

MY GRANDPARENTS
MARY ELIZABETH BECKER FREDERICK



AND
JACOB HENRY FREDERICK



THEIR LIVES
FAMILY STORIES AND LEGENDS

CONTENTS

Dedication and appreciation	3
Preface	4-5
GRANDPA	
Frederick and Crouse	6-7
Severson heritage	8-9
Grandpa's Careers	10-13
GRANDMA	
Becker heritage and marriage to Jacob	14-16
Marriage certificate	17
FAMILY PHOTO ALBUM	
CHILDREN: Grace Edna and Florence Margaret	18
Verner Charles and Marion Elizabeth	19-20
Kenneth Jacob and Shannon Street	21
Everyone got married	22
Marion grows up	23
Ken home alone	24
MY AUNTS Aunt Marjory, Aunt Marion, Aunt Eleanor	25-27
PROUD TO BE GRANDPARENTS and how the grandchildren grew	28-30
FAMILIES GET TOGETHER FOR PICTURES AND HOLIDAYS	31
FIFTY YEARS	32
SEPTEMBER 23, 1948 Grandma leaves us	33`
GRANDCHILDREN - THEY GREW AND GREW – COUSINS ALL	34-35
GOD AND GRANDPA	36-37
KEN AND EL AND LAKE BLUFF	38
GRANDPA MOVES OUT WEST	39-40
MEMORIES OF THE RIGGS FAMILY	41
MEMORIES OF DICK FREDERICK	42
FOR THE FUTURE	43
ALBANY COUNTY MAP	44
FAMILY CHART	45

DEDICATED TO MY GRANDPARENTS

Jacob Henry Frederick b. August 28, 1869, d. September 21, 1961

Mary Elizabeth Becker Frederick b. August 3, 1870, d. September 23, 1948



Married Dec. 24, 1891

Here they are on Shannon Street in Schenectady after several happy years.

Inspiration for these stories have come from:

Marion Frederick Bradley from her "Memoirs of F.R.B. & M.F.B."

Kenneth Jacob Frederick from "The Frederick Family of Rural Albany County, New York".

Grace Frederick Riggs from here "Memoirs".

Arthur B. Gregg "Old Hellebergh".

Thanks also to Dick Frederick and Carol Burbridge Bradley for their photos, input and encouragement.

In addition there are my own recollections of the five years I was in their care, heard their stories and learned to love them. There are also the memories of a sentimental journey in which Ken drove me around to many of the family historical sites around Altamont. Edith

In 1937 early in the Sino-Japanese War, my Mother came from our summer vacation in North China with four of us children, leaving my father in Nanking to do what he could to help the Chinese besieged by a difficult occupation.. Out destination was our home at 204 First Street, in Scotia, New York.



A photo from the summer of 1938. Brother Fred just graduated from college (left), Kenneth and Eleanor (back row) visiting. Mother and the Grandparents and we four children – Betsy, Edith, Wendell and Junior (Chuck in later life)

My grandparents lived here, caring for a home which our family used on their furlough years. We stayed with them for the school year '37-'38 and then moved to the Boston area where Mother could work at the Mission Board rooms.

In 1939, Charlie returned from China for two months and then he and Grace set off again to China, this time to West China where the University of Nanking had moved to safety. However, even in Chengtu the campus was experiencing bombings. It was decided that I would stay with my Grandparents in Scotia. It was a difficult parting, but I had known my Grandparents and my parents knew I would have a secure home . My siblings were away at school.

The house was wooden frame, two story with a often used wrap around porch. Wooden rocking chairs on the front where on summer evenings, they could chat with the neighbors out on a stroll. Children played in the streets and the yards. When the street lights came on everyone went inside. The black mail box hung on the wall just outside the front door. After the return my parents return to China we checked the box often. Mail was delivered twice a day, but letters took 2 months to arrive from China.

One entered into a large entrance room which we used as a living room. A Victorian oak hall tree with hat rack, umbrella stand and seat boot box stood near the door, a nice bay window with a library table, draped with a runner embroidered by Aunt Florence in the bay window. The room was big enough to hold three rocking chairs. Two platform rockers for the Grandparents, a tall skinny one for Grandpa, a more roomy shorter one for Grandma beside a small, portable black sewing cabinet which she had received as a wedding present. Facing them, my rocking chair was a large, slip covered one. I could curl up in it to take a nap! Grandpa, on the left, close to the old tall radio which provided us with evening entertainment such as “Fibber Magee and Molly”. Grandma sat on the right nearer the window and I was across from them with my back to the door.



There were four doors from the living room: to a parlor which was mainly used for company, to a dining room, and to a very large kitchen, as well as to the enclosed stairway leading to the upstairs. On the second story there were four bedrooms and a bath which Dad had installed on the last time in Scotia. The upstairs hall was quite wide and he managed to get a complete narrow bathroom in the space. Grandma kept her White treadle sewing machine in this hall. On my 12th birthday I was allowed to learn to sew. The remaining long and narrow hall gave us access to the bedrooms. The boys, Junior and Wendell had the one over the kitchen, Mother the middle room, the grandparents had one of the two front bedrooms and I had the other, shared at times with sister Betsy. But to look at the house from the outside, there was a mysterious middle window with closed shutters. It puzzled me until years later I realized that it really was a false window – the architect must have thought it improved the look of the façade!

The kitchen, was fitted with an old fashioned gas stove and a huge oval table, roomy enough to seat everyone for family meals. I would spend a half hour or more every evening washing the dishes, one of the few chores which were assigned to me. I propped a book on the shelf above the sink and read, often trying to memorize poems for school, which was a nearly impossible task for me. During this time the grandparents sat on the sofa in the parlor, holding hands and talking. I am sure they enjoyed this time to themselves.

Off the kitchen was the back entrance to the house through a small back mud room with an ice box and row of coat hooks. The basement door was off the kitchen too. The basement consisted of a good size cold cellar filled with home canned vegetables and fruit. There was a large furnace room and coal bin, a laundry room with double wash tubs and a wringer washer. There were short steps up to the slanted cellar doors which opened out to the back yard making easy access to the clothes lines. Grandma had very little faith in me, I was never allowed to cook (unfortunate) or to use the wringer washer (fortunate!). I hung the clothes by strict guide lines. Her nightie must not be next to Grandpa's night shirt. This would be upsetting to the widow next door! Bloomers were fine on the line, but not next to long johns, all briefs when my sister visited were to be hung inside! My friends and I liked playing on the slanted doors.

The parlor, a place for company and piano practice, once a week it was my job to dust the room, everything except the statue of Blue Boy on top of the piano, a treasured wedding present. Being valuable Grandma was afraid I would break it, it was heavy! But she promised it to me for my home, "sometime down the road" but it went to the Dutch Fair instead!

The dining room had a large table, an antique mirrored buffet which covered an entire wall, and a corner glass cabinet with Mother's company set of dishes and the hand painted ones by Aunt Florence which were only used on special occasions. There was a large curtained opening from the dining room to the parlor. Here I put on 'plays' with my dolls and stuffed animals for some very patient grandparents.



Outside, a yard beside the dining room, a driveway into a carless garage and a hedged-in space for a rose garden and a cherry tree. This was a great space to sit and read. A room in back of the garage had been a bathroom in the old days. In 1924 after Dad moved the toilet inside, it became a club house for brother Fred and his young Uncle Kenneth. The large back yard, was surrounded on two sides by grape vines, doubled as a play area and place for hanging clothes. It had a very roomy vegetable garden, more than half the back yard. One year I worked a 12'x12' space for a Girl Scout Garden Badge.

But this is supposed to be about my Grandparents. They were aged 69 and 70 when I came to live with them. Even with a two generation gap, it was not as difficult as I had thought – especially in retrospect! We lived in their generation. I was more like a daughter than a granddaughter. I was comfortable, maybe because I had not been in the States in my very early days, and I still felt out of place in my everyday life outside the house. Often we sat in our rockers and talked. I had hoped to be sharing this writing with my Uncle Kenneth, but he died before it ever came about. Now I will attempt to reconstruct as much of the lives of Jacob

Henry and Mary Elizabeth as I can from my memory and few other family writings.

FREDERICK FAMILY The early FREDERICKS in our family were originally from the 6 Palatines. (My “Frederick history and Stories” and Ken’s “The Frederick Family of Rural Albany County, NY” tell more about their background.)

They came to America in 1738. MICHAEL FRIEDERICH and GERTRAUD LOEWENSTEIN came with their three sons, MICHAEL, STEVEN AND TEBALT, apparently leaving some grown daughters behind. They sailed from Holland with other Dutch immigrants.

The history of these early immigrants revolves around their homesteads and farms. Because these were ‘pre-deed’ days, there is no accurate size known of the holding of what Kenneth calls Homestead I, but it was estimated at 1,000 acres. The homestead was eventually broken up to provide living space for their children. See Kenneth Frederick’s book on his family to learn about the three Homesteads of the Frederick family.

. TEBALT and MARGARET MERKLE FREDERICK . Her parents were immigrants from Switzerland, she was born soon after their arrival in Schoharie County. The couple built this house and farm on 320 acres set aside for them by his parents. They had one son and 10 daughters. Both lived a good life, she until aged 95. A few years later Tebalt, slowed, some-what by the passing of the years was unable to climb a fence in time and was gored to by a bull in 1838. He died of his wounds just before his 100th birthday.



Ken calls this place

Homestead # 3

Tebalt and Margaret’s son MICHAEL died at the age of 32, well before the father and mother. His wife ANNA LIVINGSTON married twice more. The property passed down to their son another TEBALT and his wife NANCY CROUNSE FREDERICK. Daughter of Frederick Crouse.



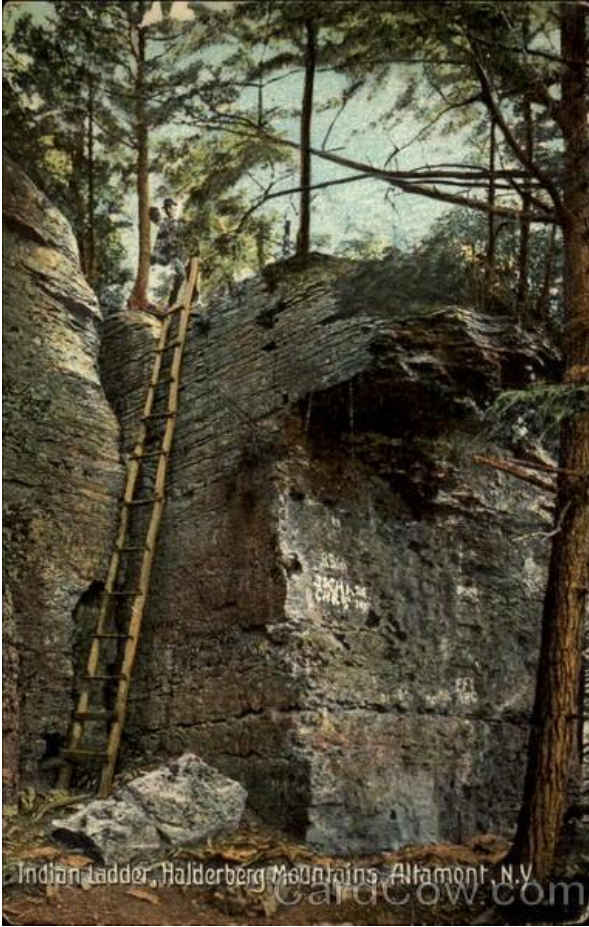
FREDERICK CROUNSE Every family wants to have some royalty. The Fredericks have Count Krowsky. He fled his own country for political reasons and took refuge in Wurtemberg, German. In 1754, several generations later Frederick Crouse came to America . He was a shoemaker by trade, his wife Elizabeth and son Frederick Jr. came with him. They followed a Palatine group that were going to the rich valley of Schoharie. Elizabeth got tired of traveling so they left the group and settled in Hellebergh instead. Whether by chance or good judgement the shoemaker settled on the best farmland in the district.

The first home was a sod house. This later home (on the right) stayed in the family for several generations, but in 1984 when I visited here it was for sale The house was on a lovely sloping hill looking over the valley. The woods up the hill behind the house stretched on as far as the eye could see.



Frederick Crouse gained the title of Patriot for his part in the Revolutionary War and his son Conrad was Capt. In the State Militia. His hat is in the State Historical Museum. There were two cemeteries on the property behind the house, one for the family and one for seven slaves. Nancy Crouse daughter of Conrad was my grandfather's grandmother. The House and grounds are now on the National Historic Registry.

Tebalt Michael Frederick and Nancy Crouse (Anna) made their home in the Homestead #3. The farmhouse is located on the corner of Gardner Road and present-day Altamont-Voorheesville Rd. near the foot of Indian Ladder. (see the Altamont county map at the end of this report.) In the early Indian days there was a rope ladder leading up the escarpment of the Helderberg mountains, but it was later replaced by a wooden one. See post card to the left.



In the late 1570ies there was a trail atop the escarpment. The rope ladder was used by the Mohawk Indians to travel in the area and to reach a trading post that was run by Henry Hudson.

Now there is an annual race along this trail. Work is being done to connect this trail to a trail in the outskirts of New York City.

The area is now preserved in the John Boyd Thacher State Park. In 1984 Ken took me here to stand on the top of the escarpment and look down over the area where our ancestors once lived and farmed.

The area in the valley is now Indian Ladder Farms



Another popular excursion place was French's Hollow. Here are a couple excerpts from I Spy my Home town <http://uhls.org/ISpy/guil/guil-french.html>

“ French's Hollow, for many years a popular fishing, picnic, and swimming hole, provided recreation in the cool waters of the Normanskill. However, French's Hollow is also noted for being the site of one of the oldest settlements in the Town of Guilderland as well as being the location of the town's earliest industries. The hollow is named for Abel French, who owned a prosperous knitting mill operating there in the early 1800s

River at French's Hollow at the same place where the sealed off bridge is now. The covered bridge amplified the sounds of horses hoofs and wagon wheels to sound like thunder. People could hear the sound some distance away. Though it was in good condition, it was taken down in 1932, as it was not adequate for car travel. French's Hollow is accessible off of Route 146 down French's Hollow Road, or better, down French's Mill Rd. off Rte. 20.”

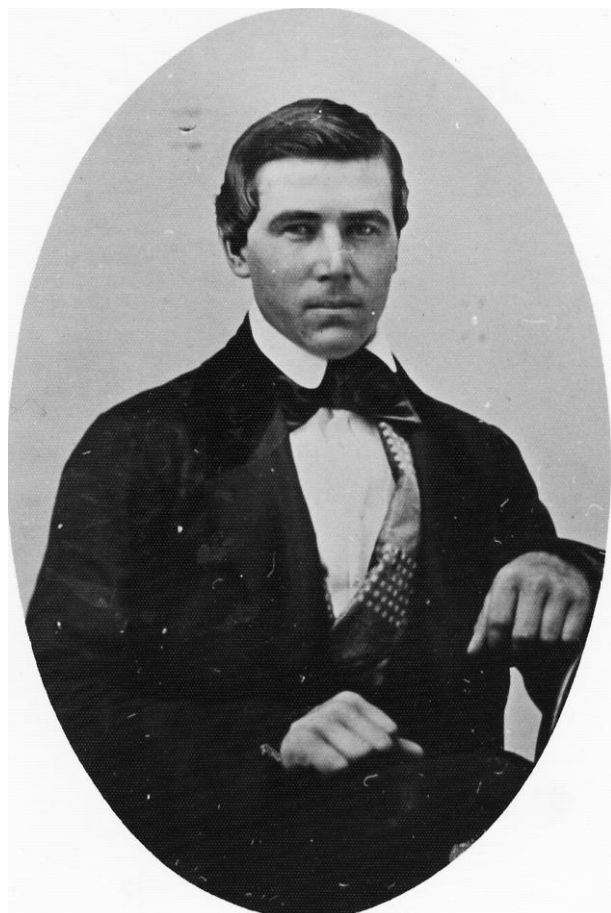
As I was growing up I often heard about these two places. The annual Frederick Reunions sometimes went to these scenic places and the various homesteads for their day of fun. I attended one at Homestead # 3 and many at Central Park in Schenectady. It was fun to get reacquainted with so many cousins every year.

SEVERSON FAMILY The Old Severson Homestead - stands on Braendle Road near Altamont. Or at least it did in 1984.

This was the birthplace of Nicholas Sieverson in 1769, and of John Nicholas Sieverson born in 1795. The family cemetery is across the street. There is no uniformity in the spelling of the last name. Each person made their own choice.

John and his wife Martha de Forest had a daughter- Maria Severson in 1837.

(Note: Jesse de Forest was a Walloon who was a founding father of New York City. A plaque in Battery Park stands there in his honor)



On April 29, 1863 Maria married Jacob Henry Frederick and moved into the Frederick homestead # 3.



They had three sons

Abraham Lincoln , Harvey J., and Jacob Henry, Jr. In 1869 when Jacob Jr. was two months his father died of typhoid fever.

After Jacob Sr.'s death it became increasingly difficult for the young widow to manage the care of the farm and the children. Even though a good friend, Alexander Hungerford, rented part of the historic farmhouse and helped with the farm, Maria eventually had to sell the house to Alexander and she moved to a smaller house in the Town of Guilderland in 1872. Here she took in washing to support herself and the children. Her three sons left school early to help her. This of course was a very common occurrence at the time.

A portrait of Jacob Henry Frederick at the age of about 8 months. – probably after his baptism



A later portrait of young Jacob. I have no idea when or why this was taken. Grandpa never talked about his early years and I have found nothing to tell me about it

. I know that he did return to school

occasionally and also was mostly self taught. He had an inquiring mind and must have been a very bright and determined young man. He would work at a problem until he could come up with the answer. He was an avid reader.

By the time I moved in with them, the grandparents did not read very much. They subscribed to "Reader's Digest", had the "Schenectady Gazette" delivered every morning, and the Dutch Reformed Church Bulletin. These Grandpa read and then told Grandma about interesting items.

They often just sat in their chairs, thinking over old days, or just quietly waiting for the day to end. Grandpa often would twiddle his thumbs – taking turns with the directions. Then he would say "I'm cogitating". He was not one to use big words, and for years I thought he made this one up.

Grandpa was a great organizer – very methodical with whatever he did. Everyone in the family received birthday cards. Each month he would place all the cards for that month on the top shelf of a very narrow desk with a pull down writing space and lots of pigeon holes. In the upper right hand corner of the envelope he put the date to be mailed. On the appropriate date he would affix the stamp and put it in the box by the door for the mail man to pick up. The mail was delivered twice a day.

All bills were paid in cash at the various offices- Electric Company, phone company, etc.. I don't believe I ever saw him with a check book. Everything was paid for immediately – he did not believe in credit.

Often in the evening he would put his foot in Grandma's lap for her to massage. His work must have been difficult for such an old man. He in turn would help Grandma wash her hair and do small things to make her life easier. They were a very supportive couple.

Grandpa was a very hard worker. Extremely dedicated to whatever he pursued. He was a man of extremely high principle and I was told that this made it sometimes difficult for him to keep a job. He had no qualms about speaking his mind.

One job which he held very early in his life was that of school master. His first teaching job was in 1887 at the age of 18. This picture shows him at the one room school house at Parker's Corner, Albany County, NY. He was mostly self taught but being a very intelligent man was put in charge of educating these many students. They had been instructed to call him Mr. Fredrick, but being neighbors and friends, they would often unconsciously revert to calling him just "Jake". Many of



children were almost his age and had probably attended the same one room school house that he had when he was very young. That information is lost to me.

I doubt that Grandpa ever raised a cane in discipline, his very stern look of disapproval was enough to make anyone behave. I used to hear stories about other schools of that period that punished by making the student stand on the stove and hug the stove pipe for a long period of time (I hope in warm weather). Or to stay bent over with ones finger in a knot hole in the wooden floor until it became painful. Was that from Grandpa's own school days?

The time frame of Grandpa's work is not known. He did teach at more than one school. Later became Justice of the Peace. As far as I know, this job was mainly issuing marriage certificates, performing the ceremonies and notary work. I don't know if it was full time, or just something which he fit in with his teaching. I assume that he continued teaching after his marriage in 1891 and probably was a Justice of the Peace at the same time.

At some point after his marriage he decided that he wanted to find a more satisfying pursuit. I am sure that in the poverty situation of his own early life they must have had a garden of some sorts. Most people in that time did. He was a natural at tending the earth. He never said that he talked to the plants, but they certainly did what he wished.



Early years Grandpa worked as a florist in Schenectady. Then the family lived in Bellevue, a section of Schenectady, they had a large two story house. Grandpa built a greenhouse at the rear of the house.

There were also empty lots around he planted many trees both of fruit and shade. Maybe this tree was one of them.

He had a vegetable garden and grew flowers both outside and in the greenhouse. As he managed to grow more flowers in his greenhouse, he rented a store in Schenectady on Jay Street where he had a good outlet to sell his flowers. Verner and Florence often worked in the store. Marion recalls these stories in her memoirs.



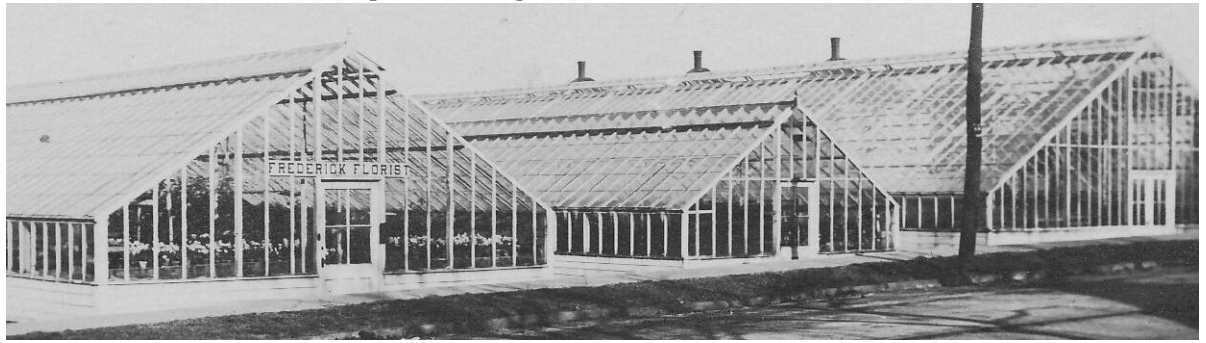
Since Grandpa really enjoyed raising the flowers so much more than the retail angle, he moved to Johnstown in 1914 and built three greenhouses on Perry Street. Verner took over managing the store in Schenectady. Later Verner also moved to Johnston where he had his own greenhouses.

The gene to grow things was passed on and on. This interest in plants and growing things shows up in all his children, and several grandchildren and great grandchildren. Over the generations, the family has seen floral designers, landscapers, and the establishment of many types of gardens. Many of us have enjoyed the produce from our gardens.

The family lived at 1 Miller Street. The Grandparents shown here on the porch in 1913.



like to play in the greenhouses and had a special section of her own for a cemetery for her deceased goldfish.



In 1916 changes developed both in the family and the world. Grace married Charles Riggs, an agronomy engineer and went to China with him as a missionary. A year later Verner married Marjorie Adams.

Grandma Frederick (Maria Severson) died in 1916 and then Florence became ill with cancer and died two years later. It was also a very difficult time for Grandpa and the florist business.

Because of World War I there was a fuel shortage. Floral items were considered luxury items and the market fell. The final blow came just before Easter, when the greenhouses were full of lilies and all sorts of beautiful plants. The biggest time of the year! A severe storm came, hail stones the size of baseballs – crashing into the greenhouse glass and destroying the Easter crop. This was in the days before insurance and Grandpa was out of business. Although he did do other floral work, he never went back into the florist business on his own.

He loved nature. Ken told me there was a creek beside Homestead #3. One time when I was in Scotia, Grandpa took me on a hike – about 5 miles out of Scotia. There was a beautiful wooded creek. We walked along it for awhile. He knew it would never come about, but he longed to purchase the property. He called it “Frederick’s Folly”. Did it remind him of the creek beside his birthplace? Many times in the coming years, I hiked out of the city to that quiet place.

In 1920 he moved his family back to Schenectady area. This time to Scotia where Marion graduated from High School. In 1923 Grace and Charlie came back from China on furlough and bought the house at 204 First Street. I have described this house in detail in the Preface .

During this period of time after 1920 Grandpa did whatever work he could find. One job was establishing the Jackson rose garden at Union College. He also initiated a rose garden in Collins Park in Scotia. In addition as always he kept vegetable and flower gardens for family use wherever they lived. When he was in his seventies and I was living with them, he took care of several neighbor’s gardens. Some of them were worked on a crop share.

The Wheelers next door had a crab apple tree and an apricot tree. They had bar connecting the two trees and put in two swings. I spent many hours under the trees with the Wheeler girls. Grandpa used to pick the fruit and share with the Wheelers. With this fruit and that from our cherry tree and grape vines the Grandparents had plenty for canning and jelly. They also put up canned pears, peaches and apple sauce, I don’t remember where that fruit came from.

And of course they also processed many vegetables from the garden, beans, beets, tomatoes, and zucchini. They also made pickles from cucumbers and beets. The cold cellar would gradually fill up with all these beautiful canned products and the sacks of potatoes and onions and apples. Somewhere Gramps also picked apples. We managed to eat well all winter.

Since we had no car, Grandpa had to carry all the groceries up the hill from the stores. No shopping carts in those days! I don't remember his ever getting a ride from the neighbors, but do remember him carrying the sacks of food. Luckily we had so much in the cold cellar from their hard work that it did mean a few less items to buy. Also there were the usual little vans which delivered – milk, bread and other bakery products, if needed, a produce truck in the summer and of course both an ice cream wagon and the important ice delivery.

We ate very simple healthy food. Grandma always cooked what we now consider a balanced diet. During World War II since we ate less meat than most other Americans, we always had extra ration coupons to share with the neighbors, both for canned goods and meat.

In the winters Grandpa made a few extra dollars shoveling snow. And in upstate New York, there was



always plenty of that. Grandpa here in about 1943 at 204 First Street after a big storm. For a man his age it was extremely hard work.

About 1942, every evening Grandpa would take the bus to Schenectady. His new job was to help Frank Bradley's uncle in his bakery. He unloaded the trucks after their daily delivery. Our diet was then supplemented by such things as huge delicious molasses cookies.

He was extremely respected in the community and was often

sought after for his advice. I never heard a bad word about him. No one could fault someone of such impeccable character, always polite and friendly. But what a role model to live up to!!!

In 1984, the last time I was in Scotia, our neighbor Olive Wheeler, told me about a time when she was inquiring about the name of a particular tree. Grandpa, ever a teacher, started asking her about the leaves, the barks, trying to help her figure out on her own what kind of a tree she was seeing. After some time, I think she finally guessed. She later told me that if she had known that her simple question – as a way of conversation- would have needed a half hour for an answer she would not have asked.

I was not a good student. Somehow facts didn't not penetrate my brain, nor could I do math which our math teacher did not understand since my brother had been the top in his class four years before. Early in my life with Grandpa, I called him to come and help. He had been a teacher! But like Olive, I soon learned that the help I wanted was immediate, and the help he wanted to give was to teach me how to find my own answers. I am sorry now that I did not have the patience, he could have taught me so much.

In being mostly self taught I now realize that this method of approaching problems was the way he taught himself. So different from the rote learning which was taught in the schools in those days.

Grandma – a patient and uncomplaining woman who loved to tell stories. At 204 First Street in Scotia where I lived with my grandparents for 5 years, we used to sit in the family area – each in facing rocking chairs. She had a platform rocker and I snuggled across from her into that huge stuffed rocking chair that was big enough for two.

I wish I could remember them all. Stories spanning from as far back as she could remember to her marriage.

She had an extremely difficult life. She was born in the Town of Berne, NY on Aug. 3, 1870. Daughter of George Becker and Emily Jones. At the age of five her father died. Shortly thereafter her mother remarried, not realizing that her new husband, a widower with small children of his own would not want her children to stay in the home. Elizabeth, her brother John and sister Ida were all sent out of their home to live with other friends and relatives.

Although I don't remember hearing much about her siblings, I do know that young Libbie, as she was called, often worked long hours for her 'keep' and had little chance for an education. Her chores were often very heavy work. In one family where she lived when she was about 8 they included lugging water a half mile from a creek. This and other heavy work left her with very severe back and neck problems all her life. As she grew up, a continual reminder of her childhood unhappiness. When I was living with them, she was in almost constant neck pain, seldom left the house and wore a neck brace.

Her aunts were usually good to her, but their husbands probably resented an extra mouth to feed and did not like the responsibility put upon them. I often wonder how much her mother knew of the burden placed upon her children by her new marriage.

Libbie tried to be good, but was often beaten for very little reason. One time a well meaning visitor, I forget who, gave her a quarter – a very large amount of money in those days- she told him that it would not fit into her piggy bank, so he gave her a dime. Later the man of the house gave her a beating for being so stupid as to refuse a whole quarter. I wonder if this was the same man who later broke into her full piggy bank where she was saving to buy a doll (she never had one). He told her it was a thief who had come into the house even though nothing else was stolen from the home.

In another household it was a custom on Christmas morning to give all the children an orange on their plate. The only orange they would have for the year, and their only present! One Christmas she received a whip on her plate. She had "misbehaved during the year and did not deserve an orange". I am sure the oranges were rather expensive and this was a good way to save money. The children in the family all received their oranges.

Marion records a family where the husband was a doctor. Whenever young Libbie did not perform her duties to his satisfaction he would put her in the closet with his skeleton. How old was she then?

Sometimes the work she did would also be shared by other children in the family. As in one home where the mother was a seamstress and Libbie and the boy in the family would crease the gussets for the sleeves of men's shirts.

Her mother Emily Jones had 6 sisters. I have records of only two of these families with whom she lived.. When she was nine, the 1880 census records her as living with her Aunt Harriet Cordelia Jones who married William Stoneburner.

At fourteen she went to live with Almira Jones Long and John Long in New Scotland. He was a blacksmith. Their home shown at the right.



At last she found a place where she was loved and happy. There were several children in the family. One cousin, Grace Edna who was five years younger, was a special favorite. In fact Libbie named her first daughter after Grace. Her Aunt Almira was a 'mother' to her and gave her the education that she would need one day to become a good mother herself.

For my grandmother, the best time of her life was the two weeks she spent on Long Island when she was about 17. She was a nanny for a baby and her only duties were to care for the baby and sit on the beach with her. She was completely awed by the hotel, the great meals and "waiters". Lots to see and a whole other scene of the rich enjoying themselves. Such a contrast to her own life experiences. "And they paid me!" She would have done it for free. I still have the little shell coin purse she bought for herself.

Although very little is known about the Becker family, the Internet has given me lots of information about the very long lineage of her grandmother Martha Stalker. (See History and Stories of the Becker's)

I have a copy of Libbie's autograph book from this period in the 1880ies. The wonderful entries of her cousins and various friends is heart warming. One entry: "Remember your friend, JH Frederick of Knowerville, NY Mar. 23, 1886" - more than five years before they married. Written in the corners: "Faith, Hope, Charity, Love". I wonder where they met?

Grandma was becoming a beautiful woman. Soon there would be suitors coming to call. In the days before telephones one could never know who would show up on a Sunday afternoon. She recalled one day when she had three gentlemen callers at the same time. But of them all, Libbie chose Jacob Henry Frederick. Jake as he was called.



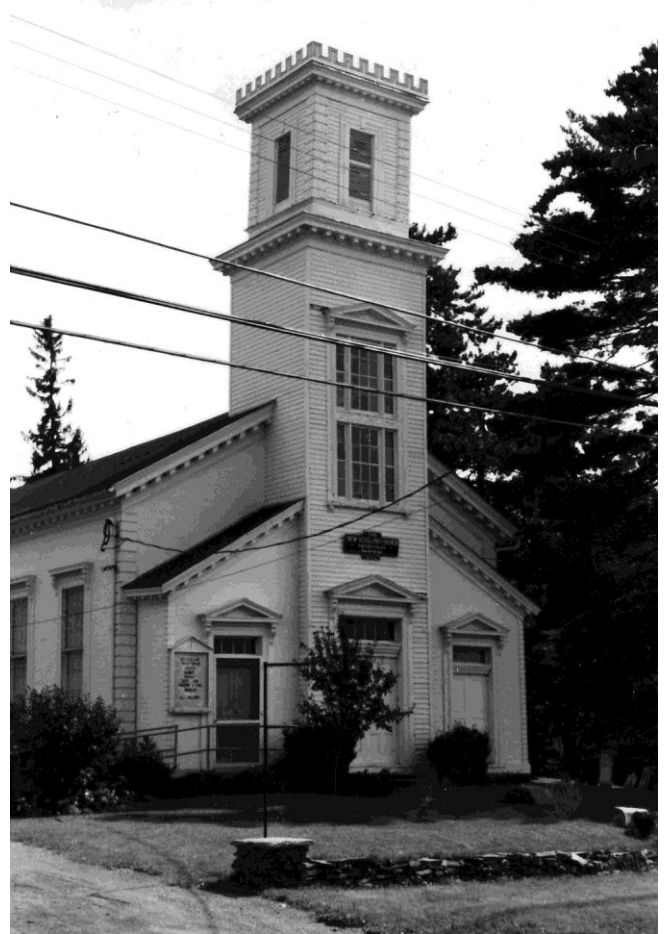
After a suitable courtship they were married at the New Scotland Church on December 24, 1881. The church was a short walk from the Long house.

It was a cold and snowy day on the day they were married. The roads were soon impassable. It became apparent that not only would the newly weds not be able to leave for their “honeymoon”, but the guests would also have to spend the night.

What a night! The guests made sure that the young couple stayed awake all night. They banged on the door – sang all night and even climbed a ladder to look in the window.

New Scotland Presbyterian Church as it was in 1984. Little changed from a century before.

A cemetery in the back of the church has grave stones for Nettie Barber Van Schaack, half sister of Libbie , and other Beckers, and Barbers.



There is not much documentation of their early homes.

As far as I can find out, soon after their marriage Libbie and Jake moved into a home on this property bordering on Hawes and Frederick Roads, in the shadow of the Helderbergs. They lived here for four or five years and the three oldest children were born here.

In 1984 it was just an open field, but I assume now part of the Indian Ladder Farms.

See also “God and Grandpa” for information on the baptism of the children.

THIS CERTIFIES

It is
not good that
the man should be
alone, I will make
him an help meet
for him.

What
therefore God
hath joined together
let not man
put asunder.



That on the twenty fourth day of December in the year 1891
Jacob Henry Friedrich and Mary Elizabeth Becker
were united by me in the Bond of Marriage at New Scotland, New York

Witness
William F. Gray
Gennie M. ...

Monroe Drew,
Pastor of Presbyterian Church.

“It is not good that the man should be alone, I will make him an help meet for him”

“What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder”



Married
December 24, 1891



Their family

At the first home in Altamont on the corner of Frederick and Hawes Road.



Grace Edna Born June 22, 1893

Here after baptism at the Helderberg Church
At the age of 15 weeks

Grace soon had a little sister

Florence Margaret Born January 28, 1895

Grace was very close to her younger sister and very protective.



There is no date on this studio picture of the two girls, but they look about 2 and 4.

Next in line was VERNER CHARLES born December 8, 1896. A year after Florence. Three children 19 under the age of 4! In another year they left their home in Altamont and moved to Schenectady.



(See Grandpa's careers for more information on the various florists and greenhouses, his gardens and their homes.)

Verner biking in Schenectady by the Shannon Street home.

This one of Grandpa was taken in about 1904 when they were living in Schenectady. Two years before Marion's birth.



MARION ELIZABETH born Oct. 17, 1906 in Bellevue, Schenectady.

Marion here at about three years with Grace aged 16.

The summer of 1909, on Shannon Street.

Marion and other neighborhood children had a lot of room to run around in the many nearby empty lots by the Shannon street house. Marion describes the fruit trees, the vegetable garden, and the small green house at the rear of the house.

These pictures of the other two older children were probably taken at much the about the same time. Florence was about 15.

Verner at the age of 14 or 15 in a photo booth. Very popular with all the young people at that time.



Life in Schenectady was not dull. There were buses to take wherever they wanted. From Grandma "Be sure you have clean underware and no holes in your stockings. You never know when you might end up in an accident and end up in the hospital". The girls belonged to the Campfire Girls and went on camping trips - Tenting in Altamont in 1911. Many lasting friendships were formed at this time.



As they got older there were "bacon bats". Here Grace and Charlie, Verner with Friend, an unknown couple, and Florence with Friend (probably her fiancé) on right. Florence is wearing a middy blouse and scarf, a very popular style of the time.

Florence, a sweet and loving young woman died at the age of 25, leaving behind a grieving family, a fiancé and a hope chest filled with embroidered linen. Notice was sent to my parents in China by the newly invented cablegram. It took 7 days to reach Shaowu!

Below the siblings on Shannon Street in Schenectady



Marion, aged 7, enjoyed having a new baby to take care of.

In 1914 the family moved to 1 Miller Street in Johnstown. Grandpa built his greenhouses and was happy.

Grace went off to New York City to attend Bible Seminary. 1916, Grace on vacation from New York City played with her younger siblings.



23 years later I found this most unusual box of building blocks in the basement at 204 First Street. They were colored concrete in the shape of all sorts of building parts, lintels, arches, and more. A truly wonderful set of blocks that probably ended up at the Dutch Fair!

Grace brought her new friend Charles Riggs home for a visit.

The house at 1 Miller Street in Johnstown. The "Frederick Florist" truck is in front of the house.



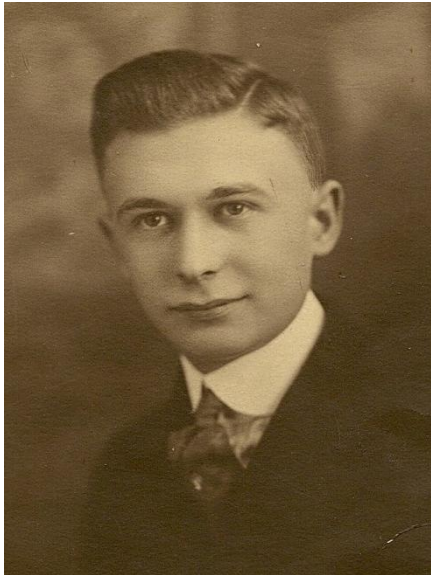


Grace and Charlie came home to Miller Street in Johnstown where they were married August 31, 1916. It was hard to leave the family and travel to China where Charles had a job in Shaowu running a rural agricultural station.

Many interesting events happened in their lives before they returned to the family in Scotia New York the summer of 1923. They had 3 children and were looking forward to spending time with the Frederick family.

In 1917, Verner followed Grace's

example and married Marjory Adams, on September 11.



Verner worked for awhile in the Schenectady florist shop and then lost no time in saving money to have his own greenhouses on Miller Street in Johnstown.



Verner in his Johnstown greenhouse

Right: Mar in a marvelous dress by the lake near their house.



All was not well in Johnstown for the Grandparents. By 1919 the Greenhouses had been destroyed by a hail storm, Florence died of cancer and with the problems of World War 1 plus the bankrupt business, the family moved back to Schenectady area. (see Grandpa's careers)



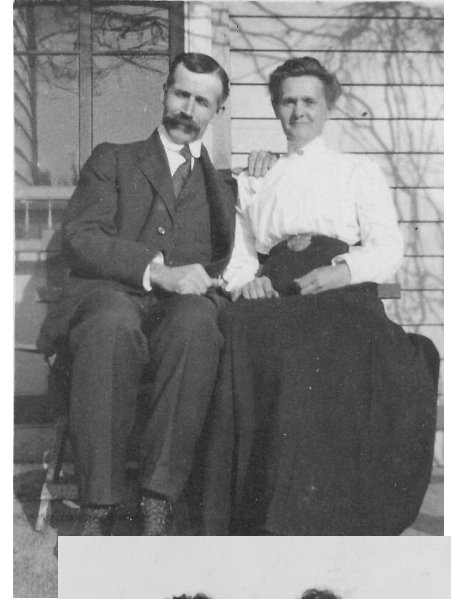
But their faith held them up and they still had Marion and Kenneth at home.

Marion graduated from high school in Scotia in 1923, (left)

The same year Grace and Charlie came back from China with their children. The Board wished them to go back to NYC biblical Seminary in order to finish their degrees. It was agreed that if Marion would spend the year at home to help Grandma care for the three

children while Charlie and Grace went to NYC that they would help with her college expenses.

Finally Marion realized her dream and went to Skidmore College where she had numerous friends and received a degree in nursing in 1929. (Graduation picture to left)



Soon there after she met Frank Richard Bradley and



they were married July 8, 1930.

Now Kenneth was really alone at home. He had enjoyed the company of his nephew Fred for the past year and now they had gone back to China. Marion had left home.

He continued at the Scotia schools. By the time we returned from China again in 1937 he had graduated from Union College and left home. Then had finished graduate school in Berkeley and married. Maybe his children can fill in the gaps?

He did work hard to get through college. He used to tell me about his paper routes and the long hours of the day with much time devoted to study.

He also did not like firm or French bread. He had taken a bag lunch most of his life and having only paper bags in those days, he always had hard bread for a sandwich. He vowed never again!!



On December 4th, 1936 The Fredericks gained a wife, an aunt and a daughter-in-law.



Kenneth Jacob married Eleanor Thomas Loudon in Mill Valley, CA

Kenneth had been in graduate school in California and had met Eleanor who was also doing graduate work in Food Chemistry, Foods and Nutrition.

They had been both living in the same graduate rooming house. In 1937 when we came from China They met our ship in San Francisco .

After graduation they both worked in CA and then moved to Syracuse where Eleanor taught Food Chemistry at Syracuse University and Kenneth worked for Solvay Process Co.

Syracuse was an easy train ride from Scotia and I visited them every chance I had.

They were a lively couple, sometimes the Grandparents would be a little shocked when they would snuggle up a little at the dinner table. One time El got irritated with Ken and poured some salt from the shaker onto his head. It was a breathe of fresh air to have them around!

There are certain perks for children who are the only girls in the family as were Betsy and I. Verner and Mar, Marion and Frank, later Ken and El all had three boys. I used to tell them that Grace and Charlie also had boys three times (between Fred and Junior there were twin boys who died). Who knows if the others had had more children they might have been girls. Anyway, we were spoiled by one and all.

A good picture of Mar and Verner after I had left Scotia. What a jolly couple. Here a picture of them with Grandpa and son Dick. Jean and Dick had many wonderful children who probably met



Grandpa, but may have been too young to remember. They were very good to Aunt Marjory in her advanced years. Verner was a very affectionate man and I always liked to see him. His Grandpa having been brought up in a different generation did not know how to show his feelings.

Mar was a fun loving woman. Always full of life, she could really made the old piano in the parlor sing out so that the whole neighborhood knew when she had been to visit. I used to play hymns for Grandpa, but Mar gave her whole being

to the piano and Grandpa really loved it – as did we all. Their son Dick would sing. I sort of kept to the background since my voice was not the greatest!

Mar was a realist and often tried to help me break through the bubble in which I lived with the Grandparents. Life was not always easy for her, but whatever hospitality she could muster, she was willing to share with me when I visited Johnstown.

The last time I saw Aunt Marjory was in 1984. I went to visit her in the home where she was staying. As soon as I entered the building, she met me by the elevator and took me upstairs. To their living quarters. Ever a hostess, she often road up and down the elevator to welcome people and say good bye. Even to those she did not know.



We had some conversation and she played the piano and sang for me. It was like old times hearing her.

A little later we were talking and she was trying to get back into her past. “Did I have a happy life?” I told her “yes”. I knew it had been difficult for her in the past and now she did not remember, but she was happy now in the present. She asked me if I knew about her family. I talked to her about Scotia, about the grandparents. There was no response. Then I mentioned my parents Grace and Charlie. “Charlie” Her eyes lit up for a moment. She and my father Charlie had found they both had a similar sense of humor and in their few brief times together had really enjoyed sharing that good humor. “Charlie !”. Then the light disappeared. It brought tears to my eyes. I wish the window

to the past had remained open a little longer.



Marion in 1923-24 with Fred and Junior. She cared for them well while their parents were in NYC Bible Seminary.

Before they moved to Vermont, Aunt Marion was the one I saw most often. Albany was near by and they came regularly and I visited them too. Her boys, like Mar's Dick, became brothers to me.

Marion was a surrogate Mother. She took me to the Mother and Daughter dinners at the

church. Went shopping with me for clothes, gave me a book "On what every girl should know". She tried to help me adjust to American life and to understand her parents. I was a change for her from her three boys!

Even after they moved to Vermont, they came regularly to Scotia and to see Frank's Schenectady relatives. And of course I had some great times visiting them in Vermont in the summers. Marion always teaching me by example.



She kept an eye on the Grandparents. When Grandma was sick she would come all the way from Vermont to care for her.

She was visiting nurse, pastors wife, raised a great family and still had time for the Grandparents and me.

For more on their day to day life, see Marion's Memoirs and Edith's "For Hunter" (Marion's great great granddaughter)





As did the other aunts, El came to Scotia often. Aunt Eleanor always helped with the cooking. It was good for Grandma to have some relief from the day to day work. I don't know why Grandma was so afraid of my learning to cook. She used the excuse that she didn't feel that they could afford my spoiling dinner! I did learn some cooking when I visited Ken and El, especially how to make cakes. At the time she was developing the cake mix for Betty Crocker.

Every other year El went home to CA to spend time with her parents, aunt and sister Joan in Mill Valley. My first Christmas in Scotia, the Congregational Church in Schenectady, which helped support my parents work in China, gave me a beautiful doll, About 16 inches tall. When we had left China we at a vacation place, so all our belongings were still in Nanking. The following summer

was El's scheduled year to go to CA. She took the doll with her and her whole family spent the month (or more?) making a complete wardrobe for the doll.

Grandma did only necessary sewing in those days. It hurt her neck to bend over the sewing. I received a lot of hand-me-downs from my second cousin Mary Gazeley (until I was about 12 and became taller than she was). There were always hems to take up or let out. When El would come she would help Grandma. However, although there was no verbal disagreement, the two of them never could agree on how long my skirts should be. El would take them up and as soon as she left, Grandma would let them down. Grandma believed that no woman or girl should show her knee she did not care for current styles! I wore long cotton stockings like Grandma so maybe the skirts did look better hiding my knees! Bobby socks were only for summer! Grandma felt justified when one winter some of the girls in my class froze their legs. In fact one was always supposed to cover ones' legs. After the age of 12 I was no longer allowed to wear shorts.

The third time El came and I knew this hem up and down was going to happen again. Finally I spoke to El and asked her to forget about it., it was just too upsetting for Grandma, she felt as if she were not taking good care of me. But, other than the hems, the two of them were always happy to see each other. They drank many cups of tea together. Grandma's tea pot was the one thing which El really wanted to have to remember Grandma. After El died it was passed on to me. It is a prize possession. A reminder of all the cups of tea I have shared with El and my Grandmother.

In 1953 my family moved to the Chicago area. We were very fortunate to have Ken and El living nearby in Lake Bluff. It was great for our children to have some older relatives and cousins- to have a place to go for holidays and Sunday. El was my mentor and we had many wonderful discussions. She gave me much valuable and needed advice.

My Uncles were great, but a girl really needs to relate to women! Lucky me, I had three wonderful aunts.

Verner and Kenneth – right. Uncle Frank not pictured.





During the twenties and the thirties, the family of the grandparents slowly expanded.

THE GRANDCHILDREN:

First born of Grace and Charlie: Frederick Warren Riggs

On July 3, 1917.



Next in the family Robert Verner Frederick
Born Aug. 2, 1918. Son of Marjory and Verner Frederick.



In China, Fred, followed by younger Junior and Betsy are here playing in the sand box



The first picture I have of the early Riggs family with the Grandparents was taken in 1924. The Grandparents with their grandchildren, my older siblings during the Riggs furlough to the States . At that time Kenneth (on the left) was about 10 and still living at home so he is in the picture with his nephew Fred (right) at aged 7. Betsy with doll and Junior hiding. Below left : By 1929

Grace and Charlie's family was complete. Here they are in 1932 on the way back to China, Fred, Charles, Betsy, Junior, and Wendell. Edith in the front. At a beach in LA in 1932 just before leaving for Nanking, China. They had spent the past two years in the States and were now heading back to Nanking. Marion said that every time the family left for China Grandma cried for at least two weeks. Seven years is a long time not to see your daughter and her family!!

Another complete family. Mar and Verner's three boys. Bob, Dick and Doug Frederick in 1929



1932 Charles Riggs and children, Fred, Betsy, Junior, Wendell, Edith in front. A brief swim in LA before boarding the Tanyu Maru for return to China.

Right - Mar and Vern with their growing sons Doug and Dick by the lake.



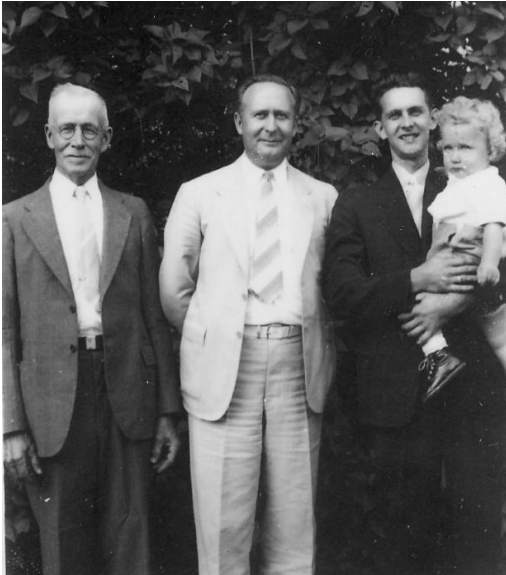
A

Living with my grandparents gave me an opportunity to spend time with the other grand children and great grandchildren. Here to the right, I am with Grandma. I was about 10.



What an exciting time in our lives! visit of Billy – the first born of

Robert Frederick, Verner's oldest son. The first great grandchild. A darling little boy with curly blond hair. Look at this proud Greatgrandpa Jacob, Grandpa



Verner and Bob with son. Four generations of Fredericks. I think this picture was taken in 1940 when Billy was 1 1/2.



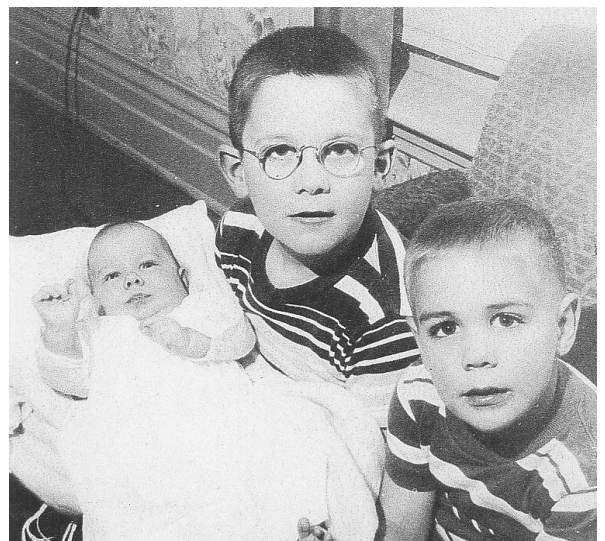
around too. Betsy and I were her only granddaughters and here we were joined by Alice Dawes Frederick the mother of little Billy.

Grandma enjoyed having some girls



Frank and Marion's boys were growing up too Here in 1942 David, Frank, and Dick visiting in Scotia.

With the big age difference between Grace and Kenneth, these three children of Ken and El were nearer the ages of their cousin's children. Baby Eric in 1951, held by Paul and brother Mark.





A wonderful reunion. Charlie came home from China in the summer of 1939 and except for El who was in CA, the rest of the siblings gathered in Scotia. A welcome home for Charlie and a farewell before Grace and Charlie went back to China.

Back – Charlie, Mar, Vern
Center - Grace, Libbie, Jake and Marion
Front- Ken and Frank

Hallowe'en was always a fun time. Although, Grandpa considered it begging and would not let me carry a treat bag.

Since I always dressed up in his clothes, I carried an umbrella and could tuck goodies inside.

.Thanksgiving was another time for family get-togethers. What fun and what food!. Grandpa believed that one should stop eating before reaching the point of being full. Only at Thanksgiving would he allow himself to break this rule. Then in the middle of the meal everyone would stand up, walk around the table singing a hymn and then sit down again to a second helping.

One year, after Marion's moved to Vermont there were only the three of us for Thanksgiving dinner. Never mind, we had a turkey and all the stuffing and placed a picture of every absent person on the table.

Grace and Charlie's children who were off at their schools usually joined the group over Christmas and of course during the summer when they were not working. Until Paul was born, Ken and El came home from Syracuse . Before the Bradley's moved to Vermont they would often come with the Johnstown Fredericks on a Sunday afternoon.

Christmas was an especially exciting time. Mrs. Wheeler, the next door neighbor would help her daughters and me make delicious Christmas cookies which I could share with the whole family. We always had a tall tree set between the two parlor windows. Grandpa would set it in a pail full of coal which we would water every day. Decorating the tree was always fun. I remember one special ornament – a cluster of shiny grapes. Christmas Eve presents were laid under the tree – starting with the youngest, who would then be sent to bed. I never saw the other presents until the next morning.

Grandpa would get the old wind up Phonola out of the attic. Putting it in the hall, he would play the only record I ever knew he had - "Oh How I Hate to Get up in the Morning". Did I say he did not have much of a sense of humor? Now we could get up and start the day.

Any presents under the tree could not be opened until after breakfast and when all dishes were clean and beds were made. Then the parlor doors were opened and we filed in one at a time according to age. One person played "Santa Claus" and distributed the gifts one at a time. This gave everyone a chance to Ooo and Ahh over the gifts.

Grandpa's brother, Uncle Lincoln, (shown with Grandpa) and Aunt Nellie would sometimes come to visit.



A big party was held at the Van Curler Hotel in Schenectady to celebrate this great event. A day of great excitement and the children and grandchildren gathered from all over the country. Being the Christmas holidays this was easier to manage. (also the 5th anniversary for Ken and El.) The group gathered for a photo before the big meal. Grandma was especially impressed with having waiters who took such good care of us. Grandpa wrote details of this event to China and even showed the seating arrangement.



Back: Fred Riggs, Ken, Verner, Mar, Uncle Lincoln (Grandpa's brother), Uncle Frank, Doug Frederick, Wendell and Junior Riggs
 Middle; Aunt Cora (Jake's sister-in-law), Libbie, Jake, Aunt Nellie (Lincoln's wife), Grandma Bradley
 Second: Betsy, Eleanor, Marion, Aunt Mattie(Frank's aunt), Richard Frederick
 Front: Bradley boys: Frank, David, Dick, Edith

Fifty years of love and mutual respect.



Ken, Grace, Marion and Verner and their parents in 1946 just before Grace and Edith left for China. Grandma died in 1948 before either of them returned to the States.



By the end of 1946 Grandma was having physical problems. I was in China at the time so do not know the details. Marion reports that Grandma was hospitalized in Dec. 1946, "The trips to Scotia became more frequent throughout the next 2 years, as Grandma's condition worsened. I would travel by train or bus when it wasn't convenient for Dad (Frank) to go."

Marion again "4/16-21 / 1948 I had to go to Scotia again while Grandma was in hospital. With Grace in China and because of my training, I felt that it was my responsibility to help Grandpa all I could with Grandma's care."

"9/11/1948 I received a call from a Scotia nurse friend, that Grandma's condition was poor. I went to Scotia on the 12th and was able to help take care of her through her death on 9/23. The funeral was held on a beautiful Sunday afternoon. One of the features of the service was having six grandsons act as bearers-- Frank and Dick represented our family. (David had a remained in Plainfield to look after Grandma Bradley since it was unwise to leave her alone)



In September 1948 when my Grandmother, Elizabeth Becker Frederick died, I was at sea on the way to Switzerland and received the news when I was docked in the port of Aden. Wendell was in South America,. But many of the other grandchildren gathered around. A time for the cousins to meet and get reacquainted.

Here as pal bearers – Fred, Frank and Dick Bradley, Bob Hankin (Betsy's husband), Bob and Dick Frederick.



Grandma had weathered many storms in her life. She finally was laid to rest in the Altamont Fairview not far from the home of her early married life.



In 1950 Fred's family visited Scotia.

Life goes on. Grandpa ever the teacher took time to instruct Clara Louise (Fred Riggs's wife) in some of the finer points of growing plants before she returned home with her family. Son Ronnie is half hidden in the background.



Riggs family
reunion 1945

Ventnor, NJ

Chuck, Clara
Louise, Fred, Betsy,
Bob, Grace, Charlie

Edith & Wendell

Verner Frederick boys
– Dick, Doug and Bob

Before 1995

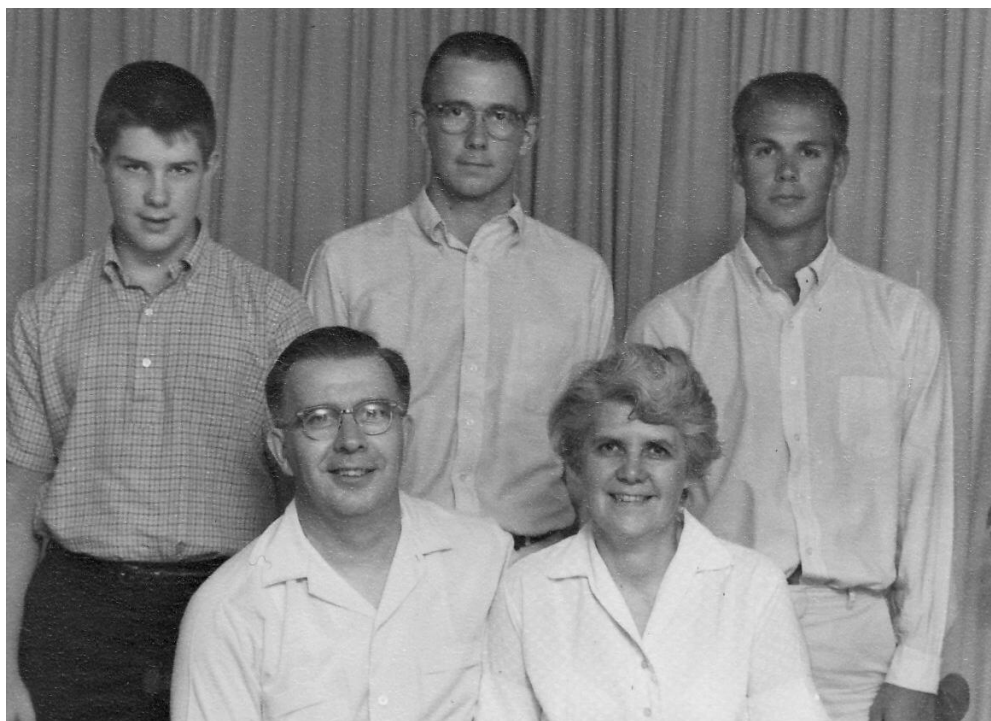


Bradley
reunion

Dick, David,
Frank

Marion

Kelso
Washington
1986



Kenneth
Frederick Family
Dec. 1965

Lake Bluff, Ill.

Eric, Paul, Mark

Ken and El

"I come to the garden alone while the dew is still on the roses....."

"God willing"! I never had a religious discussion with Grandpa, I wonder if anyone did. His beliefs were his life, one lived life as it was supposed to be lived and didn't ask questions. Everyone did as Grandpa said because he was right. I don't think I ever really questioned his 'right' because he was a just and kind man.

The good and the bad parts of life were all part of God's will. Florence dying, the green houses destroyed. His mealtime grace often encouraged us to accept God's will. In the five years I lived with him, I do not believe I ever heard him say "yes". He did not believe in saying "yes" to anything in the future – even five minutes away, it was always "God willing". I am sure that his early life without a father had helped to make him so unbending. However, he was also a product of his time, part of his German, Dutch heritage and of the pioneers who had to accept life as it came, or fail.

Over the years the couple and their children attended many churches. When the young family lived on the corner of Hawes and Frederick Roads in Altamont, they attended Helderberg Reformed Church. It had been built in 1767 as a Dutch Reformed Church. Their children Grace, Florence and Verner were baptized here.

They had moved on to Schenectady to the Bellevue Dutch Reformed Church before Marion and Kenneth were baptized.

Grandpa did not show his feelings. I never knew if he were happy about something or sad. I don't remember him ever laughing about a joke. Grandma would chuckle occasionally especially if she thought she said something funny.

No matter what the consequences, one never lied. Even to exaggerate was not accepted! It also was a lie. One time my brother Wendell was telling about a hike he and some friends took. They came to a cliff where they could see "ten thousand feet straight down". After repeated questioning Wendell finally agreed that maybe it was "one hundred feet". Ever after, anytime someone exaggerated Grandpa never said anything, he would just look down an imaginary cliff and we knew what he meant.

Actually Grandpa often said what he meant with only a look. It could make you want to run and hide if he disapproved. My neighbor friend years later told me that she was afraid of him. I am sure this was only because you never knew what he thought. I never heard him raise his voice or get angry. Of course there also was very little praise. You were only doing what you were supposed to do. Late in life my Mother expressed these same sentiments and then I understood my Grandfather better.

Sunday of course was the Lord's day. Church and Sunday School in the morning. Grandma because of her health did not go with us. I don't remember him reading us the bible, but on Sunday we only did what was necessary – cooking and making your bed. Reading or taking walks or even the radio were allowed. Of course the best Sundays were when other family members came. Verner and family from Johnstown, Marion and family from Albany. Then there was fun, laughter, lots of cooking and Grandpa's favorite activity - singing of hymns. Especially the old ones from a well worn Seth Parker Hymnal. "In the Garden" will always be linked with my memories of him. Nothing typified Grandpa more than this one. Mar would play the piano. We would be heard all over the neighborhood.

As a young man Jacob wanted to become a minister, but knew that it was an impossibility. He was responsible for his mother. He took care of Maria Severson all the rest of her life. She lived with them when my mother was growing up. When my parents were leaving for their mission work in China, her father told Grace that before she was born, he had promised his first born to the church. This was the first she had heard this story.



Smoking and drinking were also most sinful. As far as I know, Grandpa always voted the prohibitionist ticket. I used to baby sit to earn a little extra pocket money. One job was for an Italian family who lived across the street. They had five children ranging in age from 2 to 10. When I gave them dinner I was instructed to give each a little glass of home made red wine. I never told Grandpa or I would not have been allowed into their house. I don't remember, however, ever tasting the "stuff" myself.



In those days I did not know about the Fredericks who ran Michael's Tavern.



At least Grandpa never told me about it. Ken took me there in 1984 – located one block from the Helderberg Church so I am sure that Grandpa knew about it.

Michael was a very common name in the Frederick family, so I do not know the exact relationship of this Michael to Jacob Henry, but they had a common ancestor. Michael bought the property in 1820 and there were three generations of Fredericks that continued maintaining the tavern until 1917.

There were many churches in the area. Much of the family attended Dutch Reformed Churches. Even though the family was originally from German, they had immigrated from Holland with many Dutch people. The family members attended many of these churches, including Tebalt and Anna Livingston at the New Salem Dutch Reformed Church. Jacob Henry Frederick Sr. was baptized at the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Guilderland.

When the family moved to Scotia, New York, they attended the Dutch Reformed Church there. Around 1946-7 this church burned. After Grandma died in 1948, Grandpa took everything that could be moved from the house and donated it to the church "Dutch Fair" to raise money for the rebuilding of the church. In trying to clear the house for the Neuhaus family who were coming to rent the house and take care of him, he also burned most of the papers and documents in the house, including 30 years of letters from my mother, which had been stored in the attic. Instead of keeping a diary while they were in China, Mother had written letters to be saved to maybe write a book one day. A tragic loss for her and us all.

Grandpa was highly respected in the community. Although feared because of his very strict code of ethics and way of life, he never the less did have a twinkle in his eye if you looked hard and a wonderful serene smile. He was considered a kind old man.

Charity begins at home. In 1950 when I was enroute to Glenridge San, Grandpa entertained me for a week while I was reestablishing my county residency. We looked through many old pictures, some of which are appearing in this document. (luckily these were not burned) Among the pictures I found a newspaper article, yellow and tattered. No date was visible. It told a story. A tall, thin man had entered the cancer research headquarters for raising money. He handed them a fifty dollar bill. A very lot of money in those days! He wanted no receipt, would not leave a name, only mentioned that he had a daughter who had died of cancer and hoped that others would not suffer such a loss. He put his hat back on and walked out.

Between 1949 and 51 when I was at Glenridge San, every Thursday Grandpa took two buses to come out to see me. He ran errands for me in town if I needed something. It was a very tiring day for an eighty year old man, but I really appreciated his visits.

In 1955 he went to Nevada to live with the Bradley family and he died there in 1961. (see "Grandpa Moves Out West")



By 1953 Ken and El were living in Lake Bluff where Ken was employed with Abbott Labs. Farouk and Edith were living in Chicago an hour drive away.

Grandpa often came to Lake Bluff to visit. In 1955 he was on his way to Limon, Colorado (see Grandpa Moves West) to live with Marion and Frank. He stopped in Lake Bluff and we were overjoyed to see him.

Left: El, Eric, Edith and son Sam. Right: Grandpa with Farouk and Sam.



Another visit in 1958. Grandpa had been staying in Colorado with Frank and Marion. However, when Frank had a coronary that spring, Grandpa came to spend four months in Lake Bluff.



We enjoyed having Grandpa near by for the summer. It was fun to be in town for the 4th of July, to see the parade, watch the children ride on the fire trucks. After lunch there were amusements, judging of locally made jams, pickles, pies and paintings. Train and donkey rides in the park Mark playing baseball. I do not remember what activities Paul engaged in. I think he may have been helping in some of the concession booths. In the evening there were spectacular fireworks which everyone enjoyed. A far cry from the picnics that Grandpa's family and children had when they were young.

Susan, Farouk and Edith's daughter, was fascinated by Grandpa's pocket watch. He patiently explained it to her. Then he and Sam took a walk where Sam was so



pleased to have all his questions answered about the plants and rocks along their path.

Ever the teacher, Grandpa was not in a hurry.

In the late fall of 1948 Marion and Frank crowded the three big boys into their car and headed west.. They were transferred to a church in Ely, Nevada. In January while Grandpa was visiting Ken and El in



California he made a side trip to see the new headquarters. According to Marion: He arrived in Ely "on the coldest day of the year, 27 degrees below zero. Army using Haylift to feed cattle (this was later made into a movie.) Ely isolated. All roads blocked. Stormy conditions continued until 2/17 when the Haylift ended. This was followed by the danger of flooding with sandbags being used as a prevention."

Grandpa was especially upset by the lack of barns for the livestock. He left back for California on the 19th when the roads were finally open.

Photo: Grandpa visiting Ely during the big snow, here with the Bradley boys in Feb. 1949.

The cold didn't seem to bother the boys!

Again from Marion's Memoirs. They were living in Limon, CO at the time. "Grace was living in an

apartment in New York City....nothing for Dad to do....Vern and Mar were living in a small apartment in Albany. Ken and El still had all three of their boys at home. With Dad and I rattling around in our house alone, we seemed the most logical ones to give him a home. With his interest in church work, plus the yard work, with which he could lend a hand, this would give him a feeling of usefulness." Grandpa agreed, Vern and Grace helped him dispose of the things in Scotia house. He left there April 11, 1955. Then off for visit to Ken's in Lake Bluff. El, Eric, Edith and great grandson son Sam greeted Grandpa in Lake Bluff. (see Ken and El and Lake Bluff)

Another move for the three of them to Julesburg soon thereafter. This time Grandpa had a bigger garden. Grandpa quickly assumed responsibility. He "was especially pleased with the garden area.....He never did feel the soil was as workable as what he had been accustomed to back East and he had to learn a western sun and extremely hot, dry days of that first summer, meant an adjustment of work hours."

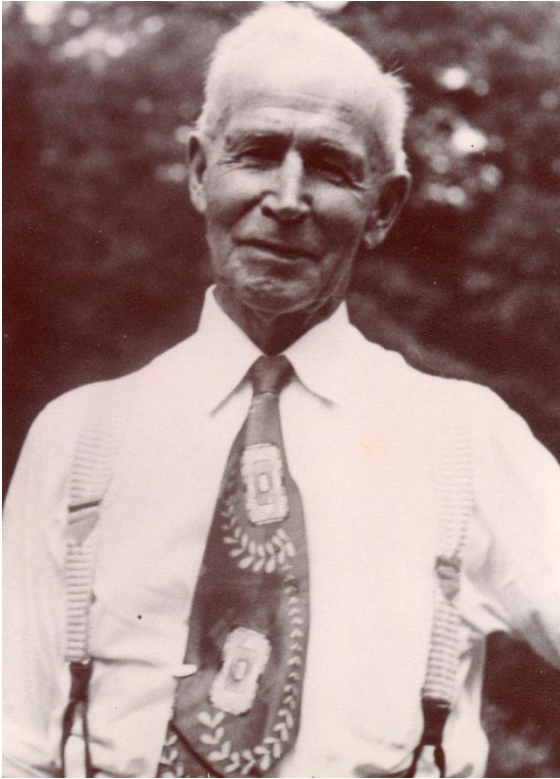


Eric remembers another time when he and Ken visited Grandpa in one of the homes. He helped Grandpa harvest corn and beans for dinner from his garden.

Grandpa also taught an older Sunday School class. He was very happy to be busy and useful.

Grace came from New York City in the middle of August that summer (1955) and the four of them went to a cabin near Estes for a short but well deserved holiday. Some church people had a mountain retreat by the Big Thompson.

In between there were occasionally short trips for picnics, as well as many visits of the children and their families.



The many adventures of the Bradley family are well recorded by Marion in her "Memoirs". Young Frank joined the navy and was married to Carolyn. Both Dick and David finished school, got married and started bringing their children home. Since Dick and Carol lived in town it was great to see them once a week for dinner.

The following spring Frank had a coronary, from which he recovered, but in the meantime Ken who came for a visit at this time, decided to take Grandpa back to Lake Bluff. So in 1958 we had a chance to spend time with him during his four months in Lake Bluff. (see Ken and El and Lake Bluff)

A great picture of Grandpa at the age of 90. He softened so much over the years as he came to accept the life style, dreams and lives of his children and grandchildren.

Marion's family moved to Pueblo for a new church. Grandpa's condition was deteriorating, he could no longer do yard work and had trouble with his eyes. He

spent time in thinking of his past life. At one time he went out into the yard and shook his fist at the sky "Lord, why have you forgotten me?"

30th anniversary celebration
for Marion and Frank.
July 8, 1960

Back row: Carol and Dick,
Frank, David and Doris

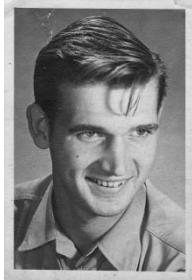
Front: Brenda with Carolyn,
Grandpa, Larry, Marion,
David John
in front of his grandfather
Frank, and Ricky to the side.

Grandpa slowly lost ground.
He died Sept 21, 1961, he
finally was 'remembered!
His ashes went back to the
Helderberg Mountains in
the Altamont Cemetery to be
with his beloved wife Libbie and daughter Florence.



Marion: "I think I will simply say, that all who knew him, loved him and I'm sure that is true of all of you. The difficult transition he made in moving and adjusting to the West, was made with no complaining or bitterness on his part. Dad (Frank Sr.) loved and treated him as his own father and during the 5 plus years, he lived with us, he imparted so much of his faith and courage that greatly enriched our lives." Amen.

Fred came home from his graduate school. He had a native American friend who had taught him some Indian pow wow dances. The parlor was the largest open space and he gave us a good demonstration – chanting and dancing around the circle of the parlor rug. So intense was his dance that it resulted in dust from past years in the rug to rise a few inches off the floor. The grandparents were very startled by this exhibition, but applauded dutifully.



Junior (Chuck) did not play a big part in the Grandparent’s story. He often worked during holidays and did not make it back to Scotia every year. He was however there in 1941 for the 50th Anniversary celebrations. He tried to come as often as possible. One year he even hitch hiked on New Year’s Eve on the running board of car from Oberlin, Ohio so that he could make it to Scotia by New Year’s Eve. A promise he had made to Betsy and the rest of us. Later he was in the Medical Corp stationed in the Southwest and did not get home very often.

The phone rang. After a few minutes I heard Grandpa “BETSY!” This was the year 1943. Betsy had graduated from Oberlin in sociology. With the war still going on she decided to help her country and learn about the labor movement. She took a welding job in Pittsburg in a shipyard, where she worked for 8 months. To connect with the family she made a long distance call (unusual for that time unless a matter of emergency). In order to fit in with the other welders – blue class workers, she did not tell them that she was a college graduate and of necessity adopted their way of speaking. Needless to say it was not the same language which Grandpa used. For a moment she forgot to switch into “Grandpa language”. She really shocked the old man. When I got on the phone she apologized and explained, but he was still not happy with her lack of decorum.



Wendell was in and out frequently. If he did not come to Scotia, he went to Syracuse to spend time with Ken and El. El taught him how to cook and he helped her with her research on cake mixes for Betty Crocker. Some years later time Grandpa received a call from the police in I believe Ecuador, they wanted him to verify Wendell’s identity. It appears that Wendell’s passport had expired or some such thing, and they needed to know if he was telling the truth that he really had a home in Scotia.



My relations with the Grandparents you know well from the proceeding document. We were all so fortunate to have a home in Scotia and some Grandparents who cared for us and welcomed us whenever we were nearby. Of course I received the most of this love and care.



In 1943, shortly after they were married, Fred brought Clara Louise, or Jackie as we called her then, to Scotia to meet the Grandparents. Ken joined us too. El was in California with her family for the summer.

At times I would ask for something special, like the other girls. When I graduated from Junior High, Grandma agreed to let me have a permanent. This picture was taken soon thereafter. Grandma used a curling iron to make the waves in her hair.

l-r: Grandpa, Ken, Grandma, Betsy, Fred, Edith, Jackie



Dick Frederick

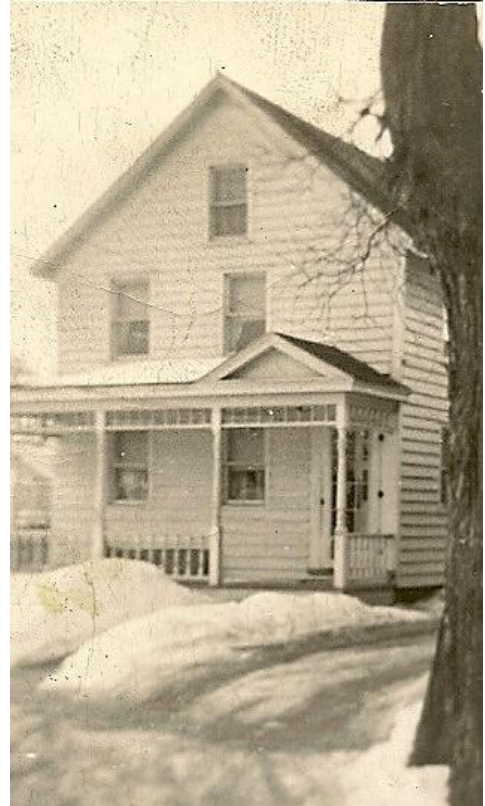
"I truly do not recall an awful lot of my association with Gram Frederick. As I indicated, we did go down to Scotia quite a bit, or should I say at least once a month.

I loved Gramp Frederick, and in particular when he was up at our house in Johnstown. He would go out in back and watch us play horse shoes, he would go up to

Knox Junior High on their ball diamond and watch us play ball, or just hit balls. He seemed to enjoy all this.

I don't recall him staying at our house overnight, and yet he must have? I never remember Gram ever staying over either.... He was a nice old grandpa as far as I was concerned. I don't ever really remember sitting down with him and discussing anything about the family, about future plans, on how we were doing at school, or what kind of work we were involved with."

Home of Verner and Marjory in Johnstown.
12 East Green St.



Although we have no recollection, I imagine that when Grandpa went to Johnstown he probably helped Verner in the two greenhouses that were next door to this house. (see: "Everyone Gets Married") At least he would have taken a great interest in Verner's floral work. He may even have watched Dick fish in the lake in front of their house. I doubt if he caught frogs for him to use as bait as I did when I visited the family!

Bob and Alice lived within walking distance and he surely would have gone to see his great grandsons.

To you Libby and all the other great grandchildren – carry forth the spirit and the



memories of Mary Elizabeth Becker Frederick and her beloved husband Jacob Henry Frederick.

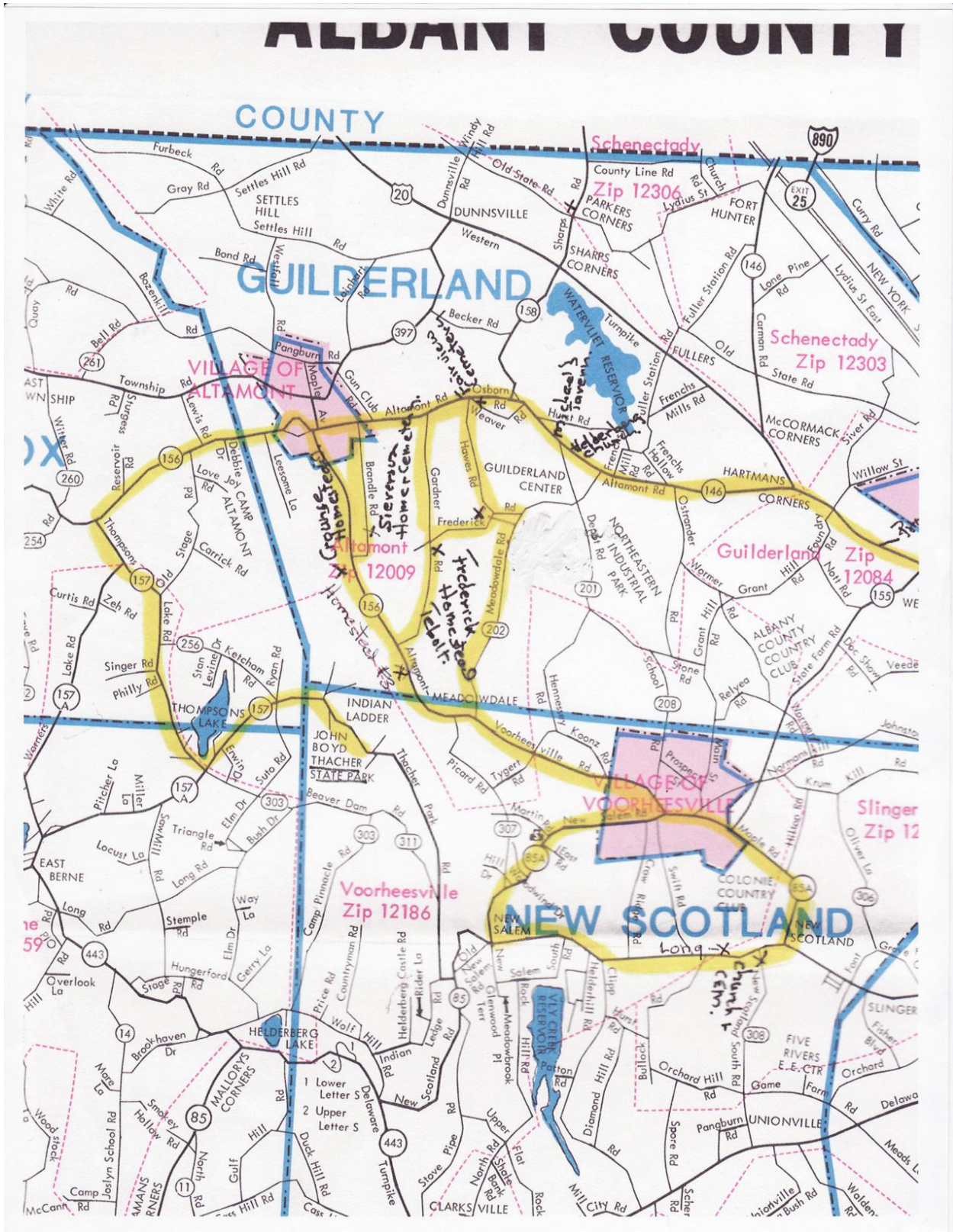
To the left: In Boulder, Colorado Grace Edna Frederick Riggs, Marion Elizabeth Frederick Bradley and Carol Bradley (wife of Dick Bradley) and Libby – Elizabeth Louise Bradley, called Libby after her great grandmother. Twenty years after her death, Grandma Libbie would have been very pleased to hear about your birth.

To all the grandchildren: I am sorry. All of this should have been documented some years ago. We all would have remembered more and could have had feed back from the others who are no longer with us.

However, I am leaving space here in case any of you can think of anything to add to the memory of the grandparents. Or find other pictures. If you do, please communicate with me so that I can spread the word to all. Keep looking and keep trying to remember. Thanks, Edith

Children and grandchildren of Jacob Henry Frederick & Mary Elizabeth Becker Frederick
 b. Aug. 28, 1869 , d. Sept. 21, 1961 b. Aug. 3, 1870, d. Sept. 23, 1948

Grace Edna Frederick b. June 22, 1893 d. May 14, 1984	Frederick Warren Riggs b. July 3, 1917, d. Feb. 9, 2008 Clara Louise Mather b. May 26, 1918 d. Sept. 9, 2009 Wilbert b. May 7, 1919, d. May 19, 1919 Robert stillborn Charles Henry Riggs Jr. b. Aug. 24, 1920 d. May 29, 1980 Edith Stone b. Aug. 16, 1919 d. March 22, 1991 Elisabeth Parsons Riggs b. July 15, 1922 d. Sept. 25, 2009 Robert Marvin Hankin b. July 20, 1921 Wendell Paddock Riggs b. Dec. 31, 1925 d. July 19, 1963 Cynthia Sargent Balcomb b. Mar. 23, 1922 d. 2006
Charles Henry Riggs b. Feb. 6, 1892 d. Mar. 13, 1953	Edith Clara Riggs b. Dec. 30, 1929 Farouk Zaki Barakat b. Nov. 4, 1931
Florence Margaret Frederick b. Jan. 28, 1895 d. April 1, 1919	
Verner Charles Frederick b. Dec. 9, 1896 d. Sept. 28, 1963	Robert Verner Frederick b. Aug. 2, 1918 d. April 25, 1995 Alice Jane Dawes b. Aug. 17, 1920 Douglas Adams Frederick b. April 29, 1924 d. July 11, 2011 Geraldine Miller b. April 24, 1923 d. Oct. 28, 1978
Marjory Louise Adams b. April 30, 1894 d. June 17, 1994	Richard Miller Frederick b. Jan. 27, 1929 Jean Herchenroder b. Aug. 28, 1930 divorced 1974 Sibyl Sandra Sanford b. Jan. 18, 1935
Marion Elizabeth Frederick b. Oct. 17, 1906 d. Feb. 3, 1995	Frank Henry Bradley b. April 16, 1932 d. Nov. 27, 1996 Carolyn J. Davis b. June 14, 1949 div. 1990 Katie Richard Austin Bradley b. May 3, 1934 d. June 9, 1999 Carol Burbridge b. April 16, 1930
Frank Richard Bradley b. Oct. 1, 1905 d. Feb. 2, 1963	David Lawrence Bradley b. July 9, 1935 d. Aug. 25, 2005 Doris Arlene Seal b. June 24, 1936 d. Jan. 12, 1994 Muriel Hawes b. June 20, 1933
Kenneth Jacob Frederick b. Dec. 55, 1913 d. Feb. 22, 2004	Paul Kenneth Frederick b. Oct. 6, 1943 Caroline Smiley b. Feb. 12, 1945 div. 1979 Judith Hayduk Mark Thomas Frederick b. March 27, 1947
Eleanor Thomas Loudon b. June 14, 1913 d. July 4, 1977 Virginia Fiester b. Dec. 24, 1916 d. May 30, 2010	Eric Lawrence Frederick b. Sept. 6, 1950 Barbara Barnett b. Oct. 20, 1950



Yellow line is route Kenneth took in 1984 when we were in the area.