

1983-1985: Faculty [no specific title]



Figure 31: Paula Vogelsang (standing, center) in a classroom, probably at Pratt Institute. The photo is labelled as having been taken by the *Daily News*

Paula's personal life and interests

Paula is remembered fondly by friends and relatives as a highly independent woman with a refined sense of taste and a strong personal style.¹³³ Unsurprisingly, given her career in the fashion industry, she dressed well. She also enjoyed eating well, and “always had a cook” according to one of her cousins¹³⁴. From the handful of cards and letters that she kept with photographs of family and friends until her death, it’s apparent that she maintained friendships for decades. She traveled to Europe at least twice in the late 1940s with Juliet Hardtner, who attended Stephens College while Paula was on the faculty there. She also traveled with Dorothy Martin, a colleague at Stephens, and kept photos of herself with Dorothy taken at Coney Island and in Laguna Beach, California. Dorothy Martin was probably the “young woman of like tastes and talents” with whom Paula traveled “from coast to coast” and had a “rare companionship”, according to a letter to Paula from her mother¹³⁵. In the 1960s, Paula vacationed at The Island Inn on Sanibel Island, Florida¹³⁶, joined at least once by her parents. Her bachelor’s degree in English Literature fueled a lifelong interest in reading, and she was a supporter of the local library when she lived in Rhinebeck, New York.¹³⁷ One of her German cousins remembered that Paula had art books in her apartment. Writing poetry was a lifelong activity: her entry in the 1937 Stephens College yearbook notes that “one of her major enthusiasms is poetry and she is responsible for the organization of the new Poetry Club”. When she donated her memoir *Dalton's Early Years* to the school, she sent along a poem about the writing of the memoir! She gave one of her Randolph-Macon friends a handwritten collection of poems entitled *Sauce for All*, with the subtitle *A Collection of Light Verse*, dated 1933.

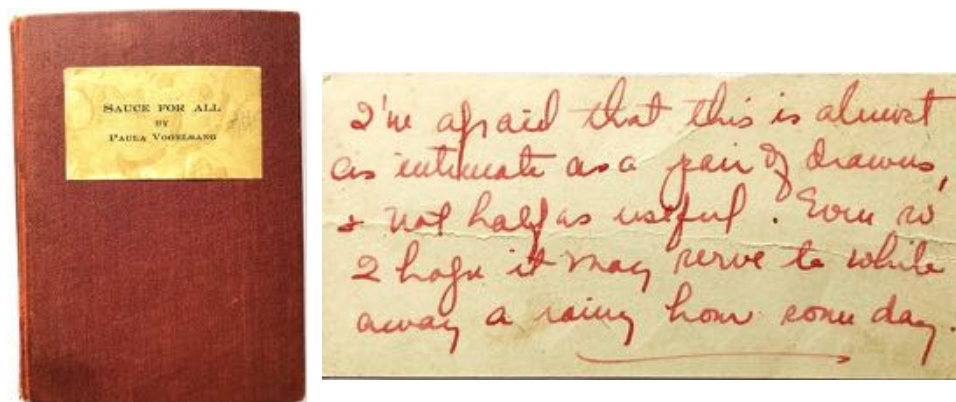


Figure 32: Cover of Paula Vogelsang's 1933 handwritten book of verse, and accompanying gift card to Harriet Martin

Her poetry was not deeply literary, but some of it was on serious topics and Paula had a gift for meter, a strong vocabulary, and a wry sense of self-deprecating humor. For example, “Immortal Love”:

I had forgot
 What utter rot
 I wrote when you and I
 Were lovers, and would die
 Together that our love might last
 Forever. Now it all is past,
 And healthy is the heart you took
 And broke, and then put in a book;
 While I can marvel at the verse
 I wrote; it hardly could be worse.”

Many of the poems in *Sauce for All*, which were written when she was in her early twenties, ponder life’s vicissitudes, such as “Sphinx”:

Life’s a thing of shifting sands,
 Love a thing for skillful hands;
 All tings transient,
 All things brief;
 Joy a tangent
 Thing to grief.
 What the answer, no one knows,
 Still life triumphs, on it goes!

In 1997, when she was nearly 90 years old, she wrote that she had closed her design studio “to give full time to my interest in writing[,] which has continued unabated through the years. I am now concentrating on poetry.”¹³⁸

Paula’s religious convictions are not known in any detail, but she clearly had an interest in religion. According to a photo annotated by her mother, Paula was baptized at St. Paul’s, an Episcopal church in Augusta. Paula remembered attending Sunday School at another Episcopal church in Augusta (Church of the Good Shepherd, located less than ½ mile from her home)¹³⁹. In her Dalton memoir, Paula described an incident in the 1920s when there “wasn’t time to go down to St. Thomas [an Episcopal church in midtown Manhattan] for a Christmas Day service”, but her mother had learned that the family of a nearby Universalist church was “once rector of a big Episcopal church in Philadelphia”, which apparently legitimized him for the family’s needs that day. So clearly, Paula was raised in an Episcopal family. When she was an adult, she converted to Catholicism, according to recollections of a stepdaughter and of family friends. The collection of photographs in Paula’s possession at the time of her death included several unlabeled pictures of her with men wearing priest’s vestments. The date of her

conversion is not known, but it is unlikely to have been triggered by her marriage to John Leonard, who had “no religious leanings”, according to his daughter.¹⁴⁰

There is virtually no documentation about Paula’s personal life before her marriage at age 63. *Sauce for All*, written when she was a young adult, includes poems written about relationships with men, generally in the past tense and bittersweet, although “Words for Love” includes the lines

Oh, for some new words to tell him
What this age-old feeling is,
How my world is all transfigured
Simply now that I am his.

In a 1941 letter, her mother wrote, “Up to now, Paula has been mostly attracted by the visible form of man, their gifts of charm and powers to fascinate, but as she grew in years...she grew in judgement too. And slumbering within her was that force seeking ever for the one whose life was the other half, the half that with her would make the whole complete.” Annie went on to say, apparently exhorting Paula to marry and raise children,

“If thru illness or accident, some are deprived from continuing the line, there is no doubt special compensation, but the others must carry on, remember[ing] that while it may be a fine thing in later life to adopt some orphan infant, that child will have more of a real home if it may have both foster father and foster mother, instead of just foster mother alone.”¹⁴¹

When Paula Vogelsang finally did marry, her spouse was a journalist and writer named John Demers Leonard (1911-1993). John Leonard was a White House correspondent for the *Wall Street Journal* beginning in 1941, then reported from London for the *Journal* during World War II.¹⁴² He later worked for *Newsweek* and for the U.S. Departments of State and Commerce, but had been a freelance writer for a number of years when he met Paula in New York City—they lived in the same apartment building. They were married on 3 Jan 1974 in St. John Episcopal Church in Manhattan, and bought an old farmhouse in East Chatham, New York, about 130 miles north of New York City and close to the New York-Massachusetts border. They lived there until his death in 1993. According to people who knew them, it was an unlikely match: Paula had never been married or had children, whereas John Leonard had been married and divorced twice, and had an adult daughter from each marriage. Paula was disciplined in her dress and habits; he was casual. But she described her marriage as “twenty happy years”¹⁴³, and his stepdaughter credits Paula with helping John with his drinking problem.¹⁴⁴

Paula outlived John Leonard by 13 years. She eventually gave up both her Manhattan apartment and her house in Rhinebeck, and moved to a retirement community.

She was active in church, literary, and social activities in the Rhinebeck area until her death at the age of 96 on 17 October 2006. She is buried with her husband, parents, and grandparents at Westover Memorial Park in Augusta, Georgia.

Afterword: how Paula Vogelsang's life story came to be told

Paula Vogelsang was my third cousin twice removed. That may sound like a negligible connection, but we were true cousins, which means we shared a common ancestor. The most recent ancestor to Paula and me was an early nineteenth-century German physician named Heinrich Christian August Osthoff, who was my fourth great-grandfather and Paula's second great-grandfather. She was two generations older than me, which is why our cousinship was "twice removed".

A remarkable series of serendipitous circumstances not only resulted in key materials about Paula's life being saved when they could easily have been lost, but also brought them to my attention. This Afterword is my opportunity to describe the surprising twists and turns that allowed me to learn so much about Paula Vogelsang, and they contain a lesson about persistence that any amateur genealogist will appreciate.

For context, Paula Vogelsang was a member of my Osthoff line of relatives. One of my four great-grandmothers was Elisabeth Osthoff (1871-1938), born in northwestern Germany. Elisabeth emigrated to the United States shortly after her 1890 marriage in Berlin and lived in America for the rest of her life. When I studied the Osthoff family, I was intrigued to find that at least seven members of this family emigrated to the US at different times during the nineteenth century, all from the same part of Germany. I traced the lives and descendants of each of the seven immigrants. One of them was a first cousin four times removed to me named Anna Elise Henriette Osthoff (1852-1922), who married a cotton broker named Johann Gerhard Siebs (1853-1924) and emigrated with him to Alabama in the early 1880s. They had three daughters, one of whom, Anna Henrike Hermine Siebs (1882-1968), married another cotton broker, Ernst Vogelsang (1882-1961). The Vogelsangs had just one child, Paula Siebs Vogelsang (1910-2006). Paula was married at age 63 to a journalist, John Demers Leonard (1911-1993). Since Paula had no children, her branch of the family ended with her death. Having traced Paula's life to its end using a variety of public records, I was satisfied that I had finished my work, genealogically speaking, on her twig of the family tree. This was in 2012.

The first twist in the story occurred a year later when I was looking for information about another member of the Osthoff family. A Google search yielded something curious: a snippet of text that included the words "Clemens Osthoff", "Annchen", and "Leidenfrost". Clemens Osthoff was someone whose name I knew only from a handwritten family tree that turned up in an attic in England (another improbable tale!), "Annchen" was the diminutive version of his wife Anna Reuter's name, and Leidenfrost was the name of a family that the Osthoffs were connected to by marriage. The combination of names – and particularly the nickname Annchen, which was unlikely to appear in a public document – suggested that I had come across something containing

personal details of my Osthoff family. Even more unexpected was the source of the piece of text: a posting at a bulletin board site for people sharing questions and tips about landscaping and home repairs! When I read the posting in its entirety, it emerged that someone had come across a cache of old letters describing the Osthoffs and related families in Germany. The finder was hoping to reunite the correspondence with the family but had no idea how to do so, so they posted an inquiry to their community of like-minded home repair enthusiasts. The posting had been made in 2008, five years before I found it, but happily the person who wrote it was still active at the website and responded to my inquiry. Here is the story she told: she had a job working for the Bank of New York, which had merged with Chemical Bank and was consolidating branches. When a bank branch closed, there were often abandoned safe deposit boxes and other files. The bank had an obligation to attempt to find the owners or (since the owners were often deceased) a relative. If that failed, the bank was required to transfer any valuables (cash, negotiable securities, or jewelry) to the state of New York. It's all spelled out in New York's Abandoned Property Law¹⁴⁵. As part of the process, the Bank of New York went through these abandoned files and boxes, separating the wheat from the chaff, so to speak. The employees reviewing the files were told that anything that didn't qualify as a valuable under the Abandoned Property Law must be destroyed. The woman who happened to be assigned the material that turned out to be of interest to me recalled that she came across the letters in a trust file and that they were written on purple stationery in a beautiful script. She started reading the letters—against regulations—and found that they told the story of a German family with names like Osthoff, Reuter, and Siebs. She asked for permission to keep these letters but was reminded of the rules. So, she compromised with her conscience—she snuck the letters home, transcribed each one into a Word file, and returned the originals to be destroyed. And yes, five years later she still had the transcriptions, which she sent to me—happy to have fulfilled the promise that she had made to herself to try and reunite the letters with their family. What was in the letters? There were eleven, all dated between October 1940 and January 1941. They were written by a mother to her daughter. The first letter begins,

Darling Daughter: – I am at last coming to that wish of yours, namely that I should write down some of the things that I have learned concerning our family.¹⁴⁶

The letters recount, in a not-always systematic fashion, anecdotes from the family history of the recipient's ancestors. Every amateur genealogist dreams of finding materials that go beyond names and dates, telling stories that bring to life long-dead relatives. In my experience, it's rare to unearth diaries, memoirs, or correspondence in any branch of my family, so this was indeed an extraordinary discovery. The letters told,

for example, of a physician who saved a city from the plague and was awarded a gold medal. Of children who sawed the base of a church lectern nearly through so that when a pompous pastor pounded on it during his next sermon, the lectern collapsed. And of a young wife who disguised herself as a drummer boy so that she could accompany her husband to war rather than be separated from him. The identities of the sender and recipient turned out to be easily deciphered: the writer identified herself once as “ASV”, and her husband’s name was Ernst. The parents lived on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, in New York City. Given my knowledge of the Osthoff family, that was all I needed. The writer was my second cousin three times removed Anna Siebs Vogelsang, whose husband was Ernst Vogelsang. The recipient was their only child—Paula Siebs Vogelsang, my third cousin twice removed. I had studied these people a year earlier and believed that I knew a lot about Paula and her family, but the letters changed everything. The text of the letters, annotated with confirming information, is attached as Appendix 1.

The cache of letters added greatly to my knowledge of the Osthoffs and related families in Germany, but they didn’t reveal much about Paula herself. Seven years went by, during which I absorbed another lesson in genealogy: persistence. Send the extra email. Write a letter to someone who might or might not still be alive. Chase the unpromising lead—occasionally you’ll strike gold. Thus, in the summer of 2020 I returned to Paula Vogelsang and thought about her stepdaughters. In my original research, I had come across the public record of a court case¹⁴⁷ that took place after Paula’s death and involved her stepdaughters and the college that Paula had attended in Virginia. I had decided in 2013 that it would be inappropriate to contact her stepdaughters, thinking it unlikely that they would be able to add anything to my knowledge, since they hadn’t grown up with Paula, and may not have had a close relationship given the court case. But as the years went by, I embraced the philosophy of, “What’s the worst that could happen?” With only a few exceptions that might have unintended and negative consequences—something like revealing an unknown parent or sibling without warning—there’s little risk to reaching out with an inquiry about family history. Overwhelmingly, people are intrigued and often they’re thrilled. At worst, you’re ignored or told to mind your own business. So, I located Paula’s surviving stepdaughter, told her my story including the unlikely recovery of the text of letters written to Paula by her mother, and asked if she knew anything more about Paula or whether any family papers or photos existed beyond those that ended up in her trust file at the bank. Once again luck was on the side of persistence: Paula’s stepdaughter is not only a warm and friendly person, she’s also a family historian’s best friend: a retired public librarian! She didn’t know Paula as well as she wished she had, she wrote to me, but as a matter of fact, there *were* some of Paula’s photos in a box somewhere. She hadn’t known what to do with them after Paula’s death, but she couldn’t bring herself to discard them. They were all

mixed up, she didn't think many were labeled and worst of all, mice had gotten into the box and eaten parts of some of them! But I was welcome to them, and some weeks later a box arrived. As promised, the photos were largely in a heap and most had no identifications. A mouse had indeed selectively chewed on a few nineteenth-century photos that were mounted on cardboard and presumably had been attached with paste that appealed to a rodent. But as I sorted the photos, I discovered that there were just enough clues—a few names written on the backs, a few newspaper clippings mixed in—to allow me to identify most of the people in the pictures. The best-labeled pictures were from Paula's childhood in Augusta, Georgia, following the familiar pattern of exponential decay in the number of photos we take of our children as they grow older. Another cluster was from Paula's college years at Randolph-Macon Women's College and from her time on the faculty of Stephens College in Missouri. It was evident that Paula retained several of her college friends for the rest of her life, because there were photos of *their* children and grandchildren, as well as a few notes from old friends that aided in identification. Finally, there were photos from a branch of Paula's family that lived in Germany. I was able to find names and addresses of descendants of Paula's friends and German relatives and wrote to them asking if they would like to have the photos back that had been sent to Paula over the decades. In every case, my inquiries were responded to with interest and enthusiasm, leading to yet a third blossoming of information about Paula's life. One of her college friends had received from Paula a handwritten book of poetry. The friend kept the volume for the rest of her life, and passed it on to her daughter, to whom I had written. The daughter remembered that it had meant a great deal to her mother, but it didn't have much resonance for her, so she gave it to me, as Paula's cousin. Another friend from Paula's years as a college instructor in Missouri had remained close, and her children told me that they had fond memories of visits from "Aunt Polly"—they even remembered Paula's mother, whom they knew as "Nana V." They were happy to receive from me several photos of their family that Paula had saved. A few weeks later, one of the siblings remembered that Paula had, with their encouragement, recorded reminiscences of her childhood on audio tape! Two cassette tapes labeled "The Georgia Years by Paula Vogelsang-Leonard" arrived and I was able to listen to Paula's Southern-inflected voice, 15 years after her death and more than a century after the events she recounted. The tapes covered the period from her earliest childhood memories to 1924, when she and her parents moved permanently to New York City. Paula's memories of her childhood were remarkably sharp and full of detail, and—as with her mother's letters to her—I was able to deconstruct many of her recollections and confirm them one at a time with information from local newspapers: the arrest of a family friend suspected of being a German spy during World War I; a fire that swept through Augusta in 1916 as Paula watched; even her memory of seeing a mother drive her carriage by the Vogelsang house every day on the

way to the cemetery to visit the grave of her son, who returned from the war only to die of a stroke a month after attempting to save a girl who was drowning in the family pond. My transcription and corroborating documentation of Paula's Georgia memoirs comprise Appendices 2 and 3.

Large gaps remained in my knowledge of Paula's life, including her high school and college years and her career in fashion design. As if on cue, I discovered that in the 1990s she deposited a written memoir and conducted an oral history interview with The Dalton School, the private school she had attended in Manhattan in the 1920s. These materials emphasized her life between the ages of 13 and 20, and included key details about the path Paula took to develop her career in the clothing industry. When her two memoirs are combined with the photos she left behind and the family history letters from her mother that Paula saved for more than 65 years, I was left with the impression that Paula had anticipated someone like me would come along by leaving clues in a variety of places. The near loss of her mother's letters only added to the eerie sense of being expected.

Appendix 1: Text of Anna Siebs Vogelsang's 1940-1941 letters to Paula Vogelsang

The text of 11 letters sent by Anna Siebs Vogelsang to her daughter was transcribed by an employee of the Bank of New York around 2008 who found them while reviewing the contents of bank files that were considered abandoned. Public records, newspaper articles and some Osthoff family records show that most—but not quite all—of Anna's knowledge of family history was accurate.

325 East 72nd Street, New York City

Sunday October 6th, 1940

Darling Daughter: – I am at last coming to that wish of yours, namely that I should write down some of the things that I have learned concerning our family. And I shall try to do this in my weekly letters, so that there may be some real purpose in keeping them. Two thoughts stand out in my mind – one is the fact, that Jane Austin in all her books refrained from mentioning the current wars of her times, and the other is one that I have just read in Anne Morris Lindbergh's new book "No Peace of Heart." She says that "to write or to speak is almost inevitably to lie a little". I am trying to follow Jane Austin by not mentioning war and I shall try to put down all I remember as near the truth as is possible. But memory at best, plays strange tricks on one. Here I have been going around telling all my friends, whom I see for the first time after their summer's absence, that you spent 10 weeks at home with us to our great joy. All because you did arrive on the 10th of July. Also I could have sworn that the lovely pink or white Madonna in the blue garments painted by Holbein was in the same Dresden Gallery with Raphael's Sistine Madonna. Do you remember how upset I was on learning that summer of 1926, that the Holbein picture had never been in Dresden. I know now that I could have shown you the picture in Basel, in the gallery there. So you see I had brought the two Madonna pictures together in my memory. Let me begin by telling you how that medal coin, now in the bank box, descends to you. It was struck off to honor a Doctor Leidenfrost for having saved his fellow townspeople from the plague. This doctor had a daughter, who married a certain Osthoff (descendant of that French Huguenot family the Baron d'Osthoff who fled from France when their lands were confiscated) – they had a son whom the mother, remember her honored father, made into a clever doctor. He was the Doctor Osthoff who refused the appointment as court physician at the court of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, who wrote what he called "the poor doctor's text books" and whose seventh son was Clemens, the father of your grandmother, my mother. And in this way the coin comes to you – the name Leidenfrost, if I remember rightly means "suffering" [] in German. More about this ancestor, your great grandfather Clemens Osthoff another time. I made one visit with my parents to the city of Oldenburg in 1898 I believe, but no living relatives were there, only graves in the cemetery.

Today is wonderfully warm; Ernest & I had a fine walk. Our love to you, Dad and Mother.

Saturday Oct. 12 – 1940

Darling Daughter: – I am beginning my weekly letter to you because, being a legal holiday, "Columbus Day" it is almost like Sunday. To-day I have been thinking of what your great uncle, Geheimrat Prof. Dr. Theodore Siebs, told me of an interesting ancestor of yours. You remember this only brother of your dear Grandfather so well from both your visits to him, the first time in 1926 and then again in 1929. It was then that he told me that he possessed the

diary of this early protestant minister who studied at the University of Gena in the 16 hundred and some years. The Reformation was in 1526, wasn't it? Were they not celebrating the 400 anniversary the summer you and I and Marjorie were abroad? I believe Reuter was the name, and as they did not have bishops in those days, he rose to the title of Superintendent. The story as related by him in his own diary is, that being a very forceful preacher, it was his habit to pound the lectern. In his congregations there were some boys, full of mischief who thought it would be a fine joke to saw the base of the lectern so far thru, that a heavy stroke would send it toppling over. And this is just what happened the very next time Pastor Reuter preached. Just where this church was, I do not know, only I do know that the Reuter family lived on the same island of Last Fries-land, where the Siebs Family had lived since 1606. That is the date of the reredose in the church (still standing in 1900) that was in memory of Jan Gert Siebs – the same name as your grandfather's. They had a strange custom, these island folk, of inverting the name for the son; thus the son of Jan Gert Siebs was called Siebus Gert Jan, and his son was again Jan Gert Siebs. But your great grandfather's name was Paul Theodore Siebs – his daughter, your great aunt Julia, told me much about these two families, the Siebs and the Reuters, for Paul Theodore married Frederika Reuter, while Clemens Osthoff married the eight years younger sister, Annchen Reuter. But that courtship will be another story. Let me add that while the Siebs lived on their lands, they were also "sailors of the seas" and [j]oined sailing vessels; that old Sheffield tea pot comes from trips to England. But the Reuters always remained preachers and the father of Frederika and Annchen was one; but he didn't remain on the island, but had a very colorful career, as army chaplain and then as tutor to some young princes – I have pictures of his wife who lived to be nearly ninety years. He was also very fond of playing whist. More next time. Your loving Mother. A.S.V.

[undated, probably October 19-20, 1940]

Darling Daughter: – What a change in weather since my last letter a week ago, then so warm and now we have just had the coldest Oct. 19th on record. But we still have to have our so called "Indian Summer" days, the bit of warm weather after the first frost. An explanation of that name that appeals to me is that certain of the Indian tribes must have been like the grasshopper in La Fontaine's fable and not until the first frost came, did they think of winter – then they counted on those following warm days to lay in their supplies.

I promised to tell you more about that pastor Reuter, father of both your great grandmothers Frederika Siebs and Annchen Osthoff. I don't know any details about his wife, prior to her marriage but it was of her that the tale is told that when her husband had to go with the army to some war as their chaplain right after their marriage, she is supposed to have disguised herself as a drummer boy so as not to be left behind. This is the story my mother told me and judging from later accounts of her determination, it seems probable. As I said I have photographs of her taken with her grandson, Geheimst (?) Prof. Dr. Theodor Siebs and it may even be that she was still living in 1884 when I was first taken to Europe. Anyway she lived to be 90 years old and as she always received a pension as a minister's widow from the Grand Dukedom of Oldenburg, I believe, officials did come in late years, to assure themselves of her identity. The last years of her life she spent in bed in that up stairs front bedroom at #29 Lerchenstrasse, tho it was #26 then, which was turned into a sitting room when you saw the house in 1926 when only your great aunt Julia Siebs lived in it. About this monthly pension money, your grandfather told me tales of how he as a boy used to borrow from his grandmother and he always charged her interest for lending it to him. There is another story in the same vein. Friends were always sending choice things to Mme Reuter and once a basket of strawberries were so lovely that the old lady said: "these are too beautiful to consume". Thereupon my father said, taking the largest strawberry out of the basket: Grandmother you look at this one and enjoy its perfume while I eat the rest. He never told me if it was a deal – there are other childhood memories of your grandfather connected with his home. The house had a slanting red tiled roof and a small sky-light from the attic. I have seen it. Once your grandfather's mother came home to find neighbors on the street in fright because the Siebs children had climbed out on this roof. The mother had great presense of mind – she rushed into the house, grabbed a newly baked cake on its dish to speed to the attic where she

mounted the table as the children had gone and holding up the cake said “See what I have got, don’t you children want some.” They did & all climbed safely down off the dangerous roof. They got the cake!! What they got later on, isn’t in the story. Does this remind you of a little episode in AltaPass when you were 4? I used a box of candy!!! Will tell you next time of how your Grandfather first proposed to your grandmother.

Sunday, Oct. 27, 1940

Dear Darling Daughter: – I fear to–day’s letter will be shorter, but we shall see, perhaps I shall think of bits that you might like to know. First I want to add a thought about that great grandmother that I forget, namely that she must have had a well developed sens of clothes. Her pictures, the small ones with her grandchildren (Siebs) look very dignified, but the story is that even after she was bed–ridden, in her last years, she always insisted on keeping her wardrobe up to date, so that every spring and every fall a milliner and a dressmaker would both come to the Lerchenstrasse. As Mme Reuter said, just in case she might get up, she would have to have her things in keeping with the styles. One other incident of these years in the Lerchenstrasse, was my father’s first proposal to my mother. I know, he must have been less than ten at the time, for it was the occasion of his brother’s baptism, nine years younger. Both my mother and her mother came as houseguests for this even and it was then that my father, taking his only cousin’s hand, went up to the minister Pastor Kradofer (I don’t know if that’s the way Kradolfer is spelt) of the Remberti Kirche, who had come to the house and said “When I am big, I want to marry us” And he really did. Of course since I had heard this little story, even as a young child, I was most eager to see this minister but I am not sure that I ever did. I believe he was still at the Remberti Kirche in 1889 on my seven year old visit to Bremen, for I am sure I was older than that when we received a book of his sermons, printed on the occasion of an anniversary. I do remember going to the church alone with my grandfather Paul Theodor Siebs, but that may have been years later in 1897. A little story of my first visit to Lerchenstrasse in 1884, age 2 years, that my uncle Theodor loves to tell is that at table I was given a little red glass and as all the other grown–ups had the usual red claret in their glasses, Uncle Theo called my attention to this glass, one day towards the end of my stay. He meant to impress on me that I too, had been given wine but I am supposed to have answered: “That is only water.” It amused this 22 year old student uncle of mine, on vacation from his university that I had calmly submitted all summer to the substitution of water in the red glass instead of the red wine in the white glasses of the rest of the family but evidently I wasn’t fooled. The little red glass was always kept in the corner cupboard and you remember, your great Aunt Julia showed it to you the summer of 1926. Another time I will tell you of Uncle Theo’s engagement in 1889 and his visit to us in Piermont but first comes the story of Annchen Reuter Clemens Osthoff. Until then, all our love. Anna and Ernest

Sunday, October 20, 1940

Darling Daughter: – A gray rainy fall day ended this afternoon in brilliant, warm sunshine with the prospects of a bright Sunday to–morrow. That is why I am beginning my weekly letter to–night, to make sure that the call of out–of–doors doesn’t tempt us, or rather me, to delay writing. You see, before I go on to the generation of your grand–parents, there is just one more tale of your great grandparents that I want to tell you. I only learned it myself just six years ago when your Godmother (my sister Dorothy) came to visit us because it was our silver anniversary year. It all centers around Mme Reuter’s younger daughter, Annchen. I never dreamed that the sad faced but still beautiful likeness of my mother’s mother that I knew had in her youth caused so much commotion. The Reuters and the Siebs, as you know, both came from this North Sea Island where the town called Hooksiel, no doubt a Dutch name, like our own Sandy Hook. And it is only natural that young Paul Theodor should fall in love and become engaged to lovely Annchen Reuter. But that he should have as his friend Clemens Oshoff and invite him to meet his fiancée, had the unexpected results of a broken engagement and Annchen’s being won over by the friend. To see this young girl must have been to wish to marry her, for when after she visited the Osthoff family, Clemen’s younger brother Carl fell so

greatly in love with his brother's fiancée that he wanted to fight a duel with him because of lovely Annchen. But fortunately he calmed down. Later, Paul Theodor Siebs married the eight-year older Frederika Reuter with the result that his son John (Jan) Gerhand could have as his only cousin Annie Osthoff and the outcome of that, you know from my last week's letter. In this way the little medal, coined in honor of that Doctor Leidenfrost comes down to you, thru the union of Siebs and Osthoff. There is just one more relative of this oldest generation that I remember, Paul Theodor's only sister Hermine my Godmother, Tante Minchen I called her when I saw her at seven years – she was then the widow of judge Luders and always lovely to me, leaving me her diamond pin in her will. You often see me wear this round onyx brooch. More next time Dearest. Goodnight now. All our love, Dad and Mother.

Sunday, November 10, 1940

Darling Daughter: – On this day before Armistice, my thoughts go back, as so often before to that first day in 1918 but this afternoon Ernest and I have just heard Dr. Fosdick on the Omnipotence of God. What he said seemed so familiar, as if I had dreamed it: that God uses even the evil in the world. The God in history proves this; and while we can't leave to him the task alone, but must each one of us do our part, in the end that evil even in the dictators will be put done.??? Dr. F. said that to him personally God had always appeared as manifested in Nature and also in one's own "personal self". But there is also this third form and unless all history reverses itself, it will in time be as it was with all great conquerors, from the beginning down thru Napoleon.

Ernest and I have had two such wonderful rambles in the Park. It was so nice walking on the soft grass lawns and meadows. The first one Saturday P.M. because the weather man forecast rain for Sunday but so far it hasn't arrived and we were out again this noon. Bishop Tucker over the radio at 10 a.m. was a repetition of what he always says, give money for Missions etc. You see Lee is still at her sister's and it may be until end of next week before the return of Mr. George Boyd sends Lee back home again; at least she said as much over the phone yesterday adding that she was getting alone all right with the clothes she had at hand, had even darned her own stockings. I sewed at top speed last evening putting a new shorter coat hem in that splendid black rough woolen suit, but it was so mild to-day that I could still wear my oxford gray suit. My wardrobe is in fine shape, only when you come home for the holidays please bring me that brown extra wool skirt to wear under my brown heavy coat for real winter in January. And that reminds me, Sweetheart, to mention your expressed fear of another cold winter. If you could only build up your general health, you could stand it better. I find 2 pairs of thin stockings ar so much better than one. If Ernest only keeps as well as he is now, the few added pounds help to make him feel so much warmer – I can tell this by the thinner suits he still likes to wear.

In your dear air mail of last Sunday, which you don't wish me to refer to too much, you gave me the key to al your previous writing, at least I re-read all your letters and am more convinced than ever that you are a mighty good sport, with Marty's help. But please don't try to be too brave or strain yourself too much. Life makes such constant demands on our strength and endurance and I know that for the sake of all of us here who depend so much on you, not just Ernest & I alone, you will take extra good care of your dear self. All our love, Dad and Mother.

Sunday, Nov 10th, 1940

Darling Daughter; My usual beginning got so involved with Armistice Day thoughts that I had no room left to go on with story. And before I do continue, I think it is only fair to mention the Vogelsang side of your family. I fear I can't tell you much for when I asked your Grandmother in Duellen for details, she couldn't tell me much. Your great grandfather Vogelsang who started the Phenania Mills in Duellen was given a "decoration" for his contribution to Industry. He was also a high mason and the first to organize the factory owners to safe guard themselves against the

strikes the workers. In other words if a strike was called in a certain factory, the workmen couldn't get work in neighboring town's in the factories of the organized group. You know he lived to be ninety and in the house where you called on the Arthur Spindlers, who married an Eickert, a first cousin of your father & the Spindlers used to live in great style in the present Wilhelm Voogelsang house but that was before the big [velvet in] plush mills failed, the same in which Ernest's brother-in-law Herman Muellers, the inventor was a partner. All was in it's glory on our wedding trip in 1909, all were living in their homes then. You remember the home then, called #20 Mark Strasse where your father was born, the youngest of six. Your great grandfather's wife was a Klinker, a relative of the Mr. Klinker whom we visited in Bath, while his oldest son Herman, your grandfather married Minna Greis. You see when Ernest and I were married my father looked up the name Vogelsang in the Almanac de Getha and found that the family started in Austria as the Baron Isaah Vogelsang at least he was the branch who moved to the Rhine section in Germany, and the name was used again by your great grandfather. I asked Dorie Vogelsang's husband Hans Adams if all this might be true when he met him the summer of 1926 and he said it was. That a branch of the family were known in England is suggested by a line in one of Tennyson's poems "Dead rode Sir Mortimer Fogelsang – you see there the spelling is F instead of V as the sounds are similar between the two languages. Some friend of mine, Clement MacPherson now, even had my silver orange spoons marked A.S.F. and I had to have them changed. That, my dear, is all I know about the family Vogelsang that you don't know yourself. Goodnight & sweet dreams. All our love, Your Father and Mother

Sunday Nov. 17th 1940

Happy Thanksgiving!

Darling Daughter: –As I start my to-day's story, Ernest has just reminded me that I left out the most interesting Vogelsang account, namely about his father's youngest brother, Wilhelm. At the time of the Franco Prussian War, he was a young student at the University of Bonn, but so young that he was always refused, tho he tried everywhere to get into the army. Later, being such an enthusiastic volunteer and because the war made more soldiers necessary he was accepted, only to be killed almost immediately in action on Jan 3rd 1871 at the Battle of Bapaume and buried there. It was in his memory that his father, your great grandfather built the little Protestant church that you attended in Duellen. Now back to the Siebs' side. Before I tell you of your great uncle Geheimnat Prof. Dr. Theodor Siebs' courtship and marriage, I will have to go back and explain how it happened that his oldest sister, Julia, was born in Italy and the next younger one, your grandfather at the ancestral home on the North Sea Island. The father of Paul Theodor (who married Frederika Reuter) was Jan Gerd, who had only 2 children, Paul Theodor and Hermina – his wife I believe died very early and he himself was killed age 36 when his sham of fast horses ran away. This home I think was called Siebshausen and his 2 orphan children had a guardian, who later moved to Italy where he was a very successful merchant importer and exporter. The ward, Paul Theodor should really have been allowed to follow his natural and inherited bend of being a student but the guardian was more interested in trade and industry so when Paul Theodor married he had to bring his bride to the Italian port city of Triest and there their first child, Julia, was born. You don't know Italy but you can hell imagine that the young wife, used to the Holland like way of life was most unhappy among the Italians of her time. To please her, her young husband gave up his splendid business chances with his guardian and went back to his and his wife's homeland – there the 2nd child, your grandfather was born. But the island home no longer afforded a living as sailing vessels fell off, so they moved to Bremen and the impractical student like Paul Theodor brought himself into some sort of business that soon failed, something to do with the Colonies and the products therefrom. After that there was the chance to enter the employ of the old Bremen firm of Lange [SohnWitwe], which means the firm was continued by the widow of the son of the original founder, Lange. Here he remained practically all his life until his death in 1913. Only [Albrechts] were in the firm, even grandsons of the owners, in Paul Theodor's late years – he always went to the Exchange and wore the formal black Prince Albert suit of Queen Victoria's husband's invention. The Bremen of his young life still had the so-called big

citizenship of those who had property and he was fond of being one. It must always have been adverse to Jews tho for the old city with its 9 gates over the water moat allowed no Jew to remain overnight and while they might trade there during the day, the closing of gates drove them out into the outskirts, the so called [Neustadt]. That is all for this time Sweetheart. All our love. Dad and Mother

Sunday Nov. 24th 1940

Darling Daughter: - In thinking over what I wrote last week about your great grandparents Siebs, one truth stands out above all else, the fact that your great grandmother so regretted her impulsive wish to leave Italy and its personal advantages for her young husband, that she impressed her mistake upon her young niece and later, daughter-in-law. My mother often told me how continuously, she was cautioned not to let homesickness or other causes interfere with her ability to adapt herself to new strange surroundings and thus ruin her husband's business chances – this my mother never did. But there were other results from the early Italian connection and since the guardian was still alive in Italy when the younger daughter of Paul Theodor Siebs was a grown up (having had a year's advantage of schooling in England where she passed her English language teaching tests) her mother took her to Italy to visit the former guardian. There, Anna Siebs with her charm, her fair coloring of skin and blond hair and her blue eyes was sought in marriage by a well known Italian Senator, Baron Vincenzo di Cordova, a widower without children, but very much older, nearly the age of her own father. This man's home and estates were on the Island of Sicily, county of Catania near the township of Aidony – all these spellings are from my own vague memory. Because of his age and his impoverished estates, Anna Siebs' family in Bremen did not think well of the match but the marriage did take place. In 1897 Baron Vincenzo di Cordova died and the following year the widow visited her home town of Bremen where I met (my family being in Bremen too, that summer) my Godmother aunt for whom I was named. A friendship started between us that lasted all her life and kept up thru an exchange of English letters. In her heyday she was in Rome while her husband was in the Senate, was a personal friend of the then Queen Margaret with whom she often had tea; had her ruby jewel-necklace broken and a part stolen by her personal maid, so that she had to have the lost part replaced by garnets etc. But most important of all, her younger brother Theodor (now your great uncle) visited her in Rome while he was just a very new professor, having but recently gotten his degree of doctor in his branch of learning. It was during that Easter vacation in Rome that Dr. Siebs met his future wife. She was then Ellen Asmus, born on the shores of Lake Superior, the daughter of Ellen and George Asmus a mining engineer, who also wrote poetry. She had only one brother, who became a well-known vocalist in Dusseldorf where he invented the magnetic instrument for drawing out particles of steel that had become lodged in the eye. I learned all these particulars from an American competing oculist whose instrument was not as practical as Dr. Edward Asmus – the latter's wife was called Hildegrad, and they never had any children. I think you called on the widow in 1926 when you went to Dusseldorf with your Aunt Dorothy Amsinck. But now you see, Dearest, where I get my theory of cause and effect of little things in lives of people – a Divine plan, it seems to me. Goodbye till next time. Your parents' love – Mother.

Saturday, January 18th 1941

My Dearest Dear: - Before I go on with my memory pictures of long ago, let me add three special ones of the last month of 1940, not counting those that belong to Ernest alone. Foremost is the Candlelight Service at St. James, the afternoon of Christmas Eve and the walk home afterwards – do you remember how truly “Christmasy” the streets with the lights and all the hurrying people looked? Then there was your own surprise Christmas dinner party!!, a dream all the way thru from the candle lighted table with its decoration, favors and place cards, to the last morsel of the delicious repast. And then there was that walk you and I took together up as far as 88th Street and back on Park Avenue. This reminds me that we spoke of Mildred Hughes, and I know you had planned that we would call on her and her aunt together some afternoon. But you caught that throat germ and had to stay indoors – that's why I called

Mildred after you left on the phone and explained. I am glad I did for she said at once, you had promised to come and see her, but she understood of course,, how you were prevented and now I am going to call on them in your place and alone. Meanwhile your dear letter of Thursday the 16th has been added to our 1941 collection. I am already looking forward to meeting Grace Curtis and her mother and hope they won't find it too out of their way to come here. Our young "medico" brought another nice looking 1st year man back with him after their Sat. 1 P.M. class closing, to get some things (I think to go skating) so around 5 P.M. Lawrence says, he will be back again to get ready to go home to Long Island, until Sunday night I imagine. If extreme neatness helps in making a good surgeon, he can qualify – you remember Karl was neat too, but so sadly handicapped by his father's weakness. Trust they may be alike as to brains.

Last lingering mementos of Christmas – a few of these little cakes you got to serve with your sherry. I have just eaten two of the little round white ones, taste all right but they are a trifle hard to bite into. Olga gave me their special "stolen" – it too, is a bit dried out, but you know our fondness for such.

Noon on Sunday Jan. 19th 1941

We heard such a splendid sermon by Dr. Ralph Sackman (WEAF); we first turned to the usual WABC but that did not sound as promising – E & I are becoming, like so many others, followers of Dr. Sackman it seems.

Then I telephoned Finch's and spoke to Clement's daughter Francis MacPherson, age 18 – she is coming here around 3 o'clock and we will have tea later. Ernest will mail this for me now on his walk – it isn't inviting enough for me to go, besides I may go out later this afternoon to show Frances the way here from #61 East 77th Street. Monday evening there is a yearly meeting here of our apartment corporation, Tuesday Ernest has promised to call on Miss Marry, and no doubt Mary Deuso will be in this week too to get us to help her with her income tax. I think it so nice that Lewdie could meet one of your girls – Joan sounds nice too. No doubt your school will fill up again. Lots of love and hope the sniffles are better with all your care. We are happily well. Kisses too. Dad & Mother.

January 10, 1941

My to-day's story is called: "The quest for the other half". It is about a little girl, at least she was once a little girl (tho she is now quite grown up) who from birth was given this very important mission. She had the usual ancestors, if not the full number, for her mother's parents were first cousins, whose marriage had not taken place until the bride was nearing thirty, for it meant going far away to live. And so the mother of our heroine was born in this distant country where, less than two decades before, a terrible war had laid waste the land. When our heroine was only four, war clouds again obscured the sun, this time from Imperial forces that set the whole world aflame: and this war held within it the seeds of another conflict, bound to take place after twenty years of so called peace.

Paula had had two trips to Europe, one at sixteen and one at nineteen, so that she did manage to see a bit of foreign life before the American economic upheaval of 1929. Then in September 1939 real warfare returned, griping the European, Asiatic and North African countries and leaving only the Americas still nominally at peace.

All in all, it was a restless, trying period in the life of mankind while Paula was passing thru her twenties, so that the promise of a convent like retreat proved a blessing, especially when added to this there was the rare companionship with another young woman of like tastes and talents and the chances of traveling from coast to coast together. While Paula gathered into herself all this book knowledge and practiced her artistic craftsmanship, she never lost rein of the fact that she had yet to make her life-long contribution to mankind, only the shape and form of it was still obscure.

All that Paula could do was to keep testing and trying. She had been granted outward beauty, inward grace and a certain rare understanding, not acquired thru diligent study nor the reading of the printed page.

It was Goethe who said "One must take two glances into the book of real life, for every one that is spent on the printed page" And in Parsifal, when this Knight sings of his mother, it is of her compassion he sings; a selfless love that is beyond sympathy, for it is "Mit Leid," a suffering with another.

Up to now, Paula had been mostly attracted by the visible form of man, their gifts of charm and powers to fascinate, but as she grew in years, years spent in sincerely trying to help everyone whose life touched her own, she grew in judgement too. And slumbering within her was that force seeking ever for the one whose life was the other half, the half that with her won would make the whole complete. For life has to go on, regardless of wars, etc. and always new beings are coming forth on whom special duties rest. If thru illness or accident, some are deprived from continuing the line, there is no doubt special compensation, but the others must carry on, remember that while it may be a fine thing in later life to adopt some orphan infant, that child will have more of a real home if it may have both foster father and foster mother, instead of just foster mother alone.

And so we see our heroine well fortified to continue the "quest", having rid herself of all hindrances, left over from earlier days and not of the quality or substance from which true shape and form can be fashioned.

And now I have come to the end of part one of my story. Anna Siebs Vogelsang

Appendix 2: Transcription of Paula Vogelsang's recording of her childhood memories from Georgia

Paula recorded two hours of her recollections of growing up in Augusta, Georgia. The recordings were probably made in the 1990s, and were kept by Katherine King Ackerman, who knew Paula and who was the daughter of Barbara Nelson King, a student at Stephens College when Paula taught at Stephens.

The Georgia Years—a memoir of the early twentieth century. Written in simple meter by Paula Vogelsang Leonard, and read by the author.

My age was four, [break], leading to our house built up on the hill, the year the first great conflict of our time began. Of course, I did not know about it then, but tags of recollection still include the summer day Nurse took me out to watch a train crawl through a Blue Ridge mountain pass. My grandparents again were bound abroad—first to New York, then on to Germany, to visit with a married daughter there. Though no more was expected of the trip than from their travel of a year before, yet it would mark the start of long delays before they saw their Alabama home. The fracas sparked in Sarajevo – said, “not apt [1:00] to last a year—best wait it out in neutral Switzerland”. But fear was on the waters when the Lusitania sank. Within a year, their youngest daughter dared to leave her parents in their safe retreat. She dared the ocean to obstruct her way, to come to us in Georgia's Sand Hill town. And did she find her namesake changed? Oh yes, the year had left a visual mark in growth and unsuspected scars. Perhaps the curls still brushed around a stick remained the same—like snapshots that went back and forth across the barrier ocean, sent to reassure that all was well, although not all was true. My father's livelihood had been cut off by breaks in contact with his uncle's firm in Germany. My mother had to draw on funds her father gave her access to, when she—a native-born American—was named an alien [2:00] by marriage to a German citizen. All this unknown to me, so young. Yet in my bones enough aware of strain, my stomach would rebel. My first appearance at a private school was over in a day when Cook was sent to bring me home again. Her stern advice: “Miss Anna, don't you send this child to school. Not til the war is over in this town.” And so it was my tutoring began, and lasted longer than it should have done. The first two years, her weekday mornings free, my neighbor piano teacher took me on. I came at nine, my books in shiny bag. The time went fast, as best of all I liked the stories we would read. Black Beauty, and The Water Babies. And arithmetic. On Saturdays, Miss Marston came to me for scales and little tunes. She always knew if I had failed to practice as I should. The afternoons [3:00] were free to play outside. I made up sidewalk games, and bounced my ball against the pale brick chimney, high and wide. There were no other children on the block. Cornelia's mother often called to ask, “Can Paula come up here to play today?” I always went, but often had to wait while Mammy finished with Cornelia's curls and tied a big pink bow. Cornelia asked, “What shall we do today?” I made up things to fill the time til Mammy called us in for chocolate and crullers. Then I escaped downhill two blocks, to get back home again.

My parents have been speaking very low, as something bad has happened to the house left vacant in Montgomery, ever since my grandparents have been away abroad. At last, my mother told me what it was: police reported burglars have been caught in daylight, living in the house some weeks, while robbing folks all over town at night. They want her to confirm the damage done. She plans to take me with her when she goes. We'll stay there with her friend, aunt Algie Hill, whose daughter Marjorie will play with me. I'm thrilled with going now to see the town where Mother and my aunts grew up to be

young debutantes, and where my father came to marry Mother in that very house. I've tried hard to remember going to the Blue Ridge Mountains on a train at night, but I cannot—trains will be new to me. Before I knew it, Mother had us packed, and we departed in the Pullman car, in chairs that whirled around from side to side, allowing everyone a choice of view. The train passed through enormous cotton fields. I like the rivers best, and next the towns. We ate our chicken sandwiches and grapes, and though I do not take a nap at home, the jiggle of the train, the turning chairs—cause me to fall asleep. Til suddenly the train stopped with a jerk, and we were there. Three of the family met us, all with hugs and off we drove with Uncle Walton at the wheel of his enormous touring car. Aunt Algie's house is nice, and Marjorie has a treehouse of her own, in her backyard. Her father built it for her by himself. I was too happy to sleep well that night. The next day, Mother was away all day with Uncle Walton—lawyer in her case against the city's failure to protect the property of long-time residents. I played all day with Marjorie. She likes to bake clay models in her little stove. And then we'd paint them with some nice designs. Tomorrow she has promised we will spend up in the treehouse with a picnic lunch. She's nearly three years older than I am. That doesn't seem to bother her at all. I'm having such a good time, but I hate the troubles that have come to Mother here: their fine French china used and thrown away, the crystal shattered on the dirty hearths. She hired help to sweep the wreckage out, then burned the papers, threw out damaged things. It's all so sad. Her parents must not see the awful mess made of their home. She blames the clerk in Grandpa's office, too. He failed to check. She'll write her father for advice. The week flew by. Then Mother said, "I can't do more without consent. I must come back." The tears were mixed with kisses at the train. If Mother comes back soon, she'll come alone. I'm not in proper school, but Margie is. She missed almost a week while I was there. She said, "It doesn't matter—I'll catch up." I hope to be that sure about myself.

Aunt Paula is as beautiful as silk, as golden damask in my picture books. Cook asks, "She's sweet as honey—where's the flies?" My mother doesn't worry—she keeps count of letters from the Ensign they first met at balls the Admiral Bob Evans gave aboard his ship down at Biloxi's port. The year was 1907, the time when she and middle sister Dorothy came out. Then when the Ensign came to pay his call, young Paula hurried to the parlor first—perhaps he'd take her for the sister close in likeness. But he claimed he wasn't fooled, and now his letters keep on coming here from Portsmouth, where his ship is in drydock. Since he can't get [break], can come to Portsmouth for a visit soon. Aunt Paula feared the winter cold up there, til Mother's planning swept her off her feet, to land on a northbound train, with furs to shield her from the cold, and someone nice to join her in New York as chaperone. The news came in a letter, right away: Aunt Paula is engaged. The wedding plans will have to wait, perhaps in May or June. But where? No way to know, no way to plan. My mother is as calm as calm can be. Not me: I've got to let off steam somehow. So off I go, down to the streetcar line, to wait for Jem, who comes to do the wash. I know that I can count on her to scream, and maybe drop her bundles, which she did. She clapped hands and shouted to the sky. "Hozannah, praise the lord. Amen, Amen." Aunt Paula's romance is a lovely thing for me. I am to be the flower girl, wherever when the wedding can take place. My mother must be present, too: she has her father's job, to give the bride away to her new Navy husband. Best of all, if he's shipped out, she will come back to us. The only catch: the haircut promised me will have to wait until the wedding's done. My mother thinks the sacrifice is small, but not to me. I'm tired now of curls. The best romance I know is still the one that tells the story how my parents met. It took some doing on my grandpa's part. His oldest turning 25, he said, "This summer, Daughter goes abroad with me to do my packing while the rest of you enjoy some good American resort." They sailed away as planned, to England first. My Mother loved it all. The busy days they shared, the special weekends spent at Bath,

with Grandpa's business friend, who said, "Too bad. You missed my nephew by a single week. In Bremen with his boss my brother, now—he soon returns to Georgia, in your South." I know Grandfather smiled, as Bremen was their final business stop. Head of the firm of Heineken & Vogelsang, his friend, to whom he yearly shipped more cotton bales. The chance of meeting this young nephew: good. But cleverness did not provide the clue. Their passage would be booked on the same ship. Yet so it was. They met in Bremen, where the trio sailed together for New York. My mother said she cried herself to sleep, for fear he might be younger than herself. What joy—he was her junior by a week. Day followed happy day on easy seas. The voyage ended with them deep in love, and Grandpa was as pleased as punch, himself.

I wish the War was not becoming ours. It's worse for me now than it was before. The boys walk by our house when school is out, and call me German. Then they pick up rocks to throw at me if I don't run away. My mother says, "Why don't you tell these boys, 'My mother comes from France—Alsace.'" But I doubt very much if they would care at all. Yet for my sake, my mother always stressed the French connections on her family's side. Though money was so scarce she paid for my French orphan by adoption. Like my friends, I then could wear a boy doll made of yarn, to stand for Rene Tratois, just my age, who wrote two letters. I replied in French. Aunt Paula helped me translate my thoughts. My father walks with me to Sunday school. Good Shepherd is our church now, since we moved. St. Paul's, where I was baptized long ago, burned down with half the town. A cotton fire, soon after we left town. Augusta's luck was bad for years. If cotton on the streets did not ignite a fire, the levee failed to stem the tide, produced a muddy flood. We watched a fire once from on The Hill behind our house. I thought the whole town burned, it scared me so. I couldn't sleep awhile.

A Northern family moved into the house across the street from us. They have a boy my age called Minot, and a baby girl. Their father walks with canes out to his car, the chauffeur standing by in case he falls. He teaches something in the med school here, a part of Georgia's university. Minot attends the public school close by, where Mother goes to get new books each year for me to learn at home. Miss Marsten now is busy helping with the baby boy born to the Pendletons next door, and named just like his father for the Pendleton who signed the independence document. I hope he'll grow up fast and be my friend. Minot comes home each day as soon as school is out. He says the boys won't let him in their games. I guess they don't like Northern boys. I know just how he feels, but I don't tell him so. One day he said to me, "If we go up in back of your garage, I'll pee for you." Because I was surprised, I went along. But when he said, "It's your turn now", I said, "No! I don't have to go!", and left him there. I told my mother and she hid a smile behind her hand. She told me not to mind. "Boys aren't all bad, but sometimes with a girl they like to show off." I don't understand. When we two skate, I like to lead us out into the street, although I'm not allowed. What tempts me is the asphalt—it's so smooth. And skating down a hill, I get a thrill. We go just like the wind, but then I know that I've done something wrong, and I feel bad.

Cornelia's mother telephones here still, to ask if I can come up there to play. I make a face and say, "Do I have to go?" My mother knows that I would rather play Parchesi with Ann Wallace on her porch. She's in a big white cast up to her hip, from polio. She looks almost as white. The nurse comes back with her each time they go back up to Boston's Children's Hospital. Ann's mother never gives up hope someday the doctors find a way to fix Ann's leg, so she can dance and play games out of doors like all the rest of us. I hope so too. Since Ann can't go to school, a teacher comes to her. Her sister Bette, who goes to school, can't understand why I don't have to go. I try to tell her, but she doesn't stay still long enough to hear the reason why.

The word has come: the wedding can take place late June in Washington, as we all hoped. The bridegroom's ship has put in for repairs, before it's ordered to proceed to France. Our house is full of plans, and brand-new clothes. No one is noticing I cough a lot, until the paper says that whooping cough has broken out in numbers on The Hill. I'm taken to the doctor, and confirmed. There's time enough to clear the wedding date, so I'm still to be the flower girl. But I am not as happy as before—before I had to get this tacky cough. It makes the family nervous, I can tell, although they all are extra-nice to me. I get a chocolate milkshake every day and have to take a rest each afternoon. Yes, Minot has it too. He wants to come to play parchesi, but I say, “No thanks.”

Aunt Paula's wedding dress is like a suit. The dress is navy silk, with satin trim. The coat is made in matching satin, too. Her hat has ostrich plumes. I hear them say, “Oh, what a handsome couple they will be.” My dress was sent by mail from Switzerland. It has too much embroidery for me, but since it's all in white, it doesn't show. And best of all, my cough is almost gone. My mother has arranged for us to spend a week beside the ocean afterwards. “The salty air will pick you up”, she said, perhaps recalling how I begged to go to Tybee Island on Savannah's shore. I know now why she had to let me down: we had no money of our own for trips. Not since the war in Europe had we been back to the mountains in Virginia.

Our train reached Washington, and we were met by friends, who drove us out to Chevy Chase, where Saturday the wedding will take place. They pointed out the Capitol to me, and famous men on horseback carved in stone. The Inn at Chevy Chase is very nice, and here it was festivity began. A dinner, when the groom and his best man appeared. At first, I mixed them up a bit. It could have been the uniforms they wore—I should have recognized the happy one. The best man says he has a job to do. My mother and the bride looked happy too. The next day I felt fine, until I saw a sea of people. Uniforms filled up the grey stone church. The pews were empty when I was rehearsed, but now a [afraid?] of fear, I stepped out cautiously into the aisle. But then the wedding music gave me back my pleasure in the role of flower girl. The words my mother spoke were clear. So too the bridegroom's vows. I could not hear a word Aunt Paula said. Did she, too, suffer fear? But she was smiling on my uncle's arm as they came through an arch of Navy swords. Now, summing up on weddings from my first, what strikes me is the mix of tears and joy. If my sweet aunt does not come home to us, I gain an uncle, lose a most dear aunt. My mother thinks it is a fair exchange. She said so on the trains we had to take for me to see the ocean, breathe the air colliding with the waves along the shore. The boardwalk is a block from our hotel, but darkness had the ocean covered up when we arrived. Yet we could hear the roar. I almost asked, “Will it go on all night?”, then caught myself—the noise was new to me. The strange and hollow sound, unlike the sea's familiar look from pictures known to all. At breakfast, I was eager to be out, the pull so strong I could not bear delay. The ocean, with its curling wave, white sand, is all I hoped for—like a dream come true. The boardwalk—such an artificial thing, more like the world. Hotels and shops, with crowds all rushing here and there to get somewhere, as if there were no war, as if the war was still uncommitted here. But April 6, my mother's birthday, war had been declared on Germany. A bitter day for her. A day she lost her birthright and became enemy to her own native land by marriage vows. Forswearing all for love. Aunt Paula's birthday kiss was marred by tears, but Mother did not let me see her cry—if cry she did, she went right on with plans. The wedding having been accomplished now, the time for shearing curls had come at last. I watched as one by one they fell apart, to rest in other hands, detached from me. My mother claimed the first one for her own. The color dull, unlike the tiny lock of palest gold, a treasure kept secure in tissue, folded in my baby book. Why would she want to keep a lifeless curl?

The weekend brought a big surprise. Best man arrived, decked out this time in Navy whites. Lieutenant Shoemaker, his proper name. My mother calls him Harry. “What shall I?” I asked her. “Uncle Harry”, she replied. I tried to, but his name remains Best Man. He said he missed my curls. I tossed my head to show him I feel free, but down inside the short-haired girl a stranger to me still. We three had fun; I loved the Sunday ride, a wicker carriage pushed for miles along the boardwalk. Yet the ocean never changed. My mother thought it safe for me to wade, but not to go in deeper than my knees. I loved the way salt water made me feel—the tingling foam, intruding through my toes. A big wave knocked me down. I scrambled up again, but Mother beckoned me: come out! She later on explained, “I cannot risk your getting sick. We have a long train trip ahead of us. I want to bring you home with roses in your cheeks,” which made me say, “The roses have already come from sun, but Father will not like my hair, I know. What can we do?” “Not much,” was her reply, “unless I roll it up in handkerchiefs at night, to try to fluff it out a bit.” I soon felt better, since no problem is too big or small for her—she solves them all. I giggled when the mirror showed a girl like Topsy—hair screwed up in rags. I said, “I hope the train keeps on the train tonight [?], and snuggled up to Mother in our berth.

Then back at home, we settled down to war. Aunt Paula had a ten day honeymoon in Garden City. Now back at home with us, she goes to meet the postman every day, without success, until at last from France, the letter that gets through has strips cut out. I thought it was the love words! I was wrong—the censor cut out any clue to where his ship might be, including sun and rain. We wonder if my uncle gets the word he is to be a father by next Spring. I’m thrilled about the baby, but admit the Service Star in our front window is a source of happiness. None of my friends has someone from her household overseas, though Minot says it’s not legitimate. “Why not? My uncle’s wife and child-to-be live here, and here he will come home to them, we hope and pray.” Aunt Paula says she needs to have my lessons for distraction now. We work on fractions, hours at a time. Our full commitment to the Allied cause brings big and little changes, day by day. Camp Hancock is a different place at war. The neighborhood we live in—just the same.

Minot admits he likes the girls at school. He finds them pretty—also, smart. He says, “I hope we stay here til I’m old enough to marry one of them—but how to choose?” “I bet you’ll make more than one choice”—from me, which makes him mad. “You are too smart with words for any good [gap] what you say.” The threat I leave him with: “Just wait and see.”

My mother had a funny piece of news, about a young man coming from New York to live with us. A German she calls George, but I’m to call him Cousin George, although he’s no relation. I am quite confused—a German coming here, when we’re at war? It seems like asking trouble to get worse! Aunt Paula tried to help me understand—“This George”, she said, “is friends with Dodo’s grand in-laws in Bremen. He is sick and sad. She asked if we could take him in down here. You know how soft a heart your mother is.” So now he’ll be arriving soon, I guess. I’m still confused, but not in such a state, except for wondering where he will sleep. My aunt has had the guest room to herself for years. When Baby comes, she gets my room, while I continue sleeping on the porch. My aunt, I hear, will have a bed there too, and also have the upstairs sitting room. Then Cousin George becomes the honored guest. There I will have my lessons. What a blow! I knew Miss Marsten and Aunt Paula when they took me on, but this new man is strange to me. My parents say it’s all because the baby’s birth is near. Aunt Paula’s time is spoken for, although a mammy nurse will sleep in my room too [break] be in charge. It seems there’s not much room for us to claim in our new house. The war could be the cause. I’m forced to be a patriot in this, as well as filling up our savings card with war stamps, which is slow. I wish I knew a way to make some money on my own. I asked Aunt Paula if she’s going to have a boy or girl. She says you never

know—surprise is part of all the waiting time. My mother now puts me in charge at night, in case Aunt Paula needs an errand girl. The trouble is, I can't be sure to wake, and she may be reluctant, too, to call. I tried to stay awake one night, in vain. The pine trees rustled in the wind, and rain was noisy on the roof. My eyelids fell, and I was gone. She promises to call. The baby's due in March, so I announce my birthday ought to be the goal. I'd like that fine this year, in place of party fun. My wish began to make me anxious. Then I really stayed awake most of the night before the 14th. How we talked, we two, but Baby did not budge—refused to come. Nor did she make her entrance known at night, but bright and early. When I heard the moans, I went at once to call my mother out, then she took charge of course. I made the beds. We all had breakfast, though without the cook. My father got the car and had to wait while Mother did the things she had to do. She called the Pendletons, who said, "Do send her over when you leave, and keep in touch." We heard by telephone the hour was noon when baby Dorothy at last appeared, and all went well, as we had prayed it would. I went right home to share the news with Cook. Cook's name is Alice, but I call her Cook. She doesn't seem to mind, but Mother says it may not show sufficient respect. Yet Mother does address her special friend as Doctor—nothing more—and I know well she has ultimate respect for him, and even love. My mother would have liked to be a doctor—I'm sure of that. Well, she can practice now on Baby Blue. Blue is for girls. How did I come to know the baby's sex? I felt it in my bones. My uncle cabled us his pride and joy, to welcome Dorothy—their very own. I'm trying not to mind that I can't join the rush to hospital. I am too young. I'll see the baby when they bring her home, where Mammy Jane will guard her like a bear. I wander round the house from room to room and wonder where the joyfulness has gone. My father says the changes will be big, until we settle in a new routine. But what about my school? I'll fall behind! "We all will help," he says, "your aunt is strong, and Cousin George is coming from New York as soon as he feels better." Mother thinks the fearful Georgia heat will be a shock he could not handle now. She's likely right. I cannot help but wonder if he knows there is a baby now, but I don't ask. I hope that we can keep our Service Star until the war is over, won and gone.

On Sundays Mammy Jane goes home to stay all night at Turpin Hill. I get to hold the baby all I want, unless she cries. She sometimes sleeps beside us on the porch when there's no storm, her crib between our beds. It feels like playing dolls, and twice the fun. My aunt at times may even feel the same. The baby looks so calm in mother's arms. I wonder if she ever is confused. Aunt Paula's milk is not quite rich enough to fill the baby up. She cries for more. Each day I fetch the milk a friendly cow provides, and for the task a shiny wheel has come to me from Uncle Vaughn. What joy! How proud I am to ride the four long blocks in splendor, coasting down the hills with care, the bottle in my basket, standing tall. And Baby is a happy baby now. While pictures sail to France, she's getting fat. And Cousin George sent pictures from New York. He doesn't look so sick—in fact, he looks quite young and handsome. Not a foreign type—for that, I'm grateful. Still, I'll wait and see. His nature and his personality are more important than his looks to me.

Aunt Paula has it all—she's beauty plus. No man could be as patient as she is. I wish I knew my grandparents as well as I know Mother and her sister now. They must be proud and happy with the girls they raised. All three are winners in my eyes, although Aunt Dodo's image is not clear. I hope we'll be together soon again. I know her mostly through her sisters' eyes. The gay and married one, the Southern Belle. My father's parents, I may never know. They seem so far away, cut off from us, where for a long time letters could not go. It's sad for Father, this I know so well.

My tennis is improving, now I play three times a week in Hickman Park. We meet at half past six. The early air is fresh. The friends I play with—sisters—live nearby, and they secure the court. We three

have fun, but doubles is a better game, of course. My bike can get me to the park and back in record time. My mother makes me eat my cereal each day before I leave to fetch the milk from Mrs. Campbell's cow. The afternoons are restful. Mother shuts the blinds, and then we read, while Mammy takes the baby in her carriage to the shade. My father comes from town. It's often late. We have the nice cold supper Cook has left on ice for us, and later we enjoy the evening breezes on our screened-in porch. I soon get sleepy—leave them playing cards. “We'll have a fourth for bridge when George arrives,” I hear my mother say. I'd just as soon this summer never ends. I like it hot. If I don't get along with Cousin George, perhaps I'll be allowed to go to school. The war is critical right now, but still the boys don't care as much to frighten me. September came with me still far from school. It seems that Cousin George has been informed that he is to teach the daughter of the house. “Perhaps next year” I say, to show good heart, although I do feel sad. Aunt Paula found the time to start the fourth grade books with me. When Cousin George arrived, he was too sick to do a thing but lie down in his room. My mother and her doctor friend agree that something more than sadness is the cause. They favor his appendix, but before the issue came to proof, the massive war had stumbled to a halt, and changed the world from deep anxiety to sudden joy. Armistice was achieved. The war was done. No peace could match the losses war had brought—although all hearts were grateful, some were sad. I understood the mixture from the talk around our dinner table. From the tears relief failed to express. As I look back, it's strange: the celebrations taking place in honor of Armistice Day in town are missing from my memory. Perhaps in deference to Father, it was thought we all should stay away. But was that right? The Allies had to pay an awful price to overcome a powerhouse of war—a fact divided hearts can't disavow. My mother planned at once to have friends in for Cousin George. The fair Miss Presley, who grew up in France. Miss Hammond, who can sing in three romantic tongues, to good effect. The nice Grabowskis, too. It all went well. When it was time for me to say goodnight, I heard the music from the sleeping porch. Then Cousin George expressed a wish to spend some time at Father's office, which he did, until his stomach got upset again. I lost my dread of him, but suddenly his mind turned back to me. He asked my mother why I was not speaking German when they did. “Because she doesn't know it”, her reply—and he was shocked. A big mistake, he said—how will she manage when she goes abroad and sees her German cousins speak at least two foreign language[s]. The Swiss, two more. How can you make it up to her? “Perhaps I can't”, my mother said. “I only know I've done my best. You do not know the South.” I saw my mother's hurt, and how he talked before my face—as if I was not there. In time I learned about this German way of treating children like so many blocks of wood. The English do it too, I saw in books. But I was in a state—upset—and when my lessons in his room began, as nervous as a June Bug with one leg held captive on a spool of cotton thread. My teacher spoke to me of other wars in Europe's history. He showed me maps, in color, in my new Geography. By mid-day I was safely back with math, in my dear auntie's upstairs sitting room. I cannot say I like how things have changed, but if the passing time improves the new arrangements, I will try to do my best. My mother has enough to wear her down.

Developments were waiting round the bend. The next bad stomach pains sent Cousin George straight away by ambulance to hospital, where just in time—before it burst—his bad appendix was removed by Mother's friend. At first he was too sick for anyone but staff to see him. One of them, a nurse, went to police and claimed he was a spy. A German spy, the papers sewn inside his body in a tube—would be removed when he returned abroad. The surgeon, his accomplice. These bare facts I overheard, then saw the story in the *Chronicle*. Police in shifts, on guard outside his room. The surgeon, placed in house arrest, refused to let his patient's side be opened up. The nurse produced a map she said came from the patient's bedside stand, and then police revealed she was a mental case. They found a stack of little

pictures in her room, removed from trays. The map was taken from the novel *Treasure Island* in his room. The spy case died as fast as it had grown, but who can say that damage was not done? For one, I felt the tension back on me when boys stopped by to yell out, “Ring of spies!” Soon after his return from hospital, the change in Cousin George was evident. I noticed he spoke German less and less. Nor was he so intent on making known to Mother how she ought to bring me up.

In his recovery, bridge became the thing to hold his interest. The four adults played half the night, until my father claimed he could not burn the candle night and day without some disadvantage to us all. My mother thought the price was worth the risk until a clash in military skills broke out between my aunt and Cousin George. To keep the peace [and] avoid such wasted talk, my mother changed the partners in a swap. “I’ll take on George”, she said. “We may achieve a better power balance in the game.”

It soon appeared that notoriety had raised the interest of ladies who attended Mother’s musical event. Miss Presley and Miss Hammond both had phoned, and both came by in person to console the guest so roughly treated by police. Since both are pretty, it is hard to tell which is in favor. But the father of Miss Presley was ambassador to France. Her French and German both are good, whereas her rival with the fine soprano voice can sing in foreign tones, not speak at all. I really do not need to choose for him. My mother calls his present circumstance unsuited to romance. Cousin George, who was a hostile alien in the war, while my sweet father came here in good faith ten years before a single shot was fired.

My lessons went more smoothly as time passed, as long as nothing sparked the rivalry between Aunt Paula’s Navy and the peace that Cousin George deplors. And then the word came: my uncle now is ordered to assist the admiral assigned the heavy task—decamping US troops from France. This means no home leave soon for him to see his child. The baby almost 2 and talking now has named my father “Uncle Daddy”, while I’m coaching her to call my mother “Aunt”. We cannot blame her as she thinks she has two mothers or two aunts, plus a strange man. Not that he’s any good at baby play! He’s good at swimming, though, and now it’s warm he’s teaching us to swim at Lankey’s Pond at crack of dawn. My mother and myself are quick to learn, and Father cheers us on. Aunt Paula sometimes comes, but she’s not sure her faith in Cousin George is strong enough to hold her up if she should start to sink. Since Summer is vacation time for schools, my lessons also stop and I am free to play all day, as soon as I have brought the baby’s milk. I feel so rich in time. While Cousin George and Father work all day, the ladies of the house are busy too.

Then I decide to put on a show, out on the terrace, back of our house. The idea came to me because by chance, I found some records from New York a friend sent Cousin George—they do not suit his taste. Yet when I played the Sheik of Araby, I soon began to dance, and on and on—as though the music told me what to do. I asked my mother what a sheik would wear. “Well, what about a sheet?”, she said, and gave me one. And that is how the show began. A new girl on the block is taking dance from Miss Petit. Her costumes are the best. I took her in, and we designed a dance the two of us can do. I squeeze myself into a tutu from her pair, alike. When Minot saw us dance, he wanted in. I first said no, but later said we might work up a skit with Rosa’s small grandson who lives with her out back of Pendletons and hangs around us when we play outdoors. The next thing was to find some customers. We call at all the houses in the block, inviting everyone to see our show at sunset on the terrace, then brought out the kitchen chairs and all the folding stools. My father played our records for us, from the terrace windows in the living room. The day was fine, and all the neighbors came. My dance with Sara started off quite well, except for bumpy grass—it hurt bare feet. But when I wore my sandals for the Sheik, it all was smooth. Minot had blacked his face. The jokes he used, he got from vaudeville. His family clapped and clapped, the [end man?] did some tricky steps to polish up their skit. Then Cook and Rosa served cold lemonade;

our little show provided what I need to do good things, although I'm not in school. When people like a show, they let you know.

The time for school to start came round too soon, and not without another change for me. My history teacher said now that the heat is gone, the place for me is Cotton Row. He means to work for father, to repay the many deeds of kindness done for him. And to his motive, I could not object. But I suspect the guest room did seem dull, compared with selling cotton overseas. Aunt Paula took my extra subjects on, but she is not as happy as before. My mother says she is a hardship case. Her marriage was a ten day honeymoon! Now time moves on, with no relief in sight. I understand. What will the baby think, I wonder, when at last a strange man comes—in uniform, perhaps. She may just cry. Because of Mammy Jane we seldom play, but I don't think I know her well at all. Nor do we ever talk, like sisters do. It's sad, because I love my aunt so much.

This Fall has colors brighter than the years of war. Or do my eyes play tricks, reflect a special look of peace? The hours I spend among the pines in our spare lot are sweet. I breathe the fragrant air, their rare perfumes elude defining words. As cool as steel, yet soft as resin. How can this be true? If ever I am shut long hours inside a stuffy room at school, how will I feel? I long to know, but change is scary too.

At last, a promise comes from Uncle Vaughn. He sees the end in sight. His work abroad is headed for completion, now in weeks. He should return with an extended leave, and time on shore is next in line for him, in Washington perhaps. A magic wand is waved above Aunt Paula's pretty head, and joy for her is back. A boomerang, restoring all her hopes. Now Cousin George is having qualms about unloading me on my sweet aunt. He offers me he will teach me after work, if he is not engaged in some event his lady friends have planned. My mother thinks I should agree. I do, somewhat reluctantly. I feel I must.

My history book this year is all about the founding of the early colonies in Massachusetts and Virginia, the struggles with the Indians living there. It's all exciting, like a storybook. I wonder is it strange to Cousin George? He seldom shows his feelings now – yet tells me of a plan he has in mind to make a German Christmas for us here. He's writing Maine, to send a balsam tree. Without the smell of balsam in the house, the Christmas spirit cannot be, he says. Perhaps he's heard about the folding tree that comes down from the attic every year. In any case, he's thinking Christmas now, although the colors still are those of Fall. What can he do, to give us Christmas snow? October held another big surprise. On Halloween, at night, Minot and I went to the Bothwells

party dressed as ghosts. His mother gave us sheets. I wrapped him up, then painted bones on him, both front and back. Since Minot thinks he knows anatomy, he tried to paint too many bones on me, but I did not object. The black paint ran together in a blur—a good disguise. With ghosts and witches everywhere, and tricks in tents to scare us one by one, there was a lot of screaming up until the time to eat. The kids from school all knew each other, yet I didn't mind too much, to my surprise, because we were in costume all the time.

Before we know it, Christmas changes start. The living room is closed, the big doors shut. The tree arrives, laced in a burlap bag and kept outdoors—its first weeks in the South. And packages from Denison are stacked in George's room, while he begins to miss some days from going down to work. The sound of hammering is heard at night. The dining room is closed the last two days. We eat in shifts in Cook's domain while she is full of smiles and secrets she can share. I carry down all Baby's dolls, and mine, and from the attic dolls who lived in trunks from ages past. Plus beds for dolls and chairs. For me, the tension's running fever-high. At last it's Christmas Eve. I am the one to lead the family down to fairyland. The staircase wall is covered with a frieze, as is the hall and all the living room. The snow has

come inside—scene after scene! The balsam, standing tall, is sparked with lights, while at its base the family of dolls attends the festival, and “Stille Nacht” rings out glad tidings of the night. Pure magic has transformed the house for me. I see the dolls with visionary eye as exiles from their European lands. The Holland Twins, Petite Bebe Juneau, the China Beauties from the British Isles—all in their best to greet the joyful Eve when Christ was born in far-off Bethlehem. How bare for them the years of folding tree, but now amends are made. A German tree has brought them in assembly to a peak of fitting glory in our troubled house. A strange young man performed this miracle. Can it occur again without his touch? The dolls look happy, and to me they are—perhaps to them it’s all [break]. Both Cousin George and Father sing along with Christmas records, knowing every verse. The ones I know in German—just the first. We call can come in strong on “Tannenbaum”—at least the grand refrain. Now, Mammy brings the sleepy baby down, but she ignores the dolls, leans out to touch the lighted tree. They pull her back, she begins to cry. Aunt says, “Don’t cry, it’s beautiful!” But she is not convinced; I think she’s scared. When Mother leads us to the dining room, more Christmas scenes unfold, their colors bright. Red tissue bells, suspended, swing and sway. The table glowing, gold with candlelight. It’s loaded with exotic party fare. A bowl of herring salad. Cakes and tarts. And marzipan in flower shapes, stuffed dates, and wine for toasts. I have a little glass. More songs ring out. My father’s joy is plain. My mother’s pride in Cousin George so full, it overflows. His thanks to her are big too. But time for him down South is running out. His cousin wants him back at work again. His lady friends will have to let him go. They flock around to share with wine and song the full twelve days the Christmas feast provides. No word is said of parting soon to come, yet sadness is a shadow at the end, before my mother packs what can be stored into the attic for another year.

The big news of the new year comes in March from Washington, where Uncle Vaughn has found a place to bring his little family home. No sooner known, then he arrives to claim his wife and baby girl, in tears again. The baby turns away from this strange man. He puts her down at once and says, “Hello, young lady. We are going home by train.” Then turns to kiss his darling wife again. The next day when they leave the scene for me does not seem real, as half our family is whisked away. And yet my mother smiles [abrupt end to tape 1]

...even miss old bossy Mammy Jane [break] they first to leave. Then Cousin George in April, quietly as he arrived. With both my teachers gone, the public school became the only option obvious for me. With six long months to wait. Meanwhile, I have my own room back, but choose to keep a bed, alone now, on the porch, where when the wind blows sheets of wind across my face, I pull the heavy canvas cover to my head. It hides the streaks of lightning, calms the roar of thunder rolling around the neighborhood. The summer drags along, no threats but one: I’ll soon be busy, trying to fit in the brand new world of public grammar school.

My first day up at Monte Sano School was one I think I never will forget. The hours were long as any I have known. My desk, the next to last. The one dim row [sits?] farthest from the window’s light. And oh so near a door—my legs ache to be free. Yet all around me children were composed, like statues on display. The teacher walked around and talked, Miss Emma is her name, until at last she said, “Get out your paints. We’ll do this berry branch—September’s best.” In quick response, desktops were raised to bring up paper pads, tin boxes snapped their lids, a boy passed by to fill the water well, and everyone got busy—all but me. My brush tip held above two lines of paint, I froze. While all around me heads were bowed in concentration, I had not a clue how to begin. Miss Emma came and asked, “How do you see the branch?” “I see it fine, but I have never painted. Don’t know how to make a start,” I found the words to

say. “Perhaps a stem,” she said. “Try mixing black with other colors til you get grey-brown”, and she was gone. It seemed a miracle—somehow, I had a stem. I did not try for yellow and the shells around my dots. The others managed to create a look of berries bursting from their shells. I’ll try to practice that at home. No sooner there I asked, “Do lower classes have to paint, or just sixth grade?” My mother said, “I guess all had some art. I could not manage that for you. Miss Marsten and my sister both begged off. I am the one who likes to paint. Since I’m less anxious, I can help now.” I had to content. The rest is not too bad except for sitting still so many longer hours of the day. Recess will help, when I get in the games, or know some girls to start a little walk. The girls I notice most are Sophye Lee and her good friend Elizabeth. I watch them walk and talk together all the time, and hope to know them both before too long. I’m glad Minot is in the seventh grade. He lords it over me from down the hall. We walk to school together on the days I miss the early start, which I prefer. In Minot’s grade, the boys look more grown up than he, so tall and handsome, one or two, like Robert Goodwin and the Fortson boy, and Noel Moore, who used to pass around the song books at Good Shepherd Sunday School for Mister Baronoski. Minot says the Moores have moved into our neighborhood, but I don’t know if Noel remembers me. His father is a doctor, now so sick with TB of the spine that when the pain is bad, they have to strap him to a board—the ironing board, according to Minot. I have an awful picture in my mind.

The second week is better than the first—I’m catching on. To break the day, we have not just recess, but change of subjects, as we turn from math to history, and worse—to penmanship and English grammar rules. These last escaped my early tutoring. I caught onto the penmanship all right, but English grammar is a hopeless mess. I fail to see why rules are manifest regarding how to speak. I must have learned from listening to my elders. I can see how learning foreign tongues would need some rules, but why should English, if we learn at home? The colored folks have their own ways to say so many things. And English books at times use different words to say same things as us. What trips me up in school is case and mood, while parsing is a total mystery. The recess games are also new and strange, perhaps because I never played in crowds. While first allowing the [break] for crack the whip, I waited, then when urged I joined the end, and ran along. The head girl swung the line—my feet went flying, faster, faster, til they ran alone. The line jerked like a whip, and I was spun around. I did not fall, because my balance was regained in time. Two girls joined on, it started up again, the pull was not so strong. I could keep up. With others on the end, I felt the thrill. Elizabeth appeared. “They always try to get a new girl on the end,” she said. “You did alright, but you don’t have to play.” Soon she and Sophye Lee were to agree on ask me to join them for a walk. The bell had rung before we hurried back and slipped into our seats. To my surprise, Miss Emma smiled approval of some sort. My early aim so easily achieved, I always tried to get us back in time. The painting lessons held at home did not at once improve my competence in class, but when I learned the tricks of mixing paint, I had the key in hand to make a start. Besides my restless legs, the hardest thing for me to handle was the urge to speak, to answer every question Teacher asked. My mother understood. She said, “Just think—what chaos now if every boy and girl had come to sixth grade from a tutored past. But you can curb the impulse to speak out, by practicing as once you learned to play a Chopin waltz by working on your scales. Suppose you let the others speak instead. Compare what’s said with what you had in mind. A richness of response: your sure reward.” I wondered why my mother did not try to be my teacher in the early grades. Perhaps the thought of training that she lacked destroyed her confidence, as did the war. Yet she does well whatever comes her way. How well she managed when the family grew to warring elements. She kept the peace. When Cousin George departed for New York there may have been less stress, so she relaxed. If anyone had told me when he came, he’d

leave a hole as big as my black hat of shiny patent leather, both of which are too remarkable to be dismissed, yet one I feared, the other I hate to wear. I must remember to remember this.

At school I'm happy being in with friends of choice, Elizabeth and Sophye Lee. When we spend time together we agree on what we want to do, as if rehearsed. In sewing class, I am the one to lead our trio, with suggestions to enhance the baby dress the girls all have to make. The next week, if the class is making soup, it's Sophye Lee who helps to make it good. Top grades in all important subjects come like easy breathing to Elizabeth, as last year's honor girl, she helps us all. Another joy in school is Mrs. Price, a very busy lady with red hair, who teaches calisthenics and the dance. Her class for boys is often drill and march. For sixth grade girls, it's almost always dance. She gives me what I need to learn, and when our training is complete, we may go out to cheer the vets in army hospitals, which means a proper audience to us. In May there is an all-school festival, when every boy and girl can play some part, with our Miss Price in charge of every act. These extras give the daily work some spice.

November came, and brought a sudden shift in focus to the holidays ahead, to travel plans that bring the absent home, if only for a spot of treasured time. A goal for us that can't be met this year for either of the holidays, and yet it's looming on the horizon at last. The sisters hope that Grandmother's health may soon permit the ocean trip to bring them home, unite us with the two of them again. But now delay is cutting down our turkey plans. My mother says a nice fat hen will suit two quiet feasts while three of us prepare for big events to come in this next year. So now we know we'll celebrate alone, a Christmas patterned on the past again, as even Cousin George might understand. I'll miss the smell of balsam and the tree with festive lights and colors and the dolls dressed in their best – the party tables, too. And as the oldest grandchild, I must be prepared to go along without protest, however much it costs me. I will try, and help is coming from a different source: our dancers have engagements to perform at two Camp Hancock holiday events. With three days off from school, Thanksgiving is a solid gift—a welcome change for me. And Cook worked magic on the stand-in bird, with tasty trimmings extra for the feast. Our big round table made the three of us reach out from comfort. Move to keep in touch, yet unremarked. Instead we gladly talked about our missing half in Washington, perhaps with guests, or just the two alone, while Baby wonders what is going on.

Our Christmas—neither like the old or new. With ten days of for me and not enough to do. I would have loved to decorate, had Mother been more willing to restore a bit of last year's Christmas. Father was, but Mother was upset. Her parents were in Bremen with Aunt Dodo, passage was engaged, but Grandmama was far from well. Aunt Dodo thought the trip should not take place, regardless of the damaging effect. When loss of hope is threatened more than once, the sisters here were loath to take defeat. Then came the cable smashing all their hopes: "Your mother now in hospital—no choice." My father said, "This is your chance to show your self control. There's nothing we can do but wait for word to come." His point was made. I took my ball outside to work off steam. I hit the chimney hard, then when I turned, a small red head and big brown eyes appeared above the hedge, as Allen Junior said, "What are you doing now? Can I play too?" I had to laugh—at five, he is so small I tower over him, while for his part, he doesn't notice any difference. He's been my faithful friend since he was two. Dark fears are soon confirmed when letters come: survival is at stake for Grandmama, as once before occurred in Switzerland, unknown to me. I was not thought to be of age to stand up to the threat of death. Aunt Dodo feels the present chances are more favorable than was the case before, and yet my mother seems to be depressed, which is to be expected, I suppose—the fear of loss a heavy load to bear, and doubly when it comes in duplicate. I know my father understands the stress, and hope that Uncle Vaughn can say the same.

While trouble makes for gloom at home, I'm blessed with busyness of daily life at school, as preparations for the festival get underway quite early in the year. The special training starts with Mrs. Price, while what we have as winter goes on here. Although performance will take place in May, our gypsy dance is scheduled to be shown for vets as soon as costumes are complete. I see our troupe is still a little rough—what's needed is more practice in full dress, to build morale and sharpen up our skills. I guess I'm not as timid as I was the day I entered Monte Sano School! The word from Bremen: not the best or worst. Aunt Dodo trusts the German doctors' care, and Grandpa's attitude is positive. He's been through this before. He can't believe he ever will be asked to give her up. My mother is more sensible. She faced the price in failing health the long war cost the mother she last saw as being well. I asked myself, "What is my attitude?", to answer "I know little yet of death." I learned a bit from watching Mrs. King pass in her carriage to her daily goal: Westover Park, where her beloved son is buried. After combat in the war, he tried in vain to save a Negro girl from drowning in their little lake. Both died. And she is inconsolable today, as every day. He was her only child. At times, I feel her sorrow like a stone around my neck—it's not the same I guess, if death comes close to you the stone remains. You cannot put it down, unless somehow you learn to give up—let the absent go.

My work at school seems easier to me. I even like to paint, but not to parse. I try to curb my eagerness to speak at every chance. Our gypsy dance is in demand—we're going to a Jewish home to help raise money for our blinded vets. The Schneiders, Sophye's parents, are involved. I know them to be Jewish, since they go to Synagogue in town on Friday nights, but I don't know what Jewish really means, except [break] use the Bible's oldest parts, and don't believe Messiah has yet come. My mother says when I am 12 next year, I'll have a Confirmation class at church, and from the rector I will learn a lot.

With Mrs. Price, our new dance is for Spring. It deals with rain and rainbows, with the pulse of new life stirring in the dormant earth. The rumor is it's for the festival. I like it better than our gypsy dance, though not as gay or easy on the ear. I'm getting tired of the tambourines. When we have learned to dance these new routines, I see us dressed in delicate pastels with rainbow colors streaming in the breeze. The festival will have as theme this year the well-known Sleeping Beauty fairy tale. The Princess pricks her finger at the wheel, and while she falls asleep one hundred years, each class performs the act it has prepared, until the story is picked up again, to make a happy ending to the show. I'm glad to hear it will take place outdoors, on someone's borrowed lawn here on The Hill, not in some stuffy hall. The festival is new to me—by chance, I've never been attendant in the past. But I'm here now, feeling the excitement in the air—a little like our German Christmas year. I gladly will take part and dance my best this year and next, since dance is from the heart.

The news from Washington continues good. Aunt Paula writes they still may be allowed more time together there. Her fondest hope is I can visit them when Summer comes. My mother's eyes were sad when she said "Yes, of course we'll let you go, although it means my mother's progress still will not permit the ocean trip." And so our joy is mixed. In Bremen too this must be true—where now my Grandmama lies ill, a baby boy has come to bring Aunt Dodo worlds of joy for ten long years denied her eager heart. "A miracle!" my mother says, and adds her thanks the Bremen house is big enough to care for all the newly-come with ease.

My friend Minot is acting very strange. He's waiting for me when I start to school, and asks me questions I don't understand. Is something on my mind, and have I heard a rumor that I want to share with him? I turn his questions back—what makes you ask? I haven't heard a thing for ages now. "Oh, is that so?" he says, "it's nothing much. The rumors fly. The fellows talk a lot." "But not to you I bet, and not to me." "I can't complain," he says, "I hear a thing or two." But that's about the last of that, except

for the remainder in my head. I don't know why I miss so many steps at our next dancing class. In any case, when asked to stay I thought I understood. As Mrs. Price talked on, the festival took over with no mention of our dance. Relieved, I drifted off, but came up sharp to hear I am their choice to play the part of Princess in the pageant if I will. I don't remember what I said at all, but she said, "Think about it. Talk it through with both your parents. It's a simple part, not much to do. You sleep all through the show. I will rehearse you, and the others too." My mother showed no traces of surprise. "Why should I, if the choice is wise and good? You will make a proper princess, I am sure." "I wish I had your confidence in me," I said, and meant it truly—every word. My father, Cook, and Mrs. Pendleton all set their seal—approval of the choice. So far, no one suggests I could refuse. And what of Minot? "Are you sure," he asks, "you never heard the rumors going round? We call old Curtis Smith 'Prince' half the time. Sam Fortson will be king, your father now. I didn't make the court. Too short," he sighed. I hated going back to school. The first few days were endless. Everyone I met said something much the same. I mostly smiled. I'm still in practice for the sixth grade dance, although since I'm supposed to be asleep, I can't dance in the festival this year. I'll need the costume though, in case we're booked to dance in other suitable events. My costume is the worry now. What would a princess in an old-time fairy tale be apt to wear? My mother has a sketch in pale blue voile, if Mrs. Price approves. Aunt Paula wants to make a white lace cap with pearls in clusters, dainty ruffled edge. I like her idea—it will cover up all but the tip ends of my shorter curls. How much I wish Aunt Paula could come down to see the Sleeping Beauty show this year.

Last week when Noel Moore caught up with me and walking down from school I learned he does remember me from Sunday School. At least he said he did, and added next, "Some boys in class have all the luck. I failed to get a pageant part. I'm in the Court. We march up to your palace with the prince. I knew at Monte Sano, when we moved two years ago I gave up Sunday School. My dad needs help at home on Sundays now." "I'm sorry I no longer go myself," I said, "though in the war I went a lot. Next year I'm due for Confirmation class." He said he was confirmed last year. We crossed the car tracks, walked along up to King's Way. "I turn off here," he said and waved his hand. "I guess this makes us friends—old friends, perhaps."

My first rehearsal for the princess role I was so ill at ease, complaints were due. "Relax! With two chairs for the spinning wheel, it's hard to put more feeling in the role. I'll show you how to pantomime the act of spinning thread. You'll catch on soon and loosen up. Next week we'll have a cot, and then the borrowed wheel is promised me." I hope we get this scene in shape before we try the one where I wake up again and mount the throne together with the prince. Since Price is always right, I was prepared to see some progress made each time we worked. All this so far alone, without the prince. I'm still not sure which boy in seventh grade is Curtis Smith, although he lives nearby. His brothers were a torment in the war. Perhaps he knew, and maybe feels ashamed to greet me for the first time with a kiss. I never said a single word of this. I guess I am a bit embarrassed too. "I'm working with the prince each week," Price said, "He'll join us soon. He's still a little stiff." What if his part had gone to Noel Moore, I wonder. Would I feel more ease, or less? My acting may be better as things are—the prince is strange to me as I to him. Until he hews his way through thickets grown a hundred years to set me free at last. My friends Elizabeth and Sophye Lee are pleased for me. I hope Elizabeth wins honor girl again this year. I wish there was some honor too for Sophye Lee. She's just as smart as anyone, and kind. But Minot says, "You're wasting time. The South is full of prejudice the North outgrew a long way back." I know he's thinking of the Synagogue, but that is wrong, as wrong as prejudice against a German name. My father's

good and kind, like Sophye Lee. His friends know this. It's only ignorance that makes for prejudice and brings on war. I hate to think the South is still so wrong.

Aunt Paula's white lace cap is nearly done. Each pearl sewed on by hand takes time, she writes. My long blue dress is being made at home by Annie Mae, who sews for us. It's sweet. The pageant will take place on our own street, across the way from where Cornelia lives, from where we used to play when I was small. She'll miss our show—she's off at boarding school. I made a list of people I regret will miss the show. Beside Aunt Paula, the first, the second the man called Cousin George because he is a critic of the arts. And finally my grandparents, who saw me last when I was only four. That's sad. I count on Jem and Cook to come and see their child perform. They love a marching band.

I now know Curtis Smith is nice and kind—a quiet boy, not like his brothers were—and so polite. He does not talk a lot. He has a sense of humor, though. He smiles. We did not try the wakening with a kiss until we met at Mrs. Price's house. It was her way to dodge an audience. “We don't need peeping eyes,” she said, “before the show goes on.” She played his role at first, showing him how to take me in his arms. That part was harder to repeat than was the kiss. So many times, before our coach would let us stop. The lack of ease grew worse with each repeat! I hope the costumes help. Then walking home, we were ourselves again. He left me at our vacant lot, went home along King's Way. He turned to wave goodbye. Like Price, my mother tells me to relax and says it for a reason—very like the way she thinks. She is fearful I might make too much of being in the princess role. “It may have been pure chance,” she said, “or else because you work hard in the dancing class.” I tried to calm my mother's fears. I said, “I don't think girls in my class envy me, or mind that Mrs. Price was free to choose, since they already know I'd rather be performing in our lovely dance to Spring.” The neighbors on our block all plan to come, and I suspected Minot's helping hand. Now I remember how they all turned out to see my first attempt—the terrace show.

There are some changes in my work at school. I am a bit distracted, I admit. The weather never mattered much to me, but now I read forecasts and suffer fears, lest April showers come in May this year. With all of Monte Sano taking part, a rain date sometime later would not work. I'm just as happy not to be, like Price, in charge of the entire festival. My father brought me back to earth with words of doom to Georgia's famous cotton crop. He says this year will be the very worst on record since the dread boll weevil threat. The factors all have orders we can't fill for love or money—what can we do now? Unless the U.S. dusts the fields in time, the local loss in 1922 will plunge us all into catastrophe. Can we annihilate a deadly pest with our bare hands, or make a miracle occur in time to rescue us from ruin? He's never made a longer speech to me, nor is it like him to complain at all. My mother later said she must agree. Misfortune is much harder to accept the second time it comes around. I know, I've seen its ugly threat—one loses heart. Now sorrow falls on me. How could I be so taken up with school, insensitive to my dear parents' pain? The festival, my silly princess role, caused me to fail. I failed to be aware of their distress. The least I could do now to make amends is reconstruct my values, get them straight, and stand by them the way they stand by me. The festival is ended in one day. My father's future hangs on a scale. Will it be tipped to darkness or to light? My new detachment from the festival soon worked to benefit my acting skills. “You've got the idea now—I knew you would” our coach remarked. “It helps the prince relax. In costume, with the marching band, you two will be all set to go.” On with the show!

The long-awaited Saturday in May dawned picture perfect. Not a single cloud. One fear removed; the next one followed suit. My dress too plain for royal custom? Yes, I feared it so. The pearl-trimmed cap of lace could pass the test, as did the necklace, lent for one performance. I put out my hand to lightly touch a pearl. It gives me back the confidence I need to do my part—or so I thought, until I saw the crowd assembled all around the lawn, and knew since pageants lack a curtain or disguise, I had to

walk alone to take my place—as visible as though part of the act. Thank goodness the distraction of the band was timed to give me cover of a sort. My spinning bit took place without a hitch, as did the interlude spent deep in sleep. The signal of the prince’s marching band announced his coming, as the second act began when he discovered me asleep, proceeded when we settled on the throne with nothing left for us to do until we marched in grand procession at the end.

By midweek, back at school, I’d had enough to make me risk denial of a plea: “Why would you want to miss the final week when honors are bestowed?” my mother asked. “It’s not the sporting thing to stay away.” “I’m not concerned with honors” I replied, “but one more week of teasing I don’t need. You have no idea how I hate it all.” “When you said Yes, my dear, you took on what goes with a leading role. You cannot choose results to suit your taste—escape the rest. If you accept performance roles, you must. You put your freedom out of reach. Remember that, and teasing is a minor irritant.” My answer struck home hard, as I deserved. So I, a chastened soul, returned to school. Elizabeth made honor roll again, while Sophye Lee and I clapped long and hard. The boy who won I hardly know at all. None of the pageant leads in seventh grade won anything. Nor did my friend Minot. I grieved for him—it must have been a blow. His hopes were high to even up the [score?]. The bell was rung to signal school was out. We stood around in close-knit clusters, loath to give up ground to be our own, until the last note, fading, broke the spell. As I walked home with Minot, both aware this is goodbye once more for seventh grade. Now pushed along, cast out to higher schools where boys will have more choices than the girls to satisfy the eighth grade year of school. His father will decide where he should go. For Noel it is not a case of choice. He left the school early, did not hang around. My tennis friends attend the other school named Summerville, the hamlet’s name before Augusta spread to what they call The Hill, and took it over—buried, in effect. Their school is near the Arsenal. This fact explained my mother’s prejudice, I think. In 1915 two officials claimed my mother’s fine new house was built too near the arsenal for aliens to live. She said, the distance measured safe by road. “We measure as birds fly” was their reply. But we don’t fly, she argued. We all use the streets, as other humans tend to do. Our lawyer had to straighten out the mess, and Monte Sano was her choice for me. Although Bette Wallace and the other friends I see at parties aren’t in school with me, we’ll be together soon at Tubman High.

My mother has a Roman Catholic friend whose daughter makes the trip to town for school on old Saint Patrick’s ground. She’s taught by nuns. If she attended public school instead, she’d have to go downtown three days a week for classes in religion. I was lost—what could be wrong with having Sunday School? Our Sunday School came earlier than church. Some things about religion seemed to be confused to me. We learned about our faith from Bible stories; my friends did the same. Beliefs seem more divided than they were. I hope it won’t get worse as I grow up, but something warned me not to ask too much. Religion is a thing some fear to touch.

The first week of vacation always long; the clocks move slowly. How to spend the time? Hot weather brings up bridge. Bette Wallace was the one who had the bee possessing her to be establishe in a lunching club, when she arrives at Tubman High this Fall from Summerville to do her eighth grade there. Bette’s idea for the club: to meet mid-morning, have some lunch, and play til five. Eight girls, or twelve? Her mother likes the plan. She thinks of Ann. Bridge is my favorite game. The only hitch I see: that time is short, since Bette and Ann must go to Blowing Rock. “The math is easy”, Bette declared. “We start with eight, add two when we depart, and two when we return. Our house, this Saturday.” My mother did not criticize the plan, except to say, “I hope you keep lunch light and don’t run competitions with the feast.” “Oh no,” I said, “the game’s the thing for us, with prizes kept a dollar tops, or less.” Word got around, and Bette had calls galore. I hope we don’t lose friends, or hurt our names, but clubs are bound

to cut some people out. How Minot heard he will not say. I hope he doesn't spread the word all over town. "Who cares?"—from Bette—but some of us could mind. With all the girls we know, the numbers eight or twelve are small. Whatever else we do will seem a late correction—afterthought. As Bette would say, "Now there you go again." Five girls appeared to play, as bid by Bette. Not one from Monte Sano, as I feared. Though Mrs. Wallace greeted all with grace, no one was quite at ease—the house too grand. Ann's wheelchair helped, and bridge, as it progressed. The early pall by laughter was erased by fun at lunch, and then the play went on. When Bette arose and called out "Tally up!", her face turned cherry red. She clasped her head—no prizes! Bette, the smart one, quite forgot. With a good tease, the meeting ended well. At home, I found the fate of cotton crops was hanging in the balance as before. My mother, never at a loss for cheer, had nothing much to say, her interests now concerned improvements in her mother's health. Yet nothing there had led to travel plans. Aunt Paula writes, my visit should take place before mid-summer heat slows down the pace of things to see and do in Washington. The trip alone is thrill enough to me, but now Bette counts on me to move the club along in style while she must be away. The barefoot ease of summer is no more, with plans and worries changing many things, the days not half as long or free for play.

My solo trip was set for mid-July, and tickets bought, my Pullman berth engaged, with packing at the daily practice stage. I then became aware my turn was due to host the luncheon bridge, without our Bette. And what a rush it was! My mother helped. "You do the lunch," she said, "I will supply the prizes from my store of gifts at hand." The only hitch: Leah Bridgely called in sick, which left us seven—one girl short. At noon, friend Minot said, "I'll fill in just this once" and grinned with glee. I ran him out, and Cook pretended to be shocked. The lunch was good; each table played three-handed bridge in turn, and nothing less occurred to spoil the day. The prizes a success; we laughed a lot.

Now Minot tells me Noel's off at camp. I don't know why—his father still so sick. He cannot know I'll also be away. In any case, he can't come to the train. Since I am to stay ten days, I will be back in time for the next meeting of the club. The start of something new is always fun until it proves to be a heavy load. I guess that's why so many clubs fade out. My mother thinks if we improve our bridge and don't overeat, it has a chance. Some ladies on the train were quite surprised to find me bound for Washington alone. I said I'd been there once before, then had good reason for regret. One lady asked, "What was the capital's best thrill for you?" I was ashamed. My answer shed less light than more confusion. Yet the lesson learned has served me well from that day all my life, except when I forget about the shame. My uncle met the train in uniform. Since Mammy Jane is gone, there's room for me. The baby, now past three, is very cute. But still she is a little shy with me, although Aunt Paula said she talked all week about my coming. How she runs around, not knocking down a single standing vase—these richly-colored oriental things my uncle brought from China years ago. I hope I'm lucky as she is at three. Our plans sound grand—three days for seeing sights that I should see, and then on Saturday a party here for boys and girls my age, all Navy Juniors: children of good friends. "Perhaps we ought to let it roll from there", Aunt Paula said, and that was how it went. The two of us took buses everywhere: the Capitol, and climbed The Monument, the White House, then across the river to Mount Vernon, George and Martha's famous home. At the Smithsonian I could have spent a whole week long, there was so much to see—my first museum, probably the best.

On Saturday, the party was at three. I helped to set the table up with cokes and ginger ale. Two plants of fancy cake with colored icing. Candy too, of course—all ordered from a store. My party dress for summer is a pretty print. A friend of Mother's made it for me. She did not approve my dress for school. My uniform: all of them made alike from the same bolt of blue chambray. I liked them well

enough til Minot said, “I think you ought to know the boys all think you never change your dress.” Too bad—I have six sets, with bloomers, too. These Navy Juniors don’t seem strange somehow—not all are from the North, which could be why. The boys are jolly; some are tall. The girls look older—mostly they dress older, too. We all got on quite well, perhaps because some of the guests are strangers to the rest. And by the time we reached the dining room, all those on board seemed happy to be here. A lavish spread of goodies for their choice. The girls led off in making plans for us to meet again. Then Thornton Risdon said, “Come see the city from the terrace roof of our big house across the avenue.” As for when he said, “I’ll let you know.” And Linda asked, “Why don’t we have a dance at my house? No one’s home on Saturdays.” When movie invitations followed fast, confused, I said, “I’ll have to check my aunt.” And then we parted, changed into a group, confirmed with smiles all around. It worked out well.

The only loss for me: the week flew by. Two movies, and the rooftop viewing, passed, and found us making ready for the dance at Linda’s house. The furniture pushed back, and four girls sliding back and forth on rags to wax the floor while records were rehearsed to pick the best. The cookies bought, with fruit to mix the punch. We hurried home to dress, the last words: “Don’t forget – wear something odd.” Aunt Paula soon produced a long white skirt, a patent leather belt to cinch my waist, a gypsy blouse and long jade earrings, fake. She never lets me down. I used her rouge. We laughed so hard the baby was upset. While dancing, Thornton called my outfit best, but my vote went to Linda’s ballet girl. I left them dancing and went home to pack. My exit sparked a chorus: “You come back!”

How did my mother feel when her ewe lamb returned from visiting the world alone? Was I perhaps perceived as greatly changed, or mildly so? As older by a lot, or just a bit? Not yet a teen, the same? I cannot change the count—right now it stands 11 years, three months and seven days, while Linda tips the scale a full 13. In knowing her I have at least a clue what being in one’s teens is all about. Because of her, and Thornton Risdon too, it’s bound to feel less strange, if nothing else. My father in this case is more direct in asking me about the friends I met. I think he’d like to hold me back somehow. My mother’s more accessible to change—she wants to know just what is coming next. It’s like a book they read at different speeds, and where am I? Somewhere between the two. I’m curious, but sometimes I have tried to hold time back, to squeeze the present dry. Like the day I tried to write some verse: “hold back the clock til it turns out right.”

I worked hard at my tennis through the heat, when early morning trips to Lankey’s Pond gave way to Father’s early office hours. He often comes home late for supper, too, which means the loss of cotton still gets worse. And hope is fading for relief in sight. Another factor’s firm is down and out, and he could be in trouble with the law from altered books. I read the story in the *Chronicle*. His daughter is Bette’s friend. The Wallaces at last are back at home; the bridge club once again is in good hands. When school began again I found it hard to come to terms [break] perhaps because no other students have a mixed-up story anything like mine. I tried to tell Elizabeth this room belongs to last year’s class more than to us. She smiled and said, “It’s just that way at first.” I guess she knows, from moving on each year. I miss old Minot—the Academy is where he went, with Noel and the boys who played the pageant leads. The program there has ROTC—what they now all want. But Minot proved too short—I fear for him. I fear for all of us, if war is what remains in terms of choice for our time. At home I learn the peace the Allies made is so restrictive Germans can’t expect to ever rise to power heights again. I ask my father, “Is that good or bad?” He shook his head. “It could work either way. A fallen enemy repressed too hard could rise with evil forces in command, whereas a ray of hope to conquered man can ease his balance and restore his health. [break] out of sickness, out of death. From power sickness, or from loss of hope. There’s hope, of course, in what America is working on—a League of Nations—but consider all the mammoth stumbling

blocks. How can it ever come about for us?" My father left it there. A slender ray, although my mother had no word to add. His final query brought the risk so close. I knew how she would wrestle with the charge until "Abandon Hope" was carved in stone. Meanwhile, I also knew more money must be taken out of Grandpa's funds for their support, and to assist with ours. Augusta now was totally depressed. There was no other resource left to us. The Bremen doctors did hold out some hope my Grandma could come home to us this year. If not by Christmas, surely in the Spring. I soon began to see this Christmas as a double for the last—the same suspense, the scarcity of cotton. Most of all, the same old reason for economy. My father needs occasions for good song, and Mother treasures Alabama life, while I, mere mortal, long to have a dance.

The country club came to my rescue with a tacky party for the junior set the afternoon before the New Year ball. I went together with my tennis friends. We dressed at their house in some tacky things, and danced together when the boys were few. Soon other boys from last year's class showed up, and then the Fortson brothers broke on us—from that time on, the dance was really good, but Noel did not come. I saw him once around the neighborhood. He likes his school, and I like mine much better now. The things we read in Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* are great, and I relate to our own history well, much better than to Europe's wars and kings. Though Minot did not make ROTC, he says he does not care. His father's wish prevailing now—his goal is medicine. This switch has brought about another one: he's given up on me to concentrate on both the younger Bothwell girls—as yet he has not made a choice. I don't say much, but Mary is my age. His chances may improve with younger sister Marguerite. As for his career change, I hate to sound discouraging. But would I ever turn to Minot as my doctor? Not a chance! My mother's best friend wins ideal doctor in my book, a standard hard for any boy to meet, or get a toehold in his class.

Before long, Mother said, "If jonquils blooms on time this year, your birthday flower will mark you old enough at twelve to hear from me how I regret my failure to produce another child, companion for your life. You were but three on that vacation trip when I miscarried at the hospital in Roanoke. It was my second loss, and far along. Some surgery was done. An intern, Robert, helped me bear the blow. My birthing days were over, spent and gone. Your dear sweet aunt returned us safely to your father's care before she left to join our parents overseas. See if you can imagine what it meant to me when Bob turned up in practice here and took me on." I did my best with hugs to comfort her. I said the three of us the way we are is fine with me. And as for Doctor Bob, I've liked him since he stood by Cousin George, defied police, accepted threat of jail, and now for what he did in helping you, I always will be grateful to him too. In private time, I sometimes let my thoughts dwell on those two, forever lost to us.

Then came the good news so long waited for. My Grandmama can travel now at last, and passage is engaged to bring them home in early April. Mother is afraid to let herself rejoice. So many hopes were dashed to pieces on the crest of joy, but plans are in full swing. A single week is now reserved for Washington before they come down here. Aunt Paula follows them, to have a proper visit later on. My father says, to have a plan is good if wills remain as flexible as rain. He little knew the dreadful price in pain to be demanded—some would have to pay. And he was right. The second letter came fast on the happy one, as Grandpa wrote, "Now daughter, do not judge your sister while you read the reckless thing she's done again. She fled this troubled house, and ran away to Dresden with a man she met here in a recent tournament, and left us to defend her right to later claim her son. We fear a twisted thought confused her mind. Could she have hoped to cancel out our plans and thereby save her mother's life again, as she had done in these last several years? If so, she failed—your mother will persist. A tragic thing—this man could be the one our Dodo should have married ten years back." My chance to read this

letter then denied. My mother sent it on to Washington, refusing to allow herself to judge. On Monday April 10th, my uncle met a German steamer landing in New York from Bremen with my grandparents on board. They went at once by train to Washington, and soon the word from there came down to us: Aunt Paula finds her mother very frail. By Sunday she and Grandpa were again aboard a southbound train, in haste to reach their goal, and next day Grandmama was put to bed, with Doctor Bob now placed in charge. Not much was said to me. I came straight home from school each day, and often spent some time with Grandpa in the upstairs sitting room. I offered cards to play—he was too sad. On Sunday, Doctor Bob advised a change to hospital, and there on Monday noon April 24th, Grandmother died. By grace of will, she lived to spend a week with daughters she had long been parted from. Her dying broke Grandfather's heart. To face a life without her was too hard to bear. While waiting for Aunt Paula to arrive, he cried for two days in my mother's care. To spare her for some tasks I stayed there once, and I had never seen a grown man cry. His handkerchiefs fell in the bowl I use when I am sick, one by another one. He told me how their early love began as children in the same house, side by side. His orphan cousin, perfect in his eyes. Before their marriage, their one time apart when yellow fever struck him in Mobile. He almost died there at the Parker House, convincing her at last beyond a doubt their kinship could no longer [end to tape 2] be a bar.

In church, he could not stand, but at the grave, he stood for all the prayers, supported by his sons-in-law. The air was warm and soft, as Spring's sun spread a shiny coat on greens. Aunt Paula's arm around me on the way back to the cars showed me she understood the pain of my first funeral. Her child meanwhile was sheltered in [break]. At four years old, not knowing what was going on, she was upset, though Allen tried his best to please her. Then the rush to leave again restored the pitch of necessary haste. What comfort can we find in anything, since we cannot escape Grandfather's pain? I know the answer: timely time will come to rescue us, as we pick up our loads in hopefulness and try to move along. My father and myself the lucky ones: he had his work, and I the days in school. My mother so absorbed in Grandpapa, she guided now, where once he guided her. She would not let him go to see the house—too many memories were locked in there. Here was the matter of a monument, to be as fitting for my Grandmama as is his love for her. He studied books and catalogs. In time, he made his choice: a classic angel on a pedestal, with room for all our names in time to come. And next, he ordered tall, imposing shrubs to shield his sorrow from the public view. In pleasant weather, it was not too hard to get him out to Westover and back, although it was too far for him to walk. I thought of Mrs. King, and Mother got in touch. That worked out well—each time he phoned to say he'd like to go, her carriage stopped for him, and brought him home. He liked her company. Another thing has proved distracting now is Grandpapa began to teach me chess. He put a lot of effort in this goal. I'm happy I can say I love the game.

Meanwhile, my school was coming to a close, with two events for us: to graduate, and take part in the festival. This last meant dances from our final class with Price—to me a solid pleasure, nothing like the strain of acting out a fairy tale. My one achievement, winning honor girl for seventh grade. Elizabeth, sweet friend, was glad for me. "I've had my turns," she said, "and I can't tell how I feel yet, leaving here—two years of mixed emotions now have passed."

Bette Wallace launched a bombshell with the words, "I think we ought to close the bridge club for the summer months, til after Labor Day." That leaves us drifting at the worst of times, with not enough to do. The country club set up a dance for teens in early June. I did not plan to go without a date, but Noel's call supplied the missing link. No time to make the dress I worked out in my head. I had to wear my party dress, and did not feel as grown up as I'd like. This year at the Academy has changed some Monte Sano boys, but not Noel Moore. I'm glad to say he seems the same to me. The dance was less fun

than the one we had that summer at the house in Washington—too formal, like a ballroom dancing class. Friend Minot brought the youngest Bothwell girl and danced with her all afternoon, the way they do at New Orleans dances, I've been told. Of course, I danced with Noel, but also with the pageant leads from last year's festival. My mother tells me that Grandfather is shocked that children twelve years old should try to act like ladies in adult society, with escorts in demand for club events. His verdict is: a child should be allowed to be a child, when it is suitable. I see his point, but I do not agree, although I hope he won't think less of me. The last I saw of Noel was at the dance. He spent the summer working in a camp for younger boys, and sent me just one card. I took up sewing eagerly as chess, moved by success with my first formal dress. My mother kept me entertained with tales of tricky ball gowns she had thought up, to change one dress to three with colored slips, or else the sheerest overdress, her debut year. At night we four played bridge all through the heat, though Grandpa called it whist most of the time. He argued every hand post mortem with his partner, who was Mother, by his choice, and won from her his right to spend some time in Alabama on his own, to close his office there, disposing of the house as well. Against her judgement she agreed, but got his willingness to wait for Fall.

September swept a change right through my world and turned it right side up again for me. I entered Tubman High, where classes moved by bells to hallowed heights, and study hall took care of homework. Where a name for us was new to high school: the sub-freshman class. While Grandpa was away, my mother said, "There is another sadness you should know, to understand the little mention made of sister Dodo when our mother died. We are in touch as sisters should be now, though obstacles remain for courts to settle still. Meanwhile, her circumstances are not good, nor those of Dresden. We are sending packaged food." She let me read the letter kept from me at first. How strange it is—while we are safe with Grandpa here, Aunt Dodo, who was rich, has stepped into the shoes my mother wore all through the waging of the great world war. I shared this thought with Mother, who replied, "Not quite home free, my darling. Safer, yes, but we must take your father into account. A man has feelings he himself must earn the full support of wife and children, else risk forfeit of his right to self-respect. A war is fair excuse. Our war now gone, yet times almost as hard down here as then. Your father has to have some hope of change." "What can we do," I ask myself, "unless some turn of fortune saves the cotton crop. That will take time." Depression is a snail. Too slow, uphill, with losses on his back. Our talk confirmed that Grandpa had been missed, though helpless in his grief a few months back, belonging now with us—our helping hand. For this security, the price comes high: my father pays in loss of pride, while I, distracted by a simple move in school, have failed to be aware of his great need. A different kind of help is called for now. I wonder what direction we should look. What made me think at once of Cousin George? His answers were so confident and strong, and kinship with my father plainly showed. But is his circumstance dependent too? No way to know—I run into a wall. Perhaps Grandpa could help in other ways. He's still a member of the big exchange in New Orleans, where first he started out. I skate a lot, although I'm coming up on big 13, a turning point for me. I skate alone, to think my problems out, all roads uphill from here. I climb and climb, sometimes against the wind. Some answers come when, drifting like a bird, I come back down, turn in our crescent drive, back home again. My Grandpa is a tease. He queries me, "Which is it now you want: to dance, or skate?" I answer, "Both." It's just a joke to him. Why not keep all the good things in my life? The sleeping porch, where I am most alone, is saved for deeper thought. The pines are stark in shadow, stars most often bright and close, preferred to white light when the moon is full. The stormy nights are best, spent wide awake, and those when bells break through the stillness from the firehouse. I count the rings, alert until the engines all return again. My mother thinks my fear of fire comes from watching from our hill the town burn down when I was small.

From my time out here, the big hotel, the Bon Air Vanderbilt, lit up our sky with huge red flames. So close right by the drugstore where I walked with Nurse to get a double chocolate ice cream cone.

At Tubman High, my classes were a joy. But since I favor one, I say for me, Beginning Latin is beyond compare. The music of *amo, amas, amat* has cast a line and caught me in its spell. A high school dream come true, although Minot again says, “Not legit—it’s still eighth grade.” I’m pleased with English, too. No longer strange in rules of speech, or concepts new to me. Miss French our teacher was a beauty queen. Some girls have crushes on her. How they talk! Phys ed for us this fall is basketball, which pleases me, since I am tall—play guard. In singing class, I sing soprano. Fun to learn. I don’t see Bette so much down here, but once a month our club keeps us in touch.

Aunt Paula writes to us, “Our time on shore will soon run out. We wait for orders now. Vaughn longs to know where he is bound this time. Would Father like to come to Washington?” He’s not inclined to leave—his tie is to the cemetery here. I’m glad of that. Our holidays will have to be subdued, to honor Grandpa’s loss. But hopes run high for a sure return of turkey to our feasts, displacing shadows cast by those two hens. Thanksgiving brought a fair and brighter day. Sun warmed the cool, crisp air for three of us who walked our length of road until it ran into the country club. Grandfather with his daughter, and with hers. His two best girls, he called us. Father stayed at home to work. The feast awaited us on our return. In Mother’s words, it proved to be as good as sorrow did allow. A tribute to the fight so long sustained and now no more.

Thanksgiving over, I could sense a change as Grandfather was diverted by a task of some importance to him: what to choose for Christmas for the daughters close at hand. My aunt, when questioned, failed to make a choice—her house in jeopardy of change right now. “That means she’d rather have a check,” he said, and smiling, slapped his knee for emphasis. Then did he question Mother? Not at all—he said it was too easy: central heat! So pleased was he, he laughed a hearty laugh. For once my mother was confused. It showed. The truth, she knew, was that he felt the cold. Cold days he spent upstairs. Heat rose up from a coal stove in the fireplace below our living room—had big logs burned at night. I only guess how long the battle raged. Grandfather [break] but Mother put him off. She thanked him, with the promise to get bids. My gift from Grandpa seemed to be his choice. How did he learn slave bracelets were the thing, unless he heard my mother run them down? Most fads a waste, and jewelry the worst. How did he find a bracelet in pure gold, just like the one Bette Wallace always wears? Excited as I was, I hugged the box, and swore I’d keep both beauties all my life. I felt his pleasure having something fine to show for his good efforts spent on gifts. Although the little tree was not brought down, we hung the tissue bells around the house, with German songs for Father, and good food. I had a bit more wine—a second glass. We sat around the big log fire, stuffed, as Noel Moore dropped by to wish us all a Merry Christmas, and to meet Grandpa. He said his father was no worse, perhaps a little better now. We mentioned how we like our school much better than grade school. We wished each other Happy New Year—twice, at least—as I walked Noel to the door. He said he liked my bracelet, and he hoped the country club would have another dance to pep things up. Meanwhile, we have exams. He smiled, and with a small hug, said goodbye.

As soon as 1923 began, big things, excluding me, stirred up at home. In German was how it was carried on. It had to do with mail—not from abroad, which always can be recognized, at least. Grandpa was in on most of it, although he spoke with less emotion than the rest. At last, I’m told that letters from New York describe an opening within the firm where Cousin George works for his relatives. He thinks my father ought to give up on distressed conditions in this cotton state, while Mother sees us tied down to the South, this house, and Father’s former family firm. Grandfather says the firm of Heineken and

Vogelsang is dead, killed by the war, and that New York deserves a trial. And he will take the house—he needs a home. But how can you live here alone, he’s asked. “I have another daughter, you forget. She too will need another home quite soon from what I hear.” I listen, but I fail to take it in. Their words did not spell out it was our future they were moving on. In this chess game, I am a helpless pawn. If Father goes, it has to be by March, as help is needed in this vacant spot. Because of school and central heat to come, my mother cannot leave til both are done. In need himself when he was here, it now was Cousin George who’s stepping in. Control of all of our lives! I wonder, can we trust the final outcome? Mother shows her doubt, while Father sees a green light—dawn in gloom. I don’t know what to think—it is too soon. Will I lose all my friends and be outcast, while my familiar Georgia life goes on without my being here, long as I live? It’s scary—not the way I ought to think. I’ll try to accent just the positive, and rule the sad view out. At times like this, my mother goes to talk with Doctor Bob, and comes back calm. My father will accept the management position in New York. Just wait til Minot hears the latest news. I’m heading North, while he remains down here! He’ll think I made it up—a trap, to tease. But Allen Junior’s eyes will fill with tears. Aunt Paula says she is delighted now to have decisions made for her, in terms of what to do when Uncle Vaughn goes back to sea. Grandfather told her to come here and run the household, for the three of them. I bet she has no idea who began to move us around the board—the old chess game. Who, but her wartime rival, setting up a new game from the city of New York. I told Minot he’ll have a little girl age five to boss around, the way I do with Allen Junior. “That’s no treat,” he said. “I have a baby sister, you forget.” I guess the only way I will be missed by Minot when I leave is mostly like a sore tooth being pulled and thrown away. I care about the bridge club missing me. Elizabeth and Sophye Lee, of course, and Noel Moore—perhaps the most of all. For when his father dies, he wants to leave and go away to military school. We’ll both have new lives then. That might be when we fail to miss each other—from then on. I should learn not to be so negative, but better both the same, than one left out.

Two weeks before my birthday, with surprise I heard my voice explaining why it was I did not want a party for my last, my 13th birthday in my native state. “Too much is going on,” I said. The big departure next day had me all upset. It’s something Father’s never done before—his leaving us for six whole months, at least. I can’t imagine how he’ll run his life without us in New York. I can’t think now of any celebration being due, except the family kind, alone. Tell Cook to make the four of us a gala feast, with wine and fancy meat and chocolate cake. My mother first looked shocked, but I could see both men were tickled pink. Grandfather said, “My party now. It has to be on me,” and turned and grinned at Mother, then at me. I had not planned conspiracy, but that I am afraid is what it most looked like. Yet Mother mildly said, “If that’s your choice,” and then agreed, “It’s quite all right with me.” Bette Wallace, when she heard, declared at once “The next bridge club will be your birthday bash, the first with four new members. When you go, then one more lucky girl will make the grade.” Our Bette was still in charge of membership. Oh, she’s a winner: for her latest prize, Bette won the walking contest in Phys Ed, while I was knocked out early in the test, an inverse curve on my left foot the cause. My mother was distressed. She said, “I’m sure you must have had a touch of polio the time you were so sick at three years old. You would not put your left foot to the floor. Corrective shoes were ordered for you then—the reason why I could not let you wear a party shoe until the age of 12. You still have something wrong with your left foot.” I tried reminding her how much I’ve danced all through my life—barefoot, with no support, and no harm done, no pain. I can’t give up my fondest hope: a dancer’s fine career.

The second term at Tubman flies by fast, like winds of March, and soon it will be June. Two months without my father flew by too, although the first two days were ten miles long. And now I know that summer school will be my fate in Georgia’s lazy summer heat. The New York high school Father’s

found for me requires French, and I have had no French. Both terms of summer school will keep me chained, but then I qualify for sophomore grade. From Tubman's eighth grade here! It doesn't add. New York must have a different way to count the grades of eight plus four to finish school. My father sold the Buick the same day he mailed acceptance of the New York job, but he retained possession til the day it took the four of us down to his train. It could not bring us home again—he was our only driver. When his train pulled out, Grandfather put us in a taxicab. My tears came down, and I was sick with shame. My mother did not cry. Instead, she said, "I'll manage with the telephone. The stores deliver what we need, I'm glad to say. We'll walk for health and keep our spirits up. Her second thought took care of everything when Miss Mackenzie Smith moved in my room and brought her car. We call her Mary Mack—the trained nurse who assisted at my birth. A dear friend, too. She promised to stay on with Grandpa if Aunt Paula is delayed. She leaves at eight each morning for King Mill, and gets home early in the afternoon, to take us anywhere we need to go. Grandfather is delighted, but I feel we should miss Father more—and so I do. My mother reads to me from letters when they come from Father in his new abode. He's sharing digs on West End Avenue with Cousin George, of course. The subway takes them down to Wall Street every working day. It all sounds very glamorous to me, especially whenever they attend grand opera in evening dress. I thought they would not have to dress unless they had some ladies with them. "No," my mother said, "it all depends on where they sit. George has an agent who can get them quite good seats. Then they must dress—tuxedo, or full dress." She's glad my father has the comfort of good music in New York. Well, I'm glad too, but I want him to miss us like we two miss him. And that means every day. "Oh no," my mother disagrees. "Don't say that now. To make good, he must concentrate all day. The markets are more hectic than three rings of circus, all with acts of nervous cats. He must be on his toes, as sharp as sharp." I wonder if the same holds true for me in my new school. I'm even nervous now, three months before we get there.

It rubbed off on me when summer school began. Confused, I could not find my class and turned up late. The teacher, reading French, confirmed we had not understood a word except perhaps the author's name, which was de Maupassant. I did get that—no more. Then she went on, "In six weeks' time, I hope to have you read this tale, translate it well—part of our test." I little knew what lay in wait for me the second term of summer school. Instead, I buckled down to learn French grammar [break] any foreign tongue. I would not let myself dwell on the thought of how I'd manage a strange school up north, with students speaking French. My mother said, "Be wise. It won't be strange when we arrive. Besides, I doubt that French prevails in place of mother tongue", which made me laugh, brought back the sun. Grandfather teaches me, "We will both speak French if you prefer, and train your ear." I find it wonderful—his sense of fun has brought him back from grief in just one year. I should remember this, in case my life produces sorrow on a mammoth scale like his. The two of them alone for years, in isolated inns, no normal times, except the times in illness, with my aunt. He lost the well-loved partner of exile. Then once more, home became an unknown place. Such was Augusta to him when death struck.

Meanwhile, my urgent need to master verbs irregular. They dominate the charge to learn French on the double in the heat. I like the teacher, yet I sometimes felt her insecurity a perfect match for mine. And most days I felt lonely, since my friends had scattered with the onset of the heat. Each month since April, some delay occurred in scheduling my birthday bridge club bash. And now it was too late, of course. I cared, but not on equal terms with many things related to our moving to New York. My mother even said she was impressed, and credit went to my thirteen years age. I had a willing ally: Mary Mack, who saw my summer role a little tough. She found a way to bring me home each day by staying at the mill an extra hour. She picked me up, and asked "Where shall we go?" "I'll tell you what I'd really like," I

said, “to have a swim in Lankey’s Pond again.” “That’s easy—we can rent some suits today. Tomorrow we will come prepared.” From then, we slipped into cool water every day. I tried imagining how it would be if Noel could share these good times at the pond. He was at camp as counselor again. My card from him came as the year before. Of course, he knew about our coming move, but Noel’s life had taught him well enough to take change calmly—not to make a fuss. “I’ll be back here to see you off,” he said. “I bet you’ll like New York—most people do.” Meanwhile I saw ahead a loss for us in paths dividing at a crucial age. Another loss foreseen in Grandpapa. More than a year together, half of which he could not be himself, and now so dear. I hate to leave behind the unknown parts of him. He promised he would come and stay with us next summer. “We will do New York.”




My father writes now he has found my school. His next concern is quarters near at hand. His only need—a subway stop, express preferred—an easy walk away from home. He does not mention Mother’s needs, but Cook took me aside and asked, “What can we do? Miss Anna, she can’t cook.” I said perhaps I can help out until she learns. I had domestic science for two years at school. Cook shook her head, her frown two furrows deep. I wrote to Father, though, and he wrote back “I hope to find a place that serves three meals.” Good luck was with him, when two rooms turned up, with meals served on the street floor of the house. All this four blocks from school, near Central Park. My mother calmly took it as her due, and Cook was pleased. A big stone rolled off me.


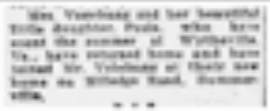




The halfway mark in French held its exam. I did all right, but Mother was upset. I still refused to speak in French at home. “It’s safe to make mistakes at home,” she said. “What holds you back?” I don’t feel sure at all of my pronouncing right. I know the rules, but my tongue won’t obey. Our teacher has this trouble sometimes too. Then Mother said, “You see? You need our help. Think now of that.” I meant to do so—I got sick instead. A pawn to Tubman’s marshy grounds that breed mosquitos—clouds of dread Anopheles. My fever named malarial at once by Doctor Bob. Confined two weeks in bed, I miss the last exam. Lost credit, too. “Blast credit!” Mother said, “Now try to speak.”







My friends returned to find me paper-pale. Bette hurried up my bridge club bash at once, from mid-September. It was great, except they all talked school and I was out of it, up to my eyes in helping Mother pack. Then Noel came over, and we talked. He said, “I’ll wait to say goodbye til at the train. It’s lucky you can leave on Saturday. I bet you’ll have a crowd”, and that was nice.

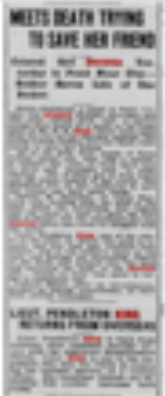


The last day dawned, bright sun and tension-packed. At breakfast I could hardly eat a thing, as Cook kept wiping tears from out her eyes. She brought her grandson to help heaving bags. He grinned, the only cheerful note for me. Grandfather took off first, with Mary Mack. Then Bette rode up beside the chauffeur, in the Wallace Cadillac, to take the two of us and all the bags. Our Mrs. Pendleton, with Allen Junior, fell into line in her new model Ford, of which she is so proud. The two cars moved up Milledge Road, our house soon disappeared. I told myself, “It still belongs to us. We just can’t live here now.” The cars both turned down Walton Way and passed the new Bon Air Hotel, not open for the winter season yet. On down The Hill, where Tubman—quiet for the weekend now—enrolled my class in their first high school year, while I move on. I heard Bette saying, “Yes, your daughter surely will be missed,” as if I was not there. I gave her back my disapproving look, which made her laugh. Then we were at the old dark station, where our train lay, headed out the open end. And boys and girls stood all around, in groups. Grandfather had two porters rounded up to take our bags, so I was free to join my friends. It seemed they all brought gifts, and I was fussed. “A candy barrage,” Minot said. “Look, Noel has two. Could not make up his mind.” From Noel a threat: “I’ll see you later, boy.” Friends tried to help—I could not hold them all. We moved out to the train—the Pullman end—and then the kissing started with goodbyes—went on and on, til Mother, standing on the platform of our car, in her best suit, began to

beckon me to come on board. I kissed Grandfather last and climbed the steps. The train moved slowly forward from the shed. It curved at Telfair Street and cut from view; the little group left standing by the tracks.



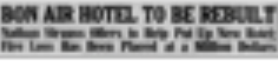

Post	Time	Date	Description in Paula's memoir	Relevant Documentation	Notes
1	07:00		They first met at balls given by Admiral Bob Evans when docked at Base in 1907.		Dr Louis Glider (November 21, 1867-1936) Admiral Robert "Fighting Bob" Evans (1846-1912) commanded the US Navy's "Great White Fleet" on its world tour in 1907-1909.
1	08:00		The story of how Paula's parents met is "told the best romance I know". Anna, the eldest daughter of Paula's grandfather (John Little) was turning 21. He took Anna Little abroad to England, then Bremen. A business partner of Little had a nephew (Ernst Ingelwang) working in Bremen but moving to Chicago. His first wife Helene & Ingelwang, called bankers. John Little arranged for Ernst Ingelwang to be on the same ship from Bremen to NY as John Little and his daughter Anna. Romance blossomed on the trip to NY. "Grandpa was so pleased as punch."		Passenger manifest showing Ernst Ingelwang and Helene & Anna Little on the Bremer-Bufford, arriving in New York from Bremen on 23 Aug 1907.
1	10:00		The stress of WWI kept Paula by her house and "till me German", then pick up kids to those at Paula. Her mother suggests that Paula counter wartime intolerance of Germans by showing French connections on her (Anna's) side.		There are no known Outoffs, Little or Ingelwangs from France, but in her 1960 letters to Paula about family history, Anna says that the Outoffs were French Protestants who were forced to leave by religious intolerance. There were indeed Outoffs who attended the French Protestant Church in Westport, which was known to be a city where French Protestants settled.
1	11:00		A cotton fire in Augusta "soon after we left home" was very destructive, including the destruction of St Paul's church where Paula was baptized. The family now attends Good Shepherd. Paula thinks Augusta's lack of post-fire and floods. She remembers watching a fire "from the hill" and thinking the whole town would burn.		Augusta Herald 23 Mar 1916. Augusta had numerous fires and it's not clear which one Paula was referring to. The great fire of Mar 1916 was not considered to be a "cotton fire" - it did not originate in a cotton warehouse.
1	12:00		A "Western family" moved across the street. Their son (Walter) was a friend of Paula. His father taught at medical school and "walked with cane out to his car, the chauffeur standing by in case he falls."		Walter Kellag 1870-1934 became a physician like his father William Orin Kellag 1874-1934, who was from a prominent Connecticut family. Father and son both died in Feb 1934 within 4 days of one another, both of pneumonia. Photo: Richmond Academy 1926 yearbook.
1	12:00		Next door neighbors the Penningtons were related to a signer of Declaration of Independence. Father and son are Allen and Allen Jr.		1926-1928 census showing Penningtons and Ingelwangs living on the same block. Allen Pennington Sr became a director of an Augusta bank. His son Edmund Allen Pennington Jr 1915-1990 was 4 years younger than Paula. The Penningtons were related to Edmund Pennington 1721-1805, first Chief Justice of Virginia and political rival of Patrick Henry.
1	12:00		Paula likes playing perfect with her neighbor Ann Wallace on her porch. Ann has a "big white card up to her hip" from Paula. Her sister was Bettie.		Ann and Bettie Wallace were the daughters of Fielding and Anna Wallace. Fielding Wallace was president of a "cotton oil" company and prominent Augusta businessman. The Wallaces were an old Augusta family. Ann Wallace (1812-1897) was married twice, to Thomas Walker and to Howard Fortson. Bettie Wallace (1809-1880) married William McCarty (1802-1875). Photo of Ann Wallace from Findagrave.com.





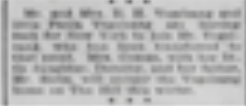
Foot	Time MM:SS	Date	Description in Paula's memoir	Relevant Documentation	Notes
1	14:35	Jan 27	Aunt Paula tells' wedding will be in late June in Washington DC because her father's ship has been ordered into port for repairs before proceeding to France. Paula gets whopping cough but recovers in time to be flower girl at the wedding. Aunt Paula's dress is "like a suit"-navy blue with white trim, and her hat has white plumes.		Paula's aunt her aunt Paula Dicks, who lived with the Tripletons in Georgia during Paula's childhood.
1	16:35		Vacation in the mountains of Virginia		Montgomery Advertiser 28 Sep 1914 pt. Paula has several photographs labeled "Walden".
1	17:30	27 Apr 1917	Dicks-Gorman wedding		Montgomery Advertiser 28 Jun 1917 pt.
1	18:45	4 Apr 1917	4 April was declared in Germany on her mother's birthday. A letter day for her because she became "an alien by marriage".		Anna Dicks was born 4 Apr 1862 in Montgomery, Alabama. 1917 photo shows Paula's grandmother Anna (Cuthbert) Dicks with her daughter Dorothy "Dodie" Dicks, Paula's aunt (left) and Anna Dicks (Paula's mother, right).
1	19:45		Captain Harry Shoemaker was best man at Paula Dicks' wedding. He visited the Tripletons in Atlantic City wearing his Navy whites.		Harry T. Shoemaker (1863-1919) had a distinguished Navy career. He retired as a Rear Admiral and was in charge of anti-air (dirigible) operations for the Navy in the 1910s. Photo source: https://upload.wikimedia.com/wikipedia/commons/1/17/1917.jpg
1	21:30		Paula on her mother: "No problem is too big or small for her; she solves them all."		Personal photo of Anna and Paula, 1910s.
1	22:30		"My mother had a funny piece of news about a young man coming to live with us from New York - a German she calls George. But I'm to call him 'Guskin George' even though we're his neighbor." Aunt Paula explains George is friends with Dicks' in-laws in Bremen. "He is rich and old."		George Seidenberg works for Hamilton & Vignettes, in Anna Dicks' then-husband's (Charles) Schulte.

PART	Time	Date	Description in Paula's memoir	Relevant Documentation	Notes
1	24:20		"our new house"		The Vagelungs moved from 345 Greene St in Alhambra, California to 1111 Alhambra St on the Hill in 1914 or 1915.
1	25:00	20 Mar 1918	The German baby was born in March. She was named Dorothy.		Dorothy German (1918-1996) married FBI agent Robert Holman Mole 1943-1988 on 11 Sep 1943. They had no children.
1	26:00		Kurt Dober was not well known by Paula, who knows her "mostly through her sister's eyes."		Dorothy Dober, Alhambra 1912
1	31:20	Nov 1918	Armistice ends WWI. The German American Vagelungs had mixed emotions about the end of the war.		Alhambra Herald 23 Nov 1918 pt. Probably Vagelungs. Paula had photos dated 1919 from Lucerne showing Walter Vagelung.
1	33:40		Reference to "Swiss cousin"		
1	35:40	Jan 1918	George hinders Paula in history. His stomach pains get worse and appendicitis is diagnosed. Anna Vagelung's friend "Doctor Bull" convinces George's appendix. One of George's nurses demonstrates how to poison as a German spy. The story is in the paper. The nurse rigging spy papers are inserted in a tube into his body, to be retrieved when he returns abroad. "The nurse produced a map she said came from the patient's bedside stand." But then "patrol revealed she was a mental case...the map was taken from the nurse's 'treasure chest.'" "The spy case died as fast as it had grown."		Alhambra Herald 28 Jan 1918 pt. "Doctor Bull" was Robert Lewis Rhodes (1889-1971). Not known how Anna Vagelung became close to him.
1	42:15	Dec 1917	Description of German brass collaboration orchestrated by George		George Reinhold Seidenburg (1889-1961) worked for the same cotton export firm of Houston and Vagelung as Ernst Vagelung. He gave the Vagelung residence on Alhambra Hill as his address when he applied for US citizenship in Nov 1914.
1	47:15		End of Part 1.		

AAAT	Time AAAT 1 AAAT 2	Date	Description in Paula's memoir	Relevant Documentation	Notes
8	00:50		Paula starts public school for the first time: Monte Carlo School, Sixth grade. Her teacher is Miss Estora. Her first experience printing.		
8	01:46		Daphne Lee and Elizabeth are Paula's new friends. "About is in seventh grade and "birds in pair one from down the hill." Neal Moore is in seventh grade too, he who "used to pass around the paper books of Good Shepherd." About says the Moores had moved into their neighborhood. Paula isn't sure if Neal will remember her. Neal's father is a doctor, but has "10 of the year" and the pair is so fond "they have to drag fish to a board."		Neal's father was Neal McKinley Moore 1875-1938, Chicago, who died of pulmonary tuberculosis.
8	03:04		Paula studies "personship and English grammar rules." "The colored folks have their own way of saying so many things."		
8	06:30		The war "disclosed" her mother's confidence.		
8	07:00		Paula is the leader in class sewing projects. Her closest friends are Elizabeth and Daphne Lee. Elizabeth was last year's home girl.		
8	10:07		Grandmother is still harassed to sail from Bremen. Aunt Beale won't allow her to travel. Then word comes that Grandmother is hospitalized, as she had previously been in Switzerland.		
8	12:50		Mrs King's car died trying to save a drowning Negro girl. She is inconsolable and visits his grave at Woodrose Cemetery daily, leaving the Vigilance House in her carriages.		Mrs. King was Elizabeth Curtis King 1812-1906. The death of her son Pendleton King 1869-1902 shocked Augusta. Son of a prominent local family, he had been a student at the University of Oxford, served with notable bravery in WW1, and began a promising career as a journalist. In Apr 1902, just a few days after returning from the war, he recovered the body of a black girl who had drowned in King's family's pond. A month later he died of a stroke at the age of 33. Newspaper accounts of his death did not associate his death with his rescue attempt a month earlier, but Georgia Paula heard (or misremembered) that his death was a delayed consequence of the incident in the pond. August 1902 27 Apr 1933 p7
8	13:40		Daphne Lee Schneider is Paula's Jewish school friend. Paula doesn't know what it really means to be Jewish, except they are "the Bible's oldest people."		Daphne Lee's father Jack Schneider was an Augusta merchant. Daphne Lee 1910-1993 was married twice, first to Louis Probst and when she was 36. She became a landscape designer and master flower show judge. Paula Tolson #6 2024 yearbook
8	15:25		Aunt Pealy's Cousin invites Paula to visit them in the summer in Washington DC. Paula's mother reluctantly agrees.		
8	15:40	Nov 1919	Aunt Beale has a son in Bremen. A "miracle" after 10 years of waiting.		Frederick Schulte 1919-1940 was born 8 years after his parents were married. He went by the name Fred Amosch. He was killed during WW2.
8	16:50		Paula is surprised to be chosen as Princess in a school pageant.		
8	18:25		Paula walks to school with Neal Moore, who says he remembers Paula from Sunday School.		
8	19:20		Paula rehearses for Princess role. Classmate Curtis Smith plays her father the King.		Curtis Smith 1908-1958 was Paula's next-door neighbor in Augusta in 1920. He married Patricia Neale in Ireland during WW1, raised a family in Augusta, then moved back to Ireland where he died at the age of 50.
8	20:25		Paula wonders if Neal Moore got the part of King would she be more at ease with the person playing the King.		
8	20:46		Paula hopes that her friend Elizabeth wins "honored girl" again this year so she did not lose, and wishes for honors for her friend Daphne Lee, who is "just so smart, and kind". But her friend/foe says Paula is "waiting her time" because "the South is full of prejudice."		Elizabeth December 1893-1982 married Wilhelmina Reed.
8	21:45		Paula makes a list of the people who she regrets will miss the pageant: Aunt Pealy, cousin George because he is a critic of the arts, and her grandparents who see Paula last when she was only 4 years old.		

POST	Time	Date	Description in Paula's memoir	Relevant Documentation	Notes
	PART I				
8	19:55	Summer 1952	Ernst Vogelzung pronounces "yards of doom to Georgia's cotton crop" - the worst on record, because of the boll weevil threat		Montgomery (24) America 13.04.1952
9	20:00		Paula regrets not being more sensitive to her parents' concerns and wishes to do better		
9	20:30		The segment of text is performed on a "picture-perfect" day in July		
9	20:30		Some of Paula's friends go to a school near The Arsenal. "This explains my mother's prejudice I think" in 1957 "officials" claimed the Vogelzung house was too close to The Arsenal (others were not allowed to live within 1 mile of such a facility during WWII). Her mother responds that by the road, they are more than 1 mile away "We measure in birds fly" the officials responded.		Regents Memoir 17.04.2017.pdf
9	20:40		Paula wishes "Sarah seem so divided. I hope it won't get worse as I grow up."		
9	20:50		Walter Wallace forms a bridge club		
9	20:55		Mother regrets that Paula doesn't have any siblings. Two pregnancies lost, one in Knoxville when Paula was 5. Subsequent surgery left her unable to have more children.		
9	21:15		Grandmother will return in April. News from Bremen that her Aunt Dede has abandoned her husband and family and has gone to Bremen with another man.		
9	21:40		Grandparents arrive by ship to NYC on 20 Apr 1952		Actually 20 America arrived in NYC 8 Apr 1952. John Gerhard Dede is 17 with grey eyes and a small scar over his left eye. Anna Dede is 17 with grey eyes.
9	22:20		Grandmother dies in Augusta on 24 Apr 1952		Regents Memoir 21 Apr 2017
9	22:30		End of Part I		
	PART I				
9	22:50		Grandmother's funeral		

Post	Time (hr:min)	Date	Description in Paula's memoir	Relevant Documentation	Notes
80	01:00		Preparation of grandfather's gravestone – an angel on a pedestal. Grandfather made in 1880s. King's carriage to visit grave in Woodson Cemetery.		
80	04:00		Paula has the same enthusiasm for sewing that she had for chess.		
80	05:00		Fixing bridge		
80	05:00		Grandfather (Lede) wants to close his house and business in Arkansas		
80	05:30		Paula enters Fulman HS for eighth grade		
80	05:50		Aunt (Lede) has her baby back after a court case. Misreads her circumstances in Dresden: "no not good". "We are sending orphaned food".		Paula married Hamburg architect Heinrich Amosch 1883-1906, who was part of a prominent Hamburg family. Heinrich Amosch was a member of the 1906 German Olympic gold team.
80	06:30		Lede is (also?) "too rich" and has stepped into the shoes Paula's mother wore all through the war. Times here are now almost as hard as the war years, according to Paula's mother.		
80	07:00		Hard times for the Ingelshaus family. Need the cotton market to improve.		
80	07:40		"Gusson" George in NYC has a strong "feeling" with Ernst Ingelshaus. Paula thinks perhaps he could help, or maybe Dresden Lede who is still a member of the big cotton exchange in New Orleans.		
80	08:00	Spring 1921	Paula is nearing her 13th birthday and mother states a lot "to show my problems out". She uses her deepest thoughts for the sleeping porch.		Paula turned 12 on 14 Nov. 1921
80	08:00		When she is on the sleeping porch Paula listens to five stories and counts the number of rings. Paula's mother thinks her fear of Texas comes from watching from the rail and seeing "the seven burn-down" when she was small.		
80	08:00	Feb 1921	"The Hotel San Air Vanderbilt burned" with big red flames: an arrow, right by the drugstore where I walked with Muriel to get a double chocolate for cream cone."		Argenta Herald 4 Feb 1921 p1.
80	08:00		Classes at Fulman High (8th grade) are "a joy". Paula especially loves English class.		
80	11:00		The road that the Ingelshaus live on runs into the country club.		
80	11:50		Grandfather (Lede) offers to pay for central heat in the Ingelshaus house as a Christmas present		
80	12:00		Paula's gift from her grandfather was a much-discounted value because just like the one Betty Wallace wears.		
80	12:10		Christmas celebration. Noel Moore stops by.		Paula's warm descriptions of conversations with Noel Moore makes him stand out among her childhood friends.
80	12:50	Early 1922	A letter arrives from NYC, a job for Ernst Ingelshaus in "Gusson" George's family's firm. Paula's mother is doubtful – the family has strong ties to the South. But grandfather (Lede) declares that the family from Houston & Ingelshaus is dead, and "New York dominates a trial". Grandfather will "take the house" he needs a home. Paula is confused – "In this chess game, I ask a higher power."		

POST	Time (MM:SS)	Date	Description in Paula's memoir	Relevant Documentation	Notes
01	15:30		"Lester" George now controls their fate, Paula thinks. Can we trust him? Her mother has her doubts, while her father "sees a green light: clean in green."		
01	16:30		Paula's cousin will come to Georgia to live with Grandfather (later while her husband goes back to sea and the Vignettes move to NYC)		Paula's father, Hugh Gordon (1863-1918) graduated from the Naval Academy in 1885 and spent his entire professional life in the US Navy. He was the Mary Cross and rose to the rank of Captain. In the mid 1900s he was Commander of the Naval Training Station in Newport RI.
01	17:00		Paula thinks she will miss her mother "most of all". Her mother wants to go to military school "when her father dies".		Paula's close friend Neil Moore joined the Royal Canadian Air Force as a pilot and died in the crash of his Wellington bomber on 30 Jul 1942 over Belgium when it was shot down by a German fighter. Reference: http://www.k2kquadron.com/NOTL/NeilMoore.html , "Yearbook of Academy of Richmond County, 1938"
01	18:30		Paula is "knocked out early" in her gym class: walking content was by Betty Wallace. She blames it on an "injury" on her left foot, and her mother is sure that the "real" cause of pain is a 3 year old. But at age 10 Paula still dreams of a career as a doctor.		
01	19:40		Paula takes French in common school because it is required by the New York HS that her father "has found for me"		Paula went to Dalton School according to her 1976 wedding announcement.
01	20:40		Miss Melrose Smith moves in with the Vignettes. They call her "Mary Mac". She works at King (Lester's) HSC, and was a trained nurse.		Mrs Melrose Smith (1875-1955) emigrated to the US from Scotland. Her tombstone at Woodlawn Cemetery in Augusta reads "Beloved by all".
01	21:30		First Vignetting has gone to NYC to work and share an apartment with "Lester" George on West End Street. He and George use the subway to West Street. They go to the park together.		
01	22:30		Paula worries that her grandfather has recovered his joy in life and sense of humor "in just one year" after his wife's death. She knows they went through years of "hell" sleeping in strange beds.		
01	24:30		Mary Mac helps Paula through her difficult first summer in Augusta by getting her up each day in her car, and taking her swimming at Lanley's Pond. Paula tries to imagine her sharing "these good times at the pond."		Lanley's Swimming Pond was at the corner of Heard and Women Streets, about 1 mile from the Kingsburg home. From the book Augusta and Surroundings by Joseph M. Cox, 2000.
01	25:30		Paula worries about her upcoming move to NYC and the loss of her friendship with her.		
01	26:30		Concern about how they'll live in NYC since Paula's mother cannot cook. But their new apartment, near Central Park, is in a building with a dining service that can serve 3 meals/day.		
01	27:30		Paula catches malaria from the swampy ground near her high school. Confined to bed for 2 weeks.		
01	28:30		The Vignettes depart for NYC, ending the Georgia Years. They drive up Willinger Rd and turn on Walker, passing the newly rebuilt bus air shed. They pass Tubman HS on the way to the train station.		Augusta Herald 23 Jan 1932 p4.
01	30:30		End of Part 1		

Appendix 4: Photographs of Paula Vogelsang

Selected from approximately 200 photos of Paula, her family and friends that were in her possession at the time of her death. Courtesy Gillian Leonard.



Left: 1912; center: 1914; right: 1915



Left: c1920; center: with Dorothy Coman c1921; right: 1929



Left: Paula at Randolph Macon Women's College c1930; right: Paula and Dorothy Martin at Coney Island, New York c1938



Left and center: c1950s, probably at Pratt Institute. Right: Sanibel Island Florida c1960



Left and center: c1980s; right: c1990s

Citations

¹ Ed O'Loughlin. "On Ireland's Census, a Blank Box Gives Residents a Chance to Tell Their Stories." *NY Times* 30 Apr 2022, A10.

² "Georgia Births and Christenings, 1754-1960", database, *FamilySearch* (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:HN1M-XTPZ> : 31 January 2020), Ernst Herman Vogelsang in entry for Paula Siebs Vogelsang, 1910.

³ Patrick Gaul. 2020. "Trading in the shadow of neutrality: German-speaking Europe's commerce with Union and Confederacy during the American Civil War." *Bulletin of the German Historical Institute* 67:41-70. <https://www.ghi-dc.org/fileadmin/publications/Bulletin/bu67/41.pdf>

⁴ *Montgomery Daily Advertiser* 17 May 1918, 12

⁵ *Atlanta Constitution* 23 May 1909, 9

⁶ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 09:10.

⁷ *Montgomery Advertiser* 14 September 1911, 5

⁸ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape II: 15:40.

⁹ Ellen von Wedekind, pers. comm.

¹⁰ <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hamm>

¹¹ Anna Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 6 October 1940.

¹² [https://www.familysearch.org/wiki/en/England_History_of_Huguenots,_Walloons,_Flemish_Religious_\(National_Institute\)](https://www.familysearch.org/wiki/en/England_History_of_Huguenots,_Walloons,_Flemish_Religious_(National_Institute))

¹³ <http://www.huguenot-museum-germany.com/huguenots/flight.php>

¹⁴ Erbe, H. 1937. *Die Hugenotten in Deutschland*, Essener Verlagsanstalt, cited in Erik Horning. 2011. "Immigration and the Diffusion of Technology: The Huguenot Diaspora in Prussia" at <https://www.ifo.de/DocDL/IfoWorkingPaper-114.pdf+&cd=1&hl=en&ct=clnk&gl=us&client=safari#31>

¹⁵ Jesse Spohnholz. "Turning Dutch? Conversion in Early Modern Wesel. In David M Luebke et al. (eds.) 2012. *Conversion and the Politics of Religion in Early Modern Germany*, 49-68

¹⁶ H-W Wolf. 2015. "Als ein niedriger Burger zum Dienste meines Nachstern gelebt": Johann Gottlob Leidenfrost. Bericht Ober eine historische Medaille zu seinen Ehren. ["Lived as a lowly burger for the service of my neighbor: Johann Gottlob Leidenfrost. Report on a historical medal in his honor]. *Niederrhein-Magazin* 20: 5-13

¹⁷ Johann Gottlob Leidenfrost. 1756. *De aquae communis nonnullis qualitatibus tractatus [A tract about some qualities of common water]*.

¹⁸ Anna Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 6 October 1940.

¹⁹ Anna Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 12 October 1940.

²⁰ John McClintock and James Strong. 1894. *Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature* v12, 798

²¹ <https://www.mariengymnasium.eu/>

²² Anna Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 20 October 1940.

²³ Anna Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 12 October 1940.

²⁴ Anna Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, undated, probably October 1940.

²⁵ Anna Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 17 November 1940.

²⁶ Anna Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 24 November 1940.

²⁷ *Engineering and Mining Journal* 25 Jun 1892, 2

²⁸ *Birmingham Iron Age* 5 Jun 1878, 2

²⁹ Eduard Asmus. 1898. On the accurate localization in the eye of large splinters of iron or steel by means of the sideroscope. *Archives of Ophthalmology* 27: 629.

³⁰ Annie Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 10 November 1940.

³¹ "Textile factory Königs and Bücklers" at <https://www.viersen.de/de/denkmal/textilfabrik-koenigs-und-buecklers/>

³² *Exposition des produits de l'Industrie de toutes les nations : Catalogue Officiel*, 412

³³ Randolph D. Werner. 2001. The New South Creed and the Limits of Radicalism: Augusta, Georgia before the 1890s. *J. Southern History* 67(3): 573-600

³⁴ <https://www.nps.gov/nr/travel/augusta/augustacottonex.html>

³⁵ R.L. Polk & Co. 1910. *Augusta Directory* R.L. Polk & Co, Publishers, 747-748

-
- ³⁶ Dewey W. Grantham Jr. 1948. Georgia Politics and the Disfranchisement of the Negro. *Georgia Historical Quarterly* 32(1): 1-21
- ³⁷ <https://worldpopulationreview.com/us-cities/augusta-ga-population>
- ³⁸ <https://www.nps.gov/nr/travel/augusta/summersvillehd.html>
- ³⁹ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape II: 43:06
- ⁴⁰ *Augusta Herald* 7 April 1918, 7
- ⁴¹ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 10:40.
- ⁴² Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 18:49.
- ⁴³ *Augusta Herald* 17 July 1917, 3
- ⁴⁴ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 28:30.
- ⁴⁵ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 22:58.
- ⁴⁶ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 35
- ⁴⁷ *Augusta Herald* 28 Jan 1918, 1; 29 Jan 1918, 7; 1 Feb 1918, 7; 3 Feb 1918, 5; 5 Feb 1918, 7)
- ⁴⁸ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 33:40.
- ⁴⁹ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 01:48.
- ⁵⁰ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 95-96.
- ⁵¹ *Montgomery Advertiser* 17 May 1918, 12
- ⁵² Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 00:40.
- ⁵³ *Montgomery Advertiser* 28 Sep 1914, 3
- ⁵⁴ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 01:13.
- ⁵⁵ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 07:10.
- ⁵⁶ *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* 21 July 1907, 36
- ⁵⁷ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 06:55.
- ⁵⁸ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 14:35.
- ⁵⁹ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 29:00.
- ⁶⁰ Georg Albers-Schönberg, pers. comm., April 2022
- ⁶¹ <https://www.olympedia.org/athletes/18052>
- ⁶² https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amsinck_family
- ⁶³ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape III: 05:50.
- ⁶⁴ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 02:20.
- ⁶⁵ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 12:05.
- ⁶⁶ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 12:35.
- ⁶⁷ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 13:50.
- ⁶⁸ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape II: 13:40.
- ⁶⁹ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape II: 20:46.
- ⁷⁰ *Augusta Herald*, 25 April 1922
- ⁷¹ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape I: 21:00.
- ⁷² Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape II: 06:30.
- ⁷³ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape II: 23:55.
- ⁷⁴ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape III: 08:20.
- ⁷⁵ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape III: 15:30.
- ⁷⁶ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape III: 15:10.
- ⁷⁷ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape III: 17:00
- ⁷⁸ Paula Vogelsang. *The Georgia Years*, tape III: 23:30.
- ⁷⁹ *Augusta Herald* 11 September 1924, 2 and 7
- ⁸⁰ Paula's memoir is archived as: "Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s" by Paula Vogelsang-Leonard (Class of 1926), 1997, Box: 105. Dalton School History: Student and Alumni Reminiscences, 11.3. The Dalton School Archives. http://daltonarchives.libraryhost.com:8081/repositories/2/archival_objects/4660 Accessed March 10, 2022. Paula's oral history interview at Dalton is indexed at: Paula Vogelsang Leonard, Class of 1926, Biographical Sheet, Index of Interview (Interviewer, Jane Levenson) September 10, 1998, Box: 104. Dalton School History: Oral History Project, 11.2. The Dalton School Archives. http://daltonarchives.libraryhost.com:8081/repositories/2/archival_objects/4635 Accessed March 10, 2022.
- ⁸¹ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 3.

- ⁸² <https://www.dalton.org/about/mission-statement/past/>; *New York Times* 4 January 1974 17
- ⁸³ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. *The Georgia Years*, tape III: 19:40.
- ⁸⁴ “Henry Payson Dowst Dies”, *New York Times* 14 March 1921, p10; Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 11.
- ⁸⁵ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 45-46; “Barnard, Sculptor, is Dead Here at 74”, *New York Times* 25 Apr 1938, 1, https://www.philamuseum.org/pma_archives/ead.php?c=GGB&p=hn.
- ⁸⁶ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 34
- ⁸⁷ “United States Census, 1940,” database with images, *FamilySearch* (<https://www.familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:K7MF-ZYG> : 7 January 2021), Ernest H Vogelsang, New York City, New York County, New York, United States; citing enumeration district (ED) 31-1214, sheet 4A, line 24, family 70, Sixteenth Census of the United States, 1940, NARA digital publication T627. Records of the Bureau of the Census, 1790 - 2007, RG 29. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, 2012, roll 2653.
- ⁸⁸ Anna Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 6 October 1940.
- ⁸⁹ Anna Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 12 October 1940.
- ⁹⁰ Anna Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, undated, probably October 1940.
- ⁹¹ Per 1925 passenger ship manifest where Ernst’s brother Johannes Vogelsang names his brother-in-law H. Adam of Kaiser Ring 5 in Wesel as his reference; “New York, New York Passenger and Crew Lists, 1909, 1925-1957,” database with images, *FamilySearch* (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:KX93-P4N> : 2 March 2021), Johannes Vogelsang, 1925; citing Immigration, New York, New York, United States, NARA microfilm publication T715 (Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, n.d.).
- ⁹² Anna Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 10 November 1940.
- ⁹³ Anna Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 24 November 1940.
- ⁹⁴ “New York, New York Passenger and Crew Lists, 1909, 1925-1957,” database with images, *FamilySearch* (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:24X1-7R3> : 2 March 2021), Ernest H Vogelsang, 1929; citing Immigration, New York, New York, United States, NARA microfilm publication T715 (Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, n.d.).
- ⁹⁵ <https://dalton100.org/2018/10/01/1926/>
- ⁹⁶ National Center for Educational Statistics. Table 104.20. Percentage of persons 25 to 29 years old with selected levels of educational attainment, by race/ethnicity and sex: selected years, 1920 through 2020. https://nces.ed.gov/programs/digest/d20/tables/dt20_104.20.asp
- ⁹⁷ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 141
- ⁹⁸ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 139
- ⁹⁹ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 139
- ¹⁰⁰ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1998. Dalton Oral History Interview transcript, 13
- ¹⁰¹ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 181
- ¹⁰² Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1998. Dalton Oral History Interview transcript, 20
- ¹⁰³ Polly Vogelsang. October 1930. “Kappa celebrates Founder’s Day with buffet supper”. *To Digma* 24(2): 79 at <http://online.anyflip.com/qzpj/ipxw/files/basic-html/page81.html>
- ¹⁰⁴ “Dickinson of V.P.I. elected president of press association”. *The Richmond Collegian* 15(19): 1 at <https://collegian.richmond.edu/?a=d&d=COL19290222.2.4&c=-----en-20-1-txt-txIN----->
- ¹⁰⁵ “United States Census, 1930,” database with images, *FamilySearch* (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:X42N-TM2> : accessed 21 January 2022), Ernest H Vogelsang, Manhattan (Districts 0501-0750), New York, New York, United States; citing enumeration district (ED) ED 672, sheet 5B, line 78, family 146, NARA microfilm publication T626 (Washington D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, 2002), roll 1565; FHL microfilm 2,341,300.
- ¹⁰⁶ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 200
- ¹⁰⁷ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 200
- ¹⁰⁸ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1998. Dalton Oral History Interview transcript, 21
- ¹⁰⁹ Ann Anderson Sale. March 1931. “Kappa”. *To Digma* 26(3):80 at <https://anyflip.com/qzpj/jglr/basic/51-100>
- ¹¹⁰ “University Women to Hear Stephens College Speaker”, *Moberly [MO] Monitor-Index* 8 April 1943, 5.
- ¹¹¹ Stephens College Catalog, 1938-39, 31.
- ¹¹² “E.A. Hartman, Led Fashion Academy”, *New York Times*, 11 December 1951, 33
- ¹¹³ Emil Hartman. 1938. *Fashion Academy*. Thomsen-Ellis, New York. <https://thecarycollection.com/products/fashion-academy-by-emil-hartman>
- ¹¹⁴ “11 Women are Chosen as the ‘Best Dressed’”, *New York Times*, 20 March 1938, 3.

-
- ¹¹⁵ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 200
- ¹¹⁶ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1998. Dalton Oral History Interview transcript, 21
- ¹¹⁷ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1998. Dalton Oral History Interview transcript, 21
- ¹¹⁸ University Women to Hear Stephens College Speaker”, *Moberly [MO] Monitor-Index* 8 April 1943, 5.
- ¹¹⁹ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1998. Dalton Oral History Interview transcript, 21
- ¹²⁰ <https://www.stephens.edu/academics/undergraduate-programs/fashion-design-product-development/>
- ¹²¹ <https://www.fashion-schools.org/articles/top-20-private-fashion-design-schools-us-2018-rankings>
- ¹²² Stephens College Catalog, 1938-1939, 153-154.
- ¹²³ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 200
- ¹²⁴ <https://digitallibrary.usc.edu/CS.aspx?VP3=DamView&VBID=2A3BXZMMIQ06&SMLS=1&RW=1351&RH=686>
- ¹²⁵ Olga Howell. 1943. Kansas City Fashion Forum Stages “Wartime Clothing Show”. *Domestic Commerce* 31(14) 22. At https://www.google.com/books/edition/Domestic_Commerce/Rd3IbKwdVDUC.
- ¹²⁶ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 200
- ¹²⁷ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 200
- ¹²⁸ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 201
- ¹²⁹ “Alumnae News, 1924-1929”, *The Dalton Bulletin* vol 3 no 2 (March 1955), 16.
- ¹³⁰ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1998. Dalton Oral History Interview transcript, 22
- ¹³¹ <https://www.fashion-schools.org/articles/top-20-private-fashion-design-schools-us-2018-rankings>
- ¹³² James Adams, Pratt Institute, pers. comm. 8 August 2013
- ¹³³ Laura King Reichman, Elen von Wedekind, Gillian Leonard, pers. comm.
- ¹³⁴ Ellen von Wedekind, pers. comm. 3 Apr 2022
- ¹³⁵ Annie Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 10 January 1941
- ¹³⁶ *Sanibel-Captiva Islander*, 19 December 1968, 14 and 23 December 1965, 8
- ¹³⁷ Gillian Leonard, pers. comm.
- ¹³⁸ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 201
- ¹³⁹ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 102
- ¹⁴⁰ Gillian Leonard, pers. comm.
- ¹⁴¹ Annie Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 10 January 1941
- ¹⁴² “John D. Leonard”, *Washington Post* 7 Feb 1993; “John D. Leonard, war correspondent”, *Poughkeepsie Journal* 5 February 1993, 2B
- ¹⁴³ Paula Vogelsang Leonard. 1997. *Early Dalton: A Memoir of the 1920s*, 201
- ¹⁴⁴ Gillian Leonard, pers. comm.
- ¹⁴⁵ <https://www.osc.state.ny.us/unclaimed-funds/reporters>
- ¹⁴⁶ Anna Siebs Vogelsang to Paula Vogelsang, 6 October 1940
- ¹⁴⁷ <http://law.justia.com/cases/new-york/other-courts/2007/2007-51569.html>