A Century of Memories

The Schwab Family of St. Louis, Missouri

This picture was taken on the occasion of Henry and Emma’s 50th wedding anniversary in June 1963.

Seated: Jo, Eleanor, Emma (Mom), Louaine, Delores
Standing: Betty, Dale, Dorothy, Bob, Elsie, Eddie, Henry (Pop), Ray, Jean, Henry, Ruth
Introduction

First, I want to thank each and every one who took the time to contribute one, two or more memories to make this book possible. We enjoyed reading them and had some good chuckles over the accounts written, especially Ray Schwab’s long and often funny narration and Sherri Mitchell’s thinking her great-grandmother was a bootlegger and her grandmother a counterfeiter. Also thanks to a most generous daughter, Kate Hallock, who compiled, corrected, thought up the format and spent many hours putting it all together.

Thanks to Louaine Schwab, family historian, who took on the gigantic task of coercing, begging and pleading so everyone could be included in this book. She also provided many of the photos of the early years of the Schwab-Tauschel families.

Second, you will find this book basically written on a high note; not much dirty laundry was revealed, for that was not the intention of writing this history. We have to remember this book covers one hundred years and many, many different personalities. To be sure, there were hardships, and pain, grief and sometimes anger, directed at others. Sometimes people not speaking to others for long periods of time. What I am saying is that we were not a fairy-tale family. We were human beings each with our own quirks and strong beliefs in our own opinions. We were not much different from any other family and yet, we were. Living close to each other, perhaps too close sometimes, and sharing our almost everyday lives we sometimes had to get loud or angry to be heard above the crowd. However, there was always something that tied us all together. Sharing the same blood line and letting the good times roll over us so that we could overlook, forgive, and be thankful we had each other in times of need.

May the future generations keep a strong bond going between them and God to watch over them.

Jean Schwab Bouman
A Century of Memories

The Schwab family in America began the process of making memories in 1904 when two courageous young people separately came across the Atlantic Ocean with some of their families. One hundred years later, dozens of Henry and Emma Schwab’s descendants continue to create memories for future generations. This is our story in our own words.
Coming to America: The First Generation

Ludwig Tauschel 1862 - 1936
Katherina Hertel 1870-1968

Emma Katherine 1893 - 1981
Amalia (Molly) 1895 - 1991
Rosa 1896 - 1977 (?)
Josephine 1898 - 1943
Ludwig (Louie) 1901 - 1940
Franz (Frank) 1903 - 1974
Anna 1905 - 1991
Alfred William 1913 - 1998
Clara Mildred

August Peter Schwab ? - 1945
Rosa Zrarock ? - 1926

Fred 1882 - 1950s
Wilhelm (Bill) 1884 - 1957
Rose 1889 - 1962
Henry Frank 1892 - 1963
Bertha 1897 - 1985
Regina 1901 - 1987 (?)

Married June 21, 1913
St. Louis, Missouri
The Beginnings of Our Schwab Heritage

August Peter Schwab

Henry’s father was a carpenter from the age of 11 or 12. He also had a clay pipe business and ran a coffee house at the foot of a mountain in Hungary. They had a beautiful home about a square block in size. He came to America with his oldest son, Fred, before the rest of the family to make enough money to send for the rest of them to come over. Together they worked in California building bridges. August Peter died June 12, 1945.

Rosa Schwab (nee Zrarock)

Henry’s mother came to America in August 1904 with the rest of the family: Wilhelm (17), Rosa (15), Heinrich (12 ½), Bertha (6), and Regina (3). They left Rosenau, Hungary and boarded the ship Kroomland on the Red Star Line from Antwerp, Belgium and arrived in New York, NY on the 29th of August 1904. From NY they made their way by train to St. Louis, Mo. The cost of the ocean trip for the six of them was $1,054.10. She died in a hospital in Baden, Mo. May 22, 1926 and is buried with her husband in Valhalla Cemetery, St. Louis, Mo.

Children of Rosa and August Schwab

**Frederick** — Born March 5, 1882; died around the late 1940s/early 1950s.

**Wilhelm (Bill)** — Born 1884; died 1957; married Anne. They had four children: Wilma, Bill and Henry (twins), and Arthur.

**Rose** — Born July 21, 1889; died July 2, 1962; married Gus Anhalt, had two sons Warren and Alois. Later widowed and married Joseph Herman.

**Heinrich Frank** — Born November 2, 1892 in Rosenau, Hungary; died August 2, 1963 in St. Louis, Mo. Married Emma Katherine Tauschel on June 21, 1913. They had fourteen children: Henry, Ruth, Josephine, Delores, Eleanor, Robert, Dorothy, Edward, Raymond, Elsie, Louaine, Betty, Jean and Dale.

**Bertha** — Born November 10, 1897; died August 5, 1985; married Alexander Mafte and had three children: Aurelia, Alex and Douglas.

**Regina** — Born July 10, 1901; died (circa) late 1980s; married Lester Grizzell and had two children: Lester and Charmaine.
After coming to America Grandpa August and son Fredrick worked to help construct the buildings for the 1904 St. Louis World’s Fair. Heinrich (our father) worked as their helper on the fairgrounds. The story goes that he was so young and wanted to goof off and get in their way, so they sent him on an errand. They told him to go to every crew on the grounds until he found a board stretcher. He was gone all day looking, and all the other crews got a kick out of it.

There is another funny story about our papa (Henry). On their journey to America the family of course had the lower deck of the ship where the poorer people stayed. Since it was a long journey he got bored and started getting into boyish mischief.

The captain got tired of yelling at him and locked him in a bathroom on the floor above. He made good use of the luxury of a shower and hot water that wasn’t available below. He probably got in trouble for that too.

After arriving in their new country most of the family changed their German sounding names from Fredrick to Fred, Wilhelm to William, Rosa to Rose, Heinrich to Henry; Bertha and Regina stayed the same.

I don’t know what year it was when Grandpa August and Uncle Fred decided to leave the family and go to California. I guess they thought there was more opportunity in California. Uncle Fred never returned to St. Louis and the family never saw him after that.

Grandpa Schwab stayed away many years only coming back when he was old and ill, and that was after Grandma (Rosa) his wife passed away. I guess you can say he deserted the family. He then made his home with Uncle Bill and Aunt Ann.

Aunt Regina and her husband Lester Grizzell also made their home in California, but she made many visits back to St. Louis.

Henry (our father) didn’t talk much about his life in the old country. He did tell us his mother and father owned a coffee house at the foot of a ski mountain. His momma did most of the cooking and baking for the shop and they would have to travel to the nearest town by wagon for some of their supplies.

In the bitter cold winter they had to walk to school quite a
distance to a one-room schoolhouse that had to be heated by wood; the older boys had to cut, stack and bring it in every morn-
ing before the others got there.

I would like to tell you a story Pop’s sister Aunt Bertha told us that took place at the coffee house in Rosenau, Hungary, when they were children. A group of young gentlemen came down after a ski trip to have coffee and lunch at their coffee house. They were a nice bunch of guys full of life and fun. The little Schwab children (Henry, Bertha and Regina) didn’t want to miss anything, so they stayed close by to watch all the fun. One gentleman picked little Bertha up and sat her on his knee while they sang German songs and drank their coffee.

Many years later after immigrating to St. Louis, Bertha was at a masquerade ball that the German Bund Society was giving. She was at the top of the stairs and fell completely down the flight where a gentleman helped her up. It turned out it was the same young man many years ago in the coffee house. His name was Alexander Mafte and he became our Uncle Al. They had three children together, a daughter, Aurelia, who was hit by a truck and died at five years of age, two sons Alex and Douglas. Uncle Al was a maître’d at the Chase Park Plaza and when Aunt Bertha was in the hospital having her first born, the queen of Romania was staying at the Chase Hotel and sent Bertha a dozen yellow roses, so they named their daughter after her, which was Aurelia.

Uncle Bill, Pop’s older brother had always been sickly; he learned the carpentry trade from Grandpa August. He was gifted with the violin as well as the piano. He married Ann and they had four children: Wilma, twins William and Henry, and Arthur. Henry was named after our father.

Aunt Rose married Gustav (Gus) von Anhalt and had two sons Alois and Warren. Her second husband was Joseph Herman who was a farmer in Florissant, Mo. These are all on Papa’s side of the family. Now that we have a little insight into the Henry Schwab’s family before his marriage, we will move onto Emma Tauschel and her story.
The Beginnings of Our Tauschel Heritage

Ludwig Tauschel: born on June 22, 1862, died in 1936. He was a short stocky man with a merry twinkle in his eyes. He married Katherine Hertel on April 18, 1892. He worked as a tailor’s journeyman with his father. He came to America around 1903-04. Later he worked as a shoemaker, belt maker, fireman, brew master and his last job was in a leather and belt factory. While working there he became ill with bronchopneumonia which left him extremely weak and had to retire in 1929. Ludwig’s father, Anton Tauschel, was our great grandfather. He came from Steirmark and was born in 1829, married Sarah (Benedictuc) Lex from Marienburg. They had Adolph, Anton and Ludwig who were twins, and Franz and Josephine.

Katherina Tauschel: (nee Hertel) born June 1, 1870, died January 29, 1968. She was a good kind lady and Emma took after her. She came to America about 1910-11 and lived to be nearly 98 years old. I wish I could have been around her more often so I could tell you stories she had to tell of the old country. Grandma Katherina’s brothers and sisters were Martin, George I, Rosa, Martha, Anna, Sarah and George II.

The children of the marriage of Katherina and Ludwig were:

Emma Katherine — Born February 1, 1893 in Marienburg, Austria; died March 22, 1981 in St. Louis, MO. Married Henry Frank Schwab on June 21, 1913. They were the parents of fourteen children: Henry, Ruth, Josephine, Delores, Eleanor, Robert, Dorothy, Edward, Raymond, Elsie, Louaine, Betty, Jean and Dale.

Amalia (Molly) — Born Dec. 25, 1895, died Mar. 29, 1991; married John Thiess who was a tailor, they separated sometime in their married life and he moved, I believe, to Illinois. They had three children Elsie, John and Irvin. Molly worked downtown St. Louis as a seamstress to alter and customize suits for men.

Rose — Born Dec. 2, 1896, died late 1970s; married John Henzel. They had no children. He entered America as a stowaway. I don’t know how he managed to pass the immigration check line. Rose worked in a furniture store in South St. Louis.

Josephine — Born Dec. 10, 1898, died April 19, 1943; married Oliver Didier, he was born here but his parents were French, they had no children. Josephine worked for many years at Fa-
mous-Barr in the needlework department teaching crocheting, knitting and needlepoint. After Josephine died Aunt Rose married Oliver after her husband John had passed away.

**Ludwig (Louie)** — Born Jan. 3, 1901, died Nov. 23, 1940; did not come to America. He was left in Austria with an aunt who was Grandma Katherina’s sister, Anna Wogucka, and her husband William. They were to make the trip to America later, which never happened. Louie married Marie, (last name not known); they had no children. He joined the Romanian Army so he wouldn’t have to fight with Hitler’s army. He died as Capt. Ludwig Tauschel at the age of 40, in the 96th Infantry Regiment, in a hospital near Hermannstadt, Romania from pneumonia. I remember hearing that he was a Major and he died from a stab wound in the back as he was writing out reports in his tent. *(Every now and then stories change as the years go on. Jean)*

**Franz (Frank)** — Born January 9, 1903, died Dec. 12, 1974; married Amanda Schloss and they had one son, Ronald. Frank worked for the railroad as an electrician; he was also a trained baker and worked for 10 years for a wrecking company in St. Louis.

**Anna** — Born May 2, 1905, died May 17, 1991; married Richard Mattas whose people were from Czechoslovakia. They had two sons Richard and Norman. Her husband Richard was a machinist for the Missouri-Pacific Railroad.

**Alfred William** — Born June 23, 1913 in St. Louis, died 1998; married Gertrude James on August 28, 1937 at Emmaus Lutheran Church in south St. Louis; no children of this marriage. He worked for many years as vice-president of a plumbing company, planning the blueprints for plumbing and sprinkling systems for many big businesses and hospitals around St. Louis. He received a college engineering degree going to night school as he worked during the day.

**Clara** — Born January 20, 1916, married John Doskocil, they had two children John and Delores (who was known as Susie). John’s father came from Vienna, Austria. Clara’s husband John worked for a manufacturing company that had to do with new inventions.

Now that you know a little about Emma’s siblings I would like to go on and tell you a few stories of long ago and how they lived, as told by Emma to her children about the old country.

Emma and her sisters and brothers grew up in a village called
The Old Country

Marienburg in Austria. The husbands in the village all worked outside the home at various jobs to provide for their families. The wives worked in the field at their vegetable gardens. They planted, harvested and put away for the winter. All the village women would work in a huge field that was separated by rows of flowers to separate their plots from one another. After Grandma (Katherina) finished her early morning work at home she would head out to the field for her days work in the sun. Emma and Molly, being the oldest, would be in charge of the younger ones. That brings to mind a story Mama told us.

One morning after Grandpa Tauschel went to work and Grandma finished her household chores she gave Mama and Aunt Molly strict instructions; they had to knit so many inches on a stocking, and Mom was to put on the stew for their supper that night, and don’t let the younger kids go swimming in the river. Well towards afternoon they decided to all go pick apples down the road at a neighbors. She did finish her knitting and the stew was on, so off they all went to pick their apples. They were chased off the property by the neighbors and ran down by the river and decided to go swimming and were having quite a great time until an old water buffalo scared them out of the water. Back home, you guessed it, the stew was burning. Needless to say they were all in trouble, but Mom got the worst of it because she was the oldest and had disobeyed. They had stewed apples for supper that night and she had extra inches of knitting for punishment.

Sisters

All the Tauschel girls had to learn how to crochet and knit. Molly worked hard on an edging for her slip and was so proud of it after it was finished. It turned out so beautiful and she was so anxious to wear it for church the next Sunday. She washed and ironed it and put it away. Sunday morning came and the slip couldn’t be found. No one knew what happened to it; well, it was finally found. Aunt Rose had it on, she couldn’t resist it and wanted to wear it. Rose was always a trifle on the vain side. Of course, Grandma T. made her take it off and give it back to Molly.

Tante Martha

This little story always gave me a little chuckle. Tante Martha was the younger sister of Grandma Tauschel. She didn’t visit the Tauschel family too often because she had a job in Turkey, but when she did visit, all the children were in awe of her. They thought she was special and the girls wanted to be just like her; that was until on one visit they caught her smoking a Turkish cigarette.
behind the house. That was unthinkable; that was somewhere in the 1890s.

There was only one school in the village where the children went from the 1st grade to when a child reached 13 or 14 years of age. Sometimes they were taken out of school earlier to help support the rest of the family. They had a schoolmaster, as the teachers were called back then, who was a very strict, mean man. One day Aunt Molly forgot her chalkboard at home and the teacher made her hold out both hands and kept hitting her with a ruler. Mama tried to protect her sister and was also punished. Aunt Molly’s hands were swollen and red when she got home, and the next morning Grandpa Tauschel took off work and paid a visit to the school. All the children in the school were happy someone finally spoke up to the teacher. He didn’t stay long after that and moved on to another village.

Grandpa Tauschel worked late at the brewery. Usually the kids had their supper and were already in bed by the time he got home. Grandma Tauschel made his supper and they talked a while before going off to bed. Mama and Aunt Molly missed their father and wanted to talk with him and be with him; he always had a story to tell them. They knew he always came out to wind the old clock before he went to bed. Sure enough they heard him winding the clock and looked up over the covers to see him in his long underwear. They both started giggling and he heard them and came over to talk and laugh with them. He snuck back into the kitchen and came back with a hunk of cheese and a hunk of bread for them. For some reason this is a memory that always stayed with Mom.

When Mama was a child there was some relative, I don’t remember who Mama said it was, I think it was a cousin of Grandma T’s, he was spurned by the girl he wanted to marry and was so humiliated and depressed he committed suicide by walking into the river and drowning. Then there was another cousin who was mauled by a wild boar while hunting and was disabled for life. Great Grandma Hertel (Grandma Tauschel’s mother) was trampled by a soldier’s run away horse while she was working in the garden. She became crippled and blind. She then lived with Grandma and Grandpa Tauschel. The girls (Emma included) would tease her and when she tried to smack them with her cane they would stay just out of her reach. When she passed away,
Emma, being the oldest and even though she was just a child, had to help her mother prepare her for burial, bathe and dress her in her burial clothes. In those days they had the wake in the home. The family and friends would then proceed to walk to the cemetery behind the coffin where they had a graveside service.

Aunt Josephine

Aunt Jo was called Peppy in the old country; she was one of the younger sisters of Emma. She did not have a singing voice, couldn’t carry a tune, but like all of them would try. As the story goes, one day she was in the house singing and Aunt Rose (her other sister) was outside beneath a window listening; she laughed and made fun of her voice. It hurt her so bad she never ever sang after that. She never danced either; she was a very serious, dignified serene person. She had a great talent with her needlework. Aunt Rose was a little instigator.

Emma’s First Job

One of the stories Mama use to tell was when her parents had to take her out of school to help the family household. Since she was the eldest child it was her duty. She was only about eleven years old, just still a little girl. Early in the morning her little bag was packed and she was given a ride into another town on the back of a milk wagon that was making a delivery. She said she remembered her mother waving good-bye and the tears were streaming down her face and Mom was crying too. She didn’t want to leave her parents and brothers and sisters. The ride into the other town seemed so long and she felt so alone. Well the job that was waiting for her was for a lady that needed help caring for her home and two babies. The home was bigger than she thought it would be but she had to sleep in the same room as the babies. During the first night there when she had to get up to attend one of the children she got the surprise and scare of her life. Lurking around the room was some strange animal. She started screaming and hollering and the owners of the house came running in to see what was the matter. They told her it was a porcupine that they kept in the house to eat the bugs off the floor. She said it was the ugliest animal she ever saw. About a month later her mother came to visit her and see how she was doing and when she heard the story and saw the animal, she told her to pack up her bag. This time, with her mother, on the back of the delivery wagon she was going home.

This story was told to me by Aunt Ann when I stayed with her when she was ill. She made the trip to America with her mother (Grandma Tauschel) her brother Frank and sisters Molly, Rose
and Josephine from Marienburg, Austria in the wintertime. They had their cabin on the lower deck where the poor class of people was assigned. One day she and her brother Frank were dancing, singing and acting silly and all the people on the upper deck were looking down watching them, they seemed to enjoy it and started throwing coins down to them. They thought that was pretty good so every afternoon they gave the people a show and collected more coins. They felt pretty good entering the United States with a little money in their pockets.

Another thing happened on this voyage. It was in the wintertime and a dangerous time to be traveling. A terrible storm came up and the icebergs were hitting the ship, not as bad as the Titanic but it scared and frightened everyone. After she arrived here she wrote about her trip for a school report. The teacher thought it was so good she had her visit the other rooms and read it to them. The children thought she was just making it up because of the Titanic trouble. It was proven that it did happen on their voyage to America.

I can’t think of any more stories my mother told us, but I would like to tell you a little about how they celebrated some of the holidays.

Springtime was important to them; not only was it time to think of their planting of vegetables, they also looked forward to May Day, Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday. On the first day of May a bouquet of flowers were placed on the front steps of a person who was special to them. This tradition was brought to America. Two of Mama’s grandchildren (Lenny and Valerie) who lived very close to us would leave a bouquet of flowers for Mom every May Day. After Mom passed away the flowers still come. Valerie hasn’t missed a year since, even though she lives in North Carolina now.

Palm Sunday was a big day. Church was very important to them. Mom would tell us that on that day, the village people would decorate a donkey with palms and parade through the village before the church service, and then again after church. They called the donkey, Palmeresel, which means dressed-up ass. Many years later it was a joke in the family. When any of us was dressed up real special we would say we felt like a Palmeresel.

Easter Sunday in the old country was another day of celebration from early church throughout the day. They had their big dinners and yeast coffee cakes were always baked, especially the
poppy seed stollans. Another tradition they had was that any male guest that visited would spritz perfume on each lady and kiss her on the cheek; it would bring her good health and a happy springtime. This tradition was kept in the family for quite a few years. Our sister Jo’s son, Bob, carried it on for some time. He kept his grandmother smelling nice and brought her happiness as well as all of his aunts.

Christmas season started early, on St. Nicholas night, Dec. 6th. They would put out their shoe or hang a stocking out for old St. Nick to visit. The next morning they would find an orange or apple and nuts or whatever in their stocking. It was also the night when they would string popcorn and cranberries for their Christmas trees; this was put away until Dec. 25th. In our family we also wrote our wish lists and put them in the stockings for St. Nick to take back with him. This was our tradition also until we no longer believed in St. Nick. After Dec 6th the women would start to prepare for the Christmas season. A special complete cleaning of the house would take place, including all of the curtains removed, washed, starched and re-hung, the baking of goodies, and the decorating of the house; just as we do now in our day. The tree was sometimes made of feathers. I imagine it must have looked pretty sad. If they had a real tree, the traditional candles were used and of course the popcorn strings and gingerbread cookies. Everyone got one gift and that was usually something homemade.

To all my nieces and nephews, you always wanted to hear stories of the old country and how Grandma and Grandpa lived, this is what I have been told throughout the years, now you know a little about your ancestors and the legacy you can pass on to your children. We once asked Grandma and Grandpa if they ever wanted to go back and visit their country, the answer was, “no, America was their home now.”

Marienburg is now called Feldiaura, it is northeast of Brasov (formally Kronstadt). Rosenau is now called Risnov, it is southwest of Brasov.

Ludwig Tauschel, father of Emma Katherine immigrated to America from Marienburg, Austria, before 1907. He came early before his family so he could make enough money to send for the rest of the family. When he had enough for one fare, he sent for his oldest daughter, Emma, to help him acquire more money for the rest of the family to come to the new country. Emma started her journey from her homeland Marienburg, Austria. After purchasing her ticket in Kronstadt, Aus. she sailed on the vessel the
S.S. Bresslau from Bremen, Germany. She arrived on June 27, 1907, through the port of Baltimore, Md. She traveled with her Aunt Rosina and her cousins, the Kocher family; she was the sister to Grandma Tauschel. After going through immigration check she went with her aunt and cousins to Columbus, Ohio where the Kocher family made their home. Her Aunt Rosina then prepared her for her travel to St. Louis, Mo. by railroad. She packed a lunch basket for her, bread and cheese. The passengers on the train felt sorry for her and gave her a banana. Emma had never seen a banana before and didn't know how to eat it. Some kind lady peeled it for her, someone else gave her a stick of gum, which she chewed and swallowed. Poor little girl, so naïve and new to the country.

Emma was met by her father and Uncle George (Grandma Tauschel’s brother) at the Union Station. Now a few years had passed since her father had seen her last; she got off the train with her little carpetbag looking very forlorn and scared and her father didn’t recognize her. He said to Uncle George “Look at that poor little greenhorn, so alone,” Uncle George replied , “Yasus, Ludvig, das is your tochter Emchen.” The name Emchen was an endearment such as dear Emma or Emma dear.

So Emma’s life in the new country begins. She worked hard as a maid in the big beautiful homes in the Central West End of St. Louis. She either worked as a housemaid or as a nanny. One place where she worked, I don’t know if it was for a doctor or for a businessman who owned the Saymon Soap factory, anyway she broke a crystal vase while dusting and they withheld her salary for a month. When she worked for the doctor she had to take the two children she was watching out for their airing in Forest Park, whether it was bitter cold or hot summer, every day. She was then questioned about it when the doctor came home, also what time they took their naps. An older son of the doctor taught her how to read English by sitting with her on the back kitchen stairs and reading the daily newspapers with her.

I think it was the same family that asked her to go with the daughter, when she got married and moved to Chicago, to take care of her children. Again it was a big home with a couple of maids and a cook. She found it a very cold and windy city. She missed her family very much. Her mother and siblings were already in America. She missed going to the German Bund Society in St. Louis and most of all she missed Henry who had just started courting her.
One of the maids knew how homesick she was and asked her if she wanted to go out with her and friends on their day off. Well, the friend happened to be one of the deliverymen who came to the house every day. (I think it was a put-up job). It turned out to be a very embarrassing evening; as they were getting off the trolley, the string in her underslip broke at the waist and fell completely to the ground. Being the gentleman that he was, he just picked it up, put it across his arm and walked her home. I don’t know if they ever dated after that.

After returning back to St. Louis, Emma got back into the swing of things going to the German get-togethers and being courted by Henry. One Christmas Eve she was invited to the Schwab home to celebrate; after all the gifts were handed out, one gift remained under the tree. Henry brought it to her and said it was hers. It was an opal engagement ring and with the whole family watching and waiting she said yes.

Emma and Henry were married June 21, 1913 by Rev. William Hackman at St. Peter Evangelical Church in St. Louis. She rode to church in a horse and buggy. Aunt Rose, Henry’s sister, made her wedding gown and was still sewing on the hem on the way to the church. All this seemed like a fairy tale when Mom told us her stories. They lived happily ever after and the rest is history, as you’ll read throughout this book.

Louaine Schwab
The receipt from the Red Star Line, a mail steamer that brought Rosa and five of her children to America, dated 8/17/1904. The fare is in an Austrian currency no longer in use.
Henry (Heinrich) came over from Rosenau, Hungary. It is now known as Risnov, Romania. He sailed on the Red Line on the vessel Kroonland. The year was 1904 and they set sail on August 17 via Antwerp, Belgium. He arrived in New York on or about August 29 and arrived in St. Louis, Mo. on Sept. 3, 1904. He was 12½ years old. He came over with his mother, brother and three sisters. His father and older brother Fredrick were already here and worked as carpenters to send for the rest of the family. Henry worked as a carpenter's helper when he arrived and their big job was working on the 1904 World's Fair. He also learned English by reading newspapers and the people he worked with. Years later, after he married and was raising 14 children and learning from them, he still wasn't sure of himself. He was offered a supervisor's position at his place of employment, but refused because of his penmanship. He still had the old country look to his writing, which we thought was great.

South St. Louis was the focal point for the German speaking people of Europe. Here they organized gymnasiums to keep the bodies in healthy condition, as healthy bodies made healthy minds. *(Can this be the beginning of what we now know as Fitness Centers?)* They also had social clubs called Turnerverein where they met to dance and socialize with other immigrants. Germans loved to party.

Henry and his siblings were baptized and confirmed into the Lutheran faith in the old country but became members of the Evangelical and Reformed church in St. Louis. Henry and Emma were married by Rev. William Hackman at St. Peter's Evangelical Church on June 21, 1913.

Emma came to America with an aunt and cousins from Marienburg, Austria, now known as Feldioara, Romania. They arrived on June 27, 1907 on the vessel SS. Breslau from Bremen, Germany.

She had to travel by horse-wagon to Kronstadt (Austria/Hungary), to purchase her ticket. They arrived through the port of Baltimore, Md. She then traveled with her aunt to Columbus, Ohio where the aunt and cousins settled. Emma went on to St. Louis; here she was met by her father. He had come to America earlier to make enough money to send for her. Emma was the eldest, so she came to work with her father and together they managed to save enough money to bring the rest of the family to America.
One brother remained in Romania, to be raised by an aunt and uncle who had no children. They were very wealthy and could give Louie a good education. He became a Major (or Captain, depending who you had heard the story from) in the Romanian Army. He did not want to be caught up in the Nazi Germany side of the war. He was killed during the war. He did keep in touch with his family in America. He was always in Emma’s thoughts and it was a great loss for her never to have seen him as a grown man. Before coming to America Emma was the baby sitter for her younger sister and brothers when her mother went out into the fields to work, so she was very attached to her siblings.

Emma was only 14 years old when she came to America and worked as a maid in a Jewish doctor’s home. The son of the doctor taught her to read English by having her read the daily newspaper and the comics. The Katzenjammer Kids was her favorite cartoon. She may not have had much education, but she was a very smart woman through her reading experiences and she also excelled in mathematics. In her later years Emma liked to go to the movies, read gossip columns and detective stories.

When the doctor’s daughter married and moved to Chicago Emma was asked to go with her as a housekeeper and nursemaid. She did not stay long in Chicago as it seemed so large and strange to her. She had already met her future husband and she was homesick for family and friends. In her youth she was known as a good swimmer and had met Henry at the social club. She never lost her love for a good time and had many children to keep the parties going.

Henry and Emma were married June 21, 1913. They had fourteen children and raised them all to adulthood. No doctors, dentist, etc. which one cannot do without in these times and places. Ten of her fourteen children were born at home. There were five boys and nine girls.

Henry was a good husband and father and did his best to keep everyone fed and clothed. He was a very good handyman and did many repairs, wallpaper hanging and broken window replacements from stray softballs. Their home was always open to children of the neighborhood and friends of the children.

In the early part of the century the leading industries in St. Louis were breweries, tanneries, leatherwork factories and shoemaking. Henry tried his hand in many of the businesses but worked the last 35 years as a pipe fitter for the St. Louis Refrigeration and Cold Storage Co. The company provided the refrigeration for the large hotels and market places in downtown St.