

Reminiscences
of an
Octogenarian

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian

By

Carl Reinhold Tappert, D.D.

Printed for private circulation in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1946

BIRTH AND RECOLLECTIONS OF YOUTH



I WAS BORN in the city of the legendary Pied Piper, in Hameln, Hannover, Germany, on December 13, 1866. The thirteenth is commonly accounted unlucky; the year 1866 was certainly unlucky, for in this year the king of my native land lost his throne. My father, although he came originally from Eisenach, in Thuringia—he was born and raised there in the house in which the composer Bach had lived—was a friend of the banished king of Hannover, George V, and he used to visit the exiled king in Gmunden, Austria. The son of the king, Ernst August, the duke of Cumberland, later became the godfather of one of my brothers.

Oldest in my family is my sister Emma, now a deaconess in Philadelphia. The arrival of the first son gave the servants cause to celebrate the event by raising a flag before the house. The flag they put out was the old Hannoverian flag. Someone brought this to the attention of the authorities, who otherwise would certainly have disregarded the matter, and two policemen came to the house. My father pointed in my direction and explained that the flag had been raised in my honor. They reminded him that the law required that the Prussian flag must fly above the Hannoverian. My father said, "But it is flying above it!" The policemen looked again and insisted that they could not see it. "The law does not prescribe that you must be able to see it," said my father. The Prussian flag was in fact only a small black and white ribbon.

This was only the first of the difficulties which befell me as a result of our family's anti-Prussian sentiment. While I was studying at the Kropp Theological Seminary in Schleswig, a young Hannoverian student in the proseminary received, upon request for aid, a gift of 120 or 150 marks from the son of the king of Hannover. He was so happy about the unexpected gift that he mentioned it to all he met. Some of his more youthful companions prevailed upon him to proceed to the city of Schleswig to celebrate his good fortune. Of course the cost of a sumptuous dinner, of a visit to the theater, as well as of several bottles of wine and a number of cigars was defrayed out of the money sent by the duke of Cumberland. Later the student regretted his misuse of the generous gift. One of the older students, a Berliner, expressed his indignation during our afternoon coffee hour by reading to us a

satirical poem directed, not against the young student and his companions, but against the duke of Cumberland. This annoyed me, and I took him to task for it in no indefinite terms. Several of his friends induced him to challenge me to a duel. Since I was challenged, it was my privilege to choose the weapons—swords or pistols. I chose pistols, for my father had instructed me in their use, and I knew that an inexperienced manipulator of a pistol would not, except by chance, hit his mark. All preparations for the duel were made; it was to take place the second day after the beginning of the summer holiday. But Emil Hoffmann, the president of our Scientific Club, induced my challenger to apologize for his ill-considered words about the duke of Cumberland, and I magnanimously accepted his retraction. So this matter was settled.

I was brought into difficulty because of my anti-Prussian sentiment a third time. Among the students in the seminary was one, Brenner by name, who had little zeal for studying and had somehow made himself generally disliked by the other students. He was older than the rest of us and, I recall, had a black beard. On one occasion he heard that I was contemplating a journey to the city of Schleswig and asked if he might go along, for he had never seen the capital of Schleswig-Holstein. I was not especially pleased to have his company, but I had no reason to deny his request. On the way he became very talkative. By the time we were entering the city he had turned the conversation to politics and was sounding the praises of the king of Prussia. This, of course, did not please me, and to put an end to his talk, I said, "To be sure, it can not be denied that the king of Prussia is a grand monarch. I was well aware that the loafers and tramps who were then employed in Schleswig-Holstein to prepare the groundwork for the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal were derisively called *Grandmonarchen*. They got this name, I suppose, because their work consisted primarily of shoveling gravel, called *Grand*. As I well knew, Brenner knew no French and could not appreciate the play on words. He became indignant and threatened to report my statement. When he observed that his threat left me unperturbed, he marched into the courthouse before which we were just walking. I let him go, for I felt that I had actually committed no offense, and I went on my way. A little later he overtook me. When I asked him what the magistrate had said, he explained that he had refrained from bringing the matter before him this time. I do not now whether he had really let the matter drop, or whether the magistrate in Schleswig had laughed at his charge against me.

This Brenner was later expelled from the seminary because of his unfitness, and he emigrated to the United States. From America he preferred formal charges of high treason against the Rev. Johannes Paulsen, the founder of Kropp Seminary; Gerold, the rector; Heinrich Sieck, a student in the Practical Seminary; and against me. He named, as his witness, Paul Jubelt, the step-son of Deacon O. Lorenz. We all had to appear in court in Schleswig. When those of us who were students were admitted into the large

room where court was held, Pastor Paulsen, who apparently knew the magistrate personally, was just presenting himself to him, and we heard him inquire of the magistrate how his son was faring in America. Since it was well known that many citizens of Schleswig-Holstein were anti-Prussian and opposed the military service required of their sons, we found some comfort in the circumstances implied in Pastor Paulsen's question. To avoid military service some young men emigrated from Germany. We felt that we had reason to hope that this magistrate would not treat us too harshly. Our director, whose Hessian homeland had also been annexed by the Prussians, was not reconciled to the new government. When he appeared before the magistrate, we noticed that he kept asking, "What exactly is punishable in my action?" As I recall, he was charged with omitting the prayer for the king of Prussia in one of the church services he had conducted.

Then we students were called before the magistrate. He told us that we were obligated to respect the emperor and his government. I asked him on what charge I had been indicted. He told me that, according to Brenner's accusation, I had called the emperor a brigand-chief. Then Heinrich Sieck, the last of the accused, was summoned before the magistrate. He was charged with spitting upon and tramping underfoot a picture of the emperor. This he had really done, but in doing it he had not been motivated by any political convictions at all. He had no interest in politics and, unlike many natives of Schleswig-Holstein, entertained no anti-Prussian feelings. The whole charge against him was based on an insignificant incident. He had purchased an inexpensive card on which was printed a picture of the German emperor, Wilhelm I. He wanted to hang this card on the wall of his study. Since he had neither hammer nor tacks at hand, he spit upon the back of the picture. But his saliva lacked the required adhesive property, and the picture fell to the floor. He leaped from the chair to pick up the picture, but another student tried to take the picture from him and he, to forestall this, quickly put his foot on it. This, then, was his crime: he had, as charged, really "spit upon and tramped under foot the picture of Kaiser Wilhelm I."

When the magistrate had heard this explanation as well as the others, we were all summoned before him and acquitted. He denounced the informer and expressed regret that he was now outside his jurisdiction, for he felt that our accuser deserved to be punished.

Among my earliest recollections of youth is my first journey to school. When my sister Emma reached her sixth year, she had to begin her schooling and, since we had grown up together, it seemed only natural that I should begin my schooling with her. To make my first day at school easier, my mother gave me to understand that I certainly could not let my sister go so far alone and that I, as her brother, would have to protect her. We attended a private school which was conducted in the home of a relative of my mother.

At this time my father was a busy architect and master builder. I still recall the ceremony conducted at the dedication of some barracks which he had built and how a mason carried me on his shoulders that I might get a good view of the musicians and speakers. At about this time my father had established a tile and pottery factory in Muender on the Deister, not far from the Osterwald. Here were three kilns, as large as barns, two for firing bricks and one for stove tile and all sorts of crockery. There were, too, long sheds for drying the bricks, tile, and vessels. On the grounds were also dwellings for the master brickmaker and the groom, and also a stable for our five horses.

All the manpower in the region was employed in agriculture, in the quarries, sandstone pits, and coal and salt mines, or on the woodlands of the neighboring mountains. Consequently factory workers were not to be had, and it was necessary to hire workers from more distant places, particularly from the principality of Lippe and the region around the Harz Mountains. These workers were placed under the supervision of a foreman. To reach the factory from our home required about a half-hour's train ride and another half-hour's walk through a beautiful beech forest.

One of the foremen at the factory was released because of some act of dishonesty. I had come to know this foreman on my visits to the factory. One day shortly after he had been released I happened to see him as I was returning home from school. He had assembled a number of workers about him, and with them he was descending upon our house. My father sent me to the third floor of our house to fetch the old pensioned clerk who had rented a room there. He was to be a witness in case the men resorted to violence. Meanwhile the foreman and his band approached. The foreman carried a stout cane in his hand. The old clerk stood by the stair-post and shook with fear. My father held his revolver in readiness. My mother, too, stood by, holding a fowling-piece, a single-barreled weapon — not against her shoulder, but against her cheek. It was the first time she had ever had a gun in her hands. My sister Emma and I stood off to the side, yet near enough to be able to see everything. We were quite without fear, for we were confident that Father with his revolver and Mother with her gun could readily handle these rogues. And so it turned out. Father seized the foreman with one hand, held his revolver before his face, and said: "I'll give you a count of three!" And before he got to three the foreman and his band had turned on their heels and made a hasty retreat. At my father's request the police in Muender ordered the foreman out of that region.

Soon after this incident we moved to a new home in a region called Ramena. We were told that this name was derived from the old low-German expression, Roab mie nah, which means Rut mir nach, or 'Call after me,' so named because the region was known for its echoes. Here we lived until I was fourteen. Building materials were in great demand and my father's business prospered.

I still recall how on one occasion, when I had returned from school on a Saturday soon after twelve o'clock, I stepped into the open door of one of our kilns. The workers, now at dinner, had already taken out many bricks and loaded them on wagons. Just as I stepped in, some boys, children of the hired men, opened a kiln door at the other end, and a blast of hot air blew through the eighty- or ninety-foot oven. I heard a crackling about my head. In one instant my hair became crinkly, and when I touched it, it fell off. On the following Monday I had to go to school baldheaded and utterly ashamed.

My father's business did not enjoy prosperity for long. Materials which were delivered were not paid for, new orders did not come in, and the work at the factory came to a standstill. We retained only one servant to care for the five horses. He performed his duties faithfully enough, but he had grown too old to exercise the horses. I was now fourteen years old and the task of exercising the horses fell to my lot. For this my school companions envied me. I am sure they did not really understand what a dubious pastime this could sometimes be. In winter, when the weather was too bad or the snow too deep, it often happened that the horses remained in their stalls for days. I usually rode one horse and held a second with a short rein in my right hand. When the horses had been in their stalls three or four days, even a whole week, they were often quite restive, and it was hardly a pleasure for a fourteen-year-old to sit astride one horse while keeping another in check.

Not far from our factory in the Osterwald, where the railroad ran between Muender and Hannover, was a partly subterranean camp for railroad workers. These men were Poles, and their reputation in the neighborhood was bad, for they sometimes went on housebreaking raids by night. Once I was awakened by my mother and told that our dog had barked in great excitement. She thought that these men had probably broken into our sheds, and she was afraid they might set fire to them. As soon as I had dressed, she handed me the single-barreled gun, which had been loaded with buckshot, and told me to take the dog and go through the sheds. I had no great enthusiasm for this promenade in the dark, but I could not show my mother that I was afraid. When the door closed behind me and the latch fell, I felt even more uneasy. I untied the dog and with him went through the sheds, prepared to shoot in the legs any trespassers I might meet. My mother was sure that they would run at the sight of my gun. I was not so sure. At all events, I met no burglars. It had probably been a fox which had excited the dog. Much relieved I returned to bed. It has always been an enigma to me that my mother, who had grown up in sheltered surroundings, never learned to know the meaning of fear.

In time our factory was sold, and we moved to the city of Muender on the Deister where we had for years been going to school and to church. Up to my fourteenth year I continued to

go to school with my sister Emma. When I was nine and my sister ten, we entered the "upper school." Provision was made for such children as were to be prepared for the higher schools which led, for boys, to entrance into a classical Gymnasium or into a Real-gymnasium or teachers' college, and for girls, to entrance into finishing schools. Boys and girls were instructed together in most subjects, including French, but only boys learned Greek and Latin. While the boys were working on these subjects, the girls got special instruction in handicrafts. English was not stressed in this school. I never had a teacher of English in Germany who knew as much English as I—and that was not much. I had learned some English from my mother. She had been brought up at a time when Hannover was still a kingdom, and because the Hannoverian king was closely related to the English royal family, more importance had then been attached to the teaching of English in the upper schools.

As I approached my fourteenth birthday, I was being prepared for confirmation. It was my good fortune that Superintendent Meyer, the father of Hans Meyer who later became a pastor in Philadelphia, was at this time giving the catechetical instruction. The duties of conducting the Sunday services and the yearly confirmation classes were alternately assumed by him and the pastor of the city. Superintendent Meyer each year examined all the confirmation classes in his district before the catechumens were admitted to Holy Communion. The classes came to our school with their pastors and teachers a few weeks before Palm Sunday and were examined there for two hours in the morning and three hours in the afternoon. I still recall how gaily the children who had passed their examinations went home adorned with flowers, while those who had failed followed sadly and downcast, for they had to remain in the primary school another year and to repeat the last half-year in the confirmation class.

I had received daily instruction in religion from the time I was five, both in the primary school and in the Latin school. My teachers had all been orthodox, but it was not until I received catechetical instruction that I came to understand the way of salvation. This was probably because our teachers had always presupposed our understanding of it. When we had gone over the Ten Commandments, we went on to the first article of the Creed. By the time this was finished we had pretty well lost sight of the explanation of the Ten Commandments, especially the conclusion: "God threatens to punish all those who transgress these commandments. We should therefore dread his displeasure" The second and third articles with Luther's explanations did not make so strong an impression on us as they might have if the second article, with its doctrine of redemption through Christ, and the third article, with its explanation of the activity of the Holy Spirit, had been immediately associated with the conclusion of the Ten Commandments. This failure to understand the way of salvation had probably been observed by the superintendent in his catechetical examinations, and for this reason, I suppose, he made it a point to make the way

of salvation clear to his students. I have long been listening to sermons by pastors who are altogether orthodox, and yet often wonder just how many of their listeners really know the way of salvation. They certainly can not learn this from the sermons they hear. I fear that pastors often presuppose too much.

After my confirmation I had a teacher in the upper school to whom I owe special thanks. He was, like other teachers, a theologian and had just completed his studies at the University of Goettingen. His name was Albert Koenig, but we called him "Koenig Albert" (King Albert). He was a teacher of an altogether different sort from any we had had up to that time. During these periods devoted to religious instruction he paced up and down the room as he spoke. What he expounded was liberal, not orthodox, theology. I think I was the only one in the class who paid close attention, for his point of view was wholly new to me. The other students were not interested in this instruction, so strange was it to them and so opposed to what they had learned before. When he noticed my attentiveness and interest, he asked me to put into writing what he was discussing. On Friday he told me that I was to hand in at the next meeting of the class what I had written. I worked over my notes Saturday afternoon and evening, and also on Sunday. I expanded my notes until I had filled three composition books. These I handed in on Monday. The next day he thanked me for my work and expressed surprise that, speaking extemporaneously as he did, he had employed such a fine, clear style in his discourses. If he only knew how I had worked to assemble the material from my short notes! At all events, as a result of this experience I gained a particular advantage, for he took special interest in me from this time on.

He invited me to visit him. His mother, too, received me kindly. Soon my visits to Herr Koenig's house became regular occurrences. During vacations, especially, he devoted all his time to me. We read together the usual school texts of Homer and Xenophon, and often read classical authors not usually included in school curricula. We compared a newly-published translation of the New Testament with the original Greek text. At last he gave so much of his time to me that the "city fathers" complained about it. To be sure, I never agreed with his liberal views in theology, nor with his political ideas, for he was a staunch Prussian and I sided with the Guelphs.

Once he and I were watching a military drill. When the crown prince, Friedrich Wilhelm, rode up, the rector ascended the only elevation which was available there—it was a manure pile—and cried out, "Three cheers for his royal highness!" No one took up the cheer, and a chilling silence followed. The crown prince spurred his horse and angrily rode away. I was deeply moved by the rector's embarrassment on this occasion.

I PREPARE MYSELF FOR THE MINISTRY

My mother was a regular reader of the *Hannover'sche Sonntagsblatt*, a periodical published by the church of the province. There appeared in this publication an article about the theological seminary in Kropp, Schleswig-Holstein. In 1881, when the great need of German pastors in America became urgent, Pastor Moldenke, of New York, and Pastor Wischan, of Philadelphia, addressed a call for help "to our fellow-Lutherans in the Fatherland." This had induced the Rev. Johannes Paulsen to found the Kropp Theological Seminary. The General Council of the Lutheran Church in America, at a meeting in Lancaster, Ohio, in 1882, declared: "After due consideration of several institutions, we recommend the seminary of Pastor Paulsen in Kropp as the one best representing our confession and need to train pastors for the many German Lutherans in America" (*Transactions of the General Council, 1882, p. 79, and Lutherisches Kirchenblatt, May 23, 1903*). The article about the seminary and the need of pastors stated that the seminary would accept such students as had attained at least the maturity required for entrance into the top class of a classical *Gymnasium*. When my mother brought this article to my attention, I decided to enter the seminary and become a Lutheran pastor. I asked my teacher to write a testimonial for me. He tried to dissuade me from my choice; he nevertheless wrote a good letter of recommendation for me.

My application for admission into Kropp Seminary was accepted. It so happened that I was in that year the only applicant who had been classically trained. There were already three students there who had classical training, but they had got only as far as the third class from the top. These students were at this time receiving special instruction in Latin and Greek. I was put into their class. This proved to be a blessing, for in this way the year proved to be one of recreation for me. What Greek and Latin they had to learn I had long since mastered; the other courses in the curriculum made no great demands upon me, and I had time to busy myself with other things. I helped students of the Practical Seminary in their work, and I also found time to practice gymnastics and to go swimming in Lake Owschlager with other students.

We had to start out on our swimming expeditions immediately after the four-o'clock coffee hour and, since Lake Owschlager was some distance away, we could not get back in time for supper. I would be sent to the seminary kitchen to ask the servants to save some food for us. I often wondered why they were so willing to do this. I learned later that Karl von Kruedener, a student in the private school which Pastor Paulsen had also founded, had told the servants that I had been secretly engaged to a princess; that her parents, upon discovering the matter, had terminated our relationship; and that I, in despair and with a broken heart, had come to

Kropp to study for the ministry. This story had won me great sympathy and esteem among the servants.

I was graduated from the seminary with highest honors in 1887. Pastor Emil Claussen, of Dueppel, the strictest and most feared of the examiners, said at the conclusion of the examination: "Yes, indeed, cum laude, with splendor added." The graduation exercises were held in the open air, and, since I had passed the examinations with the highest rating, I had to give the valedictory address.

I DISCOVER AMERICA

Those of us who had planned to become pastors in America set out on our journey soon after graduation. We conducted a service on board ship on Sunday. J. A. W. Kirsch conducted the liturgy, A. Hellwege played the piano accompaniment for the singing, I delivered the sermon, and J. Goos took up the offering.

Before we left Kropp, Hellwege had received a call to be assistant to Pastor Kuendig in Reading, Pennsylvania, and when we arrived in New York on June 3, 1887, he went directly to Reading. The rest of us betook ourselves to the Lutheran Immigrant Mission House in New York. We were not very kindly received there by the mission's superintendent Pastor Berkemeier. Because there was fear at that time that the introduction of clergymen from Germany might give pastors who were trained in America undue competition, there existed a movement in the church to oppose foreign pastors.

My school and travel companions knew a pastor in New York who had, before I had gone to Kropp, taught at one of Pastor Paulsen's private schools. They decided to visit him and, since I was the only one who could understand and speak even a little English, I was to be their guide. This pastor lived somewhere above Eightieth Street in New York. We managed to find him, but he was obviously not pleased by our visit. He was also painfully embarrassed, for it seems that he had been expelled by Pastor Paulsen for some reason or other.

On Sunday we attended the church services of Dr. Moldenke, whom we had learned to know during his visit in Kropp. He was at that time chairman of the Board of German Home Missions, an agency which was in charge of our appointments. After the church service we introduced ourselves to him. He was very much annoyed that Pastor Berkemeier, the superintendent of the Immigrant Mission, had not notified him of our arrival. Had he known of our presence, he said, he could have announced to his congregation that we were going to speak in his church that evening. He commissioned us to express to the head of the Immigrant Mission House his anger and censure, and told us that we would be expected to be on hand in the evening to speak. That we should speak was

wholly unexpected, and we told him that we were not at all prepared for it. But he paid no heed to our protestations. We delivered to Pastor Berkemeier the message he had entrusted to us and we also told him that we were to make addresses in Dr. Moldenke's church that evening. This did not please him, for he insisted that we speak that evening in his chapel. After a long discussion it was decided that two of us speak at the Immigrant Mission and two in Dr. Moldenke's church. For the latter engagement, Adolph Eggers and I were chosen by lot.

On Tuesday of that week the Mission Committee met at the Immigrant House. We were informed that J. A. W. Kirsch had been chosen by Pastor J. W. Loch of Brooklyn to be his assistant. Goos and Eggers were sent to Ontario, Canada, to serve congregations there. Since I was still too young to be ordained, I could not be assigned a pastorate. Dr. Moldenke sent me to Pastor Wischan, in Philadelphia, in the hope that he might find a position for me. On the day after my arrival in Philadelphia my trunk, forwarded to me by the mission superintendent, arrived too. This presented certain difficulties. I had to pay the express charges. Furthermore, the trunk was so large that I could not get it into the house. I had to let the trunk, containing my books, clothes, bedding of down, and my violin, stand in the narrow passage next to the parsonage. Fortunately it did not rain during the first week.

Pastor Wischan wanted me to go to Texas. It so happened that the Ministerium of Pennsylvania was holding its annual meeting at Zion Church during this week, and Pastor Wischan took me to its sessions. I was asked by one of the pastors there whether I already had a position. When I told him that the mission board wanted to send me to Texas, he shook his head and asked if I could throw a two-year-old steer over a fence. I suspected that he was joking, so I told him that I did not know, for I had not tried. Then he asked me if I could bear having someone hold a loaded pistol at my head. I answered that I could bear it as long as he refrained from squeezing the trigger. His references to Texas did not give me encouragement.

When I returned to the parsonage in the evening, Mrs. Wischan showed me a card from Dr. Moldenke in New York. While cleaning, she had found it in her husband's wastepaper basket. On the card were the words: "Do not send Tappert to Texas; he should stay in the East." When Pastor Wischan asked me the next day if I were now ready to begin the journey to Texas, I told him, much to his astonishment, that I had, after much deliberation, decided to return to New York. So I returned again to the Immigrant Mission House. Dr. Moldenke still had no position in prospect for me. Jokingly he said: "Can't you somehow make yourself a little older? At all events, your coming is very timely. Pastor Loch, of Brooklyn, has gone to the synodical meeting with his prospective assistant, Candidate Kirsch. The ordination of this year's candidates is to take place there, and Pastor Loch asked me to provide a substitute preacher for him. Now I can send you."

All this took place on Friday. This time I received a room in the Immigrant Mission House which had three beds. When I, very tired, went to bed, I discovered that my bed was full of bedbugs and lice. Up to this time I had never made the acquaintance of such insects. I tried the other two beds, but they were all alike. An immigrant Russian family had occupied the room the night before and had left behind these imported insects. Since I could not sleep with such company, I put on the light and started to work on my sermon for Sunday. It happened to be the First Sunday after Trinity, and I took the appointed lesson for my sermon. It was easy for me to imagine myself in the place of the rich man when he was in hell and torment.

On the next day my trunk arrived from Philadelphia and, of course, I had to pay the express charges again. My supply of money had now about run out. On Sunday I preached the sermon which I had written in the night and memorized on Sunday. After the service I was invited to dinner by Mrs. Loch. At her home I met Mr. Heischmann, who in Germany had been a member of the independent Lutheran "Breslau Synod." His son, Dr. John Heischmann, was pastor of a congregation in Norwich, Connecticut, which was not affiliated with any synod. At dinner Mr. Heischmann asked me if I had yet received a call to a pastorate. I related my experiences to him and how the fact that I was too young for ordination had handicapped me. He advised me to go to Greenport, Long Island, where there was a German congregation which had long been served by a man named Benjamin Franklin and had now for some time been without the services of a Lutheran pastor. He explained that, since I could not yet be ordained, I could not hope to become pastor of the congregation but that the people would be pleased to have a church service again. The congregation, he assured me, would at least pay my traveling expenses. As directed, I communicated with a Mr. John Peter Drach, and I received from him a cordial invitation to Greenport.

Throughout the week I took walks about the city of New York, and in my wanderings I chanced to pass by an architect's establishment. I was tempted to go in and apply for a position. The temptation was strong, for my supply of money was coming to an end. Without the five dollars which I had received for my sermon in Pastor Loch's church, my store of money would scarcely have been sufficient for my fare to Greenport. And architecture was nothing strange to me, for I had made blueprints for my father and I had often accompanied him when he supervised or inspected the construction of buildings. He had frequently sent me into the quarry to explain to the workers the drawn specifications for certain stone-cuttings. That these workers were willing to receive instructions from a fifteen-year-old boy struck me as strange even at that time. Be all this as it may, I did not enter the office of the architect. Had I done so, my whole career might have been altogether different. I decided not to yield to the temptation, at least not until I had learned what the next Sunday in Greenport had in store for me.

I set out for Greenport on Saturday. When the train came to Riverhead, the conductor cried out: "Passengers for Greenport change to the rear car!" Now, I was not wholly innocent of English. The word "passengers" was clear, for in German the word *Passagiere* is used too. "Change," too, was understandable, connected as it is with the French *changer*. The word "car" must be the same as the German *Karre*, I thought, and I readily applied the word to the meaning. But I had never before encountered the word "rear." At all events, I realized that I was to change cars. Since there was no other train there, however, I boarded the same car again, and asked the conductor, "Is not this the train for Greenport?" "No," he said, "I told you, 'Change to the rear car'." "Where is the rear car?" I asked. The conductor pointed with his thumb and made a face which seemed to say: "These foreigners must be stupid; they don't even know front from back." I got out of the car just in time, for it now started on its way to Sag Harbor. Had I not got off that car in time, I would perhaps never have become pastor in Greenport, and perhaps I would not have made the acquaintance of the girl who was later to become my wife. The whole course of my life was almost made different because I did not understand the meaning of the word "rear."

When I arrived at the station in Greenport, I inquired how I might find Mr. J. Peter Drach. The name seemed strange and unknown; no one knew him. Finally I was asked what Mr. Drach's occupation was. I explained that he was a merchant dealing in paper, books, and tobacco. "Oh, everyone knows where he lives: John Peter Drach, you mean," they cried, pronouncing the name very differently from the way I had.

I was very hospitably received by Mr. Drach and his wife. In the afternoon his sons took me across the bay to Shelter Island in a row boat. This proved to be a perfect announcement of my arrival in Greenport, for the sight which met the eyes of the natives was surely striking: a man riding in a row boat on an extremely hot and sunny afternoon, a shiny top hat on his head.

Next morning we attended Sunday School. The church service was to take place at two o'clock in the afternoon. On the way to church Mr. Drach informed me that a new church council had been elected the preceding week and that it was customary for a new council to be installed with proper ceremony at the next church service if a pastor could be present. Accordingly I was to officiate at this installation. But, I wondered, what might a Church Council be? Surely it could not be similar to the *Oberkirchenrat* in Berlin. So I asked who the members of this church council were. Mr. Drach mentioned elders, deacons, and trustees. I thought I knew what elders and deacons were, for there were similar officials on church boards in Germany. But I had never heard of trustees, and this had to be explained to me.

After I had delivered the sermon and after a hymn was sung and the offering received, the time for the installation of the new

church council came. Because I had no formulary at hand, I had to conduct the installation ceremony extemporaneously. The members of the council presented themselves at the altar in the order of their rank — — the elders, the deacons and the trustees. When I had completed the installation of all these officials, a man came forward from the farthest pew, a man who looked for all the world like Santa Claus, and stood next to the members of the church council. I asked who he might be and learned that he was the collector, the man who collected the monthly dues of the members of the congregation. I did what was expected of me; I installed him into his office too.

After the service I returned with Mr. Drach's family to his home. After a while Mr. Drach arrived and informed me that by unanimous vote I had been elected pastor in Greenport and that my monthly salary was to be twenty dollars. This was in June, 1887.

When my twenty-first birthday drew near, I submitted my application to the president of the Ministerium of New York. The week before my birthday I was summoned to New York City for my examination. The examination began early in the afternoon and lasted until almost six o'clock. The chairman of the examination committee was the Rev. Johann Petersen, of Jersey City. He had once studied at the University in Kiel and was quite conceited about this fact. He asked me in what language I wished the examination to be conducted — German, English, or Latin — and added, "*Nobis nullum obstaculum est.*" To me the question seemed a bit insulting — my reaction at the time is probably to be attributed to youthful sensitivity — and I answered that I would leave the decision to the committee. He called upon the youngest member of the examining committee, George F. Haas, to test my knowledge of dogmatics and requested that the examination be conducted in Latin. This Pastor Haas did, and in a manner which probably exceeded the expectations of Pastor Petersen. It is harder to pose questions in a foreign language than to give the answers.

My knowledge of Hebrew was examined by Pastor Dewald. He required me to read a number of verses from Psalm 119. I had never translated these verses before and I was afraid that I would not get a very high rating in this part of the examination. As I began to read, it occurred to me to use the pronunciation which I had learned in my student days at Kropp from a converted Jew. This Jew, repudiated by his relatives because of his espousal of Christianity, had left his home in the southern part of Russia. His father had been a rabbi and his grandfather had been a chief rabbi. I had been told by this Christian Jew that the pronunciation which we learned in school was incorrect, that it had been introduced to central Europe by those Jews who had come from Palestine through North Africa and Spain in the centuries before the time of Luther, and that this pronunciation had been modified by Arabic influence. Since, however, his forefathers had come directly from Palestine to South Russia, it was clear, he argued, that his pronunciation was correct. By employing this pronunciation I astonished my examiner.

and much of the time allotted for the examination in Hebrew was spent by the explanation I was called upon to give in defense of my pronunciation. I had to translate only a few verses.

On the Sunday after my twenty-first birthday, December 18, 1887, I was ordained by Pastor J. Petersen in his church in Jersey City. Now that I was a duly ordained pastor, my salary in Greenport was raised to twenty-five dollars a month. In addition, I received a Christmas gift of twenty-five dollars from the congregation.

PASTOR AND EDITOR

While in Greenport I made it my business to visit neighboring villages. On the southernmost point of Long Island there was at that time a factory in which some Lutherans were employed. These Lutherans had emigrated from Montbeliard (formerly Moempelgard), which once belonged to Germany but was annexed by the French in 1674. These people had clung to the Lutheran faith, but they had forgotten the language of their forefathers, and I had to employ the French language in ministering to them.

Years later, too, while in Meriden, Connecticut, I had to resort to the use of French, for some French people were members of my charge there. They lived between Meriden and New Britain. I had baptized a child in one of these families, but on this occasion spoke English, for all present understood the language and some knew no French. Some time later I received an urgent summons, delivered very early in the morning by the milkman, to go to this family, for another child had been born, and it was feared that the child might not live. I was to come as quickly as possible to baptize the child. Without taking time to eat breakfast I saddled my horse and rode to the house. When I arrived, the mother of the child told me that her father, who had come from France only a few months before, was very ill and apparently on the point of death. Would I not pray for him and with him? The man understood neither English nor German. This placed me in something of a dilemma, for by disuse I had by now forgotten much of the French I had once learned and spoken. I told the woman I would speak to her father after I had baptized the child. While the child was being made ready for baptism, I took thought of the words I would use in speaking to the man. The next morning the milkman told us that the man had passed away soon after I had gone, and the milkman also left word about the time when the burial was to take place. I used a French formulary for the burial service, but at the interment itself I spoke in English.

In my first confirmation class in Greenport there were three boys. Two of these were sons of probably the most loyal supporter of the church, John Peter Drach. The third was a diligent and faithful lad who some years later lost his life in an accident at sea. The two Drach boys, George and William, were students in the local

high school, and I had occasion to help them with their lessons at times, especially with languages. Later they studied at Wagner College and at the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Philadelphia. After his ordination George served at first as assistant to Pastor Kuendig in Reading, Pennsylvania, later became pastor of St. Stephen's Church in Philadelphia, and finally became secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Lutheran Church, in which capacity he visited Lutheran missions in India, China, and Japan. His brother, William, was sent first to Middletown, New York. Here he organized St. John's Church, which he served for three years, at the same time officiating at monthly services in Chester and semi-monthly services in Narrowsburg, New York. From Middletown he went to West New Brighton, Staten Island, New York, and in 1903 he accepted a call to St. John's in Syracuse, New York, where he remained for five years. For the next twenty years he was pastor of Concordia Church in Buffalo, New York. In 1929 he became pastor of the congregation in Rockville, Connecticut. This congregation he served with devotion until, in 1931, he responded to a call from Peace Church in Rochester, where he died after a long illness on March 15, 1937.

In October, 1888, I accepted a call from Pastor Petersen, the president of synod, to undertake mission work in New York City. Here a pastor, who belonged to no synod, had tried to found a congregation. He was given to drink and had proved himself incapable of the undertaking, and the few interested Lutherans who were left had appealed to the synod for aid. Before I left Greenport it was arranged to have the Rev. Paul Jubelt, who had been a fellow-student in Germany, serve as my successor. My first impressions of my new charge were discouraging, to say the least, for my installation and first church service were conducted in a store. The discharged pastor still lived with his rather large family above the store, and three of his daughters supplied music for the service, one by playing the harmonium and two by standing nearby and singing. Of a congregation there was little to be seen. The first congregational meeting was a rather stormy affair; it lasted until midnight.

Not long afterwards the member of the congregation in whose store the services were held went into bankruptcy and we had to find a different place for our services. We managed to find a larger store with several rooms. It was located near a fire-house, and because the horses there attracted flies to the neighborhood, such merchants as butchers, grocers, and bakers would not rent the place. For this reason we were able to get the store at a small rental — I believe for forty-eight dollars per month.

Since there was no public school in this whole district and children roamed the streets at all hours, we started a school there. The school was well attended from the start. A man, who was also our organist, was engaged as a teacher. A woman, trained as a school teacher, and two girls with training in kindergarten instruction were also employed. Soon all the space at our disposal was filled. I myself taught the most advanced class. The instruction

in this school was, of course, in English. On Saturdays, however, I conducted morning and afternoon sessions of a German School with the help of the organist and one of the teachers. On Sundays, in addition to Sunday School, I held two services, one in the morning and the other in the evening.

Throughout my work here I suffered frequently from sharp pains in my side. The pains were caused by appendicitis, but I believed at the time that they were due to excessive exertion, and for this reason I asked Pastor Petersen for a transfer to a charge that would be less strenuous. He received me with joy, and said: "You have come just at the right moment. There are two congregations in Connecticut, in Meriden and in Southington. Their pastor abandoned them after three months and a new pastor is urgently needed." I expressed my willingness to present myself to the congregations for approval. I suggested to Pastor Petersen that the Rev. Ernst Brennecke, then in charge of a small congregation in Brooklyn, would be a good man to carry on the work I had begun in New York. Pastor Brennecke took over the work and had great success in it for more than fifty years.

Our synod had had churches in Meriden and in Southington, but either because of a scarcity of pastors or through the sheer neglect of the synodical president, the Missouri Synod had taken over both congregations together with the church buildings and the Meriden parsonage. This had taken place twenty years before my arrival there. Due to dissension in the church in Meriden, a number of families left and organized a group of dissenters into a new congregation with the name Immanuel Evangelical Lutheran Church. This congregation had had a pastor only a few months, during which he had also served the congregation in Southington. It was to these congregations that I was called.

I was hospitably received when I arrived in Meriden. My first service took place in a hall in the Y. M. C. A. building. The man who played the accompaniment on the harmonium was the former pastor of the Missouri congregation. I was suffering more frequent attacks of appendicitis at this time and, since I was told that this man was now a practicing physician, I told him about my pains, but he offered me no advice. At the congregational meeting he was later reported to have said: "Your first pastor left you after three months; if you elect this candidate, you will have to bury him within three months, for he has an incurable disease." I was elected nevertheless.

In the afternoon Mr. Frobel, a member of the Meriden congregation, took me to Southington in his carriage. Within the following week, on October 8, 1889, I was notified of my official appointment as pastor in Meriden and in Southington. I served these congregations for twenty-three years. As for the pains in my side, an appendectomy gave me complete relief.

The congregation in Meriden had a large number of Polish members who came originally from the rural districts of West

Prussia. In this Roman Catholic region they had learned to treasure and defend their Lutheran faith. This explains the intense concern of these people that their children receive thorough religious instruction. Their language was the German of Luther's translation of the Bible, of his catechism, and of the old prayers and hymns.

There were also many communistic and atheistic factory workers from the old kingdom of Saxony in Meriden. I recall receiving many threatening letters from these workers during my first years in Meriden. On one occasion I brought to task the writer of a letter who had ended his message with the words: "This is a well-meant warning. Yours truly, Otto Fürchtedich (Otto Take-heed!)." At first he disclaimed any knowledge of the letter; he could not, however, conceal his antagonism and hatred toward Christian believers. In the course of the years many members of families in which such sentiments had prevailed became Christians.

While visiting at the house of members of my congregation, I was told that the son of one of these atheistic Saxons was very ill and not expected to live. I expressed my willingness to go to the young man and to pray with him. "Don't do that when his father is home; he will surely throw you out the door," they pleaded excitedly. "Very well," I said, "then I shall make sure to leave the door open when I enter." I was kindly received in this house by the mother of the sick young man and conducted by her to his bed. The father stood resentfully in the next room. I spoke with the sick young man and prayed for him. He was obviously pleased when I promised to visit him again. I called on him often after that and tried to explain the catechism and the way of salvation to him. On these occasions his sister, a young lady, always listened with rapt attention. In time I observed that the young man's death was near. After I had baptized him and given him Communion, he died and was given a Christian burial. His sister and his mother later came to the catechetical class which I conducted for adults, and both were baptized and confirmed. They became loyal members of our church. This is only one example out of many similar experiences.

Many of the boys and girls of the congregation worked in factories, and it often happened that they became friends of the sons and daughters of the anti-Christian communists, the so-called "red Saxons," fell in love with them, and wanted to be married. The Polish parents, however, would not countenance the marriage of a son or daughter with anyone who was not a member of the Lutheran Church. Naturally I could not grant church membership to anyone who did not confess the Lutheran faith. So it happened that I instructed many of the sons and daughters of these "red Saxons" and through baptism and confirmation received them as members of our church. In teaching them, I placed especial emphasis upon their correct understanding of the way of salvation. To those to whom everything Christian was unknown, this teaching

was new but not surprising. But I once had a young man in my catechetical class who was a Congregationalist and, indeed, a member of the governing board in his church. He was married to a member of my congregation and attended my classes to learn the difference between the Lutheran and the Congregational doctrines of salvation. I still recall how surprised he was when an understanding of the biblical explanation dawned on him.

It often happened that the "red Saxons" were converted to Christianity when gravely ill or on their deathbed. At the interment of one of these I made it a point to mention this. When the rites were over, one of the mourners said to me: "Pastor Tappert, you know we Saxons don't believe in this religion racket. Our religion is, 'Do what is right and fear no one; enjoy life here on earth; for there is no beyond, no reunion in heaven.'" With that he and the rest turned on their heels and marched off.

At one of the last burial ceremonies which I was to conduct in Meriden the deceased was again one of those Saxons who had turned to Christianity just before his death. After the interment I was approached by one of the mourners. "Pastor, now we realize our mistake," he said. "Our attitude toward the church has been wrong, and we are sorry that you are going to leave us now." I reminded them that a new pastor would be summoned by the congregation and that this might be a good time to become affiliated with the church.

During my pastorate in Meriden and Southington I was very much interested in mission work among the German immigrants in Connecticut. There was great need for such work at the time. In the capital of Connecticut, Hartford, there was only one small Lutheran congregation, and this congregation was not affiliated with any synod. Pastor Brueckner, of the Danish congregation in Hartford, offered me the use of his church for evening services during the summer months. The journey to Hartford entailed no little difficulty, for between ten and twelve o'clock in the morning I conducted the Sunday School and the church services in Meriden, and between two and four o'clock I conducted the Sunday School and the church service in Southington. Add to this my occupation on a Sunday with funerals, sick calls, meetings, etc., it was only with great effort and a careful apportioning of time that I could return to Meriden, unharness my horse, and prepare myself for my train journey to Hartford. Since many pastoral duties had to be performed there too, I usually got home just before midnight. This would be my first opportunity to eat supper.

Pastor Jentsch, once a student at the Kropp Seminary and at this time pastor in Waterbury, helped actively in the mission work in Connecticut. On occasion he also preached in Hartford. Although the need for mission work was great during these years, the president of the New York Synod had told Max Mueller, newly arrived from the Kropp Seminary, that there was no need for German pastors. He was curtly advised to take the next boat back to

his native land. This man was brought to my attention and, through my efforts, was installed as pastor of congregations in Seymour and Ansonia, where his work proved highly successful. Pastor Mueller returned to Germany after the first World War and became a highly successful pastor in Thuringia.

After I had served in Connecticut for twenty-three years, I received an urgent call to become pastor of St. Matthew's Church in Berlin (now called Kitchener), in Ontario, Canada. This was in December, 1912. My friend and school companion, Dr. Emil Hoffmann, who had built up the congregation there since 1904, had been called to serve other churches, and he recommended me as his successor. It was he who had founded the theological seminary of the Canada Synod in nearby Waterloo. In January, 1913, I accepted the call to St. Matthew's and journeyed with my family to Kitchener. The congregation was a very good one. During my period of service there a new church edifice was constructed and, in March, 1915, dedicated. I believe that this church is the largest and perhaps even the most beautiful Lutheran church in Canada. I also became Dr. Hoffmann's successor on the faculty at the Waterloo Seminary. For two years I taught philosophy, history of doctrine, and symbolics, each two hours a week.

The outbreak of the first World War came during my pastorate in Canada. At a conference of ministers of various denominations, one clergyman, ill-informed and not highly regarded, delivered a brash tirade against the Kaiser. This moved me to take the floor and to try, with carefully considered words, to correct certain errors of fact in his declamation. The other members of the conference seemed to agree with my views. But the next day an article, written by this clergyman, appeared in the newspaper. The article described me as a disloyal man who defended the cause of the enemy of the land. It happened, too, that a battalion of recruits was in the city. Among the recruits were many brawlers and idlers who, under the leadership of an ex-convict, had won themselves a reputation for acts of terror and general rowdiness.

At this time the United States was not a belligerent. I planned to return to the States, where I retained citizenship, and had resigned my position. The catechetical class was to be confirmed the following Sunday, and at this service I planned to deliver my farewell sermon. On Saturday evening I was busy with my next day's sermon when I was interrupted by the ringing of the door-bell. I thought at first it was some member of the congregation. But when I reached the front hall, I saw a mass of soldiers before the door. The past performances of military mobs in this region and the general conduct of these men before my home left little doubt in my mind as to their intentions. I seized the telephone to call the police, but before I could make the necessary connection, the soldiers broke down the house door and tore the telephone from the wall. I said to them, "Don't you know that I am an American citizen?" They hesitated a moment, but their leader urged them

on, saying, "Why are you standing there? Grab him!" I tried to defend myself, but they beat me to the floor, seized me by the arms and legs, and carried me out. Outside I was set on my feet and, though my head was bleeding, I was led in a triumphant procession by a devious route through the city and to the soldiers' barracks. Using the telephone of a neighbor, my wife had meanwhile had the police summoned. When we reached the soldiers' camp, the officers there obviously objected to having these soldiers bring their prisoner in. While they were arguing back and forth, the commanding officer appeared with the mayor of the city and I was ordered released. These two conducted me back into the city. The mayor, who was also a physician, took me to his home, bandaged my wounds, and conducted me back to my family.

Next day I conducted the appointed service. The church was filled, for I was to deliver my farewell sermon and also confirm a large class. Of what had taken place on the preceding night the church members had not yet heard. In the rear pews sat a number of soldiers. They had a message brought to me demanding that the service be conducted in English. Naturally I ignored their command. The members of the congregation who sat in the front pews were the first to notice my bandaged head, and the sound of sobbing grew in the church. They surmised what had happened, for this was not the first such exhibition of which these soldiers had been guilty.

The following week I journeyed with my family to New York, for I was to become pastor of St. Luke's Church in New Rochelle, New York. I was installed here by my brother, Gustave, then president of the New York Conference. At the installation service, in March, 1916, less than fifty persons were present. This was very discouraging to a pastor who for years had rarely had less than a thousand in attendance at a morning service. In time, however, the attendance there increased.

At the same time I also served a small congregation in Mamaroneck, New York. Here the church services were conducted in an old, abandoned schoolhouse which the city rented to us. My schedule on a Sunday was well filled, for in New Rochelle the Sunday School was in session from nine until ten o'clock, from ten until eleven I conducted a service in English, and from eleven until twelve a service in German. Between two and four o'clock in the afternoon I conducted the Sunday School and the church service in Mamaroneck. An evening service in New Rochelle completed the scheduled work of each Sunday. Many meetings and pastoral duties made great demands on my time in both cities.

The congregation in New Rochelle and in Mamaroneck were thriving, and we would gladly have stayed in this work longer had I not been urged by the Publication Board of the United Lutheran Church to become editor of the *Lutherischer Herold*, the German weekly publication of the United Lutheran Church. My first issue appeared on May 1, 1924. I served as editor until September, 1943, when, approaching my seventy-seventh birthday, I retired from active service.

TAPPERT GENEALOGY

GENERATION XI

1. **Philipp Lackemann**, married September 12, 1667, to **Ilse Catharine Alucc**.

GENERATION X

1. **Heinrich Lackemann**, married in 1707 to **Margarethe Pape**, of Gellersen.
2. **Steffen Lackemann**.

GENERATION IX

1. **Catharine Marie Lackemann**, born June 21, 1711; married to **Hans Heinrich Boese**.

GENERATION VIII

1. **Anna Sophie Boese**, married to **Johann Caspar Oppermann**.
2. **Johann Heinrich Boese**.
3. **Margarethe Ellsabethe Boese**, married to **Georg Ludwig Becker** (or **Baecker**).
4. **Dorothea Boese**.

GENERATION VII

1. **Wilhelmine Elisabeth Becker**, born in Nordheim, died 1816 in Hameln; married in 1791 to **Justus Friedrich Noelle**, born in Hastenbeck May 1, 1769, died in Hameln in July, 1852. In 1817 the latter remarried with **Christine van Laer**, born in Rinteln September 2, 1789, and died in Hameln in March, 1872. The first three of the following are children of the first marriage.
1. **Harcke**, born 1768 and died 1834, married a woman with the maiden name of **Plinke**, born 1780 and died 1829.

GENERATION VI

1. **Wilhelmine Noelle**, born in Hastenbeck March 20, 1802, and died in Hameln July 3, 1860; married March 20, 1848, to **Gottlieb Meyer**, born December 6, 1764, died April 4, 1863.
1. **Johann Heinrich Harcke**, 1805-48.
2. **Ernestine Magdalene Henriette Noelle**, born in Hastenbeck June 15, 1806, died January 20, 1863; married on December 18, 1828, to **Johann Heinrich Harcke**, born in Burgwedel February 21, 1805, died in Luechow May 5, 1848.
2. **Dorothea Harcke**, born in Burgwedel August 21, 1809, died July 18, 1891; married to **Heinrich Bruns**, born December 23, 1801, died February 7, 1886.
* * * * *
3. **Friedrich Noelle**.
1. **Johann Heinrich Tappert**, married to **Johanna Marie Luck**.
4. **Ernst Noelle**, born 1818.
6. **Wilhelm Noelle**, born 1821.
7. **Ellise Noelle**, born July 19, 1825.

GENERATION V

1. Johann Heinrich Justus Friedrich Harcke, born January 26, 1830, died thirteen weeks later.
2. Ferdinand Harcke, born in 1832 and died at the age of ten.
3. Minne Harcke, born in 1834, died at the age of twenty-seven
4. Louise Theodora Harcke, born March 22, 1836.
5. Heinrich Harcke, born October 14, 1838.
6. Bernhard Harcke, born and died 1841.
7. Elise Charlotte Alwine Harcke, born in Luechow July 19, 1843, died in New York City March 5, 1915; married April 26, 1864, to Carl Lorenz Tappert, born in Eisenach April 26, 1827, died in Ilfeld November 16, 1893.
8. Christoph Friedrich Gottlieb Harcke, born July 21, 1846.

GENERATION IV

1. Caroline Louise Emma Tappert, born in Hameln November 29, 1865.
2. Carl Reinhold Tappert, born in Hameln December 13, 1866; married September 4, 1890, to Magdalene Catherine Drach, born in Greenport, Long Island, May 21, 1869.
3. Alwine Lorenzia Tappert, born in Hameln March 18, 1868, died July 20, 1868.
4. Marie Caroline Tappert, born in Hameln July 3, 1869; married to August Mehren, died 1914.
5. Franz Emil Tappert, born in Hameln January 13, 1871; married April 23, 1895, to Martha Lohr, born February 17, 1875, in Yonkers, New York.
6. Gustav Heinrich Tappert, born in Hameln February 10, 1872, died in New York City March 14, 1943.
7. Ernst Reinhold Carl Tappert, born in Hameln July 2, 1873, died in New York February 5, 1937; married January 27, 1914, to Caroline Behrens, born November 20, 1879 in New York City.
8. Ernst August Tappert, born in Muender October 8, 1874; married July 7, 1896, to Elsabea Veers, born in Meldorf, Dithmarschen, August 12, 1876.
9. Otto Ferdinand Tappert, born in Muender March 27, 1878; married in June, 1908, to Henriette Schultz, born November 13, 1885, in New York City, died August 8, 1944.
10. Alwine Auguste Tappert, born November 22, 1882; married June 9, 1908, to Edwin Charles Grindrod, born February 1, 1856, died July 4, 1914.

GENERATIONS III, II, I

A. Carl Reinhold Tappert and Magdalene Catherine Drach

1. Johanna Magdalene Alwine Tappert, born in Meriden, Connecticut, October 4, 1892; married March 12, 1933, to Eugen Leberecht Strack, born in Bonn January 31, 1899.
 - 1) Anne Lore Magdalene Strack, born in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, October 13, 1933.
 - 2) John Peter Leberecht Strack, born in Saskatoon June 8, 1936.

2. Ruth Elisabeth Tappert, born in Meriden September 10, 1894; married July 24, 1935, to George Friedrich Wilhelm Fricke, born in Nolle bei Dissen, Hannover, March 15, 1891.
3. Martha Margaret Tappert, born in Meriden September 19, 1896; married June 14, 1922, to Gustave Kilthau, born in Brooklyn, New York, October 11, 1886.
 - 1) Martha Katherine Kilthau, born in New Rochelle, New York, October 6, 1923.
 - 2) Margaret Dorothy Kilthau, born in New Rochelle June 20, 1925.
 - 3) Elisabeth Ruth Kilthau, born in New Rochelle May 17, 1927.
 - 4) Gustave Frederick Kilthau, born in New Rochelle June 29, 1931.
 - 5) Harold William Kilthau, born in New Rochelle January 26, 1933.
 - 6) Caroline Louise Kilthau, born in New Rochelle July 7, 1935.
4. Reinhold John Tappert, born in Meriden July 11, 1899; married July 18, 1923, to Anna Matilda Dimbat, born in New York City March 18, 1903.
 - 1) Theodore John Tappert, born in Greenport, Long Island, March 9, 1933.
 - 2) Helene Dorothea Tappert, born in Greenport November 4, 1934.
5. Gustav Adolf Tappert, born in Meriden January 21, 1902; married June 23, 1926, to Margaret Catherine Weingart, born in New Rochelle, New York, March 6, 1905.
 - 1) Ruth Katherine Tappert, born in New Rochelle September 10, 1927.
 - 2) William Gustav Tappert, born in Portchester, New York, January 19, 1933.
6. Theodore Gerhardt Tappert, born in Meriden May 5, 1904; married May 29, 1937, to Helen Louise Carson, born in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, December 2, 1909.
 - 1) Charles Carson Tappert, born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, May 5, 1938.
 - 2) Frederick Drach Tappert, born in Philadelphia April 21, 1940.
 - 3) Eleanor Cochrane Tappert, born in Philadelphia November 25, 1941.
 - 4) Paul Andrews Tappert, born in Philadelphia June 9, 1945.
7. John George Tappert, born in Meriden May 30, 1906; married January 30, 1937, to Grace Smith Featherer, born in Pennsgrove, New Jersey, February 11, 1915.
 - 1) Walter Frederick Tappert, born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, June 28, 1939.
 - 2) George Reinhold Tappert, born in Philadelphia January 14, 1941.
8. Edwin Carl Tappert, born in Meriden June 9, 1908.
9. Magdalene Mary Tappert, born in Meriden September 19, 1909; married August 26, 1931, to Charles Edmund Hopper, born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, June 5, 1903.
 - 1) Carol Virginia Hopper, born in Atlantic City, New Jersey, January 22, 1937.

B. Marie Caroline Tappert and August Mehren

1. Olga Mehren; married to Fritz Baitenmann.
 - 1) Adolph Baitenmann.
 - 2) Wilfried Baitenmann.
 - 3) Hannelore Baitenmann.

2. Martin Mehren; married.
 - 1) Heinz Mehren, born May 7, 1932.
 - 2) Horst Mehren, born May 6, 1934.

O. Franz Emil Tappert and Martha Lohr

1. Adolph Tappert, born in Yonkers, New York, March 18, 1896; married to Ada E. Downs.
 - 1) Isabel Tappert, born September 30, 1922.
 - 2) Esther Tappert, born June 16, 1925.
2. Gustav Tappert, born August 11, 1898, died October 16, 1898.
3. Esther Tappert, born October 26, 1899; married to Ralph Mortensen.
4. Helene Tappert, born July 24, 1902; married to Thomas F. Hersey.
5. Gertrude Tappert, born February 23, 1906; married to Walter A. Wagner.
 - 1) Gerald Wagner, born February 4, 1932.

D. Ernst Reinhold Carl Tappert and Caroline Behrens

1. Carl Diedrich Gustav Tappert, born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, November 25, 1914.
2. Margaret Alwine Caroline Tappert, born February 1, 1916; married September 15, 1940, to Elliot Curtis Uebelhor, born September 9, 1917.
 - 1) Elliot Curtis Uebelhor, Jr., born February 18, 1942.
 - 2) Wayne William Uebelhor, born April 27, 1945.

E. Ernst August Tappert and Alsabea Veers

1. Elizabeth Anna Alwine Tappert, born in New York City April 25, 1897, died in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, May 4, 1939; married August 7, 1917, to Arthur Ellis Brown, born in Little Britain, Pennsylvania, September 28, 1890.
 - 1) Ernst Arthur Brown, born April 13, 1918, died May 4, 1939.
 - 2) Wilfried Tappert Brown, born September 24, 1921; married in October 1939, to Thelma Monk.
 - a) Ethel Winnifried Brown, born June 22, 1946.
 - 3) Elisabeth Gladys Brown, born September 26, 1925; married November 10, 1945, to Charles Jackson.
 - a) Vera Ann Jackson, born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, October 1, 1946.
 - 4) Vera Ruth Brown, born April 10, 1932.
2. Wilfried Carl Heinrich Tappert, born in New York City April 11, 1899; married February 2, 1927, to Ruth Christine Egerter, born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, August 14, 1903.
 - 1) Ruth Ann Tappert, born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, October 28, 1927.
 - 2) Barbara Bess Tappert, born in Rochester, New York, June 12, 1937.
3. Friedjoff Detlev Tappert, born in New York City December 18, 1900, died in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, April 8, 1942; married November 28, 1929, to Meta Emilie Auguste Lina Eva Diefenbach.
4. Ingeborg Magdalene Dorothea Tappert, born in New York City May 2, 1903; married January 30, 1930, to John Brummel Calderwood, born in Pittsburgh June 1, 1900.
 - 1) Lelia Calderwood, born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, October 5, 1930.
 - 2) Margaret Ann Calderwood, born in Johnstown January 16, 1934.
 - 3) Elsa Tappert Calderwood, born in Johnstown September 26, 1940.

F. Otto Ferdinand Tappert and Henriette Schultz

1. Marion Tappert, born November 15, 1909; married to Frank Conway.
 - 1) Robert Conway.
 - 2) Ruth Conway.
2. Henriette Tappert, born July 2, 1911, died October 4, 1913.
3. Otto F. Tappert, born July 16, 1919.

DRACH GENEALOGY

GENERATION VII

1. John George Drach, citizen of Unterschuepf, Baden, Germany; was conscripted into Napoleon's army and died on the march to Moscow in 1812. His widow, Frederika Krueger, later remarried with John Burrucker, and they emigrated to America in 1837.

GENERATION VI

1. John George Drach, born in Unterschuepf, December 13, 1811, died in New York City April 6, 1881; married May 5, 1840, to Maria Magdalene Fertig, born in Kleinheubach, Bavaria, December 1, 1813, died in New York City June 6, 1909. They migrated to America in 1840, lived in New York City three years, moved to Princeton, Indiana, where they stayed ten years, and then returned to New York in 1853.

GENERATION V

1. John Peter Drach, eldest child of the above, born in New York City July 31, 1841, died in Greenport, Long Island, January 3, 1923; married (a) June 30, 1868, to Maria L. Knapp, who died October 9, 1871; (b) May 20, 1872, to Sophie Auguste Pauline Simon, Widow Steglitz, born in Berlin, Germany, May 15, 1846, daughter of Carl Christian Peter Simon and his wife Caroline Wilhelmine Ludwig; died in Greenport, Long Island, April 29, 1896; (c) Philomina Merschenhart, whose previous husbands were named Toppman and Schnor.

GENERATION IV

1. Magdalene Catherine Drach, born in Greenport, Long Island, May 21, 1869; married September 4, 1890, to Carl Reinhold Tappert.
2. Ottilia Katherina Drach, born in Greenport July 27, 1871.
3. John George Peter Drach, born in Greenport September 3, 1873.
4. William Carl Drach, born in Greenport October 30, 1874, died March 15, 1937.
5. John Peter Drach, born in Greenport January 9, 1876, died August 19, 1876.
6. Mary Louise Elisabeth Drach, born in Greenport December 24, 1877.
7. Theodore Daniel John Drach, born in Greenport September 22, 1879.
8. Margaretha Bertha Paulina Drach, born in Greenport January 1, 1882, died August 26, 1882.
9. Wilhelmina Caroline Drach, born in Greenport April 19, 1884, died April 27, 1885.
10. Emma Alwine Drach, born in Greenport July 12, 1890.