The Leibig Legend is dedicated to Susan Leibig who initiated the Leibig Clan and to Connolley Leibig who initiated the book you are about to read.

Connolley, as always our leader and engineer, asked me, our mouth piece, to write the Legend. I, no-can-do Mike, said it could not be done for lack of facts. This set can-do Conk on an amazing and very successful research effort which sent him from immigrant and ship records to Census records and records of the Port of New York, to Leavenworth and beyond. Connolley Leibig is a distillation of the Leibig Legend walking around Chicago. To him belongs the credit; to me, any errors or aggravtion.

-- Miguel Leibig

"We've managed to promulgate the Legend by actually calling it a legend, by laughing it off even as it is told. We say Stuff and Nonsense, all of it. But we say it with a suggestive smile."

-- Elizabeth George, *A Traitor to Memory*

Susan & Andrew
1854

Lizzi • Anne • Mary
Frederick • John
1874

Matty • Eddie
1924

Ned • Bill • John • Anne
Connolley • Michael • Paul • Peter
1954

Lori • Lindi • Luci • Lee

Anna • Ruth • Michael
Debby • Amy • Susan • Kathy • John
Chris • Kerry • Abby • Ben • Katie
2004

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Editor's Note to the 2nd Edition

The Leibig Legend was my dad's last big project. He was a man of big projects and big ideas, and he approached the drafting of *The Legend* with his characteristic passion, despite being in the last stages of the disease that killed him. In 2004, we rushed to ensure that he could hold a bound and illustrated copy of *The Legend* in his hands and, thanks to Anne's efforts, we succeeded. But we always intended to put out a more carefully edited version that would do justice to the love my dad had for both his family and for storytelling.

It is hard for me to believe that it has been more than five years since his passing. I still miss him every day and I still frequently think "I have to tell Dad about this," only to remember that he is not here to tell. I hope this second edition of *The Leibig Legend* would meet with his approval. I have tried to limit my edits to typographical issues and blatant mistakes in an attempt to preserve my dad's voice, which comes across so strongly in some of the stories that it almost seems as if he is sitting next to you.

This edition is dedicated to my daughter, Rory Sophia Leibig Patterson, born in May 2006, who would have been the light of my dad's life.

October 2009

-- Kerry

ANDREW AND SUSAN

The 1850's were a decade of change and the pressure of dreams of change. The world everywhere was in transition.

Blue. At the end, she sat on the enclosed porch, enclosed to keep her close and safe, imprisoned on her porch as in her mind. Alzheimered, she rode the hardwood rocker into her mind. The rocker was cushioned a navy blue. Susan embroidered "Leibig Clan," with the names every which way: "Andrew, Susan, Fred, Johnny, Annie, Lizzi, Suzy & more to come."

She insisted that Anne dress her in her purple-tinted, blue-speckled dress. She rocked on the porch. She thought of her work years before in the back, the tobacco shed. A deep pinkening blue sky overhead. She rolled cigars and chewed. She slipped a Leibig Navy Blue ring around each completed smoke. She was angry at John and Frederick. After two weeks, they had only half-completed the new special blue paint on the house. She found herself in a blue mood. She turned her thoughts to Eddie, Frederick, John and the girls, their new blue suits and pinafores, homemade. She detested store-bought - not the cost, but the quality. She was proud of Leibig work and success, the admiration of the town. Everything Leibig grown or made: clothes, food, games, and entertainment, even the leather for the horse and dogs.

She planned the generations - the Leibig clan, over 50 Leibigs by 2000. The blue mood brightened. On the porch, Alzheimered like a beached whale and closing down, she centered on the Leibig clan. The Leibig clan in America, united with her mother's spoons which she insisted for over 50 years had been promised. Hell, she stole 'em! Susan Kempt started and built into the future the Leibig clan. She rocked and thought of generations to come. . . .

Years earlier, Susan Kempt a girl, a girl becoming. She was alone then -- in a large family of six, but still alone and to herself.

Susan Kempt stood in her parents' bedroom encircled by a box window. She looked down on the orchid hothouse. Andrew Leibig, an apprentice gardener, was working there, sweat and muscle, loading and lifting, stopping for water, leaning near the door to rest. He picked up his book and read. He removed his shirt, sat back, and smelled a fallen orchid.

Herr Kempt, her father, prized orchids and entered them in contests. When he succeeded, he credited Andrew. He had promised the next time they developed a new orchid, he'd name it in part for Andrew, but hadn't done so. She watched Andrew. She felt secretly guilty. She savored it.

She crossed the central hall to her room and changed clothes. She put on a tight-fitted blouse and a pair of boy's leather lederhosen with suspenders across her ample breasts. She admired herself in the full length mirror, straight on and over her shoulder. She tried for innocent sexuality. She tiptoed down the center staircase and out to the orchid shed. She avoided any chance that her mother would see her display by taking the more open route.

Andrew was in the shed. No one else was about. She entered in silence and positioned herself against a potting table, clean and covered with a white sheet. Moments passed before Andrew finally looked up. He was off guard and undefended. It was their first intimacy. Consummated without a word. Susan Kempt became herself, one with Andrew.

The next morning, Andrew shyly proposed and spoke of building a life in America. He could not live without her. So it was proposed, so it was accepted. Thereafter, they dreamed one dream. They walked in the *Sound of Music* hills above St. Gilgen; walked by the fountain, and visited Professor Max Augustus's bookshop for coffee and English novels. They lived and loved in secret. Herr Kempt would condemn them; nonetheless, they planned the future. Susan Kempt and Andrew Leibig, one.

Herr Kempt was opposed to any entanglement of his daughter across class lines, particularly with an assistant gardener. Her love for Andrew was forbidden and thereby intensified. Andrew spent hours in the garden shed with Herr Kempt's champion orchids. The structure and its environs stunk. It smelled of an orchid, which was her father's pride, but which made the shed smell of manure and, even worse, of the orchid itself. Susan hated that smell but her love for Andrew pulled her there nonetheless. They could be alone there: be close and "get in trouble, without snoopers."

Andrew saw Susan as beautiful and even to the objective she was attractive. Her face was strong and well-defined, her presence alluring. All were attracted to her. Herr Kempt saw in her his wife, who was indeed striking, even stunning. It was her eyes which attracted. Deep blue, almost purple, so deep it

seemed as though light came from those eyes more than was absorbed by them.

The spoons were promised. It was understood that they would come to Susan. Frau Kempt collected them for that purpose. The Frau did, however, enjoy showing them off to her neighbor, Frau Pertl. Frau Pertl's mother had foolishly sold the two most valuable spoons of her own collection. The first Frau Pertl was Mozart's mother. The display made Frau Kempt feel superior although she knew that was unkind foolishness.

Breakfast of Aufhoit, Brot and Kase Cold cuts, bread and cheese was over, cleanup complete. Susan sat at the large carved table, the small rosewood box open before her, spoons shown against a green lining. Small collectibles, both short and long-handled. Some silver; some gold; some sparkling; some plain; some jeweled 'round their stems. Eighteen antique spoons, polished carefully. Susan sat back and admired each individual spoon. She saw her future in them, her love for Andrew. She anticipated their coming adventure.

She thought for a moment. She carefully removed a suede pouch from under her green jacket. She often wore the jacket with its red lacing and silver buttons for brisk morning walks. She looked over her shoulder, guarding against snoops, closed the rosewood box quickly and locked it, empty. She moved the suede pouch to the inside pocket of her jacket and headed for her walk. She had fifteen minutes to meet Andrew near the St. Gilgen village pump.

She turned her concentration to *The Scarlet Letter*, the newest of the novels she and Andrew were using to learn American English. They struggled with novels which Herr Professor Max Augustus from the bookshop lent them - Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre* (1847), Poe's *The Raven and Other Poems* (1845). They liked Hawthorne. They would leave a gift of bookends for the Professor.

St. Gilgen was their village nestled in the Alps at the top of a winding road - a village of small slate-roofed homes. The Kempt home nearly a mansion. Herr Kempt was a leading citizen with investments ranging into Southern Bavaria. His large home was his pride. He raised Belgian draft horses and orchids and employed many villagers.

In 1854, St. Gilgen was torn. Southern Bavaria squabbled with Austria, a threatening military power confronting Bavarian tariff and economic growth programs which built strength beyond that of Austria.

One night Professor Max and Andrew talked until dawn. Andrew pushing through a cold with very rapid, crisp, Leibig-like speech: “Villagers fight between military and economic power. Ah-choo! They are torn between two Germanys. One of, ah-ah-ah-choo! Brahms, Goethe ah-ah-and philosophy, the other all iron and blood. Did you know that to Americans Germany is the seat of learning? William and Henry James, Charles Pierce, Hawthorne, and Roosevelt, most American academics attended our universities. *The Education of Henry Adams* is about nothing else. The American Jefferson’s ideas of economic warfare over the real thing haunt me. I just finished his essay. "

Gravel in his slow-moving voice, in sharp contrast to Andrew’s, the professor responded. The two young and old sounded an odd duet, clarinet and tuba. The Professor’s constant throat-clearing against Andrew’s sniffling sneezes. “Ah! Hew!

Em! Yes, it is very upsetting. We need economic growth but the right pushes for an Army."

Andrew: "Before Napoleon's fraternity, solidarity and democracy, Germany was 300 provinces. The Holy Roman Empire. It was none of those. In 1806, Napoleon ended that with the Federation of the Rhine, his puppets. Then, in 1813 to 1815, the Congress of Vienna ordered 39 states, weaker than hell. They always fought - Protestant against Catholic, Prussia versus Austria. Now the customs union, Zollerein, works on economics."

Professor Max: "The military will win out. No matter, you've got to get out."

Andrew resigned, "Yes, I know. We hope for America and soon."

St. Gilgen was pushed and prodded into 1854 with news from the Crimea. It dominated the village's thoughts of what might come. The senseless entanglement of alliances, promises, and counter-alliances confounded them. They feared growing military thinking. They heard the arguments for a large conscripted army of forced civilian soldiers. Less freedom and creativity. It was frightening. Andrew came to view America as the only sensible alternative to what was coming. The Crimea was a crime.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

* * * * * * *

'Forward the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Someone had blunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do or die:
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

(*The Charge of the Light Brigade,* Lord Alfred Tennyson.)

Andrew preferred America.

Susan was unsure about the Professor's political ravings. She knew little about what was best for Germany and would not presume. She was interested only in protecting Andrew's love. She too dreamt of America.

She turned to Hawthorne's introduction in *The Scarlet Letter*:

> *It may however - Oh! transporting and triumphant thought - that the great grandchildren of the present race may sometime think kindly of this scribbler of begone days, when the antiquity of days to come, among the sites memorable to the town's history shall point out the locality of THE TOWN PUMP.*

Susan laughed to herself and nodded to the thought of St. Gilgen's own town pump. It was in the village center, just beyond the "Come to America on the F.W. Brune" poster. The pump was to be made famous over one hundred years later when it was used for as the centerpiece of the children's dance in the film *The Sound of Music*.

Susan arrived early; Andrew late, as always. Just off town center she waited. Off where few would notice, she waited. "Reisen Sie nach Amerika auf dem Dampfschiff F.W. Brune." ["Sail to America, low cost - F.W. Brune."] A vibrant young girl in radiant blue rushed up a gangplank toward the embrace of an athlete. "Reisen Sie nach Amerika - billige Fahrpreise - F.W. Brune." ["America we come with hope!"] She closed her eyes and tried to dream in English. She failed. She saw only Andrew and herself, waltzing aboard a ship to an American band. "Reservieren Sie jetzt für die Nächste abfahrt zu New York am 30 August 185." ["Next cruise New York August 20. Reserve now."]

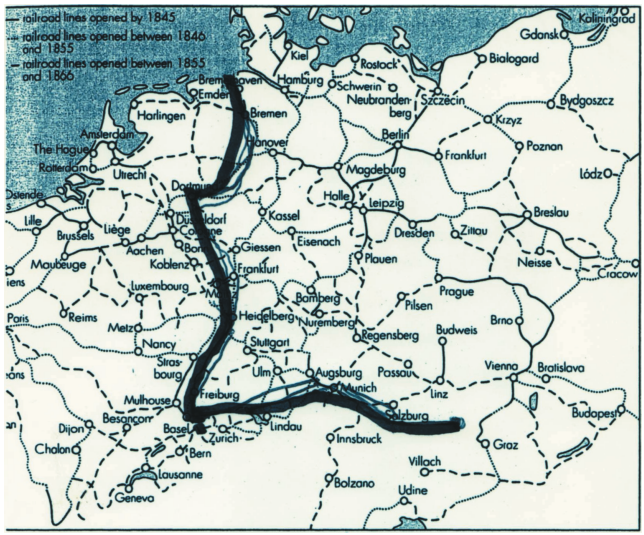
Suddenly, in his usual hurry and wait style, Andrew was there. He came to her quickly now. He was short but full of energy -- his forearms large, his movements brisk, his hug a bear's. He panted as though in heat. "Ach, Du bist aber hübsch!" ["You are truly beautiful!"]

Susan handed the pouch, with its spoons and their future, to Andrew. "Wir müssen es schnell machen." ["We must move quickly."] They crossed toward a small doorway. Up one flight

to a tiny office, barely room for three people and a counter. They met a ramrodded young man, pale without whiskers: “Guten Tug. Bromz.” Andrew passed over the pouch. Bromz checked a handful of the spoons, passed back an envelope and pocketed the spoons. Susan half whispered and half shouted, clearly nervous, “Die Löffel waren mir immer versprochen.” [“They really were meant for me, honest to God.”] Bromz smiled and, to Susan’s discomfort, winked. Still trying to avoid guilt. She knew if she had stolen the spoons and she confessed the sin, she’d be required to return the spoons. Better to avoid any hint of theft until it came out that the spoons had been promised. Anything but theft.

Bromz had seen similar young couples before. It seemed almost that steamship transactions with young penniless couples were like abortions, guilt-ridden and hidden. “How silly,” he thought.

Andrew pocketed two tickets for passage to Bremerhaven and two steamship tickets to New York on the F.W. Brune - not the top of the line, but, he was told, a fine American ship built in Philadelphia - The City of Brotherly Love. Andrew smiled. Susan giggled nervously.



They moved quickly but roughly, St. Gilgen to Munich to Frieburg and then north to Bremen and the sea. Munich to Frieburg took an extra day. They were in a dark wood between the two cities. The rain fell hard. They could see where the rail bed was just being laid above the road on the right. They had hired a coach and driver, but were given a buckboard and a boy. The boy was so young that Andrew had to drive the team, two worn ponies, underfed and bedraggled. As they came to a wide turn on an uphill grade, there was a strange smell in the air, manure, vomit and blood. A roar. Around the bend, they faced a giant black bear, reared with the head of a stag in its jaw. A gigantic stag carcass blocked the road. The ponies panicked and bucked wildly. The bear took off into the woods with its prize. The bucking of the ponies upset their wagon, dumping Susan into a quagmire of mud so deep as to be like quicksand. She tried to release herself only to become more entangled. The boy tried to help but he too was lost. The more they worked, the more they were captured by the mud. Andrew was able to release them only after an exhausting effort. They rested and then had to walk miles to a way station. The master helped them with a change of clothes. Susan wore her lederhosen. Munich to Frieburg thus slowed them by a day.

Within five days, they crossed Germany to the sea. Once they turned north, the trip was by new trains pulled by brightly painted steam engines. Neither had traveled much before. They did not enjoy the trip until Frieburg to the sea.

The Train

The train was new - luxury from Frieburg to Bremen. John Philip Sousa, the American bandmaster, blared from a six piece brass band uniformed to match the yellow, green, red and black engine. Martial music filled the waiting dock. "Umph! Pa! Pa! Umph! Pa! The more we get together, the happier we'll be." The apparently wealthy, well-dressed as if off to church, tapped along. Andrew waited, admiring modernity. The locomotive was built to impress the consumer. Two rail cars, long, and brightly finished with a Bavarian mountain design, a stylized bear painted on it in stark contrast with the vomit-smelling beast they'd confronted a few days before. The steam engine hissed and pulled at its own power. Periodically, the whistle blew. Once, twice, once again, once, twice, once again - to the beat, keeping time to Sousa. All luxury after Frieburg.

The conductor took their two bags solicitously and butler-like. Andrew joked, “Lead on fair Franz.” Susan giggled and followed. The conductor, in a bright uniform starched and high-collared to the chin, wore a wizard’s heavy curling whiskers beyond his large ears. He flirted with Susan. They marched on the dock in time to the Sousa march. The cheek-puffing tuba player played the first yellow and black tuba they had seen. “Aren’t they all silver?” they wondered. The conductor paused - “Let’s board here so you can see our dining car" which was a fine restaurant with thick green Irish linen, bright green walls. Crystal glassware and china patterned to match. Table settings of crystal and mahogany. Their walk through the dining car brought mouth-watering smells, new piped-in music, Brahms and other music they did not recognize. One piece with a clear railroad theme whistled and pushed forward. “Frieburg to the sea, all aboard.” heard Andrew. “All aboard. Last call. Frieburg north to the sea. The sea and beyond. All aboard.”

They came to their own seats. The compartment was furnished with broad, extra large reclinable seats upholstered - three in a heavy linen-like material of alternative yellow, green and deep red, followed by a silky smooth black seat. It was stunning. Compartments over the seats pulled out to the conductor who placed their two cases above them with a smile. “Need anything, call me Franz by that little bell. Ring and we appear.”

Susan was in heaven. She’d never forget Frieburg to the sea. Each car butlered with a man in uniform and a young blond who served English tea and Bavarian pastry, all cream and fluff. Almost too sweet. The butler brought magazines, including English and American. He offered the latest books. Susan: “How wonderful.” Andrew: “Don’t get used to it. Hold yourself for the ship.”

Yellow. Yellow and the smell of wildflowers. Yellow and orange were all Andrew could see from the window as he awoke on the train. It seemed to turn warmer as they moved north toward the sea. Susan still slept. He felt her soft breath on his face from the inside seat. They moved out of the Alpine Landscape. Mountains were all he'd ever known. They had cocooned him from birth. The mountains fell away to wild yellow flowers out to the horizon. An entirely new horizon lay before them. Bright dandelions, huge orange sunflowers, tall from the floor's bed of smaller petaled yellow-almost white-ground cover. Here and there a violet. A rare patch of bright red. It all startled

him, still half asleep. They had left willingly in flight never anticipating return unless captured by police in pursuit. Thieves on the run. Had the spoons really been promised? He wondered. Then why run off secretly? Where did they belong? Did they belong anywhere or only to one another?

Susan and he, alone together, rushed on through the flowers north to the sea and beyond. Did they have any idea where they were going? What was ahead? Would America be free and open? They would build anew. It was yellow through the window. The balled sun, so early the morning sky was yellow from reflection, flowers, and sun. An impressionist painting, more French than German. He sat back hoping to dream of America. The new landscape enveloped them.

The earth moved round the sun as God spun the earth on its axis. The train moved across the earth. He removed his watch to check the time. Its movement went round on its own never-ending plane. He looked out again. He was completely still. The landscape moved toward him, enveloping. They seemed themselves to be still amongst movement. Everything was relative. He sat still. The future moved toward him. Soon what had been out front surrounded him, passed him in reverse.

Susan and he, Frieburg to the sea. "Nachste Station Bremen. Letzte Station! Letzte Station! Letzte Verkundiging!" called the conductor. ("Next stop Bremen. Last stop! Last call!") He wondered - was this truly the last stop or only the first step? They disembarked to a loud German authoritative command. A band played on the platform.

"Letzte Verkundigung! Endstation." ("Last call! End of the line.") Andrew heard the surf.

"Letzte Verkundigung!" ("Last call!") Susan's eyes opened wide awake to the sea and beyond.

The band quieted.

"Letzte Verkundigung! Endstation." ("Last call! End of the line.")

Frieburg to the sea outmatched the burden of St. Gilgen to Frieburg-- an elephant never forgets and the initial misery made the luxury even more dominant. Andrew, “On Donner, on Blitzen.” The train pulled on as if by command, on toward the sea and America.

In Bremen, they were ready to board the F.W. Brune. They were disappointed by the appearance of the Brune - over 175 people on a long, flat boat.

"Andreas, Wir haben es geschafft, wir segeln endlich nach Amerika." ["Andrew, we've done it. We've escaped the draft for love in America."]

"Hast Du Deinen Beutel gebracht? Wir können nur einer per Person mitnehmen." ["Not quite. Did you bring your bag? Remember only one bag each."]

"A large one for me and a small one for you. We mustn't attract attention. An unmarried couple traveling alone." She thought to herself- "but with an expensive set of spoons" - for she had pocketed a few, not wanting to part with all that had been promised her.

Susan smiled uncomfortably.

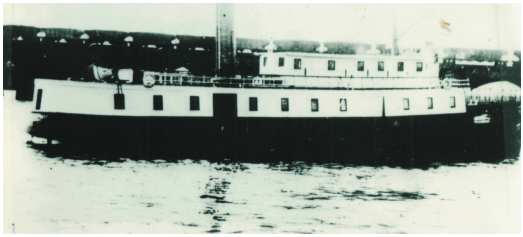
"Susan," Andrew became serious. "Professor Max and I talked all night at the bookshop about politics and justice. I must not submit to the Army. Our Fatherland will be unified. Then it will be dominated by the military. There can be no submission. We go to America for our love and for freedom but we also go for justice and peace. This is all noble but we must concentrate to build a better world. We must study and learn English; we must move toward progress and freedom. In America, they fight for individual freedom and independence. Here we battle for power and plunder." He stopped and listened to himself. He laughed at his own seriousness.

"The Church condemns our love, our parents block our freedom, the police search for us, the good citizens are scandalized. We must rush on before they arrest us. We could not be happier. On to the Baltic. I'll swim if we are late. You may ride." They were moving late. They rushed up the gangplank just as in the poster. They found the steerage space and fell almost immediately to sleep in each other's arms. It was 1854.

They dreamt of the majesty of a three-masted sailing ship with steam power-dancing on the deck and a game room. They were disappointed. They got modern utility. No dancing on the deck, no recreation. The Brune looked barely suited to the Rhine, let alone a great ocean. Their first impression still left them less than ready. An Atlantic crossing in 1854 was hard work. The Brune was a practical transport from point A to point B in the fastest, most direct way. It was work indeed.

The F.W. Brune was constructed in Wilmington, Delaware in 1850, by boat workers with special innovations to cut the cost of ocean crossings. She was an ocean-going paddle-wheeler

with newly designed heavy pressure boilers and a low-to-the-water frame to cut wind resistance. The masted ship which had been the dynamo now slowed, became slower with each crossing; hence, the low-to-the-water paddle-wheeler. Not only was the Brune a low-floating paddle-wheeler, but she was also an early step toward iron-siding, a project of naval engineers from Wilmington, the New York yard and Portsmouth. She was a white ship which polished well in harbor, admired by the boatyard workers - a step forward in steam shipping. She made the crossing until 1927 -- no swampings. She experienced six re-fittings over her career, some superficial but three nearly year-long makeovers, all at American boat works, either at home in Wilmington or at the boat works in Baltimore. The design of the Brune did reduce each crossing by a day or two, reducing costs by as much as twenty percent. Her investors loved her. She transported troops in the Civil War, the Spanish American War, and World War I. Early on, she made voyages from Liverpool to San Francisco for gold rushers taking the South American Pacific Ocean route. All of her other work was Europe to Staten Island. She carried just over 185 passengers on each trip. The F.W. Brune delivered well over 360,000 immigrants, one Leibig and one Kempt, to the promised land, and, by the light of her own literature, "in the finest modern comfort." Comfort never interfered with economy.



F.W. Brune

As used, the Brune packed them in, even in first-class a Brune passenger was cramped. The Brune was a money-making engine. She was a baby boat only four years old when Andrew and Susan boarded.

Twenty-four days on the ship went rough. Aboard the Brune, families were divided into small groups called “messes,” each assigned a number. Andrew and Susan were in mess 26. All messages and orders, everything official, was in English. The Brune was an American vessel. Once a week, mess 26 was granted their meager and unappetizing food rations. Andrew was

sick for two weeks, lost 10 pounds, and for the first half really did not eat - more for Susan. She knew passengers who brought their own food and ate well and shared. These families did not eat the ship's food. But Susan thought the very poor eats provided with the fare were no problem. What was provided was edible and sufficient. Cooking in the small passenger galley required dexterity. Cooking at the galley fire went on as late as nine o'clock at night. Some of the long wood crates in which each mess stored their food would break loose and careen across the galley. One passenger's leg was broken - a compound fracture which strewn blood throughout the galley. When they arrived in New York, a physician's review of the average group revealed severe cases of malnutrition and scurvy.

The comparatively small river boat like the overcrowded Brune fostered independence but discouraged new friendships. The crew tried to help but only spoke English. More than half the passengers only spoke German or Italian. It was no Noah's Ark of diversity.

The part of the ship for passengers consisted of two spaces - the first floor, more expensive and expansive. Closed off from the between deck and second deck was steerage class where Susan and Andrew were assigned. That section was open into large bedrooms with curtains instead of doors. Four beds, often two to a bed, more like a cot.

There was about three feet total of "open space" for passengers between the cots. Clothing was self furnished but near impossible to clean. Sex was a whole community event. Passengers tried to respect each other mainly by keeping to themselves.

In most cabins, luggage was used as a table by all. Each passenger had an English number which tied them to their mess. Andrew was 26-3, Susan 26-4. The numbers were used instead of names even by cabin mates. A leader was chosen for each mess - speaking English the key to the job. Susan and Andrew had a great mess leader who got some special treatment. It was hard going.

Susan and Andrew hid the entire trip. They began to worry more about being pursued as thieves. Herr Kempt would be furious, not over the eating utensils or even the avoidance of conscription. In their imaginations, Herr Kempt would condemn the lack of discipline and the theft of his young daughter. Andrew Leibig must be pursued, tracked down and imprisoned.

Susan and Andrew imagined each day a gruff man in a felt hat with a light grey feather. The Felt Hat followed and waited. Imagination can overtake reality. He would capture them in New York. The trip itself was difficult. Susan spent much of each day comforting Andrew, who barfed, cried and complained. Susan was stoic: "Andrew, don't be such a baby. Suck it up."

They finally arrived near Staten Island early on August 30, 1854. They planned a secret exit from the ship. Andrew recovered from his seasickness and planned carefully with a crew member. They disembarked late but unnoticed, hiding among the galley staff. They did not know the rules but made it to lower Manhattan without being seen. From Manhattan, they cut back to a small German neighborhood where they'd been promised a room for $9.00 for one week. That was actually beyond what they could afford. They were in America. They had a large and a small travel bag, $247.00, dreams and determination (and, if truth be told, a few promised spoons). They would find work and a way to hide. They needed advice about papers. At home they would need documents and were surprised to find that none were required in free New York. They decided to practice English four hours per day -- their first day in America, they read three chapters from *The Scarlet Letter* - The Recognition, The Interview and Hester and the Needle. They walked miles through the streets to hear people talk. Many spoke German. They feared they were receiving inferior, accented English training. They vowed to walk and talk in Manhattan in the future. They tried to avoid German accents.

On their second day in America, they went to church, St. Charles Bartholomew, a Baroque cathedral, a German-speaking Catholic Church, where they confessed - theft, disobedience, cursing (was it 17 and 23 times?), and living together in sin. The priest had trouble only with the living in sin; the theft and disobedience passed without notice. He pressed them to marry. Four Our Fathers, one Hail Mary, and, get a job. The priest referred them to a tavern and to a shirt factory - one which was "liberal" and run by a Jew in sympathy with newly arrived Catholic workers. They wrote down what the priest told them. By Sunday morning, their fifth day in America, they were ready and willing for a vigorous new American life.

Monday they set out through a drizzle for two jobs and a more permanent tenement in which to live. New York, towering, seemed to lean on itself, up and out, ever-squeezed, pushed upward. They hoped for an English-speaking place but realized the advantages of a German boarding tenement. Andrew found a job at a German tavern - $2.00 a week and “Free Lunch” from the bar. Susan met a young seamstress at a men’s shirt factory - mostly Irish and Jewish girls younger than she. She was smart, could read, and she knew numbers. She got a slightly better job - unbelievably high at $5.10 a week. They searched for a place and by Friday found a tenement room to share in a boarding house. The tenants worked on their English together. They heard about an English class offered by a public school on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. They wanted American English. Their one shared room had a window with a Hudson view. It was almost unpainted and no real furniture.

On their third Sunday in New York, they found it - all Mecca, Medea, all Rome and Athens, all Berlin and the World. As they came to the two large cement lions, it seemed too much. They walked up the steps in expectation. They pushed into heaven - The New York City Library. A clerk saw their familiar awe. Four hours later, they knew the library and its reading room, green lamps and long tables which smelled of lemon oil. It seemed gluttony. America was all they dreamed it would be. After a debate, daily visits to the library won out over dozens of books each day. New York - its library, their flat, the tavern and the factory, became the center of their goals - learn unaccented American English, save money for a western move and marriage. They built a life. Their Catholicism was real and universal. Religion was a comforting home. "Don't pity the poor immigrant, alive as you or me." They became increasingly Catholic: Latin with a slight German lilt. They met a young blond athlete of a priest from Munich , a training intellectual missionary to America in the wild sent to the Indians and to immigrant Germans. They could talk with him and share meals. They learned to pray. They prayed every day fervently. They prayed the rosary in duet out loud and in English, with all the missal ceremony, at their tenement on their knees. "We met on the rainy day. Ham and cheese on rye," Andrew joked to the Latin chant. Sometimes hours of chants. Andrew inserted jokes when he was

tired. "Vanie Ben trip on his way." Mass every Sunday. Absence truly a sin. Confession used with sophistication gave them solace and comfort in America. A person is a person-the center of the universe-Catholicism made them German and American at once. They were comforted and real about their church. It aided with a job, provided a community, reassured and was deeply felt. They were never simple-minded, nor particularly spiritual. They were practical, believing, hard-working, and Catholic. They believed in the Virgin Birth, the Pope, Christ-man and God-the true body and blood, but they were never foolish, never past thinking and criticizing. They questioned and struggled. They were fervent. Mary was real to them. Andrew and Susan prayed for things they needed but mostly they prayed to open themselves to God in Christ.

For those first months, they kept a watch and kept together. They also lived as wanted people, thieves, unmarried cohabitators, draft dodgers. They felt guilty and kept a lookout. They really believed there was a dragnet out to retrieve them.

In August 1855, they had a scare. The drab man in the felt hat appeared at the library. He seemed particularly curious about Susan. He watched her for hours. She was afraid to leave the library. She hid in the stacks until late that evening. Finally, at 10:00 P.M., Andrew found her wringing her hands at the back of German Lit.

She threw herself at him, “What will we do? That bastard!” Susan trembled.

“Susan, it is very unlikely that he works for Herr Kempt. It has been so long. I must confront Felt Hat. Let’s calm down.” That took about fifteen minutes. They went in search of Felt Hat. He was no longer in the library. They went home to a night without sleep.

The next night, they went to the library at five o’clock. There he was. Andrew approached the man. “Who are you and why do you pursue my wife?”

Felt Hat: “She is a beautiful woman but she is not your wife. I remember her from our ship, the Brune out of Bremen. I like to speak to other people from Bavaria. Are you not Susan Kempt? For $30.00, I never have and never will see you.”

Andrew could not believe it. They must flee again. Susan’s reactions were immediate. A repeat of the spoons. Her fight arose really for the first time. It became clear, you don’t mess with Suzy. “Andreas, ich werde dich bei uns heute Abend

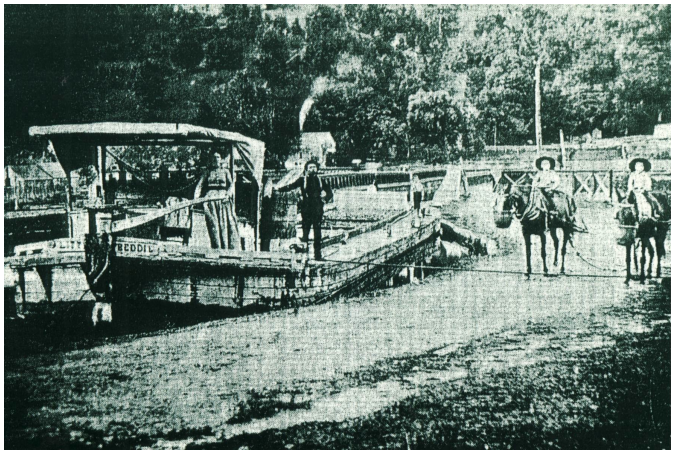
sehen." ["Andrew, I will see you at home tonight."] That night, she arrived at their flat a girl no more, a determined woman. She had $30.00 and two barge tickets to Roundout, the immediate escape to the Hudson.

"Andrew," she directed, "collect everything we have - now nearly $400.00. Pack up and meet me at the ticket office. We are moving to Roundout for a new start. I've sold my green jacket with silver buttons and demanded my $30.00 pay from the factory. I will meet Herr Felthat, pay him and give him our leave. He'd better never show up again." Susan's eyes fell to a cold, solid stare that Andrew hadn't seen it before. He knew he'd never see Felthat again. Once Susan was set, her will it was iron.

They met at the ticket office and booked their passage to Roundout, New York. At Roundout, they were married almost secretly.

They Went to "Carting"

From Roundout, there was the Delaware and Hudson canal. It seemed new although nearly in its twentieth year. It was well run. Its new barges were pulled by pairs of light brown and white patched oxen. They had seen similar in Bavaria. The oxen matched those from Andrew's boyhood. The canal was indeed modern.



Delaware and Hudson Canal (1828-1898)

Again, Susan and Andrew carried only a large and a small traveling bag but this time more cash, more confidence, and real American English. They owned a small American library and a deeper, more mature attachment to one another.

Their second, small bag carried only a wedding ensemble. They asked the captain of one of the D&H barges if he would marry them, to be followed by a more formal Catholic ceremony when they arrived in Honesdale. The captain was pleased and surprised. It was the captain's first wedding request. It looked like Mr. Alnought and Lizzie on the deck of the African Queen just before the torpedo hit. And so it was arranged, to the baying of Bertha and Burta, two American prize oxen, Andrew Leibig and Susan Kempt were married on the deck of a Delaware and Hudson Canal barge - The General Hayes - on a beautiful morning in 1855.

Andrew strolled the oxen path along the Canal. The weather cooperated. He thought. He sat and he thought. He thought and he walked. He thought and he waded. What sort of work could he do? He hadn't seen a formal garden since Germany -- America's gardens were nature's landscape. Architecture did not really exist until Olmstead and the great Chicago Fair of 1942 and had only recently spread to Central Park in New York and Rock Creek Park in Washington, D.C. Gardening was out, but so were all inside jobs; jobs with a boss or jobs which demanded exploitation of workers. Andrew thought. He thought hard.

He was getting nowhere. He and the canal meandered without direction. A barge floated quietly. Ducks landed and took off. They swam near his feet as he sat on the side of the canal barefoot. The barge pulled near him for shared tobacco. He talked with the bargeman, Sid.

Andrew, "Thinking about work. Need a job. How's a bargeman's life?"

Sid, "Great, the job is great. But it is boss ridden. You need a patron, one or two gents with pull. Once they've got you, you are theirs. Mr. Cornell was on me today. He thinks the oxen look undriven. He asked to see a whip. But Burta won't work that way and Bertha's her own girl too. We don't run the canal, Burta and Bertha do. Cornell can't get that down his craw. Those beasts are his bread and butter. Without a patron, there's no chance even for a good worker in barging. It's even worse because Cornell is Nelly's uncle. Nelly is my old lady."

"Barging's out," said a dejected Andrew.

They went quiet and smoked. Sid, "Love your weed, thank Susan. You know a good job - carting. They get all this coal and merchandise moving up and down, but when it's there they need good men to deliver it to the money. It's independent and good outdoor work. You're on your own. You are the boss. But only if you're independent. You need your own team. You need to be a capitalist. Buy a good wagon, sturdy and well built. Get 'em at Willard's Smithy. Then the key, always the key, is animal power. The world turns on animal power. You need a team of two smart, strong horses. Horses who'll bond, smart enough to do the work without you. They learn the trail, make it their own. You know they almost maintain the trail by themselves. Smith has two roans, big Belgians, smart and born to the trade. They must be three year olds now. Won't be cheap. Money in, money out. Investment makes you the boss."

Andrew, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, Sid, sounds like it couldn't be better. How much? I've got less than $250.00."

Sid, "Partner up. . . . I'll put in $300.00 for half of what you make for three years. Then you're on your own."

Andrew, "Let me think, Susan handles the money."

The barge moved on. Andrew thought and planned his pitch to Susan.

Mid-conversation, Susan, "Andrew, I've heard it twelve times in two days. Shut up and let a girl think."

Andrew anxious, "But, but, but . . ." Then, uninterruptible silence and an unbroken stare at Susan with his best seductive look.

Susan, "Okay, we'll do it, but I control the books and it was my idea. Susan's carting!"

"Andrew and Susan's Bavarian Shipping."

They went to carting. Carting for life.

Susan wrote a business plan and went to the bank. No loan from a barge man. She got a $300.00 loan from the Bank in Honesdale. Everything for collateral and the banker was an Irishman. But better a business deal than the favor of a dependable friend, especially a friend of Andrew whom she did not know. She brought the cash to Andrew.

Five hundred dollars for only the best.

Willard the Smithy insisted on a good price. "A wagon for a life time. Strong enough for the trail, or less cash and regular repairs and replacement.

Andrew, “Rugged and well built to my plan. The best.”

Willard only huffed and leaned near the billows. Andrew drew want he wanted. He highlighted the kind of wood - native hard wood, aged and inspected by the purchaser. Mainly for walking along side but with buckboard suspended seats, two rows. Enough room for a large load of coal. H & D specs. Willard looked, said nothing and walked to the back talking to his smithy apprentices.

“Never done this. People around here don’t generally demand quality, they are price alone cheapos. I’d be proud of this job. Paint Willard’s Blacksmith Emporium on the side in red, yellow and green and keep the sign nice?”

“Sign is no problem, but it has to say Andrew and Susan’s Carting too. You have to do the sign before delivery. How much?”

Willard couldn’t speak of money.

“How about $200.00. That’s budget.”

“Okay, but don’t tell anyone, this isn’t no general sale. Just for Leibig.”

A deal was a deal, a handshake.

Next to Smith’s, $300.00 for the Belgians. Andrew tried to bargain - focused on every animal at Smith’s but the three year olds. Smith pushed them in the back too. After three hours, “Roans, are those two roans? Don’t look full grown. You been feeding them? But them other beast too steep. What about the roans?”

Smith looked anxious, “Ain’t for sale. My kids think they are pets. They won’t pull. They’re not workers, they’re lazy.” A long, very long pause. “$300.00.”

Andrew pulled in a breath, “$200.00.”

Time passed. Andrew walked the lot, then, moved to leave. “$280.00, that’s it. Smith: “$280.00 and free hauling when I need it.”

“Done. Hitch ‘em up.”

Andrew had his team. He was in business with the best team and wagon around. He wanted no further delay and visited Willard every day pushing for his wagon and demanding care at once. It took a month, but the wagon with its bright signs was finally ready. Willard’s sign was bigger than “Susan and Andrew’s Carting,” about which Andrew has not a care except for harassing from Susan. “They cheated you and that sign. Should

have demanded a do-over with my approval. But what's done is done. Let's make some money. What about H & D?"

"Standard contract. No deals. I signed yesterday."

Susan looked at him with her "I'm in charge" look, but she knew the H & D and thought she'd outwit them at renewal time, two years off. Andrew, "That'll never happen." But it did. With his team and his work, Susan got twenty percent above standard after one year. What a head for business.

The roans, Chester and Bart are smart. They knew the trail the first trip, and even taught other teams a shortcut. Andrew kept them oat-fed, along with carrots and sugar cubes. Eventually, even as a young teenager Andrew's son, Frederick, could drive Burt and can almost handle Chester.

Honesdale

On moving to Honesdale, the Leibigs did not find a quiet village. Honesdale was a rough and tumble frontier town. The *Wayne County Herald* wrote on July 7, 1850:

> *A party of Irish laborers and some Americans got into a general fight in the lower part of the borough early in the afternoon, but we believe none were fatally injured of either party. The bloody appearance of the flagging upon the sidewalk, as well as the many scarred heads and faces before the justice the next day, showed that the riot was a dangerous one, . . . The Guards were summoned to make peace, and the attempt of the rioters to resist their efforts came nearly to provoking an order to fire, which would have killed and wounded many of them, who deserve little less punishment than that of balls and bayonets.*

It was 1855. There were fifty glass factories and fifty saloons - one on every corner - in a village of 3,719 dwellings and 3,865 families. There were 120 public schools, the primary source of patronage jobs, and 122 teachers/janitors. One library with 127 books, all Leibig read, but otherwise good doorstops and temporary table decorations.

At Honesdale, Andrew went to carting, The Delaware and Hudson Canal carried merchandise from New York and coal back. A boom was on. Carting proved as promised, as planned, a great business. In Honesdale, Leibig's was the best in carting. Andrew worked with Chester as team leader six days a week. Only time prevented ever greater earnings.

In 1856, Susan gave up work, or pretended to. She grew, chewed, rolled and sold tobacco, sold eggs and food stuffs, made clothes, ran the carting business, and saved.

By 1857, they could buy a home in Honesdale on upper High Street - $800.00 with a $400.00 mortgage and small monthly payment. They continued to save.

According to *Canal Town: Honesdale 1850-1876*:

> *In 1850, the Delaware and Hudson Company was continuing to expand its shipments from Honesdale. During the 1850's, extensive enlargements and improvements of the canal had been carried forward, and by 1850 boats carrying ninety-eight tons of anthracite were standard. During the 1850's, additional enlargements enabled boats of 120 tons capacity to pass through. As a result, both 1855 and 1856 saw millions of tons go to market.*

The carting business expanded and Leibig's carting prospered. Unfortunately, being a canal town brought more than economic advantage to Honesdale. As the population increased, so did serious social problems consisting of ethnic and religious animosities as well as frequent crime; one could, in fact, fill a book with accounts of arson, thievery, vandalism, street fighting, infanticide, public drunkenness, harassment of citizens, riots, juvenile alcoholism, and murder which can be found in the local press during these years. A major riot took place in 1853.

Honesdale was an open frontier town ready for hard work and development. The local newspaper reported:

> *In one of the schools the order is so bad that it is quite impossible to tell when recess is granted, unless you happen to hear the grant. The bedlam of school has been reported to the authori-*

ties without change. Disruption was the rule not the exception. There is no quiet in Honesdale.

Yet, Honesdale worked hard, grew, and prospered.

Late into the evening, Andrew inhaled his own tobacco rolled and smoked on the porch - solitary joy. He heard the regular 7:42 pass with a blast of its whistle. Then, barely off to the left of the woods, howls followed by a crying of bloodhounds. He thought of home and his freedom. It was 1858, the country fought over who was free and who was not, which a slave and which master. Are all really created equal? Obviously some came out better than others. Did he deserve it? He owned a home and a business. Why? 'Twasn't fair. Another drag on a cigar rolled by Susan from their own patch. A sheer delight.

He heard noises from his Quaker neighbors up the street. They had a large barn which they were closing. Why so late? This never happened. He saw them hustle off quietly toward the village and their meeting house. The Quakers told him that it was best at times to leave them alone. They had a hidden floor in their barn, and they were abolitionists. Nonetheless, they never pushed their views or discussed their work with others. It was dangerous work, not for a simple homeowner and business operator making his way. Still, he admired the abolitionist movement, their newspapers and sermons. He particularly liked the Quakers he knew. They gave him Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

He went into the parlor. It was hard to read in the limited light but, still so inclined, he worked on his latest book. Then, around what must have been ten o'clock, he sensed someone on his porch. He opened the door for a look but even wide open it remained darkened. A very large, very black man moved toward him. Andrew was off balance.

"I'm Jakes. So sorry, so sorry, Mister. My wife Maudie, t-two boys here t-too." Jakes stuttered with nerves.

"We locked out of t-the Quaker barn. That's our stop. We missed that last one too. T-two days, rain and cold, we have to risk. Can you t-take us in for five hours? We be quiet. Stay down and hidden. No snoopers know. We out but must make Canada and our next stop. We'll never go back, die first. Ms. Journey say keep move'n north on the railroad. A quilt map brought ups to this town."

"I wait here, you t-think." Jakes stepped back. Andrew closed the door gently, Susan now at his elbow.

"We must help."

"I know, but the Fugitive Slave Law. Prison, confiscation of all we've built. We are foreign to some. They'll enjoy demeaning us by taking my business."

"No choice. We were saved to freedom from Germany. They must make Canada."

Andrew opened the door. James, Maude and two boys - one three or four years old and one closing in on teenage years - stepped in. The smaller sucked his thumb and said nothing. He stared through gigantic black eyes, like a deer in a torchlight. The older boy was straight and strong.

Independent of Jakes, he said, "I won't forget. You're Dutch right?" He was bull necked and highly muscled. Articulate and unafraid. He told Andrew he could read and write some. Obviously, he would be a very high-priced piece of merchandise to the slave hunter. In a year or two, he'd be at the height of the market, worth thousands.

When the Leibigs wakened at about four in the morning, Jakes and his family were gone, leaving a red, handmade scarf behind with a note: "You saves a famny [sic]."

Andrew reported to the Quakers. They never had a similar opportunity, nor did they want one. Accidental abolitionists. It was very dangerous but rewarding.

Andrew and Susan had five children - John in 1857, Mary in 1864, Anne in 1866, Lizzi in 1869, and Frederick in 1873. They were happy. They are pictured here, in 1880.

Even in her decline in the 1890's, Susan kept correspondence with the family in Germany. Dread of, and longing for, a letter from her brother Jake in Bavaria tugged at Susan. When in July 1893, such a letter arrived, she opened it uneasily. America faced the worst depression in its history. She knew the same was true of all of Europe. Jake's letter was full of concern about money.

Dancing [sp?], Germany
1893
Dear Sister & Brother in Law:

This is to inform you that I was in Munich the 12th of this month and have visited

Mathias. I have written to him about your letters, and sent them to him telling him about brother-in-law Andreas' graduation. I have enclosed the portrait of Leibig, Madfalena in the letter. Should we learn more I will write you immediately. I will have a family portrait made during the summer & have it sent to you. From your letter I gather that you still have the hope that one of us will come to visit you in America. I would like to believe that, but the "if" and the "but" is interfering. I would come if I had the money and the time. If that were the case I would have decided a long time ago to visit you.

Remember I was just a boy of 16 when you left home, & I had not gotten any financial help from our parents when I left home. Mathias experienced the same poverty. It has been 39 years since I took leave of you and you went to America. During this same time I have been dreaming that you would come for a visit, but I always wake up to the reality of you not being here. I have not heard from our sister Anna, but she is still alive, and robust for her age.

Groceries & clothing are very expensive here. The currency here has changed from guilders & kreuzen to marks. Three marks are worth the same as 1 guilder plus 45 kreuzen. Weights and measures of volume changed too. The liter has come into being. The liter is smaller than the mass [a unit of measure]. Beer costs 24-26 pfenniger, beef is 60-70 pfenniger/pound [1 pound = ½ kilo, or 500 grams], veal is 70-75 pfenniger/pound, pork is 80 pfenninger/pound, and nice flour is 20-23 (flour w/out vbvb) pfenniger/pound. Men's laceup shoes are 12-24 marks, a 3-piece mass produced suit is 50 marks, daily laborer's pay is 2.6-2.8 marks, and a factory worker is paid 2.2 or 2.3 marks. A family has to budget very carefully to make it. An egg is 3 pfenniger in summer and 7-10 in winter. Butter is 90 pfenniger - 1 mark. Taxes are also very high. Food is often adulterated.

Many greetings from Brother Mathias. Healthwise, he is in good shape, but financially he is not improving much. The letter which I mailed to you on June 19 you will have received. Please write in response. Please write again to say how the children are, and tell us about the availability of venison & hunting. I will cover my work situation in my next letter. Best greetings from myself, my wife & my son. I remain your steadfast brother and brother-in-law.

- Jacob

Why were she and Andrew in America and comparatively well off? Was it their own work and effort or something else? Didn't she steal a leg up? She wondered: Did Jake think she had stolen his opportunity with the spoons.

The spoons had been promised her. Or had they? Was she guilty of abandoning her younger brother? Did she owe him America? She still reviewed it in each pre-confession examination and always decided "the spoons had been promised." No priest would ever hear of them.

She worried but thought Jake should make his own way as Andrew had. It was a great letter otherwise, but it left her with feelings of both dread and longing. She wished she could help but decided she could not.

Andrew and Susan died in 1903. Andrew was 76. Susan was 73.

JOHN

John was born in 1857. It was a quiet morning. No commotion. A "beautiful baby" - serene, completely calming. He forewent thrashing or bawling. An easy birth. Susan loved him in a cuddling way. Andrew felt the strongest attachment but, as a new parent, wondered where the anticipated yelling and screaming went. John was steady and rarely changed. As he grew and began to talk, he had no accent but spoke with the slightest lisp. Susan called him angel food; while she called her next son, Frederick, sponge cake. From his very first step, John followed after Susan.

John's eyes were deep blue and absorbed everything. His hair was the lightest of blond. It ruffled in the breeze, even with the slight movement of the summer's house fan. He was a quiet loner. He would stand by the window holding the sill and look out.

At eight, John refused to follow Andrew in hunting excursions until he discovered Honesdale's dogs. John loved the dogs of Honesdale. There was Magellan ("Mags"), an Irish Setter, and Maximilian ("Maxie"), a mongrel hound.

John would climb out over the rooftop to the backyard and rove with Mags into the night, deep into the surrounding woods. One night with a bright moon, John and Mags sat atop a hill watching the rabbits run below. After about ten patient minutes, Mags took off after a hare skedaddling down the run. The rabbit ran down the path out of Mags' sight. She waited a moment, cut down by a stony creek, over a long stretch of rocks, back up the path, and then backtracked over the same course, foot over foot across the identical course. She then turned, sat, waited and watched. Mags pursued over the creek and rocks but when she came to the backtrack she was stumped. She sat back, looked around and howled into a cry. Stumped again. John admired the hare but awarded Mags for the adventure. He hoped one day to make hasenpfeffer of that hare. John and his dogs were inseparable. There were eventually four Magellans; Mags III ran the same course, with the same exasperating howl, with John's nephew, Eddie, watching years later. The hare was equally sly - that "wiley wabbit."

In 1865, an influenza epidemic cursed Honesdale. (Nothing compared to the 1918 catastrophe, but sufficient to

generate an alert.) Children died in southeastern Pennsylvania. Parents quaked and undertook every effort to protect their children, particularly frail children like John. Susan watched over him carefully, monitoring his every move. He was sent to bed at the slightest sneeze, tightly wrapped in warm blankets, straight-jacketed by any measure Susan could concoct. John, a frail boy, spent nearly a year in solitary confinement. This tightened his already close attachment to Susan. Nothing similar was doled out to Frederick.

Liberation Day

It was a Sunday morning. John was twelve. He awakened and rolled over. He slid the bandage from his head and got up. His mother had wrapped him against fever. She commanded the flu was about. The family was off to Church at 7:30, to return at 12 noon. He was home alone, just as he'd planned. This was to be John's coming of age, his liberation day. He would prove his worth to his father and earn respect and access to culinary school. He intended to demonstrate the skill to win the Pennsylvania cook-off and a six month scholarship to a chef's school in Philadelphia sponsored in part by Bookbinder's famous restaurant, with judges from Paris, France.

John made his way to the kitchen, checking each of his hiding places on the way. He picked up a starched white, full-length apron, his tall bleached chef's hat, and the special tools of his trade - a fine silver sifter and a set of special knives. In the kitchen, he pulled out the tall cook's stool. He sat and planned. To win the contest, he would need five meals. He had developed a special Leibig menu. He hoped to be the first to win the contest on a Germanic cuisine. His five meals were favorites of his family -

- Breakfast: A small, 6 oz. filet mignon, baked sliced tomatoes with melted Parmesan cheese, and potato pancakes, very thin.

- Special Noontime Meal: Konigeberger Klopes (German meatballs) with capers, buttered egg noodles, creamed cucumber salad, and German chocolate cake. The least popular, which Mary refused to eat.

- Game: Boiled venison sausage with sauerkraut, small red potatoes, sweet peas, and floating island pudding.

- Dinner: Hasenpfeffer (rabbit), egg noodles again, green salad, and apple crumb cupcakes.

- John's fifth and special meal: Leibig sauerbraten. A dish developed by his grandmother and perfected by Susan, his mother. His first lesson in sauerbraten was at eight years of age. It was a five-day project. The menu included, sauerbraten, Kortoffelklase (potato dumplings), red cabbage, butter noodles, and apricot souffles.

The secret to the Leibig specialty is a distinctive flavor generated by a four-day marinade in spiced vinegar. John began with a boneless chuck top blade roast. He combined and boiled the following in a sauce pan:

1 cup of red wine vinegar;
1 cup of dry red wine;
1 medium sliced onion;
2 bay leaves;
1 tsp. peppercorn;
1 tsp. caraway;
6 juniper berries; and
1 ounce ginger.

Then the concoction cooled and was placed in a cooking bag with the pot roast, rolled and tied. This was marinated for four days. This time, John had to leave his meat secretly out of doors. On the fifth day, John drained the solids and added salt and pepper to his taste. He heated this in a Dutch oven at medium heat. He added two tablespoons of oil. He browned the meat on all sides for two minutes. Again, drained and then added:

½ cup of chopped onion;
½ cup of chopped carrots;
½ cup of celery; and
A generous portion of ginger.

Next, he cooked the meat for ten minutes and sprinkled on two tablespoons of sifted flour. He stirred for four minutes until browned and smooth. He then cooled it for two hours while stirring in a cup of crushed ginger snap cookies. He heated it again with a dollop of sour cream and brown sugar to taste. John's tastes were on the sweet side - he loved ginger. He had to be careful. He then sliced the roast and served it on an antique serving platter with Bavarian scenes.

Just as John completed setting the table, the family burst in from Church. Andrew yelled, "Was für ein wunderbarer Geruch? Wer hat gekocht?" ["What's that wonderful smell? Who's been cooking?] Susan, "John, have you made a mess?" John said nothing. With a white towel over his arm, he served, watched, and waited. Andrew sat and set a world record for saying grace. He finished, "Guten Appetit!" ["Let's eat!"]

They ate and talked, talked and ate, but mostly they ate and smiled. At meal's end, with the last morsel of apricot, Andrew pronounced it the best meal he'd ever had. "Du musst einen Preis bekommen oder sonst haben Sie es mit mir su tun." ["They will give you the award or I'll flatten their butts."] He looked at John and patted his back. John burst. He became a man in the eyes of his father - the most glorious of days. Susan looked at her son proudly. John went on to win the contest and attend the Philadelphia Culinary Institute.

John eventually moved to Scranton and opened a gentlemen's hotel with a fine dining room.

Hotel Man

For more than seven months, John listened to O'Leary, Bookbinder, Schafer and Kane, innkeepers all. Sure there was competition in the Scranton hotel trade, but they competed with pride for one-upmanship and bragging rights. They were glad to brag on their hotel management acumen. The key was the bar and food trade. A successful pub was a successful hotel, so much so that Bookbinder dropped any hotel work at all. Still, he knew the ropes and loved to brag. He really was the best. John talked every day with one or the other over a meal or a brew, always on him, even if they tried otherwise. Usually, he had no argument when he pulled out his wallet.

He'd no real schooling beyond parochial school and the culinary institute's six months. He had to learn accounting and

the tricks of the hotel trade: learning by doing, but knowing from the experts first. He worked briefly at any hotel job he could find - bellhop, janitor, security, desk man, accounting aide, even maid, bartender, waiter, chef, night manager, at one establishment then another. He worked, listened and kept notes each night. He lived cheaply and saved everything. The learning was more than the meager pay. A few jobs he did for nothing - accounting assistant and night manager. He actually liked each job, even the menial. He identified and kept names and addresses on the best, most experienced hotel employees in town for later use. He visited Philadelphia and did similar background work there. How was staff? How much were they paid? What would it take to lure them to his employ? Did they know others? He learned that cleanliness and security were extremely important to a good hotel - most important. But also that saving three cents a sheet and pillowcase was real money.

When he was ready to move, he arranged for a good space at a $300.00 mortgage. He began hiring staff. His first hire was Margaret Hanson from the Arms, thirteen years experience and the best housekeeping manager in the business. He gave her complete control of housekeeping, including hiring and training her own staff. A maid at John's thought of the hotel as Margaret's. His second hire was Ken Kelley, a retired Philadelphia cop from Ireland with an Irish lilt, twinkle, and a green carnation in his lapel, as head of security and greeter. Kelley was always in the lobby and protected the building and its guests like the old sod. He lived in the hotel and insisted on paying the regular rates unless he was short, which was okay with John. Both Margaret and John were well paid, just above market. Each was promised a small share of profits. "We are all in this together, John's is a community hotel." John intended to build loyalty. He did so. Margaret and Ken stayed at John's until it closed in 1937. Margaret never missed a beat; Ken was out with a back problem for four months but collected his full pay over his own every payday objection. Ken never spent a penny and left an estate as large as "Rich" Uncle John's. He left everything to Margaret. It turned out they had a bargain.

John ran the dining wing himself. He worked like Margaret, Ken or any other department head. After housekeeping and security, accounting and management were the key operations. His accountant was on contract from a CPA firm which changed their staff too often, but did superior work. John never

paid a nickel to the government which Smith & Barnes, the accountants, could avoid. If they cheated, it was on them. John followed accounting direction from the pros. He hired assistant business managers but that was more difficult. They changed every few years. They were usually young men learning the trade and moving up. That was okay with him. Soon he knew every hotel man in Scranton and in Philly.

"No! No! Nicht!" John's face reddened.

"Little left. Not that left, the other left. Up and left."

"Now up. Right again."

"Watch it! Line it up with the carved glass door to reflect in the large beveled mirror in back of the front desk." John had ordered and waited months for a cut glass chandelier from Munich. His brother Frederick had crafted the cut glass door and beveled the mirror of the highest quality and thickness. The chandelier, glass door, over sized mahogany desk, and giant mirror designed to bring the chandelier into two rooms were the only frills in the place. The plan for the rest was simplicity. Each room had an oil painting but they were cheap and purchased as one load of forty without inspection. The only requirement was that they have some green in them. The decor was green and various shades of green - from stationary which was pale green, to shamrock green spreads, light green linen, standard green walls with deep green woodwork. Heavy, sturdy paint. After three years, one third of the rooms repainted in rotation each year. Otherwise simplicity without change - everything was standard. John loved the green but hated the grey of the street outside. Grey poured him into gloom. Green uplifted him.

John had his regular table at the back of the dining room and his own quarters, but no office or private business space. He was at that table almost every day; from the proceeds' count of the proceeding day to bridge each night. His guests often cheated at bridge with special private conversations, sniffles, and hand signals. He'd catch them. They'd enjoy it. Plant the angles; learn vigilance.

He read *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, *The Honesdale Democrat*, *The Police Gazette*, *The Sporting News*, *The Worker*, and Father Ryan's rag, masthead to ads every day, every word. He talked and argued religion, politics, philosophy, history, economics, revolution and reform. Anything taboo was best.

Four older men lived at John's at special low rates, they paid in comradeship and conversation. Most of his customers

were in traveling sales. He knew the men. He knew their companies, their routes, what they liked and what they detested. He knew something of their families. No prostitutes, but who could stop dating from the pub? He invited Father Schmidts to dinner each Sunday, front table without charge, to encourage local family adoption of Sunday at John's cut rates and special menus. Father John always at the front table, always visible, always on the cuff. The Church never paid a nickle to John. It was completely a business arrangement. The priest did not expect to see John at Church and John expected to see the priest at his front table. Perfect all about. John also invited a Baptist minister and a rabbi but they did not see the business end of the deal as reliably as old Schmidts. In fact, when the priest died, neither did his replacement, an Irishman. John could guarantee the old Church was slipping.

John was a hotel man to the bone. He never missed a day, 1881 to 1937, except during eighteen months in 1919, in which the government interfered with a man and his peaceful pursuits. What asses.

Catholic Worker

John wrote to Rome for an early, complete copy of Pope Leo XIII's *Rarum Novarum*. He went to a Scranton Jesuit college for a translation from Latin. He read, studied and reread. He couldn't believe it. Were the Church and he agreeing? He approved of the liberal German sources. He was a close follower of Minneapolis' labor priest, Father John Ryan, who celebrated the Pope's labor letter which set forth a Catholic third way condemning capitalist consumerism and socialist lack of individualism. The letter condemned exploitation and took on corporate domination. It advocated membership in non-governmental voluntary organizations - churches, unions, clubs and small community groups, people working together without the force of law to build community. The Church's third way was not Democrat, not Republican - Bull Moose? Closer, but not quite. No standing "ism" reflected the personalist worker theme of Pope Leo XIII.

John appreciated the views of Baltimore's Cardinal Gibbons. In 1886, Cardinal Gibbons wrote on the important of independent voluntary organizations, churches, civic clubs, charitable groups, sports clubs and, most of all, unions - work-

ers' associations patterned on medieval guilds. No force, open organizations of people with like intent. Cardinal Gibbons wrote of the importance of supporting unions and the Knights of labor. He fostered a strong Catholic labor movement. He condemned the excesses of capitalism and Spencer's "survival of the fittest" as sinful. He was very effective, particularly among Germans and Catholics.

Cardinal Gibbons endorsed and supported the AFL-CIO and its Catholic immigrant, first-generation leadership. He rejected violence and was concerned with side-taking by the government which invoked armed troops for management against working men. Haymarket, Homestead, Pullman, the Glassworkers -- these events greatly upset him. He pushed labor arbitration "to the table unarmed." Cardinal Gibbons fostered and protected the labor priest in Chicago, Father John Ryan. Father Ryan's *Distribution* concerned itself with an economy in which the government aided the transfer of wealth away from the average and below toward the top. The rich over the poor. A system which fostered the very rich and oppressed the working man was a dead society, decadent and withering - the last throws of rome, arising as Americanism. Father Ryan preached and published, organized and spread the word. In 1888, Cardinal Gibbons celebrated the working man in a special workers' Mass in Scranton with the Jesuits. John attended. He met Father Ryan and subscribed to *The Living Wage* and Father Ryan's other work.

John stayed up arguing over the danger he felt for the working men of eastern Pennsylvania. He felt that the accumulation of capital by the very few injured the many. The labor disputes in the coal and iron fields concerned him - Haymarket, Homestead, Pullman. Workers shot by the militia in support of Robber Barons. The recent revolution in Russia downed the czar. He didn't understand the war in Germany, was it the Crimea again? He told stories of the Crimea and his parents' escape to America - "into the valley of death road the six hundred." Attorney General Palmer driven to a fanatic stage. Lists and roundups. Some men can rub you with a fountain pen but a list does the job as well. Black lists closed up jobs; Palmer's list stamped you an enemy of the state.

One night, John and his mates argued late. Some liked Wilson for his work in the Middle East and Africa; his work against colonial market exploitation; his New America talk. No Bull Moose, but still reform. John was unsure, ready to listen even to the most extreme. He tired and went to bed at ten.

At twelve a tapping, then a knock, a pounding, and the door crashed off its hinges, into his sleeping quarters. John thought he was dreaming, not a little dream but a nightmare galloped down on him.

"Check the list. Is he there? The old guy seems too old."

"John L-E-I-B-I-G, hotel man. It's him? Ours is not to reason why. We do."

"On the list, off to Wyoming. They need the court there."

"Take him."

They pushed John in his nightshirt into the hall and shackled him. "Get pants and a shirt, a coat too, it's colder than hell."

They walked him in shackles through the midnight streets to Penn Station. Five officers with other thugs joined the procession. No one questioned. No one interfered. Into the night John disappeared. Less than a week later, he was tried and convicted in Cheyenne, Wyoming. The young lawyer that represented him at court convinced him that an apology and a guilty verdict meant no jail time. He got eighteen months. Wilson was not highly revered in Montana, but John was thought a terrorist. His name was indeed on the list. No name came off that list. An elephant like Palmer never forgot or admitted a mix-up.

His guards talked of the Russian revolutionary murders and the kraut war. They saw themselves heroically saving America. They ended the revolution before it started - preemption was best even if the net dragged in an old bastard or two. They felt pride.

Gray. The whole of it was gray. The blue gray of the sky spoke of gloom. The high wall, cement gray. Steel gray oversized hinges and latches of gunmetal gray locked up. The scene discouraged interchange. Even the guards wore off-gray fatigues, all balding or gray haired. Six dissident minds sent to

confinement, which was preferred. Into the hole of loneliness, into separation, ride the six.

In prison, John read from the young Marx for the first time. He agreed with the theory of worker alienation. He saw no violence there. He wanted out. He read law to aid others with appeals. He sought nothing for himself. First Amendment law was primitive. Free speech less than a two cent lecture. He read *Crime and Punishment*, *Bleak House*, *Moby Dick*, other Russians - the entire Leavenworth library.

Locked down; celled up. He woke drowned in blackness. Where was he? He felt, from the canvas smell of his cot, just as he had during his first summer camp -- abandoned by family alone for the first time. Had he wet his pants again? How to hide it? He felt; no, he was dry. No noise penetrated. Was he deaf? He rubbed his ear and heard nothing. A black hole, but where? Black. Blackened. Blacker. He never thought of black as a color but then thought of classic black and white films. *Casablanca* more colorful than the *Wizard of Oz*'s yellow brick road. Jet and deep black. He saw nothing. But, as if by a too slow dawn, he saw the porcelain commode and sink outlined. Walled in. He was in the black hole. He thought of Calcutta but they never served Indian food. No oppressive heat or slimy oppressing Brits. He whimpered. His large guard slid back the gun barrel latch to a small window on an unyielding prison door. He thought of slavery. The darkness of the soul. The Civil War an end to most, but an intensification of wage slavery. The worker was not free but blocked from self creation. The black heart of Palmer, his raiders self-taught and self-righteous. "Forgive them Lord they know not what they do." He felt for every poor immigrant he pitied. "Pity the poor immigrant alive as you and me," haunted him. His dad Andrew had immigrated but was never at a loss or a foreigner. He was an immigrant of the soul. A soiled

soul, his was. Innocent of all charges but soiled nonetheless. He detested the cell until he thought of Trappist monks in prayer. He heard their chant of darkness, of evening prayer. The Act of Contrition.

> *"O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee and the attorney general who think himself you. Forgive me. Forget my sins and sorrows. Most of all because you love me. Do you love me? I confess all my works and suffering. Deliver. Oh! Delivery me from hell to justice. Better yet, give undeserved forgiveness itself."*

He fell back against a soiled pillow thinner than his blanket. Thud, his head. He closed his eyes against nightmares. He pictured himself riding a Red Indian motorbike straight down the hill of Lombardy Street in San Francisco. No break. The saddle fit his butt at home but he was out of control. Lombardy to hell. To hell with Palmer and them all, every know-nothing raider in the bunch. He was on their list. Hell to himself-he'd voted for Wilson.

The rising sun ended his blackened night. His depression went on that day. He would not be free without a penance - seven more months of Leavenworth. A trial of the soul.

His cell once must have been whitewashed but it was cheap and long ago. Is dinge a color? It was dinge during John's occupation. John's imagination was far stronger than prison reality. You cannot lock up a man's mind. His cell became to him a refuge; the monastic living space of a monk. Built for meditation and contemplation. He was a Catholic. He learned to take that seriously when imprisoned. It offered a middle way between insanity and mediocrity; between capitalism's exploitation and sentimentalism; between selfishness and foolishness. Its personalism saved the community. He took to this willingly but needed imprisonment to imprint it on his soul. Like today's Black Muslim, prison was a release.

He dreamt a working man's creativity. He accepted the Pope's Priority of Labor. Work over cash, a toiling hand over hand out income from investment without work. In 1919, John wrote to Father Ryan from prison. He supported the Catholic Worker Alliance and had his prison allotment sent there.

He thought Attorney General Palmer an authoritarian, a liar, an opportunist, and an ass. How'd this happen - a 62 year old hotel man, a serious Catholic, but non-violent and community minded. A man of good character who voted Cleveland, rounded up as an enemy of the state, a hero of the workers' movement. What idiots! What if there were really dangerous people out there; you wouldn't find them at John's quiet hotel of open debate, pinochle, and old men. He wished he were a revolutionary. He liked what he'd heard of Trotsky, didn't like Lenin, liked Karl but thought Engels a bore. He liked the slogan of the new Manifesto -- "Workers of the world unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains" -- but thought it most unlikely. No money in it.

He found a book in a cell at Leavenworth. It was not stamped as a library book, it was dog eared and heavily marked by an illiterate hand, mostly question marks. A series of early essays by Karl Marx intrigued him since Marx got him locked up. In Karl's Third Manuscript as a young man, Marx wrote: "But that which mediates my life also mediates the existence of other men for me. It is for me the other person."

What, man! Confound it, hands and feet
And head and backside, all are you.
And what we take which life is sweet
Is that to be declared not ours?
I tear along, a porting lord.
As of their legs belong to me.

-- Goethe, *Faust- Mephistopheles*

Marx followed Shakespeare further:

"Gold? Yellow glittering, precious gold?
No gods.
I am no idle votarist! . . .
Thus much of this will make black, white;
foul, fair.
Wrong, right, base, noble; old, young, coward, valiant
Why this?
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.
This yellow slave. . .

-- Shakespeare in *Timon of Athens*

Shakespeare portrayed admirably the nature of money.

John was struck and surprised by Marx on Alienation:

For large landed property, as in England, drives the greater part of industrial population into poverty and reduces its own works to utter misery....
From political economy, in other words. We have seen that the worker sinks to the level of a commodity ... A worker become a slave of the object - a wage slave who must work without self creation and without choice or free will."

However made, to John, it was not self-evident that all men remained equal in an industrial state, except at the very lowest and most demeaning level. Still, he was not a Marxist, he felt there was something Marx missed. Marx was correct about the problem but knew nothing of a practical solution. It was clear to John, a revolution was most unlikely in America. John looked forward.

His economic thinking was just that, thinking, nothing practical. No action. Time moves, Jesus, Mary and Joseph. He was 62. In Germany, Bismark would retire him with a pension. Palmer sends him to Leavenworth. Well, at least he needed the free dental work.

He'd go to the fuckin' penitentiary as a penitent, confession and penance. What could he confess? After 40 years an innkeeper, now the state makes him a hero to the working man. He kind of liked the idea. A martyr in remembrance. No one would remember the wimp, only the man of action from his dreams.

The prison took a mug shot only after a fist fight in which John insisted on a coat and tie. John the hotel man would never have done that.

Finally, his liberation. He returned to Scranton. Thereafter, his hotel had the tightest prison-tucked sheets in the business. A hero's martyrdom of the American worker. That Palmer, what a patriot - the bastard king. John entered Leavenworth a left leaning hotel man. He left an open but uncertain intellectual.

Late in life, John married Ellen Kelly and had a daughter, Jewell. Jewell was probably an abandoned baby adopted by John and Ellen. Ten years later, in 1938, John died. He left his nephew, Eddie, and Eddie's wife, Anne, six hundred dollars. With John's bequest, they bought a fine wood-carved, six piece set of hardwood, Pennsylvania-made dining room furniture. Today, that set of furniture sits above Michigan Avenue in the Chicago home of Amy Leibig, Gary Lawson, and their triplets, plus one. Since 1938, it has been the venue of hundreds of Leibig meals and celebrations. Leibigs like to eat in the tradition of John Leibig, who freed himself with a cook's apron and hat.

FREDERICK

Frederick raised his snotty face for the first time in February of 1873, at 307 High Street, Honesdale, Pennsylvania. Christened almost immediately at St. John Evangelist Church, he spat and bawled. He met the world with four siblings all better behaved than he.

Frederick was quick. By nine months, he could stumble 'round his own paths throughout 307 High Street. At two years old, he spoke, directed really. Susan, his mother, claimed she detected a German, authoritarian accent. She hated it. She was furious and insisted he abandon it. The Honesdale Leibigs were required to be American and American only, no hyphenation, no German-American.

Frederick was early to school. He loved people - teachers and students - talking and laughing. "Who made the 'no talking' rule? What an idiot." He battled in schoolyard marbles. He wore knickerbockers without protest and favored a red hat that slouched to the left.

He grew into baseball and loved it. He played on a hard paved lot even in the winter. The vacant lot was at 312 High Street. He could be watched over, never supervised or umpired. Susan watched him from her second-story window at 307 High Street. He stunk at first base and preferred the cat bird's seat as catcher. He loved the chatter: "Batter! Batter! Batter! Hey, batter, batter!" He dreamt of a game in Philly. Niles Forrest batted .475 in 1884; the Phils' pitcher, "Old Baldie" Ferguson, won 21 games. Frederick wished for baldness. "Old Baldie" Ferg claimed that a rub over a shining pallet improved spit balls and, if used sparingly, added an unhittable wiggle to his best fastball.

In 1884, at eleven, Frederick followed Andrew and became a member of the local subscription library. He joined the avid readers in the family. At first, Arthur Conan Doyle's *A Study in Scarlet* , but he never looked back from a book a week.

Andrew and Frederick were a competitive team at the library. Andrew had a special dislike for Carnegie, the Robber Baron, but gave it up late in life on the basis of the old Irish bastard's libraries. Andrew and Frederick read *Treasure Island* immediately on release in 1901. Bellamy's *Looking Backward* generated a month's debate over socialism - Frederick's unionism pushing him to the left, Andrew's patriotism pressed the

other way. Frederick was a Henry George single tax advocate. They spent two, nearly three weeks on Veblen's *The Theory of the Leisure Class*.

Frederick had an artist's leaning. He took to the glass cutting craft. He studied the ancient guild system, stained windows, and every form of glass work. He joined the union and became a steward. He built a reputation as a master craftsman. He'd throw an imperfect brandy tumbler against the wall to hear it crash. He laughed at every crash. It was his trademark. Many other cutters thought he did it just for the fun of broken glass. He was like a firefighting pyromaniac. Frederick bragged he invented the perfect brandy tumbler - a recently drained one. He loved brandy. He would not drink and work on the same day. His attendance was poor. He was a natural teacher. He organized and led a model apprentice program. You could see him at home whenever you liked.

In 1901, Frederick met and fell in love with the fragile, beautiful Lizzie Smith. His dreams flew. Susan and Andrew admired and welcomed Lizzie. Within a year, Lizzie gave birth to Madeline. The birth weakened Lizzie. By 1903, she died, leaving Frederick and Matty alone. Frederick took to an increased admiration of brandy with or without a fine tumbler. He also nourished his glass cutting skill. He opened a small shop with two cutter friends, Dade and Krantz. They called their shop Owanda Glass. They were known for high quality of cut glass.

Owanda Glass Goblet

Over three years, Frederick came to know Ned Leonard, an Irish farmer who lived in nearby Clemo, Pennsylvania. Ned and his wife, Margeret, came to Clemo from County Galway and were proud to be Irish. Ned was an early IRA American tool. In 1875, they had a daughter, Mary Ann Leonard. They instilled the admiration of the old sod in Mary.

Early on, Mary married Joseph Kiegler of Clemo. Unfortunately, Joseph developed tuberculosis and died within a year. Mary worked as a housekeeper in Honesdale for neighbors. She managed alone.

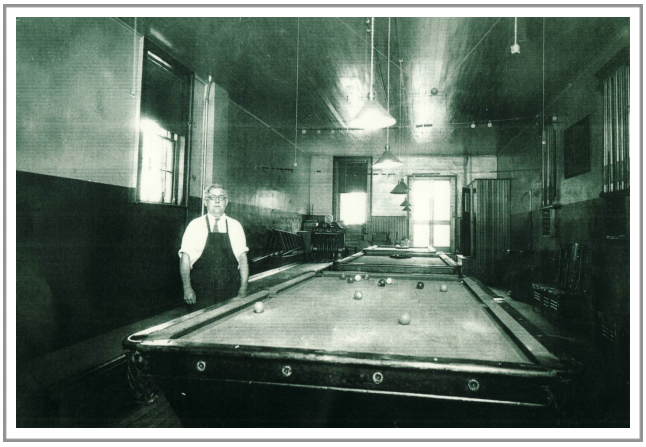
It was 1907 and Mary and been alone for nearly five years. She did not like it. Early one Saturday, she sat in front of her mirror brushing her very long brunette hair, thinking about her future. Her hair reached beyond her waist. She brushed in long, smooth strokes curling upward at the end of each. She sang the Irish songs she's learned from Margaret - *Toora Loora Looral (That's An Irish Lullaby)*. Usually after fifteen minutes brushing, she would pigtail two long braids and build them up at the back of her head, completing the elaborate German style. This Saturday, she left them free and young. She felt foolish but carefree.

She strolled slowly toward Honesdale and a joint St. John's Evangelist/St. Mary Magdalene picnic held on neutral ground in a country lot. Irish from Clemo and Germans from Honesdale mixed and joked. The picnic was meant to reduce German versus Irish tension. She loved the food and music. She secretly hoped to dance. After a few minutes strolling the grounds, she felt a mean tug at her pigtail. Some moron was pulling her hair. She spun about with a quick cross punch to the eye of the offender. The culprit yelped in pain. She looked down and recognized Frederick Leibig. Holding his eye, he looked handsome. They talked of his ridiculous foolishness. They danced as neither had before. Within six months, they married. Eddie Leibig, their son, was born by 1908.

It was Christmas Eve 1909. Frederick was called nearly at midnight -- the glass shop was ablaze. By morning, the shop was clearly a complete loss. He had worked the night before Christmas Eve. Did he burn the place down? He worried but the cops blamed an arsonist.

Three cutters had to find new work. Under Frederick's leadership, they went to work together for the McCanna glassworks.

In 1910, McCanna management implemented a substantial pay cut. A strike ensued. Frederick honored the picket line, took to his brandy again, and cursed management as a barge-load of bastards. Months passed, Frederick stayed out, read his dad's classics, and swore never to shake hands with a scab. That meant the end of his career as a glass cutter. He and some others went to Brooklyn and tried to find work at cutting or blowing glass. Nothing came of it.



Frederick Leibig in his Pool Hall

He returned to Honesdale and opened a small boarding house with a pool hall. Six mahogany pool tables, polished beautifully. Cue racks and equipment, a special eight ball marbled LEIBIG, bright rolling balls which almost glowed. Darts and backgammon. A bookie available. Open 'til the last man drops. Women allowed and protected. By 1917, his son, Eddie, less than 5 feet tall, set up a wooden box angled near the center table and perfected a three bank shot. Eddie had his own business - fifteen cents here, a dollar-fifty there. He was a born hustler with real talent for the lure to suck an opponent in and up the bet and the payoff slowly and almost unnoticed. Everyone thought they could pound the sawed-off braggart but found more skill than they anticipated. Frederick encouraged the runt. He looked for marks and played them, always pretending the novice.

From left to right: unidentified man, Anne Leibig, Eddie Leibig (held by father Frederick), Madeline, and Mary Leonard Leibig (c. 1910)

World War I came and the issue of conscription came up. Frederick insisted, “It wasn’t for my Dad and it ain’t for me.” But he kept his mouth shut and his head down. His brother John condemned the war among his left pals in Scranton. In any event, Frederick was never called.

By 1930, Frederick’s health failed. His wake awakened all of eastern Pennsylvania, Honesdale to Scranton. He was widely loved.

MARY, ANNE AND LIZZI

Frederick and John had three sisters, Mary, Anne and Lizzi. They were really something. Anne lived at home past her teens.

Anne and Lizzie (c. 1928)

Eventually, Anne started a business, "Leibig's Golden Salve," with the recipe from St. Gilgen. It cured anything. She sold it from home to home with her sisters' help. It sold for $0.25 per small yellow jar. The sisters made the salve from a German recipe:

1 lb. Lard
1 lb. Mutton Talon
1 Pint of Raw Linseed Oil
1 Piece of Beeswax, the size of an egg
1 Piece of Mujundy Pitch, the size of an egg
Chicken grease can be added
Boil and let cool off
When putting in boxes, put in hot, so the salve will become smooth

They took over the kitchen for days. The mujundy pitch had to be mail ordered from Munich.

Anne favored reading. She began with *Lord Jim* and *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, reading each as they first hit the library. She then delved into Dickens and the Russians. She never came up for air. She read Tolstoy, her favorite, eight times. Only *Moby Dick* challenged the British Dickens and the Russian novelists. Each evening, she read for three hours before sleep. Of course, Susan insisted that she read *The Scarlet Letter*, which by 1900, was mandatory Leibig reading.

Lizzie left home before 18 and moved to Scranton where she got a department store job and did well. She did not maintain family ties. She was not religious and resisted holidays. No one knew a lot about Lizzie. She did not attend family reunions.

Mary was a fervent Catholic. She attended Mass at least every Sunday and more often. She worked on Church festivals. She laughed and joined in with the parish members. She read serious books by Chesterton and C.S. Lewis, Spiritualists John of the Cross. She went to confession once a week and was good at it. Mary was truly a Catholic. She knew and practiced her faith seriously - a kind of spiritualism which the Church then nurtured. Mary married Charles Pilling in 1888. She had two daughters, Helen and Elizabeth. She was active in St. John's and produced an annual parish show. For years, Mary held the family together.

Jameson's Whiskey: Big John, Anne, Frederick and Mary

EDDIE

Eddie was born to Frederick and Mary in 1908. They could not have been happier. Frederick almost immediately called the new baby "Eddie the runt." Eddie grew and pushed himself forward. Mary pushed harder. An hour after birth, she pronounced Eddie at Penn State college and his Dad's glass. "I'll allow nothing less. He'll be well paid. So let it be said, so let it be done."

Eddie (c. 1918)

Eddie always had a job. One summer, he worked for the highway department. That summer, he struggled beneath a large road paving truck. His job was kicking large rocks from under the gargantuan machine. It was dangerous. He replaced a boy whose legs were crushed. Kids watched and laughed. The inspectors would come round and question Eddie's age and examined him about safety and its import. Eddie knew what to say.

It was not baseball season, yet they played in the paved lot. It was cold. The game rested in boredom tied 4 to 4 in the 12th inning. Eddie's pal Jeb Gleason was at bat. Chuck, Jeb's brother, was pitching. Chuckie had two great pitches and an uncontrollable fast ball. For some reason, he favored the fast ball and stayed away from his good pitches. Jeb had four fouls on him and Chuckie was in the driver's seat. Chuck's teammates crowded the first base line with cheering. Dave Smidt waited in the batter's box. Dave took three practice swings imitating Rusty Sone, his favorite Philly. Chuck reared back and let go his heater. Jeb leaned in and took a wild swing. He struck the ball which immediately veered off, striking Dave in the temple. A cracking sound that could be heard across the street. Dave went down. Dave's dad, a doctor, came running. There was nothing else to be done. Quiet. Complete silence invaded them all. No sound would return. It was with Dave. Eddie never felt that

feeling again until 1956, when a Corning worker fell into a vat of molten refractory and boiled.

Eddie Leibig prepared to leave for Penn State in 1925. The first Leibig to attend college. He was quiet and shy that year. He spoke to no one except his assigned roommate, George Mitchell, who became a lifelong friend.

Anne Beatrice Cummiskey

Anne Beatrice Cummiskey Leibig
(1908-1941)

Eddie couldn't have been happier. After he graduated from Penn State he got a job with Corning Glass Works. He was back to glass, where his father started. He married Anne Beatrice Cummiskey from Painted Post. She had graduated as a librarian from Marywood College, Scranton PA. Later, his best friend George married Anne's younger sister Marguerite. Anne and Eddie had a small apartment in Painted Post and then moved to a small rented house close to Anne's parents. In 1933, Ned was born; Bill in 1935; and John in 1938. They had family which was filled with spirit. They picnicked in the summer and ice-skated in the winter. Grandpa Cummiskey built them a set of white Adirondack furniture. They lounged in the yard and read aloud to each other and to the children. Anne read dramatic sections of Shakespeare to her young children, playing each part in its own voice.

In 1941, Anne became pregnant again. After John, the doctors had told her to be careful but what did that mean? She was pregnant with her dream - a daughter. Anne died to the birth of her dream. The whole family, Leibig and Cummiskey, was devastated. That silence fell on them again. A

still, creeping silence which no one could handle. Eddie requested a transfer. They moved to Central Fall, Rhode Island. Grandma Mary from Honesdale moved in with them to take over the kids. They were a family alone.

Ellen

After three years in Rhode Island, Eddie met Ellen Connolley, an administrator at Corning's plant. They began to date and Ellen set her plan to marry the boss. By 1943, she was pressing for marriage. What Ellen Connolley pressed for, Ellen Connolley got.

Ellen was born in 1910. An entire life lived in one century - 1910-1999 - one-third Connolley daughter (50% of her income to her Dad), one-third corporate spouse and one-third independent investor.

February 18, 1940, was Ellen's thirtieth birthday. It was now June. She'd spent three months laying awake each night plotting her liberation. Thirty and single, she saw herself on a path toward New England spinsterhood. She lived at 45 Pine Street in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, with three sisters, Mary, Margaret ("Peg"), and Elizabeth ("Betty"); with her mother and father, firefighter and station chief William Thomas Connolley. Chief Connolley had come to America from Ireland, via London, as a teenager. He preserved an Irish lilt in his speech. It helped politically in the department. His home was his castle, a white frame Cape Codder, lace curtained with a large porch on one side, St. Mary's Catholic Church nearby. His was an entirely Irish parish. The Italians and Portuguese were also Roman Catholic, but had their own Pawtucket parish churches and schools.

Ellen worked five days a week, nine to five, for John V. Miller's girdle factory at 500 Angell Street in Providence. She began in 1928, immediately after high school, preferring the work in the world to the teacher's college or nursing school chosen by her sisters. Her job was in the management offices. She kept everything running throughout the depression: all the clerical work, all the paperwork, all the filing, all billing, bookkeeping, personnel work and everything else important came within her territory. It was a short bus ride from Pawtucket to Providence and back each day. She left home at 6:45 a.m. and returned by 5:15 p.m., every work day. Ellen trained all the other

women working for Mr. Miller. Mr. Miller hired and then released seven women over the past eighteen months, an employee nearly every other month. Ellen was required to train each new employee in her administrative system, to ignore Mr. Miller's old-fashioned ways, then have Mr. Miller release them, and then begin again with the next. She insisted that Mr. Miller's methods were old-fashioned. He resisted her suggestions for modern improvement.

Ellen had had it with thirty years of the tight Connolley clan. She would not take it any longer. She had a mind of her own. She would make her own life. Ellen decided at thirty that she would build her own future. Each night her liberation became clearer and more detailed.

Ellen stood up. Put on the light green jacket to her new suit, one similar to the suit she admired when she saw Maureen O'Hara in a movie magazine. It set off the red in her hair. The Chief didn't like the suit. His distaste confirmed her judgment that it was perfect for her purpose. She looked herself over in the full length mirror on the inside of the bedroom door. She looked young with the flutter of Elizabeth Taylor in *National Velvet* and the pep of Judy Garland in *The Wizard of Oz*. Just under five feet, she saw all gal, well built yet slim at one-oh-one. She turned back to the mirror, placed her hands on her hips and looked over her shoulder, Betty Grable-like. She checked the impression she'd leave moving away. She confidently judged herself drop-dead ready. She gathered herself. She marched downstairs and out the door, as determined as Bergman in *Casablanca*, as resolute as Bacall in *The Big Sleep*. For the first time in twelve years, she did not stop in the kitchen for breakfast or join her sisters' morning chatter. Nor did she receive a "Work hard today" from the Chief or kiss her mother good-bye. She staged a rehearsal of the coming scene on the bus. It didn't turn out quite the way she planned.

When she arrived at 500 Angell Street, she marched immediately to Mr. Miller's office and barged in without warning. Mr. Miller looked surprised and flustered. She burst into her planned speech, completing it without taking a breath. She had played it straight as Ellen Catherine Connolley. She glanced at herself in a mirror on the wall and was pleased to see a smaller Maureen striking out for the life of a free and independent woman. The sight diverted her for a second. When her attention returned, Mr. Miller was speaking as though he'd forgotten his

lines. No "You're fired!" Mr. Miller was saying instead that he was sure they could work things out. "How about a 25¢ per hour raise? A European war is coming. We need you." She walked out. As far as she was concerned, she was fired.

She went shopping. Went to a sad movie to set her mood for an explanation at home. Tried to work up a cry, and returned home at 5:00 p.m. to announce that she'd been fired, was in a "state," would need to apply for unemployment compensation tomorrow, and spend the summer recovering at the Cape with Mary and Peg. The Chief responded, "I'll kill 'em." She had to use all her powers of persuasion, plus a promise to find a newer, better paying job in September, to prevent any discussion between Mr. Miller and the Chief.

She stayed on with Peg and Mary through the third week of August. They spent time on the beach; took part in organizing lobster races - first to cross the finish line, first into the pot; played cards, mostly with women; met young men, college men from Brown and the Ivy League; saw *Gone With the Wind* for Ellen and left mimicking Scarlet's determination; went to the races, cashing a bet after every race; sailed and boated; visited Block Island and Martha's Vineyard; went to see *The African Queen* and admired Hepburn's taming of rough-edged Mr. Alnought; and danced to a big band on the porch of the Ocean House in Watch Hill. Ellen memorized *The Bostonian Barman's Book* - even fifty years later she knew the ingredients and proportions of liquors in every cocktail. At 85, she used that skill to whip her grandchildren in *Trivial Pursuit*, specializing in Hollywood in the 30's and 40's, and the bartender's bible.

Ellen returned home for the last week in August. On the 1st of September, she applied for a senior bookkeeper position and personnel specialist at the Corning Glass factory, and was hired at twice what Mr. Miller had paid. She opened a new bank account in Providence and closed the Providence account her father had opened for her when she graduated from high school. She did not tell her family what she earned. She ceased paying half her wages to the Chief. She continued only to pay her estimate of fair room and board, which was roughly the same amount she'd paid when she worked for Mr. Miller. Each Sunday at St. Mary's Mass, she sat by herself, away from the Connolleys; she wore new clothes and applied makeup more carefully. She spent time with a younger crowd at church events. The Chief questioned this. Her mother approved.

Within a year, she met the plant manager, Eddie Leibig. They began to date. When the Chief heard that Ellen's new gentleman was a widower who lived with his mother and his four children, he asked if he was Catholic. When it turned out that Eddie was Roman Catholic and mostly Irish, even with the Kraut name, he dropped the religious and ethnic "Your own kind" arguments. He focused on the "widower with the kids" angle. He waited for his chance, then one Sunday afternoon he put his foot down. "Ellen, he will never do. It's not good for you. Those kids and his mother over you. Break it off!" She responded that Eddie was the plant manager of one of Pawtucket's largest employers. The Chief saw Ellen's ire up. He lifted his foot back up, to save face.

Eddie and Ellen were engaged; in 1943 they married and spent their honeymoon at the Ocean House in Rhode Island. Ed was promoted, and transferred back to corporate headquarters in Corning, New York. They moved to Painted Post, immediately across the Chemung River from the Corning plant.

Bill, Eddie, Ellen, Ned and John (c. 1943)

By the end of the year they moved - Grandma Mary, Eddie, Ellen, Ned, Bill, John and Anne. The first move to a nice home near the Cummiskeys, the next, three years later, to a large Victorian home in Corning - 26 East Third Street. The first floor was enclosed in porches and the house with filled with special nooks, a cellar with a cave and portioned rooms on the third floor. There was also tension between Grandmother and Ellen. Ellen insisted that she be called Ellen and not Mother. That should not have been allowed, but it continued to 1999.

29 East Third Street, Corning, New York

Corning Glass

Part but not all of Eddie was his long corporate career at Corning Glass. He was hired in 1929 and hung on throughout the depression with his college friends, George Mitchell ("Mitch") and Bill Decker, future corporate president of Corning and always Eddie's mentor. He was hired as a chemist in the lab, where he served for six years in ceramic engineering and research. In 1935, he was the Frost Department foreman in Wellsboro, Pennsylvania. From 1936 to 1939, he was a top stove foreman, and Plant Manager at Central Falls, Rhode Island, until 1943. Next, he was plant manager of the technical plant in Corning. In 1941, he became director of manufacturing and manager of optics. In 1955, he became manager of technical products. In 1956, he became director of refractories and the following year, President of Corhart Refractories, a subsidiary in Louisville, Kentucky. In 1966, he moved to Elmira and became assistant to the President and, a month later, Senior Vice President of Corning Glass itself. Eddie loved Corning Glass and could not have been more loyal. Eddie retired in 1969.

Eddie, as Remembered by a Son

Eddie's family was even more important than was Corning Glass. Eddie stretched to five feet three inches. He was a large person. He filled a room. A brushed white brush cut topped his large round head. His eyes were large in the manner of the actor Peter Lorre's Joel Cairo in the classic Bogart movie, *The Maltese Falcon*. His thick glasses enlarged his eyes with a further bulge. Brown pools of deep, steady interest riveted on whoever spoke with him. His cheeks were full, flanking a strongly jowled jaw. He shaved close and used an aftershave with an old-fashioned witch-hazel smell which mixed with a light but distinctive, surprising pleasant aroma of a cigar stub. He was straight, thin-lipped in the rare moments when his lips were still -- when he neither smiled nor burst out in express trains of speech. His closely shaven beard was thick. He kissed with the prick of a cactus.

Eddie wore white, starched, cuff-linked, double waisted shirts, of the kind his grandmother seamed when she first worked in New York off the Brune, and bow ties. His arms and forearms were thick and freckled. Matching those of his grandfather, they flexed when he was angry. Beyond that flexing, you would never know he was angry. A rawhide covered metal brace clamped a gold watch to his left wrist. His arms were strong, his hugs engulfing and bear-like. He dressed neatly and well. He nearly always wore a grey or a blue suit, hand tailored on hone of his frequent business trips to New York. He favored highly shined Bass loafers, brown or black. He never wore shoes which tied because he had back problems which made it difficult to bend. The same problem gave him a ramrod walk, which was as rapid as his speech and which foreshadowed jogging.

He spoke crisply, assured in the active voice, always a clear subject and predicate and with adverbs and adjectives sparse but of vim and vigor. His voice was exciting and inviting. His laugh came often and was infectious. He'd say "Up and at 'em!" "Holy Kamoly!" "Jesus, Mary and Joseph!" "Blasted Flatterrap!"

Eddie could never sing. He knew the correct lyrics to no song. Yet, he sang at any occasion, loudly and often in short bursts. He loved Irish songs - Irish Eyes, Johnny Came Marching, Hennessy Tennessee tootling his flute, and IRA ballads - but he hated sectarianism in Ireland.

When his son Michael was at Georgetown College in 1963, he visited alone and without notice. Vietnam was not yet a hot campus issue but desegregation was afire. Michael was an active Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee organizer. Eddie told Mike of his 1920's, post-World War I pledge to "support no war no more." The pledge was real and immediate to Eddie. It reflected a tradition which brought Andrew to the United States, hung on Frederick. His pledge worried him in World War II when he faced Hitler and the Japanese but he was able to contribute economically through his technical work as Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Leibig would have it. He told Michael that the police stopped and asked him for his draft card during the war. He wanted to say, "Draft card? I don't need no stinking draft card," but did not think the officer would appreciate that.

On that visit, Eddie asked that they go to Arlington National Cemetery. He found the grave sites of boys from Honesdale, Pawtucket, Wellsboro, and Corning. He was very quiet. He watched the changing of the marine guard. His eyes glistened. Michael said, "Pretty impressive." Eddie responded, "So long as we have parades and marching we will have war." He hated war more directly and more deeply than his SDS son.

In Eddie's late 1930's and 40's research work for the Corning Glass Works, he developed a special heat-proof dye - patented as "Leibig Red." It called to mind his senior project at Penn State in which he developed a black ceramic glaze for sinks and toilets which proved to be radioactive. He was assigned to a project which established that television tubes could never exceed six inches. He toured a German optics plant and reported that the Germans had poor inventory control. "Who could ever use all those bomb sites?" He would come home up Pine Street and distribute clear glass marbles to the neighborhood kids. He managed a glass bulb plant and one year by mismanagement produced only green bulbs. The same year, he invented a new, revolutionary bulb hanging device. One year at Christmas, he brought home a large unmarked glass bomb site which the Leibigs used for years thereafter as a holiday punch bowl.

Throughout the 1950's and early 1960's, he drove only Fords. They had to be completely black as Henry intended. In 1957, he had the top painted white so he could find his car in the Corning parking lot.

Eddie recognized and spoke to everyone. He'd even interrupt his near jogging clip when he saw anyone he knew and anyone he didn't know but who looked interesting to him. Everyone was a person he wanted to know. He greeted strangers directly, individually, and ingratiatingly. The unlikable person was an oxymoron, as rare to Eddie as to Will Rogers. He'd look through his bugged eyes directly at a person with whom he talked. He listened so intently you could feel it. Once he'd met someone, he'd call them by a special nickname shared only by the two.

He called people he did not know Tubby, Red, Shorty, Bug, even Heb, Dago, and Jap. Yet, somehow, no one took offense or was insulted.

He was always up and full of vigor. When his son Mike visited Corning in 1998, he went to a small, dingy neighborhood bar on Market Street.

Mike asked, "Give me a beer - anything but Bud - and a glass of water with ice."

The young bartender replied, "Ice in the beer or water?"

They laughed.

A wrinkled, balding woman bent over a gnarled cane pulled herself from behind the bar's back room in a crippled nag's slow imitation of rushing. She hipbutted the bartender aside and crackled, "You, Shorty, are one of Eddie's forty damned offsprings." She took a swig of Gennesee as she slid it across the soaked bar.

"Ya can't deny that sawed off fart." She sounded like an antique recording of Peggy Lee well worn. "I heard the Leibig voice and ridiculous laugh. The 'anything but Bud' seals it. Your dad sung a duet out of tune regularly with me. He hugged that very stool past closing. That's Eddie and you are his kid without a doubt. Annie still locked up in the nunnery? How's Pete? I heard that the cancer got Bill and John, stupid smokers." All of this as she dragged on her Lucky Strike as though it were her last breath of air.

Silence for a moment; she may have fallen asleep. Then, "That Eddie was full of malarkey."

This happened fifty years after Eddie lived in Corning, and twenty-six years after his funeral. He loved people and they loved him. He was a father greatly loved by eight children: Ned born in 1933, Bill in 1935, John in 1938, and Anne in 1941 by his first wife, Anne Cummiskey, and Conk in 1944, Michael in

1945, Paul in 1947, and Peter in 1951, by Ellen Connolley. They each built families. Ellen was at the center of and really ran Eddie's career for most of his success. She was a master investor who played the market from her hallway desk.

Horses

Eddie and Ellen shared a love for the horses. Ellen bragged on the bets she made on races in the 40's and 50's, of their visit to Kentucky's finest stable at Calumet, and of a fancy party at Lexington's Keeneland, where she met Eddie Arcaro and Willy the Shoe. She claimed she once insisted so vehemently that the track let her bet on Citation to show in a match race, second out of two. She said, "Citation won, but I collected $61.90 on a two dollar bet. I always collect, after every race." She smiled and led the laughter.

Eddie explained the racing chart - a horse at a glance: the date, track, distance and track condition of every start; the fractional times of the leader and finishing time of the winner; the class of the race, including the age and sex of the horses; the claiming price, or allowance purse; and rules on eligibility for the race then the name, grade and purse of stakes races; the post position, followed by the running line and finishing position with margins and beaten lengths at each point of the race; the jockey; the presence of any drugs (like Lasix or Butezolidin which are legal and affect a horse's breathing); the weight carried and any special equipment used, such as blinkers or the leg bandages; the post time odds; speed figures (Eddie's specialty) and track variants (Ellen's forte); the first three finishers; and margins and weights. An incredible amount of information. Eddie went through it all, using Silky Sullivan's chart as an example, with an aside at times about how to use a number or a detail that was not clear from Silky's particular chart.

Ellen explained the information at the top of the chart: the name of the horse; the weight to be carried that race; a description of the horse ("C.c.4," a chestnut colt, four years old); the bloodline, dad and mom of the horse (Silky's dad was Sullivan, his mom Lady 'N Silk, and his grandad was Ambrose Light). The next line gave you the owners and the number of races, the times won (1st), placed (2nd) and showed (3rd), and the amount of money won that year. In 1958, Silky won $110,226.00.

Then Eddie explained the speed rating. In Silky's first four races in 1958, the numbers were 76, not kept, 90, and 88. This meant that in Silky's win on March 8, 1958, his time was 90% of the track record for the length of the race. A horse winning a mile race with a 76% speed rating did not usually run as fast as a horse winning a race of similar length at a 90% speed rating. He ran as fast as it took to win the race they are running. Silky finishing first in a race with a 90% speed rating at which he was last by 26 lengths early in the race means that he must have been running at better than record speed during the last quarter of the race. Speed does not mean everything, but the speed ratings give you a good basis to compare horses in different races. While it does not show in Silky's 1968 chart, the speed rating is usually followed by a second number, 10. The 10 is a track variant number developed to give you a measure of the differences in speeds at different tracks.

Eddie's and Ellen's duet explaining the racing charts and responding to questions took about three hours. Their talk was laced with handicapping tips.

Eddie: "When a three year old is assigned the actual top weight in a race with older horses, the three year old cannot win."

Ellen: "During the spring and early summer, female horses tend to go into heat. That makes them nervous. They sweat, or glow, as we ladies prefer. A filly like that during the post parade or in the paddock has other things than winning on her mind."

Eddie: "A horse with a losing record that has been running near the lead for the first five of six furlongs of a race is likely to win when dropped back to races of shorter length."

Ellen: “Long tails and long free manes are good; bobbed tails and braided manes are bad.”

Eddie: “In longer races, the ability to pick up speed on turns is important.”

Ellen: “A pair of blinkers gets a lazy but smart horse’s attention on running, especially a horse who first wears them after finishing 4th or 5th.”

Eddie: “Always check out gray horses. There is strong speed factor in the breeding of a gray thoroughbred. Roans are gray. The more true gray in the horse the better, particularly if the tail and mane are jet black, which is very rare.”

Ellen: “On a cool day, heavy sweating, stiff legs, or a dull coat in the paddock is bad. Go to the paddock and look. When walking the paddock, if the rear leg never reaches the hoof print of the front leg, don’t bet on it. Aggressiveness, attentiveness (which you can judge by watching a horse’s ears and head), and a shiny coat are good. A relaxed ballast dropping bowel movement in the post parade is great.”

Eddie: “Check out the jockeys. They have slumps and streaks. If a horse who is almost ridden by one jockey changes, ask why.”

Ellen: “I like lucky names. Irish names are best. I once made $257.50 for Grandpa Connolley on a daily double of Lucky Green and Shamrock’s Fourth Leaf at a track in Rhode Island.”

Eddie: “Always bet $20.00 on the daily double.”

Ellen: “Always bet either two dollars or, if you’re using track money, six dollars across the board.” (Ellen herself often bet any horse at 50 to 1 or more to show.)

Eddie: “Never bet against yourself. Only bet one horse to win. Don’t bet to show except on very long odds. (At the time of this lesson, betting on trifectas and such was limited to trotters.)

Ellen: “Don’t ever go to trotting or dog races. They are fixed cruel, and dirty.”

The Strenuous Life

Eddie and Ellen instilled a spirit. Eddie read alone to each child. That was a once-in-a-lifetime event. He read from Roosevelt's *The Strenuous Life*:

> *I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach the highest form of success which comes, not to make who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wind the splendid ultimate triumph. A life of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack of either desire or power to strive after great things is not worth living. Children should be so trained that they endeavor, not to shrink from difficulties, but overcome them; not to seek ease, but to know how to triumph from toil and risk. Far better is it to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory or defeat. We have a given problem to solve. If we undertake the solution, there is, of course, always the danger that we may not solve it aright; but to refuse to undertake the solution simply renders it certain that we cannot possibly resolve it right. The man who has lost the great fighting spirit, whose soul is incapable of feeling the mighty thrills, loses even his victories. The man who feels that life of a valiant effort, wins even in his defeat.*

From all of this came Boxing Day. Just after Christmas, the Leibigs' den at 26 East Third Street became an arena of the strenuous life which valued defeat as it did victory. Every child sent into battle against an older, stronger brother. The sister too, launched at boxing brothers with her arms swinging, windmill

special. And each older brother handicapped with heavier, nineteen ounce gloves, or a "one armed" rule, or a limit of a single touching blow to the body and none to the head, per round.

Every Angle on T.R.

Eddie, Grandpa Connolley, and Grandpa Cummiskey argued about Theodore Roosevelt. Each has his own angle on T.R. T.R. generated a family spirit.

To Grandpa Cummiskey, who lived in Painted Post, worked for Ingersoll-Rand, built great romantic lawn furniture (like they sat on in verandas in the movies), and drove a Nash, the seats of which could be made over into a bed, Teddy was the Rough Rider before politics who salaried in Africa after politics, who wintered in the Dakotas, ranched near Deadwood, hunted the great elk on the Little Big Horn and moose on the Yellowstone. That Teddy fought Tammany Hall over boodle in building the Brooklyn Bridge and built a canal in Panama without corruption. Grandpa Cummiskey described the charge up San Juan as though he'd been there. He reviewed the taste of elephant steaks cooked on the shores of Lake Victoria as though he'd tasted 'em. Oh, yes! He knew Teddy, he'd "voted for 'im."

To Grandpa Connolley, who as a fireman and Pawtucket Irish ward, yellow-dog Democrat, the Rue-say-velt was a damned Republican, a "dutchmin," and a sneak. He told of the sniveling little Poe-lease Commissioner who stalked New York City's streets by the dead of the night, hiding in the garbage to jump out unawares on a simple mick copper taking a swig of Irish whiskey against the chill. Rue-say-velt closed Brooklyn's Muldoon's Saloon on Sundays after Mass to toy-dee to those High Church Tory E-pissca-PULLS in cahoots with the sniveling Baptists. Grandpa Connolley could see before himself nose pinching spectacles, flashing mule sized teeth, a purple dude's buttoned-up vest with a dinky badge hidden under the yellow lapel, balanced over high-heeled cowboy boots, and topped off with a dandy's wide brim Stetson. He could hear the high squeaky voice, as the pampered Commissioner spit the sliver spoon from his mouth to cuss out the young hard working cop only just over from County Cork. Grandpa would then move around in his chair as if to settle back in time and confess, however grudgingly, of the older Rue-say-velt who'd learned his lessons and came over to our side. Grandpa'd picture with disdain

the despicable assassin stalking the floor in the Milwaukee hall at the 1912 Progressive Party convention. Moving, ever moving from chair to chair, till Mr. Rue-say-velt took to the speaker's podium. Then making ready, still as a Paw-nee on a pony. Then, the shot and the hush. The ex-President, bent back and flipped back up like he'd been sucker punched.
Mostly a whisper, "And, there stood T.R., bullet still in 'im. His teeth sparkled and set off a purple drop of blood."

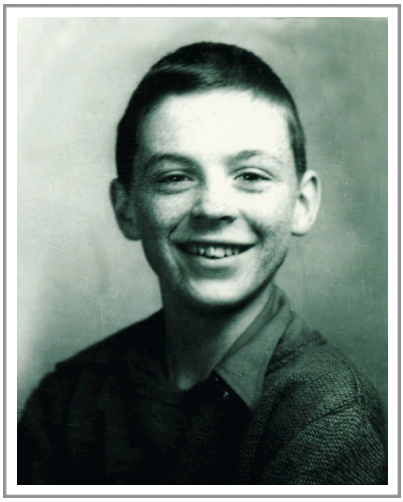
"He smiled," according to Grandpa. And then, "T.R. hoarsely called out, 'I don't know whether you fully understand that I have just been shot, but it takes more than that to kill a Bull Moose.' Oh! But that woulda' been a thing to see, wouldn't it be?"

In the Connolley version, the even older Bull Moose Rue-say-velt went on to condemn Calvin Coolidge's treatment of the Boston police strikers in 1919. Roosevelt musta done that from the grave, but Grandpa Connolley liked that about him.

To Eddie, T.R. was the bully pulpiteer of the vigorous, strenuous life. He was the undersized boxer who pushed into the arena whole hog with those oversized teeth, string dandled specs, and cries of "Bully!"

NED

Ned was born in 1933 to all the advantages of a first born. Eddie and Anne were overjoyed. He showed leadership right away. He was born bow-legged and never crawled, instead rolling around on his belly and then straight to his feet.



In 1942, the Leibigs lived in Central Falls, Rhode Island, in a small shingled house walking distance from school and across the road from a pond. In winter, the pond froze deceptively solid or fragile, varying with the nighttime temperature. Against good judgment, Ned and his younger brother Bill walked across the water as a shortcut to school. One particularly brisk but warming day, Bill coasted and slid to the center of the pond but there the ice cracked. Bill wavered and fell through. Ned was quick to the rescue as in *It's a Wonderful Life*. Eddie was furious at the stupidity; Anne upset and quiet; Bill miffed to be one-upped by Ned; Ned deciding his was an unusually creative heroism.

When the Leibigs moved back to Painted Post, Ned attended St. Vincent's then, for four months, Painted Post Academy. He objected strongly to the move to arch rival Corning. Ned eventually attended Corning Free Academy. He was the leader in his class, inventing numerous money making schemes. As the Senior Prom approached, Ned went into the flower business. He made an arrangement with the local florist. Every student would, for $3.50, have a beautiful corsage delivered to him on prom night. Nearly every senior bought in. On prom night, the flowers appeared for each senior - white carnations expertly done. Soon after the prom started, the dates all noticed that there was but one exception. One student had a special arrangement - Ned's date. Ned also monopolized bus trips to out-of-town athletic events; managed the annual school picnic; played the angles

wherever he could. In this way, Ned maneuvered through Corning Free Academy to Ned's Corning Profit Making Academy.

Ned played pool at one of his friend's homes when he was in high school. One night, he and Jimmy were downstairs playing pool and Eddie walked down the stairs and watched for a few minutes. He then challenged Ned to a game of pool for money. Ned played pool frequently and he had never heard that his dad played, so he thought he had a sure thing. Ned offered to bet two weeks' allowance, double or nothing. As Ned was racking the balls, he was planning on how to spend the money. Eddie let Ned break (take the first shot). He did and missed. Eddie lined up his first shot and didn't miss until he had run twenty-five straight and won the game. Oh, how Eddie laughed!

It came time for Ned to gain admission to college. He chose The University of Rochester, engineering an NROTC scholarship. He had problems with his teeth and needed some pulled to get the scholarship. The Houghton family arranged a meeting in Washington with Corning's Congressman. He arrived at the Congressman's office with less than a day to have his teeth cleared. Just as he arrived, the teeth attacked. A commotion of unusual intensity broke out. Ned needed to get his teeth fixed, have his medical approved on his application, and attend his final interview in Buffalo. He sat in pain in a Congressional office. The Congressman arranged for a dental appointment for Ned, which resolved the pain and the medical approval. He then had six hours to get to the interview - it was impossible. Amory Houghton and the Congressman swung into action. They arranged an emergency flight to Buffalo and a special limousine to the interview. Ned was by this means swept into the Navy. Upon graduation,

he'd reported for duty as planned.

But first, immediately upon graduation from the University of Rochester, he married Mary Lou Davia. The new couple began a Navy career. Ned served as a pilot and had an intense and exciting career.

Ned's wedding marked the key to every generation of Leibig - their pure luck and success in finding and marrying spouses. Look closely at every like success and you'll find a strong spouse. Mary Lou built Ned's success and that of their children.

Over the years, one of Mary Lou's talents was in real estate. Periodically, Ned and Mary Lou would move to a better and nicer home. Mary Lou made every one a unique home. At one of their Florida homes, Mary Lou arranged a mural painting on the wall showing the Leibigs' travels. (The list of the years, cities and streets of these homes is attached as an appendix). In the late 1950's, Mary Lou was picked to be a participant in *The Price Is Right*, then a leading evening television game show. In preparation, Ned decided that they were sure to have a boat as a major prize. He took Mary Lou on the morning of the show and had a salesman train Mary Lou on boat pricing. The salesman showed Mary Lou a top of the line boat at $23,000.00. That night, Mary Lou, with her tiny looks and high-pitched voice, was an audience favorite. As the show was coming to an end, Mary Lou had won nothing. The emcee went into a naval patter and brought out a very nice little fishing boat. Mary Lou's excitement could not be contained. "I know this one, I've got it down - $23,000.00." Ned and Mary Lou went home with the consolation prize.

Upon completing his tour with the Navy, Ned became a work engineer and a business executive, eventually serving as president of a subsidiary for Texas Instruments. His career in many ways reflected Eddie's. Ned retired early and now lives and works in Naples, Florida.

BILL

Bill was born in 1935. From the first, he was easygoing. Ellen always compared him to Bing Crosby and his easygoing manner. Bill was a charming lady's man when he was still in grade school. When it came time to attend college, Bill followed Eddie to Penn State. He graduated with a gentleman's C and a love for friends and beer. He was an active fraternity man in the same fraternity shared with his brother John. He went to work engineering circuit breakers for Square D and was assigned to Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Early in his post-college days, Bill bought a sporty car. What was unique was that he entered and exited the car without using its doors.

No Dean Martin

Bill, a year younger than Ned, used his younger brothers to help with his girls. He'd walk girls home past 26 East Third Street after instructing the boys to wait in the front yard. When they saw him coming with a pretty girl, carrying her books, they were to rush onto the sidewalk, cheer like he was "our hero," and plead with him to pass a football around so he could show off his supposed athletic gifts.

They got a football. They shined it liberally with cooking oil. When he asked, Paul tossed it to him. He fumbled it. His brothers rolled in the yard laughing. The girl laughed harder.

Bill returned at suppertime. He said, "Good plan, guys. I used your training well. I've always been more the comic than the jock. Dean Martin to your guys' Jerry Lewis. Dean always gets the dames." Bill smiled broadly. Eddie rolled his eyes. Ellen covered her mouth and coughed.

Within the family, Bill became a central big brother. In the big Victorian in Corning, there was a large entryway. The entry featured a bench, the seats to which opened for storage. Those benches were cushioned. One rainy day, Mike lay on the cushions crying. Bill came down the steps with his usual easy-going mood. Mike was maybe four years old, Bill a teenager. Bill came to the bench.

"What's the problem?"

Mike replied, "Connolley got me with a sucker's punch."

Bill advised, "Don't cry. Smile at the bastard." Mike smiled at every bastard since for 25 years.

Bill lived a bachelor's life in Cedar Rapids for a few years. Through the Knights of Columbus, he met Police Officer Bill Connell, a detective, and his daughter, Rowena. Connell was a big American supported of the IRA, with regular overnight visits from rough Irish fundraisers. Rowena was an instilled Irish patriot. Bill was taken with Rowena, who had a Ph.D. in history from Cornell, loved sports, and captured Bill with an easy charm. [Truth be told, an alternate version of the meeting of Bill and Rowena was told at Abby Leibig's wedding in June 2007. There, the editor learned that a friend of Rowena's asked her if she'd like to go out on a blind date of a guy on his birthday. "How do you feel about short guys?" the friend asked. "I like short guys" was Rowena's wise reply!]

Bill and Rowena visited Louisville. The family was bewitched by her Jackie Kennedy look. Rowena became a center of Leibig clan life and gatherings. She loved argument and drink. Bill and Rowena had three children - Mike, Ann and Ruth.

When her kids were grown, Rowena went to work for the Archdiocese of Cincinnati. She was interested in academic theology and its reform, particularly with regard to the Church's own employees and the women who so dominated and supported American Catholicism. Rowena's situation reflected the Church's treatment of Mary in the generation before, who devoted near full time to Church service without pay or even recognition. When the Church in Cincinnati discriminated against its women, Rowena sued. She sued them up and she sued them down, through the trial and appellate courts. After nearly twenty years, Rowena battled on.

There was peace in the world but Bill was drafted. In his always easygoing manner, he reported for duty. He served as a peace time soldier at Fort Leonard Wood in Kansas for two boring years. He then returned to Square D and worked there and in similar jobs. These jobs took him to Esconoba, Michigan, and Cincinnati, Ohio.

It was a beautiful day in Cincinnati. Bill and Rowena arranged a family summer picnic inviting everyone they knew, including Leibigs from all of the United States. Bill was the belle of the ball. He set up ten chairs as though they were two rows of seating on the bus he took each day. Seven road warriors with whom he commuted each day to work came and sat in their daily bus seats. They talked on with jokes and stories, tales and roast-like insults. "Hey, Bill, tell us about the one-legged lady who lost her small baby." The party was a hit and could not have been more entertaining, plenty of laughter, plenty of booze. That was Bill, easygoing, daily camaraderie.

The Drink

All Leibigs drank in their own way. Andrew a German beer hall style; Frederick brandy; John Jameson's whiskey; Bill was a bar hop. In his last year with cancer, he and Rowena visited Cincinnati's pubs. Bill was recognized in every bar. Anne specialized in Scotch, she of the wooden leg, could out drink the brothers. John loved the keg. Ned the two martini lunch. Conk loved the social drink, beer and a shot. Mike, the margarita man, no salt on the rim. Paul and Pete mixed drinks, mixing it up. It was so generation to generation.

Leibigs drank. Not a dry one in the bunch.
A brewsky in the morning, a two martini lunch.

A Leibig'd drink for hours
Still, he'd never slip his powers.
The loosener of the tongue,
secrets all undone.

A bar, speakeasy, a neighborhood saloon
Barleycorn poured by the silver moon.
Suds, Bourbon, Old Crow, Kentucky Gold,
Harvey Banged the wall, the Bloody Mary bold.

Leibigs drank. Not a dry one in the bunch.
A brewsky in the morning, a two martini lunch.

Busch, Ballentine, Shaffer, Gennesee,
Miller, Falstaff, Old Milwaukee and thee.
Scotch 'n Pinch, Laphroaig 'n Tanqueray,
At least a shot a day.

Leibigs drank. Not a dry one in the bunch.
A brewsky in the morning, a two martini lunch.

Andrew pumped behind a bar a beer hall man was he,
Susan drank her Jameson's, it rested on her knee.
Barleycorn in the kitchen, liquors on the quick,
She drank for favorite ladies drink, an umbrella on a tooth pick.
Frederick cut glass designed for brandy,
His flask he kept it nearby always at the handy.

Eddie like Manhattans, especially drunk at noon,
Ned a two martini meal,
An olive and an onion for nutrition, a free addition to the deal.
Bill hopped bars,
John beer beneath the stars.
Anne a wooden leg she had
No one outlasts her, except perhaps her dad.

Leibigs drank. Not a dry one in the bunch.
A brewsky in the morning, a two martini lunch.

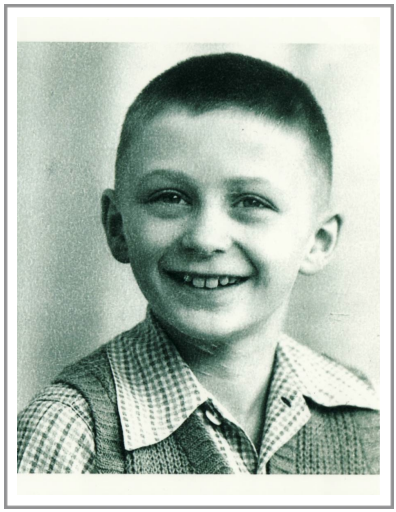
Connolley knew Chicago, its pubs and all saloons,
He learned to social drink and play upon the spoons.
Mike he drank tequila with no salt around the rim,
Paul a bottle carried to the gym.
Peter drank to people's health, he meant it every word
If they didn't respond, he turned 'round and flipped a special bird.
Jan drank White Russians with cream and never milk
Her nose turned red, she laughed a lot, her drinks went down like silk.
Diane and Lil and Rowena downed like them all,
No ladies' drinks, umbrellas or monkeys on a straw.

Leibigs drank. Not a dry one in the bunch.
A brewsky in the morning, a two martini lunch.

JOHN

John was born in 1938. He was a skinny marink, his bones were pre-determined never to touch a morsel of fat. Eating and weight lived in separate worlds when John was involved. Born with an everlasting smile.

Just before summer, the four younger boys and John played a special version of capture the flag in the side yard at 26 East Third Street in Corning. The four boys with Pete as flag guard against John, who was just in high school, had a broken leg, and wore metal crutches with braces around his forearms.



When the boys went for his flag, he reached out to pound them with the crutches or get close and grab them in his arms.

Conk made a plan. John was a teenager but skin and bone and crippled. Surely they could beat him with cleverness.

Mike went to the right, low along the ground. John was left handed. Conk and Paul then broke for the flag, directly toward him. John went for Mike who fell to his knees behind John's calves. Paul pushed him over and Conk captured the stupid flag. The first time after two years of trying, the boys won.

John rolled in the yard. He grabbed his leg and cried like a baby. The boys waited about five minutes - a long time - for him to stop, get up and quit bawling over his defeat. That was not the Leibig way. He kept holding his leg, rubbing the cast.

Anne came out, then went in again to call Ellen. Paul followed.

Paul came back instructing, "Ellen says to pull him up, take him to Purp's (the family doctor two blocks away) and have Purp call home if it's serious."

The boys pulled John as ordered. He saw Doc. The nurse sent the boys home. John was cursing. No one ever called. Neither parent ever asked about it.

Inevitably, the cast was gone. John lumbered with a limp to the left for the rest of his sorry life. He smeared the boys in his own one-sided version of sumo. He pushed the boys around a lot. It was fun.

John followed Bill and Eddie to Penn State - its beer, fraternities and gentlemen's C's. He fell in love, married and dropped out in his junior year. He married Lillia Crippen, the daughter of a Corning Baptist minister. The minister and Eddie had worked together as Little League baseball commissioners and liked each other. But, Eddie could not accept the marriage at first and refused to attend the non-Catholic wedding. Eventually, Eddie and John reconciled, as all knew they would. John returned to Penn State for his degree. After college, he took a job with Owens Corning in Toledo. John and Lil had five children - Debbie, Amy, Susan, Kathy, and John. John, like Eddie, was a devout Catholic and tried to return to the Church but was rebuffed over his marriage by some idiot priests.

John and Lil gave great parties. One spring, they invited Conk and Mike and some friends to help celebrate Lil's birthday. Mike brought Janis Foote, whom he later married. The night before the races, they all played Monopoly in the kitchen over whiskey sours, which were devoured before Lill, the birthday girl, got any. Lill was putting Johnny to bed. Johnny, like his dad before him, had a broken leg. John roasted chickens outside. Rowena got very drunk and sat in the trash can repeating, "I'm waiting for Gadot." By eleven o'clock, everyone was drunk. Bill and a neighbor got in a fight over a Monopoly trade. The neighbor challenged Bill to a basketball free throw contest to establish which was the true "Big Kahoona." The first round of throws was tied. The neighbor swished his first shot in round two. As Bill made his throw, the neighbor pulled out a small revolver and shot the ball out of the air. In came the cops. Such was the quality of John's parties. Havoc everywhere. No restraint. The Leibigs had a tradition of midnight to sunrise bashes, in which religion, politics, personal philosophy and differences of view were featured. No idea too stupid for a three hour debate. The discussions were at a high level. These feasts were dominated by drink, which was a constant feature of each get-together. John, Bill, Anne, Mike, Conk, Paul, Peter, Chris,

and Ruth were key participants. Alcohol flowed. Dropping out for bed before sunrise designated anyone in this core group a wimp. No mandate required participation of others.

On December 2, 1972, John initiated the distillation of Leibig Literacy when he proposed that all members of the clan make a list of their most enjoyable reading to circulate to all Leibigs. From Susan and *The Scarlet Letter* to John's *The Catcher in the Rye*, an unbroken line. John's own list began with the first paragraph of William Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life* -

> *In the time of your life, live - so that in the good time there shall be no ugliness or death for yourself or any life your life touches. Seek goodness everywhere and when it is found, bring it out of its hiding place and let it be free and unashamed. Place in matter and flesh the best of the values for those are the things that hold death and must pass away. Discover in all things that which shines and is beyond corruption. Encourage virtue in whatever heart it may have been driven into secrecy and sorrow by the shame and terror of the world. Ignore the obvious, for it is unworthy of clear eyed and the friendly heart. Be the inferior of no man; nor of any man be the superior. Remember that every man is a variation of yourself. No man's guilt is not yours, nor is any man's innocence a thing apart. Despise evil and ungodliness but not men of ugliness, ungodliness, or evil. These understand. Have no shame in being kindly and gentle, but if the time comes in the time of your life to kill, kill without regret. In the time of your life, live - so that wonderful time you shall not add to the mercy and sorrow of the world, but shall to the indefinite delight and mystery of it.*

John seconded that with the Alcoholics Anonymous prayer -

God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.

John's A-list was:

Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*
Steinbeck, *Grapes of Wrath, Cannery Row, Of Mice and Men*
Marquand, *Point of No Return, The Late George Apley*
Saroyan, *The Time of Your Life*
Kipling, *If*
Bach, *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*
Twain, *Huckleberry Finn*
Miller, *Death of a Salesman*
Quirk, *Manalinga*
Telsley, *Champion Road*
Uris, *Exodus, Battle Cry, Topaz*
Wouk, *The Winds of War, The Cain Mutiny*
Lincoln, *The Gettysburg Address*
Walker, *Ben Hur*
Caldwell, *Great Lion of God*
Jessup, *The Cincinnati Kid*
Harte, *The Outcast of Poker Flats*
O'Hara, *The North Frederick*, *From the Tower*
Segal, *Love Story*
Bellamy, *Looking Backward*
Bierce, *An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge*
Monsarrat, *The Cruel Sea*
Kantor, *Andersonville*
Knowles, *A Separate Peace*
Hawley, *Cash McCall*
Puzzo, *The Godfather*
Anderson, *Winesburg Ohio*
James Carroll's novels

John's book list program survived his death in 1998. (The 2002 list is attached as an appendix).

ANNE

Anne was born in 1941. A young, unshaven doctor in wrinkled hospital fatigues sat on a straight backed hallway bench. It was not what he wanted or where he anticipated being. A waiting room run amok, gone mad. Chatter, people bumping, almost crashing into one another. Each intent on their own relief or tragedy. Half a dozen different, distinctive cries. Yelling, a nurse slips and falls. The doctor takes a deep breath and curses. Such a beautiful young Madonna, frail yet with the strength of motherhood. Three previous cesarians, she'd been warned of the risk. Yet, strong and loving, always advancing forward. Her mother prayed; her husband blankly stared about in silent numbness. A young mother of three torn asunder. Only the baby saved. An Anne, irreplaceable for an Anne priceless. Eddie was distraught, cut loose, alone. Anne's parents, the Cummiskeys, were at the hospital three days between delivery and death. Everyone lost.

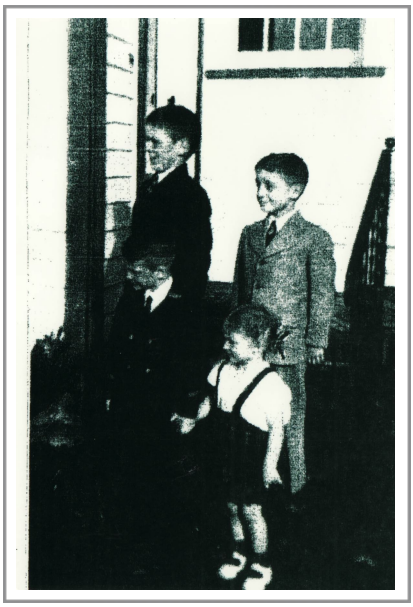
Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night
Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night
Old age should burn and rage at close of day.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right
Because their words had forked no lighting they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

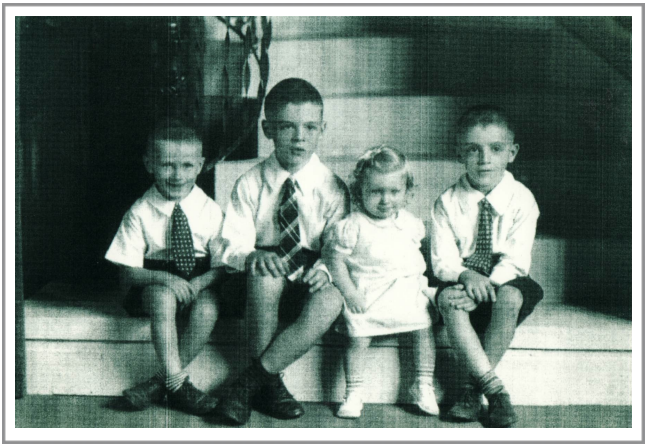
Good men, the last wave by crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray
Do not go gentle into this good night
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.



Within a week, arrangements had been made - Eddie promoted and transferred back to Rhode Island. Mary, now forever Grandma Leibig, moved in and took charge. A family reset and moving on.

Complete silence broken by John whistling taps. Three young men at strict attention before a three-year-old, Shirley Temple drill master. It was spring clean-up; Grandma was the general and gave orders and long lists. Anne passed out assignments and insured they were completed. So was it ordered, so let it be done. She would bark and her older brothers would snap to. Anne performed no actual chores, but depended on her brothers' obedience. Anne loved Church and school (although she failed the first grade, not quite ready) and, like all Leibigs, she loved learning but not institutionalized regiment outside the family. Anne, and Paul all failed and had to repeat a grade of grade school.



It was 1945, a new baby, Michael, Ellen's second, was approaching. Anne referred to both Conk and Mike as her "Baby Jesuses." Grandma thought that blasphemous. Mike had been given no middle name. Anne insisted on Tarcissius, the patron saint of alter boys, at Mike's confirmation. Mike envisioned his patron as a lion tamer in the lion's den. Anne had spoken; so let it be said, so let it be done. Naming was important.

In 1957, Anne was a junior at the School of the Holy Child in "Suffering," New York. She came to Louisville to help the family move south. While Ellen bought a house and settled in, Anne was to take charge of her brothers. They lived at first in

the Colonial Hotel in downtown Louisville and took cabs to Holy Trinity grade school in the east end St. Matthew's community each morning. Conk, Mike, Paul and Pete fought with water balloons, devoured White Castles by the dozens, and ran wild as they wished. They did wish. They were introduced to Orange Crush and R.C. Cola. In New York, no soft drinks had been allowed.

Eddie took Anne out for a drive. Anne drove Eddie into the foundation a block from their about to be new home at 513 Ridgewood Road. Her typing class went better. The whole year was an uproar.

Anne challenged Conk one Saturday. He responded by chasing her down Third Street with a baseball bat. Great fun. No one was worried, Conk could not hit and Anne could run like the dickens.

It was a prayer service for the novices. Anne appeared in a gray modified habit, not quite the full magoo but close. Her brothers laughed and disturbed things, but they let her in and she was a nun - Sister Philip Neri. Within four years, she lived in a convent in Big Stone Gap, Virginia, for to fight the devil, Protestants, and poverty. She was a soldier for God in Johnson's war on poverty. She intended to win. Time passed and there came a battling and rattling to Virginia's hollers.

Faces of Anne

Eventually, the demand for social work overcame the call of the convent and Anne with others left the Glenmarys to form Focis, a community-based social action group. She continued her work.

Anne met, became close to, and married Dick Austin, a Presbyterian mountain minister. Dick and Anne shared a dedication and they were happy. They established a farm, Chestnut Ridge, with peppers, horses, and various other projects. They helped organize a farmers' co-op. Dick was a national environmental leader and writer on the theology of nature.

Anne is a mountain woman. Her love for the land and hills around Dungannon, Virginia, is unbounded. In 2001, she became active in an organization "In Praise of Mountain Women" and a related United Nations program. First discovered on the Internet, Anne and a friend from Dungannon wrangled themselves into becoming the American representatives to the U.N.'s conference on the plight of mountain dwelling women. The conference was held in Bhutan - a beautiful and exotic Asian shangri-la. Anne was invited to be a speaker. She had to perform without much preparation. They were staying in what had been the home of the king's brother. They were treated royally. They toured the mountains, offered bib overalls as traditional American dress, klogged to show American dance, and presented "Wildwood Flower" as an American song. They enjoyed themselves. When it came time to speak, Anne began, "I am Anne Leibig, from the Appalachian Mountains in North America," and never once mentioned the United States. Anniebanannie is something.

CONNOLLEY

Connolley (Conk) was born in 1944. World War II raged. He was ready. A first born with four siblings. He exuded strong lungs. He was a serious baby from the get-go. He had the advantages of the first born with the community spirit of a middle child in a family of eight children.

Conk leaned over the banister in the middle of the house. A railed stairway ran the center one flight up from the middle of the living room to a landing between floors and then back to the second floor. Grandma's central bedroom double doors opened to look down on the landing. A balloon was tied to the final top rail. Mike was in Grandma's room talking, Paul off to the side. Conk leaned over the banister attempting to retrieve the balloon. Suddenly, his balance shifted. He slipped and crashed two floors, hitting his head and fracturing his skull. In what seemed no time at all, Ellen and Dad were at the hospital. Paul and Mike sat on the stairs in stunned silence. Conk was to stay in the hospital for two months, having lost his memory and the ability to talk. When he did recover, he asked for and got a dog - Tippy. Tippy too tried unsuccessfully to catch the wily wabbit. He too was frustrated.

From the beginning, Connolley was the leader of the brothers, the engineer. Not because of his seniority, but by the natural inclination of his person.

Conk followed in line after Eddie, Bill and John, and attended Penn State. He, however, avoided the gentlemen's C track and studied mechanical engineering seriously. Upon graduation, he went to work for Cummins Engine in Indiana and then Rockwell International with some time off to get an MBA at the University of Chicago. At Chicago, he re-established a relationship with Diane Gonzalez, whom he'd known as the room-

mate of Mike's wife, Janis Foote. Diane studied social work. Conk and Diane married and moved into a one-hundred year old home on Menomonee, which became a center to Chicago's Leibig clan of more than a dozen. Diane became a real preservationist. She acted as a Chicago tour guide. She wrote histories of Chicago's older homes. Conk became a Rockwell employee of the month but shortly thereafter was down-sized out of a job. He started his own consulting firm and worked from home.

Connolley also became the center of the Leibig clan in the Chicago area. He was a counselor, particularly to Pete, both Michaels, Amy, Susan, Kathy and John.

Peter and Connolley developed a special bond as outdoors men.

Diane

Diane loved music. She played in a Beetles review at pubs in Chicago. She played guitar and mandolin, classic rock and bluegrass. Most Leibig music inclinations was toward the popular. John loved ragtime, Frederick band and parade music. Eddie loved swing and Benny Goodman. Conk, Mike, Paul and Pete, 60's and 70's rock Anne, mountain music and also bluegrass. Lil gave music lessons and played at church. Few appreciated classical music, although Rowena, Lil and Diane were the best versed.

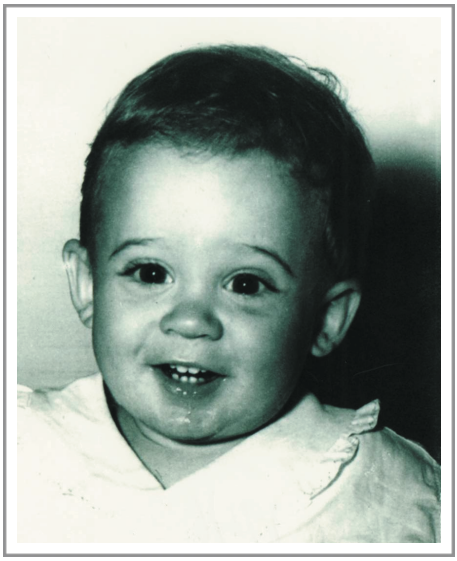
Diane loves Chicago and its history. Her work life was dedicated to its young women "in trouble." She did social work in the Jane Addams' way of the trade - with real sympathy and success. She, of course, like every Leibig, hated and resisted the bureaucratic.

MICHAEL TARCISSIUS

[By Chris Leibig]

Michael Tarcissius was born in 1945. In the beginning, he was middle nameless. Grandpa Connolley vetoed Michael Connolley on account of the hated Irish terrorist. The family got to know him before confirming the full, three-name deal. Anne crowned him Michael Tarcissius and insured something unusual.

It may have been a self-fulfilling prophecy or just a prophecy. Either way, Michael Tarcissius, born the third from the last of Eddie's kids, cut a wide path from childhood to national recognition as a labor lawyer. The unusual thing was Mike's will. "So much of life is will." Mike proved this by succeeding in one thing after the other, to such an extent that he was never an underdog. He boxed his way through.



In 1983, Mike's son, Chris, a thirteen-year-old, sat at a football game at RFK Stadium with Mike and a group of labor organizers. Mike got up to go to the bathroom, and one of the men took the opportunity to educate Chris about his father. Children so often assume that a parent is the most average guy on the block, so Chris was shocked when the man said, "I named my son after your Dad. He changed my life." The man smoked a huge cigar and held a beer. "I mean it," he said. "Your old man is a hero." Soccer coach, PTA president, and nice guy, thought Chris. But a hero? You only figure these things out as you get older.

Mike was born in Painted Post, New York. He lived a childhood of mischief and creativity. He wrote a series of shorts stories, *Traveling in Disguise*. Usually the smallest kid on the

field, he was fast and fearless, the first to strap on boxing gloves against his older brother or mastermind an attempt to shoplift fake money from a local five and dime store. As the hundreds of stories about Mike suggest, there was no fear in him. Mike, possibly the most clever kid in the class, couldn't read until the third grade. Part of the problem was dyslexia. Another part was that he was so good at winging it, the teachers couldn't figure it out. Years later, opponents wondered how he could react so fast on legal issues.

Mike's deeply held belief in the importance of the working person in American life may have begun way before college. The civil rights movement was important to him in a way that transcended the "free love" and rock 'n roll of the 1960's. At risk to his academic career, and with a little help from his self-appointed "guardian," his sister Anne, he traveled to Selma, Alabama, as a freedom rider. On the bus, he imagined fire hoses, dogs and police batons. Nothing fit him better.

Mike's legal career began in the U.S. Coast Guard. By his early thirties, he had started his own law firm, a firm which quickly developed a national reputation as a defender of the rights of workers. At 58, in the face of cancer, he started "The Priority of Labor," a community-based law shop.

Mike personally helped found many public sector unions across the United States, including the International Union of Police Associations, a nationwide police union unique in its true representation of police officers. Mike's efforts for the police officers in America included three trips to the United States Supreme Court, a truly unbelievable feat for a private sector plaintiffs' attorney. Beyond doubt, his work improved the lot of thousands of police officers and other public employees. Mike simply attempted things other attorneys had never tried before, and, in his usual style, succeeded.

It is easy to describe Mike without mentioning the fact that he suffered from a rare blood disorder, akin to chronic leukemia, beginning in his mid-forties. For many years, doctors were shocked that Mike continued to work at all. In 1995, after being given 6 months to live following a "less than successful" attempt at chemotherapy, Mike not only rebounded but went on to further professional success. He recovered, grew his hair back, and returned to the Supreme Court within a few years. IUPA, the national police union, and other endeavors started by Mike continued to grow.

As a professor at Georgetown University Law School, Mike inspired students to look at the law as a weapon for the weak against the strong. Mike received the outstanding professor award in 1999. A typical student evaluation of one of Mike's courses would say something like this, "Professor Leibig obviously has a mastery of the material and has had an incredible career. Sometimes his brain works too fast to follow. Also, his politics are a little to the left of mine. Even so, this is the best course I've had at law school."

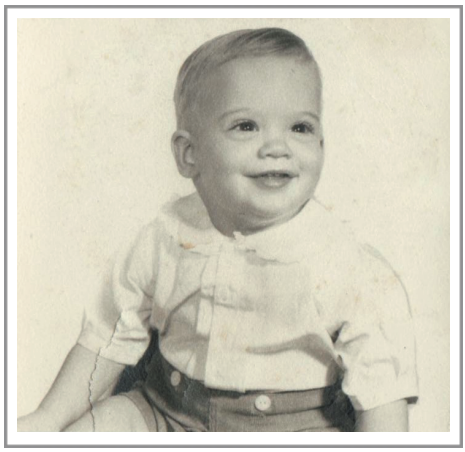
Mike finally lost the battle with cancer in 2004. He had lived years longer than any other documented patient with his condition. Up until the end, he continued as a sole practitioner and national labor lawyer, pursuing plaintiffs' claims in many states and preparing for another trip to the Supreme Court. Mike was one of those people who was so strong in himself that it was impossible to view him as an underdog, even when he weighed less than one hundred pounds and has trouble walking and was bald once again. When someone mentioned these liabilities, Mike always responded with a joke. The unusual thing was, he meant it.

Mike married Janis Foote in 1969 and had two kids, Chris and Kerry. When her kids were in school, Jan earned a Ph.D. She was an expert in the relationship between Catholics and Jews. She wrote of the antagonism found toward Jews in St. John's Gospel and elsewhere. When a priest at her local parish spoke against Jews, she protested. She was rejected.

She sat demurely in her regular pew. The sermon began harmlessly but soon came to the passion. The priest's views on the role of the Jews. "Give us Barabas, Give us Barabas." Then, "Crucify him." They were in Spain, the inquisition about to impose itself again. Suddenly and without notice, Jan's face reddened. She rose. "Click, click, clack, click, click." High heels across the marble floor of the church. Silence. The parishioners knew Jan, knew of her Ph.D. They respected and admired her. Not so the priest. The priest confronted her with demands of obedience in the sanctuary. Within a week she was removed as a Eucharistic minister, and she never returned to that parish. At some point, the Bishop was involved. He, of course, backed the priest. Only Jan and Rowena battled the Church to reform it. Only they cared enough. Mary Leibig, from an earlier generation, would have joined them.

PAUL

Paul was born in 1947, the seventh son of Eddie. Paul has a great and innocent heart. Anything anyone needs is the seed of his service. Paul and his brothers (Conk, Mike, and Peter) started a bee training academy ("The BTA") to startle and amaze. A good bee is hard to find. The brothers' business plan required a large regular supply of bumble bees. Where could they get them? Paul was determined that he could find and round them up. He appeared one morning cowboy hatted, netting over his face and Grandma's long-handled broom at the ready. He mixed a Cervantes/Quixotic Cisco and Pancho look. "I'll produce the bees. Mrs. Brown told me she saw a bumble bee up by the Carpenter's garage. I'll round them up and drive them over to the tulip bed. Get jars ready for the round-up, Whoopee Ti Eye Oh Get Along Little Bumble!" Conk and Mike placed themselves near the tulip beds as close to the Carpenter's garage as was possible. They listened. "Bang! Boom! Crash!" Paul came running, swarmed after by wasps. They covered his right arm like an armor of steel wool. Paul still held tight to the broom as his arm buzzed. As Paul ran toward the tulip beds, he tripped on a small opening left by a mouse hole. Two bumble bees hopped aboard amid the wasps, two yellow spots on the rough black background swamped him with an intimidating ear ringing you would never forget. Paul rolled. His brothers idolized him. Ellen rushed out. Paul was immediately off to Dr. Purple. Hours later he returned. He looked like a mummy; all gauze and an eye split. He snuffled when he laughed. Eddie questioned, "What did you do a stupid thing like that for?" Paul responded with a silent stare of injured innocence? Eddie stepped backward. People did not confront Paul,



even his father whom he loved. Anything for the cause. Silence for the brotherhood.

Paul was disabled in the Vietnam War. Into the 1990's he lived with Ellen in Elmira. He provided support she needed at home until her death in 1998. Ellen and Paul were close and supported each other. Paul also worked with many veterans programs. Contacted the lonely and disabled. Food to the homes, meals on wheels, running bingo at the veterans' hall. He became a beacon to the homeless, knowing them by name and interests. Paul liked people up close. He enjoyed a stranger's activity. An old vet at a breakfast bar talks of college hoops. He liked to watch people at work. When they were absorbed by it and became part of the process. Details mattered.

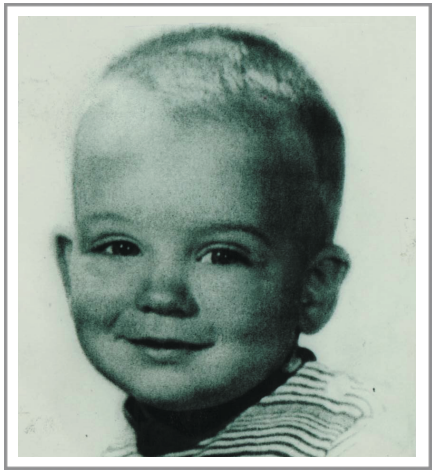
Eddie Leibig's family (1951) [Pete in the oven!]

Anne received a call from Paul in January 2004, excited, "I am looking at whales breaching. Thana and I are on a ship off the coast of Maui. It's amazing!" He and Thana were spending three weeks in Hawaii at the three star Veterans' hotel, Hale Koa. Dancing, the sea, the sand, and whaling. After Ellen's death, Paul and his Thana married. Thana made another Paul. They danced. They danced the polka at the Philadelphia Ballroom at a Polish Policeman's Ball, on weekends in the Catskills, and at a national polka contest in Hawaii. They danced to a brass band

like the one on the dock in Bremen. Not only did they polka, but they ball roomed and squared, jittered, and close danced. They were dance floor fools. Years ago when a telephone solicitor from Arthur Murray Studios tried to sell Eddie dance lessons, Eddie rejected the sales by saying, "I am not dancing as well as I know how now." No Leibig danced well before Paul. But the saying became part of the Corning Glass's Executive Training and the University of Virginia's Business School's basic materials. Paul dances better than he knows how. Thana and Paul danced away Eddie's quip and settled close to Corning and Honesdale in Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, where Eddie worked and loved Anne as a young man.

PETER

Peter was born in 1951 at Elmira Hospital. Ellen had had recent heart problems but was strong and the birth went smoothly. Peter was Eddie's eighth and last child. He was four years younger than Paul. Eddie was 44 and Ellen was 41. He was a favorite last born and treated accordingly. As Peter grew, it was clear that he was a card. The sediment of all Leibig good-natured humor. He was always family close. Of all Leibigs, he had the greatest talent for listening, a sense of a person. Peter attributed his parenting to Mike and Anne through 18 and Connolley thereafter.



When Pete first started school he hated it. The family lived in a downtown businessmen's hotel on 4th Street in Louisville while Ellen searched for a new home. Pete hated to get up and cab to Holy Trinity in the east end St. Mathew's community. The other children went to great lengths to drag him out of bed. Finally, the morning's procedure began with Connolley dunking Peter's head in the toilet - causing much splashing, bawling, and kicking. While Peter never came close to the Academic life and always associated it with nuns and plumbers, he somehow absorbed an intellect through these toilet soakings. His siblings called it "Norton's, the Hotel Toilet Academy," after the plumber on the Jackie Gleason Show. Pete was lost during much of high school. He attended a boarding school in Bardstown, Kentucky, to which local judges sent the wayward who could pay, and then Georgetown Prep in Washington, D.C. where Mike was Attending Georgetown College. Years later, the Prep School celebrated Peter for his community service. Leibigs figure no one else from the pampered school ever did anything for the community.

When Peter was a high school junior, he and Mike planned a visit to Sister Phil (Anne) at the rural Big Stone Stone Gap Convent, more than 400 miles across Virginia in Mike's rattling Mustang. After a seven-hour drive without a ticket on Route 81, and one "out of gas" - incident it was a dead black night with no moon when they got off the interstate in rural western Virginia's coal field. They drove back into the hollers until they were lost, pulled into a ramshackle roadhouse with a rusted sign - Esso, ten years after Exxon. A single pump. A young pimpled red head came out rubbing his throat. Pete asked, "Where's the Big Stone Gap nun's place?" Their host scratched his overalls down low, thought for a second, and "Gawd! That's way out in nowhere. Why'd you go there?" But he knew the nuns and sent them on their way. Pete and Mike had adventures sleeping in hollers from which they barely extricated themselves. A hill lady gave them a quilt.

Peter attended Knox College and the Southern Illinois grad school. English lit. He married Nancy Fogey, lived a hippie life on a small farm. Brought in a marijuana crop. Pete and Nancy had two children, Ben and Katie. Peter's family moved to Boulder, Colorado. Nancy got a social working job, Pete a teaching assistant and then a government job. Peter bought a motor bike. One cold winter's day, Peter broke his ankle trying to kick start the bike and never got a full repair. Their home was on a dirt and gravel road. Across the road was a forest preserve on which Peter took long walks. He bought a dog for company, a Brittany Spaniel, Herbie. Herbie taught Peter to hunt. Herbie mastered scaring up rabbits and quail. Peter bought a shot gun. After Ben was born, Peter wanted a calmer stay-at-home dog. He bought a golden retriever, Bingo. Bingo was the smartest and most courageous animal. Bingo could hunt like no other. He added ducks to their fare.

One Easter Saturday, Diane and Conk made a six-hour trip from Chicago to Carbondale to visit. Easter morning Pete and Conk went bluegill fishing on Devil's Kitchen Lake, a WPA impoundment. It was early in the season; Conk had no license and couldn't get one on Easter Sunday. One of the most productive holes on the lake was the pool below the spillway. At least twenty fishermen were working the hole. Conk fished the bottom and Pete the top of the spillway. A rock landed on Conk's feet. He looked up to see Pete leaning down toward him from a perch on the dam. Pete tossed Conk his wallet. For a moment, he stood

there with no idea. Then the game warden approached checking each fisherman. Fishing without a license meant a fine and loss of equipment. Conk's equipment was expensive. He was saved. One of the thrills of fishing with a buddy comes when both hook a fish at the same time. It's called a double. Peter's quick thinking had scored the biggest double of Pete and Conk's long careers as outdoors men.

Peter became President and CEO of Clinica Family Health Services, administrating four community health clinics which were visited 150,000 times each year and employed 300 people. He led with a light touch but an expert hand. He became a leader in health care provision throughout Colorado and nationally. He visited Washington, D.C. at least once a year to influence policy. He sympathized with the plight of Colorado's Mexicans.

Plane Wreck At Los Gatos
Woody Guthrie

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting
The organs are piled in their creosote dumps
You're flying them back to the Mexican boarder
To pay all their money to wade back again.

Goodbye to me Jasus, Goodbye Rosalita
Adieu's neaigod Jesus and Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be deportee.

My father's own father he waded the river
They took all the money he made in his life
My brothers and sisters come working the fruit trees
And they rode the truck they took down and died.

We died in your hills we died in your deserts
We died in your valleys and died on your plane
We died 'neath your tree and we died in your bushes
Both sides of this river we died just the same.

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?
To all like dry leaves to rot on my top soil.
And be called no name except deportee.

Peter has a touch for people, and a talent with persons as individuals. Eddie had the same talent, as did John.

Pete, Mike, Paul and Conk - The Homestead, 1967

GRANDMA
(Mary Leonard Leibig)

Grandma was a fountain of advice given in the kitchen at a meal or at the foot of her well-pillowed bed. She'd comb her long hair in long curling strokes for hours and counseled whomever stopped in. She sat like a Chinese Empress or Queen Victoria. Many of her words were trite but renewed by her use:

"If you can't be good, be careful."

"Hold your family tight."

"Don't pout, get even."

"Never forget, forgive."

She'd restate Eddie's "Make up your middle class mind." That made Anne realize for the first time that she was middle class, unlike other upper class students at her School of the Holy Child, Judy Bissel of vacuum cleaning fame, and many of South America's pampered daughters.

"If you don't know, stall."

"I agree with Bill. Smile at the bastards."

"Keep to the Church. If they are wrong, which they often are, pray on it. If they don't come round, which they won't, think what's best for you yourself and move on."

"Remember the turtle creamed the hare, because that rabbit was stupid. Not a match against your average wiley rabbit."

Grandma spoke with quiet self-assurance, very slowly against the Leibig clip.

"Be true to yourself, nice to others, and damn the bastards."

"Go your own path, you'll get lost but you'll expand your horizons."

"You are a Leibig, be a Leibig. To hell with outsiders."

"Watch what they do. Listen to what they say, and think for yourself."

"Pray quietly and alone, avoid asking for stuff. Listen and don't preach."

She'd point to a dog-eared bible - "A few songs and one sermon is all you need, the Psalms and the Sermon on the Mount. That's it -- when you learn reading read 'em for yourself, quiet or out loud. Three Psalms and the Sermon for life. That's half an hour. Soon you'll know them by heart and in your

heart - your pick of three Psalms and the Sermon. We built you as an independent person. Live by the owner's manual." Grandma afforded no time for backtalk but loved to listen more than talk, very much un-Leibigian.

These things might come out of the blue, isolated and without anything less or more. She'd speak like this and return to her needlework or a book. She'd speak and listen, the rest was up to you. Grandma did not hold hands or cuddle anyone. So let it be said, so let it be done. It was great to be around when Grandma listened to you and kept her trap closed.
"Shape up and move on. Never pout and don't bawl. No one wants to hear that." Grandma's eyes led her mouth and said more.

Grandma cooked to communicate. She'd make pancakes and talk of the tiger, Sambo, and chasing your own tail. She'd challenge everyone to a pancake eater's race. Who could eat the most in thirty minutes? One, two, three, go! I'll keep 'em coming. The first course would be a standard cake but soon she make 'em silver dollar. Conk ate over one hundred. Grandma mixed yellow coloring into margarine in a bowl sitting in her chair by the refrigerator (an icebox really). One day when Mike was two, she chased him under the icebox from whence he refused to emerge until Bill got a graham cracker, put a raisin on top and ignored him. When his arm reached out, Bill grabbed it. He cut Mike's head. Thereafter, Mike wore a white bandage wrapped 'round his head for months.

Grandma served lunch and supper on a large white table in the kitchen's center, where the rich-colored Easter eggs, frosted Christmas cookies, and wrapped birthday gifts. The wrapping was a tornado of cutting, colipity clapping, wrinkled paper and an uproar. Five kids wrapping a single Woolworth's violet handkerchief; it took hours.

Grandma's menus were budgeted, planned as a whole and repetitious. Monday, ham with pineapple ham or fried chicken. Tuesday, plain pasta noodles with margarine, pepper, and garlic. Wednesday, stew or chicken and rice. Thursday, slumgullion, barbeque, or burgers. Friday, a fish fry. Saturday, mac and cheese or hot dogs and beans. On Sundays, there was a real dinner in the dining room, with special supervision by Ellen. The feast on Sundays after Church was the only meal in which Eddie and Ellen joined the kids. You could tell the day of the week by the menu, a warning and a calendar at once.

Variety was added by special holiday meals - eleven birthdays, twelve Saints' days, twelve holidays and the like. Italian on Columbus Day; Irish stew on St. Patrick's Day, steaks on what Grandma invented as Gene Autry Day. You could nominate a day of your own - Rocky Colavito Day for the majestic Cleveland Indians power hitting center fielder was Mike's day. Ball park franks with sauerkraut like they had a Memorial Stadium by the lake in Cleveland. They'd seen the Indians once and kept score to over 100 games each summer by radio. Iced fruit salad on summer days above 95 - every melon from watermelon to honeydew all from the fruit stand near the river way to Painted Post. They'd often get fresh grown on the road to Elmira to pick your own sweet corn on the cob. Special steaming soups against the cold. Floating Island pudding, special desserts, always a treat. There were even punishment meals, corn beef and cabbage, cream chipped beef on toast, or liver and onions when Grandma had her dander up.

Grandma In Charge

Grandma was in charge. Conk, Paul, and Mike were sent to bed at 8:30 p.m.; half an hour late because Conk had a bloody nose. After stopping the bleeding, Grandma got them down with a speech delivered to the beat against her hand of a thin, three-foot-long red pencil some idiot had given her one Christmas.

"Anyone arguing," snap against the palm, "crabbing," snap against the palm, "or noise outta' here," snap, "and someone," snap, "is going to get it. I mean meself, that that one will get his comeuppance." A final snap and a grand departure.

The boys waited for a few minutes. Then Conk's up first, then Paul, then Mike. They gathered up bedspreads, pillows, and yesterday's clothes, and stuffed a lump under the covers of each of their beds. Each of them crawled under their own bed. They began a debate.

"Who is faster, Trigger or Champ?" Conk asks.

"It's Trigger," Paul answers, a little louder, holding back a giggle.

Then Mike, a little louder, knowing Grandma's favorite is Gene Autry, the singing cowboy's champion, "No horse rode by a singing cowboy could run a lick."

Conk then very loudly, "You're nuts."

Paul, “No, you’re an idiot!”

Each retort louder than the last.

Mike, “A moron is dumber!”

Conk, the expert, “No, a moron is smarter than an idiot, and an imbecile is even dumber!”

Paul, “You are both morons, idiots and im-bee-cills, but we’re not dumb. Dumb is can’t talk!”

The door burst open, Grandma marches in grumbling to herself, “I’ll show ‘em. Those im-bee-cills! Making jest of Mr. Autry’s Champ’n.”

She storms to Mike’s bed furthest from the door, crossing well demarcated borders between sibling territories as she moves.

“Wump!” her pencil hits the stuffing. “That hurts!” A cry from beneath the bed. She turns on Connolley’s bundle, and strikes three quick blows.

“Wump!”

“Ouch! That hurts!” from Conk.

“Wump!”

“I’m in pain!” Conk.

“Wump!”

“You missed me!” Paulie.

Ignoring the building laughter, Grandma storms from the room. “I showed them,” she announces over her shoulder. Conniption fits all ‘round.

Mary Leonard Leibig (c. 1950) - Eddie’s mother, who joined his household upon Anne’s death in 1941 and held it together until her death in 1957

ADVENTURES IN LEIBIG LAND

The den at 26 East Third Street in Corning, New York, nestled at the back of the house between the first floor and the cellar, down a short flight of seven steps off the hall which led to the kitchen near a telephone alcove.

They loved the proximity to the kitchen. When Grandma baked cookies, Conk and Mike would position themselves in the dining room at the back of a long hall which led past the back stairs to the kitchen. Their director, Paulie, would call the operator and ask her to ring him back to check the telephone line. He then ran back through the living room into the dining room to hold the back kitchen door noiselessly for Conk and Mike. As soon as they heard the telephone, Conk and Mike would make their way slowly and quietly into the back of the kitchen. When Grandma went out the front door toward the ringing phone, they'd make a mad dash for the extra cookies, left where they could reach them, and dashed back down the hall. Paul would be waiting in the living room. Grandma would mutter later pretending to wonder what happened to those extra cookies. They where warm and chewy, the best cookies you ever tasted.

The den was down those stairs off the kitchen. Twelve feet by twelve feet, the den was high windowed at the back. A mantled fireplace dominated the left wall as you entered. A small cabinet wall was at your back with most of its surface taken up by the entry door at the stairs from the kitchen and a second door which led to the cellar stairs. A plain twelve foot wall was to the right.

Five years later when they first got a T.V., it would rest on the right wall; but in 1953, a large wood cabinet, with a yellow semicircle lighted station control dial, stood alone against that wall. Whenever they were banned from the first floor living room for too much laughing or excessive noise, they listed to their favorite programs in the den. They listened a lot in the den. They liked Sergeant Preston of the Yukon, his husky, King, and his partner, Joe Bano; the Lone Ranger and Tonto; Big John and Sparky; Buster Brown, who lived in a shoe, and his dog Tag, who lived there too; Roy Rogers and Gabby Hayes, whom they traveled to Elmira by train to see live; Dragnet's Joe Friday and his partner Frank Smith; and the FBI, especially its weekly re-

view of the ten most wanted men. That list gave Mark Brown, a close neighbor friend, nightmares. After his brother Gary convinced him there really were crooks and kidnappers, Mark was banned from Dragnet.

They hated a few programs, usually Grandma's favorites. But they all, everyone, liked Jack Benny and Rochester. Mike preferred Joe Bano to Sergeant Preston; Tonto to the Lone Ranger; Tag to Buster; Gabby to Roy; and Frank Smith to Joe Friday.

The cellar waited, filthy and hollow, down a narrow wooden stairway below the den. They ventured there only in the summer when light got in through the one sliver of a window, on rainy days when they couldn't get out, or during Ellen's nap when they snuck in the house by pushing Paul up through the milk chute and having him unlock the door. Rare days indeed.

In the cellar there was only one light bulb which dangled from a wire beneath the living room. If Grandma rocked just right in a living room chair, the bulb danced and the shadows haunted the place. There was a coal chute which they discovered only after a careful combing of every nook and cranny. They hoped to use it to expand their secret entryways, but discovered that it had been bricked over from the outside.

They had a secret cave in the cellar - a caverned hole in the concrete foundation in which they dug for pirate gold and a place to hide Monopoly money from Woolworth's. In the winter, the door to the cellar was both locked and blocked by a chest of drawers. In fact, it was locked in the summer too, but the lock didn't work; they could open it with a small wire Conk hid in the den's brick fireplace. They respected the lock that winter, primarily because someone had blocked it with that chest of drawers which all three of them pushing together could not push away.

Smokers?

It was dark at 26 East Third Street. The light was dim from a candle. They moved with stealth. There were five of them, from newly teenaged Anne, to just emerging from baby status, Pete. Anne toted a candle and Pete. Conk carried two cigars, one partially smoked, and a carton of cigarettes - unfiltered Marlboros - Mike an oven tray of freshly baked peanut butter fudge. Paul maintained a lookout. Eddie and Ellen were at

the club. They were home alone. Anne intended to complete the smokes and to end any temptation toward the evil weed in her future. At the same time, she would save her brothers by example from the smoker's life. It might work. They all doubted. The boys thought Anne would probably like the weed and a shot of scotch to wash it down. Later two brothers, John and Bill, who did not attend the exploration, did die from smoker's cancer. On this occasion, the younger boys centered on downing the fudge but had to hide the tail end in a rag closet halfway up the stairs off the kitchen. They wrapped it in a towel. Ellen discovered it covered with green mold a month later. No real punishment resulted except whatever Anne got as penance at confession and anything done under the seal of confidentiality, which Eddie often insisted on when discipline was involved. Eddie's punishments were light to non-existent, but he didn't want word to get out.

Preparing the Arena

The weeks before Christmas, the den was set up for Boxing Day. But early on the morning of December 26th, the regular furniture was removed. Two three-legged stools for pugilists, two three-seater benches from the backyard picnic table became bleachers, set in front of the fireplace. The mantle over the fireplace was cushioned to provide a second deck of seats and a "bully pulpit" for kibitzing non-combatant team members. Three overstuffed chairs were set up for adult spectators and the betting public. The arena, so set, seated twelve, had standing room for the two coaches and a few more, and, of course, two active pugilists and the cut men.

The ring itself was roped off with low, rough, wooden, three-legged stools ready at the kitty-corners. Two glass Dan's Dairy milk bottles of water, a box of band-aids, and some cotton balls were set just outside the ring, for the cut man, near the stools. Large white bath towels draped over the ropes. The ropes were set so that a four and a half foot pugilist could lean back with gloves hanged over the rope during a break, waiting for the eight count. The ring posts were topped with round, orange, kick balls, rubber balls which had been puncture carefully for the purpose. Extra milk bottles of ice water were stored in the cabinet between the den and the cellar doors.

The arena was full and waiting for a fight. Mike got up early. His training clothes, newly laundered by Grandma, had been laid out the night before at the foot of his bed. He got out his green crayon and redrew the shamrock on his back. 1953 was to be the year of his first victory. Bill and Eddie spoke to him just before Christmas about the "will to believe." They claimed that Teddy knew William James at Harvard and liked him better than his "wimp" brother Henry. James advocated the "will to believe."

Eddie explained, "If an older boy on a hike comes to a wide, bridge-less creek, and really believes it is too wide for him to jump, he'll turn away and he'll go home. But if his younger brother then comes and wills himself to believe the stream is jumpable, he'll go on." Bill smiled over Eddie's shoulder and shook his head.

Eddie went on, "In believing, he'll likely make the jump. But if he fails and falls short, he'll get his socks wet, shrug, be embarrassed, and in trouble when he gets home. But that boy who believed will wade out the other side to an adventure his brother missed. You must steel yourself with the 'will to believe'."

Bill shrugged and chipped in. "Yeah! And a plan. Hold back. Take punches with smile. Hold back more. Keep up your guard; evade 'em. Go into clinches. Clinch with a hug like a bear. In clinches, butt 'em with your head."

"William," Eddie yelled, "the rules!"

Bill shrugged again, "A Square Deal bends the rules for the little guy." And then back to Mike, "Butt in the clinches, 'til Grandma breaks the clinch. Then go to the Green Bears' corner. We'll throw water on your. Then back in and hold back. Wait for my call of 'bully' and let him have it with one strong punch to the nose, just to the nose. Remember that."

Eddie said, "Win or lose, will yourself to believe."

Bill finished, "Smile at the bastard, clinch, hold back, guard-in-waiting, strike and get saved from the onslaught by the bell."

Mike thought about the will to believe, clinching and butting, at breakfast. He feared hitting Connolley. It would probably make Conk mad as hell. It'd hurt him more than it hurt Connolley. He'd smear Mike. It's very difficult to strike at what you fear. It may be best to keep your adversaries calm. Mike liked the "smile" part; the "holding back" was okay; the

"guarding-in-wait" could work; the "clinching," a little scary; the "butting," no way; the "one quick punch to the nose," terrifying; and the "saved by the bell," most unlikely.

Mike waited in the upper bleacher, bull pulpit, through the early fights, always calling for the underdog. John on his knees, with one arm tied back, held crawling, gnawing Pete off at arm's length. Anne windmilled Paul off. Paul bobbed and weaved in a shadow box. All scored points. All were cheered. Mike glanced at Conk and worried. He and Conk were the main event. Two two-minute rounds.

The bell rang. They marched to their stools. Grandma announced, "In this corner, in the green trunks, with the beautifully drawn shamrock, for the Green Bears, we have 'no can do' Michael Tarcissius."

Mike went to the ring's center, dancing to cheering from foot to foot.

"And," she yelled into the wooden silent mike dangling from a ceiling rope, "in this corner, from his recent victory over my pencil, is Thomas Connolley, the Champion of the Red Lions." Conk marched to the ring's center, a snarl on his face, and bowed in each direction, slowly, first to Mike, then to the radio, then to the lower bleachers, and so on. Conk scared Mike.

Mike, with boxing gloves and Conk (c. 1948)

The bell rang. Mike held back. Conk came to get him. Mike tried Paul's bobbing and weaving but struggled. He clinched but did not butt. Grandma broke the clinch and knocked Mike down. Mike stumbled up for a standing count of eight. Conk charged out again, into the hug of a tired bear. Conk and Mike danced a minute. The bell rang. Mike had made it through the first round.

Bill smiled and poured a bottle of water over Mike, while Annie fanned him from inside the ring with a towel. Eddie yelled, "Mikie, you gotta believe. Way to go, Conkie!"

The damn bell rang again. Mike moved in the ring. He clinched, and ducked, and ran away. He clinched again. Conk hit Mike in the chin. Mike tried to smile. The fans laughed. Mike clinched and tried to butt. His head waved at thin air wildly.

Ned yelled, "What's he doing? A Green Bear attacked by bees!"

The clinch broke. Mike was spinning.

Mike heard Bill, "Bully, Mikie, bully! Bully! Paulie, don't touch that bell, not yet!"

Mike remembered. He was too tired to forget and to fear. He saw Conk's nose. "Boom!" He hit it quick and hard. "Ding!" The bell rang. Mike dropped his arms. Mike saw a trickle of red from Conk's nose. His arms threw themselves up like Rocky at the top of the Philly Art Museum's steps. His feet danced and danced. A Green Bear swatting bees. It was the greatest of all Boxing Days.

Conk won the bout on blood, guts and sweat on Grandma's point system. But Mike had caught the will to believe. Conk went home but Mike crossed that creek. Bully, indeed!

Pyromaniacs

Tuesday was often a Brown versus Leibig challenge day. On this particular Tuesday before Thanksgiving in 1954, the Leibigs challenged the Browns from down the street - Gary and Mark. The wager was a Quaker Oats box full of horse chestnuts and two large steel marbles that Connolley could start a fire without matches more quickly than could Gary.

The Browns appeared around two o'clock near the playhouse in the Leibigs' backyard. Gary carried a small homemade bow, yarn, and some small dry sticks. Conk moved on without the slightest doubt. Pete, Paul and Mike walked behind as seconds, imitating Mark's manner.

"The rules allow each family a small pile of dried leaves on a clean hard surface." The Browns sat by a sheet of metal near the sandbox. The Leibigs were on a concrete slab near one of the posts of the playhouse.

The playhouse was about ten square feet, with wooden four by fours at each corner supporting a shingled roof. Its sides were open.

Gary spoke - "Each family may use whatever tools their champion can carry in one pocket. The champion must begin by explaining his method. Others may assist by blowing, keeping the fuel together and cheering."

"Right, and whoever's pile catches fire first, wins," Conk concluded, pulling from his pocket a small round eyepiece with a string attached, like the one Teddy Roosevelt peered through.

Gary and Mark and the four of them squatted around the competing piles of leaves.

Gary spoke first, "My method was taught me by my mother." That was trouble. Mrs. Brown was an outdoors woman, who competed in archery and knew a thing or two about being lost in the woods.

"This bow," Gary continued, holding up a small bow with a long loose yarn attached, "is used to generate heat through friction. You wrap the string around this second stick and spin the stick until there is enough heat to burn the leaves. It's an old Mohawk method."

Fear again, although Leibigs favored the savage Delaware tribe over any head-shaven Mohawk. The Delaware warriors nearly all slept with one eye open; Conk hoped to train Pete in this trick. Mohawks burned out early Chemung County settlers during the French and Indian War. The boys did grudgingly accept that Mohawks knew even more about the woods than did Mrs. Brown.

The Leibigs went to Camp Iroquois at Keuka Lake for two weeks each summer. Each year, they did arts and crafts, hiked, wore war paint and learned to swim in the lake. Each year, they'd move on to the next level for camper expertise. Conk was moving rapidly towards his YMCA lifeguard badge. Mike needed to begin anew each year as a guppy. Anyway, Gary's plan was a good one; bad news if you were a Leibig.

Conk, the Leibig champion, spoke next, "This," he held up the monocle, "is a reflecting lens, a glass which can focus the sun's power and unleash an inferno." Conk was always well prepared. From *Boy's Life* magazine, he learned to carry a pocket knife with a small screwdriver, a compass, a bandana or handkerchief, and a magnifying glass. He also usually kept a

small flashlight and a role of wire in his pocket. With these, a kid prepared could find his way anywhere, solve any problem, and get out of any trouble. He could also get lost, create great problems, and get into trouble, but the downside was not emphasized in *Boy's Life*. Conk was a budding engineer. He once made a radio with a roll of wire, a pencil, a safety pin and little else. He built a model of the Bridge at Tokyo Ree from match sticks, and, later made small bombs used to blow up bridges while he built across a small stream. He could make a great explosion from an empty Campbell's Soup can, a wax candle, a mass of match head fuel cut from a full dime store package of paper matches, and some jet-ex fuse. The jet-ex fuse was available from any model shop. Only Conk new the exact bomb recipe. Conk, however, was definitely no Unibomber. He dreamed of being a Marine. He became an engineer and a computer nerd. He ran the Chicago Marathon after his fiftieth birthday. He remains a mastermind and a leader.

Conk's model balsa wood race car nearly won the Cub Scout's Derby. He built a model Messerschmidt from sticks, tissue paper, and Elmer's glue. He actually flew the bright red plane from the 3rd floor porch off Ned's bedroom. It really sailed all the way down to First and Chestnut, near the Methodist church. Grandma would not allow them onto Protestant church grounds to retrieve it. Gary got it back.

Conk read the Hardy Boys books and the comics to Paul and Mike, without trouble. He could bring in Canadian radio stations on the orange-dialed, living room radio after 6:00 p.m. any night. The boys listened to Sergeant Preston of the Mounties over a station north of Niagra. Conk was their champion in any face-off against the Browns.

The four Leibigs squared off around their leaf pile near the playhouse, faced-off against the kneeling Browns and their sand boxed leaves. Gary spun his bow, while Mark blew to ignite their fire. Conk used his compass to get the right angle to the sun and held up his glass to focus heat on their leaf pile. Paul, his arm protectively around Pete, huffed and puffed to help. Mike announced into a gnarly stick useful as a microphone.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls, we are here in Corning, New York, for the first annual Chemung County Fire Starters Contest. Matches and lighters outlawed. Gary Brown's traditional Indian stick method battles Thomas Connolley Leibig's modern use of a reflective glass. Some smoke appears

from the Brown's twirling sticks. Mark blows this first spark out, but Gary's Mohawk stick spins on. You can see the sun's focus on the Leibig pile. Paul prays, his hands folded, fingers to the sky. Pete tries to fan the potential of the flame. Nothing. We interrupt this broadcast for a word from our sponsor. This is Mike Leibig for 26 East Third Street News, in the line of fire, signing off."

Mike waited one minute. "We are back, folks. The battle of the blazes continues. Wait, wait, one short minute. I smell smoke."

Mike looked over his shoulder toward the house. Ellen was looking out the window of the boys' bedroom, an uninvited spectator without a ticket, like those Cubs' fans sitting on rooftops outside the fences at Wrigley. Mike turns back.

"There can be no question, fans. The Browns have begun a spark. But . . ."

Mike drops his mike. The Leibigs' leaves are ablaze. Suddenly, it is out of control. Smoke, black smoke, is everywhere. Flames climb up a four by four supporting the playhouse.

Ellen demands, "You kids get in here a-meed-ee-eight-ly! Come running."

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Mike, the glass worked!" Paul yells. He grabs Pete's hand and pulls him along headed for the house. Conk and Mike take off.

Ellen yells on, "You Browns get on home. I've called the firefighters. All hell's breaking loose!"

Conk and Mike make it to the back porch and wait for Paul and Pete. The boys enter the kitchen. Grandma holds the door back. Ellen is waiting. "You've done it now. Wait 'til Grandpa Connolley finds out I've brought forth four pyromaniacs!"

"What's a pie-row-maniac?" asks Paul. "Crazy for pie?"

"No, they start fires," barks Conk.

Grandpa Connolley, Ellen's father, was a fire chief in Pawtucket, Rhode Island. He trained them in fire suppression when they visited the Ocean House at Watch Hill near Block Island. He told them of his driving a fire wagon pulled by four gray horses into a blueberry pie truck. What a wreck! To the Connolleys, a pyromaniac is the devil's own right hand.

Paul asks Conk, “Is a pie-row-maniac smarter than an imbecile?” This from their continuing debate concerning, “Who is dumber, a dunce, a moron, an idiot, or an imbecile?”

Ellen turns on her beloved offspring. “The firefighters are on their way. Wait in the laundry-mud room. Keep quiet and out of trouble. Just don’t talk or move at all. You’ll never recover from this. The fire chief will be in to teach you a lesson. Just wait ‘til Dad gets home.”

Mike speaks up, “But we need to see the trucks. Will they bring a hook and ladder or only a pumper? How will they get ‘round the house up to the backyard?”

Conk explains, “If they got good intelligence, they’ll just bring a small pumper. They’ll bring the yellow one with the bell down the alley.”

Pete jumps in, “Will they bring their dog, Sparky?”

Ellen, “Stop the chatter, into the mud room with all four of you!”

They stalk off as commanded.

In the mud room, Conk asks Mike, “Who won?”

Mike responds, “The Browns got fire first.”

Paul brags, “They may have had the first spark but we started the biggest fire. We are maniacs for pie-row.” He smiles proudly.

What can you do in a mud room? They talk about bear tracks they think they saw the day before near Pine Street heading for the woods. “Were they Black Bear or Grizzly?” asks Paul.

“Too big for a Black,” explains Conk.

“Which do you scare off with noise and which calls for acting dead as a possum?” Mike cannot remember.

While they are mulling over defenses against bear attacks, a firefighter opens the door with his big boots and long coat. “You boys are in trouble. That is the stupidest thing I’ve ever seen.”

Paul looks up and smiles, “We are pie-row-mainy-yacks.”

The firefighter looks confused.

Conk asks, “What equipment did you use?”

Pete squeaks, “Where’s Sparky?”

Mike inquires as to whether they had to slide down the fire pole at the station house or were they playing pinochle when the call came in.

The firefighter almost smiles, blows out his breath in frustration, and sneezes into a hanky over his blackened face.

"Where's Sparky?" Pete, again.

"You guys are in deep trouble when your Dad gets home. Eddie Leibig stands back for no such mischief."

He closes the mud room door. They look at each other, having discovered nothing about fire work. In a few minutes, Grandma appears. "You are in the caboose 'til your Dad gets home at five-thirty. The jail house better be ready for trouble 'cause its coming."

In unison, they all exclaim, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph!"

They wait. An eternity passes. They hear Ellen and Eddie talking in the kitchen.

The door opens. Eddie stands in the doorway rubbing the prickly, whitening short brush cut on his head. He is quiet. His eyes bulge.

"Get up to your room. Get ready for bed. I'll be up soon." That's not his usual voice, he is upset. The boys scrambled up the stairs to their room at the back of the house. Conk and Paul rushed over Conk's bed to the back window between Paul's and Mike's beds. They looked out.

"It's still there, just smoke and some black on one post," says Paul. They wait.

Soon Eddie punches open the bedroom door. It slams against the wall. That hasn't happened since they tied up the babysitter and locker her in a closet with a bucket over her head. He yells in anger. He is never angry. "That is the stupidest, most dangerous move you've ever made." Paul and Pete begin to cry.

"What have you got to say for yourselves?"

Conk thinks a minute. His mouth opens.

"Not you, mastermind. What does your mouthpiece have to say?" He stares at Mike. His eyes bulge, even more than normal. Mike thinks; Mike looks at Eddie's arms. The muscles in his large, freckled forearms are actually flexing. Mike tries to think. Silence.

"Well, speak up, or have you finally lost your voice?"

Mike stares up. Conk, Paul and Pete are all looking at Mike.

"Dad, guess what?" Mike waits a beat. Mike thinks of Bill's "smile at the bastard." He waits another beat. "The glass works! It put that playhouse ablaze. Can you believe it?" Mike smiles. Their father's stare breaks, his flexing ceases.

"Every one of you, bawl like I spanked you." He smiles, turns and the door re-slams in reverse.

"Holey Kamoley, Mike. What was that?" Conk looks at Mike.

"Well. The glass did work. He did leave. Let's just do what Dad said." Conk goes mute. Paul and Mike hoot it up. Pete actually cries. In harmony, they sound a little as if they may have been spanked. They weren't too good at imitating sounds they'd only heard on a radio. It sounded precisely like Eddie's singing. Without more, they go to bed.

Restaurants

Leibigs like restaurants: Pierce's, Mareti's, The Baron Stueben Hotel, the Clubs (Corning and Elmira County Clubs) were magnets. The Baron Steuben Christmas noon for ten years, eleven Leibigs. Commotion filled the place - the entire back windowed area Leibig-filled conversation for hours. Lobster tail, fillet, trucked with catsup, and fried shrimp. Drinks, from Shirley Temples to double martinis. Smoking most definitely allowed. Laughter and gifts to the waiters. Moreti's, a home to come back to, pasta and meat balls with a special sauce, shrimp scampi, Italian fillets, and rebate on politics and sports. Four o'clock to seven. A family affair. Pierces was four star, Eddie knew the family and helped the eldest son with the Cornell Hotel school. Always a great meal, debate, and laughter. Conversation so important that often a gourmet meal was left uneaten.

Restaurants were out on Thanksgiving, however. A Leibig day of eating and talking in the special dining room on "Big" John's light oak all leafed up. In 1954, they gathered at 26 East Third Street. Eddie picked by T.R.'s biography and read in the living room after early Mass while the turkey was cooking:

> *I was after lost horses. It was late when I reached the place. I heard one or two shots from the bar room as I came up. It was cold. Inside the room were several men, including the bartender, who was wearing the kind of smile worn by men pretending to like what they did not. A shaddy individual in a broad hat with a cocked gun in each hand walked up and down with a stark profanity. He had been shooting at the*

clock, which has holes in its face. As soon as he saw me, he hailed me as "four eyes" in reference to my spectacles. "Four eyes is going to treat." I joined the laugh. I sat down trying to avoid any trouble. He followed. I tried to pass it off. As I rose, I struck quick and hard with my right and again as he straightened. He fired to effect. When he went down, his head hit the bar. I took his guns and others in the room threw him to the street.

Eddie closed the book: "T.R. heard the next day that the bully had been run out. What could be done? Was the bully drunk or crazy?" "What if you were the bully? Would you sue? Maybe Teddy exaggerated." Ellen from the door to the dining room: "He was a Yankee Republican who wore a pink vest. Grandpa Connolley said the cops in New York thought Roosevelt the bully and a liar too." Eddie removed his glasses for a cleaning and "Ah! Hemmed!" Chatter, claims, and cross claims. Grandma called the dinner call. Battling for food and time to get your own point in. Each takes a side, some two sides. Who sides with the Bully? All issues have sides, mostly more than two sides. All sides deserve an advocate. If no one volunteered, Eddie appointed counsel. John rebutted: "Come on Anne that's your heart bleeding again. A bully is a bully out of his ear." They eat. Mike is vigilant for his minute to come. Paul insists on catsup for turkey; Conk the wish bone, Mike mincemeat, and a drumstick. Mike eats quickly them waits for an opening. Then, "I've been thinking. T.R. and the bully were in cahoots to build up Teddy as a rough dude." "Just how would you know that?" asks Eddie. "What did T.R. call his party?" "The bull moose." "What did he say in excitement?" "Bully! Bully! Bully!" "See what I mean?" Everyone talks a flowing back and forth, interrupting and pushing on. Eddie laughs. Ellen, "Ed, you are encouraging them."

THE LOOK OF A LEIBIG

A Leibig has the look of a Leibig. What does a Leibig look like?

Andrew, the primogenitor was five feet six inches tall. Smaller that Susan. He worked hard and showed his labor. A thick neck and forearms, a large chest. He was handsome. His eyes were active flashes that stood out and moved about. He looked like a Leibig. He was the mold. Susan was strong and bigger than Andrew. She was attractive and attracted eyes to her. Her own eyes pulled light inward instead of looking out. They were unusual in color, a chestnut with some grey. She smoked cigars she made. She took a crew on occasion. Her hair was soft, a gentle auburn. She moved with a soft grace. She held authority and command.

Johnny, Mr. Leibig, "Big" John, "Rich" Uncle John. He was big for a Leibig, nearly six feet and over 230 but he had multiple looks over his life -- his athlete look, his innkeeper's look, the look of a convict, and the look almost of a saint. He was squared out. His laugh roared. His hair was chopped, not barbered. His face round and jowled like Eddie's. His attentive eyes followed their prey. His arms bold, his legs bowed slightly. He had the 1880's look of a Rough Rider.

Frederick was thin and five feet eight inches tall. He was mustached and wore glasses much of his life. In the 1880 census, he was Freddie. He initiated good cheer and competition. He was on the outlook for the mark for Eddie's pool sharking. He liked conversation and shared laughter. His arms and legs were thin. He played his billiards loosely, like Jackie Gleason's Ralph and Art Carney's Norton "and away we go," as the cue floated forward through figures it hardly touched. Back and forth before a banked shot. He had the look of an Irish publican at the bar waiting an order ready for any exchange whatever from a stranger offered.

Mary (Grandma) was pretty, Irish , and strong. Taller, much taller than sawed off Eddie's five feet three inches. Her skin was soft and her hair her crown, long, well-kept, and brushed for hours each day. It did not gray. Her eyes made demands.

Anne was thin and pretty -- her skin radiant; her eyes magnetic.

Lizzi was vivacious, outgoing, and bejeweled. She was breezy and lighter than her sisters. She flirted. Like all Leibig women, she was strong and it showed. She looked younger, always young than her years. She knew more about makeup than her sisters.

Ned stood out as handsome. He was just under six feet tall, a tall Leibig. As a young man, he had a military bearing which pot bellied a bit with age. He had Irish freckles. He smiled quickly and was ingratiating. He bore command well. Ned's hair was completely white at an early age.

Bill had a Bing Crosby ease. Dark handsome eyes with thick lashes. He smoked heavily and with a lip-hanging 50's movie star imitation. He was thin and moved smoothly. Next to Mike and Anne, he was the shortest Leibig. He flirted. His eyes were drawn to women and tried to draw them to him.

John Justin, JJ, was relaxed. He was five feet seven inches but stooped a bit. His arms and legs had a loosey goosey fit. Yet, he walked with a heavy Leibig gait, rapidly and with definition. He smoked like a chimney and often carried a long necked beer from a cheap local brew. He centered on companions. He walked as though moving toward whomever was with him, even if they were in fact moving forward together. He was funny when he moved, and moved sitting still in a chair.

Anne neither heavy nor thin but "just right," was short five feet nothing. Her entire person was overjoyed. She moved quickly. She was exciting.

Connolley was serious. Maybe five feet five inches. His hair was dark, then graying. He spoke directly and crisply like Eddie. He looked like Mike out of focus.

Mike looked like Bill in focus. Dark hair which did not gray, except when he was completely bald with chemo. He had the hard gait and wore down his shoes. He was handsome.

Paul had a lighter hair which lightened to white. He too was handsome at 50. He slouched a bit. He had a certain openness.

Peter was blond then whiting hair and wore a goatee. He was five feet seven inches, but bent with the same back pain which inflicted Eddie with a stoop. He was relaxed and easy going.

If you see a Leibig it's a Leibig from the opening look. They don't change much from one to the next. From Andrew to Peter, a single mold. A clan mark.

A Leibig is an Irishman. No question. Only the name, the language, and one-eighth of the blood of some German attached to them. Temperament, inclination, humor, music, and price made them Irish. No Leibig lived in Germany. St. Gilgen was German only under Hitler. Mary Leonard, the Connolleys, the Cummiskey, all Irish - Grandma insisted on it. Even St. Gilgen was founded by Irish monks in the 13th century.

It is difficult near impossible to travel in the United States without uniting Leibigs. Washington, Maryland, Virginia, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Minnesota, Texas, Arizona, Colorado, California, Florida, and onward. Yet, except for Anne, Leibigs do not often meet up in person.

WHAT IS A LEIBIG?

In 2002, the Leibigs gathered in Sanibel, Florida to resolve the question of "What is a Leibig?"

A LEIBIG clan member is an odd twig, an off shoot from the human evolutionary tree, nowhere near the top but at a particularly comfortable spot where the sun smiles and shade comes in the afternoon for napping.

A LEIBIG is closer to the apes than is the latest human form, further from the more sophisticated, more reserved human editions which compete at the evolutionary tree top.
A Leibig does not quite fit in, but disguises well, can dress-up and has perfected faking it and an ability to go its own way oblivious to its surroundings.

A LEIBIG has a reverse chameleon-like adaptation response; it takes on the opposition of its surroundings.

A LEIBIG is generally but not universally short, walks with a heavy gait, is louder than necessary, and is inhabited by a kind of cleverness that is at once irritating and intriguing.

A LEIBIG is generally ill-fitted to the world around it but often mimics easily what is special.

A LEIBIG is not easily educable; however a Leibig takes on a great deal of knowledge rapidly through a process not generally understood by educational institutions.

A LEIBIG cannot be domesticated but makes a good spouse to a person with unlimited patience, tolerance, and forbearance.

A LEIBIG spouse spends no time in purgatory, is so conditioned that hell is nothing new - GOD just sends such people on to heaven in the end.

A LEIBIG likes people and is very socially directed; people, however, vary in their response to a Leibig.

A LEIBIG is an island unto itself but operates a regular ferry to the mainland.

Do not ask a Leibig for whom the bell tolls, it will respond "on the one hand the bell does not toll unless there is someone to hear it" and follow on for hours on this hand and that hand, on this side and that side, and soon forget altogether about the tolling of the bell.

A LEIBIG often misses lunch and is late for meetings.

A LEIBIG has an opinion, often conflicting opinions.

A LEIBIG likes to talk - theology, politics, theories of science, engineering, social science, anything - there is no requirement that a Leibig knows a topic to talk about it.

A LEIBIG is not bothered by inconsistency.

A LEIBIG likes children, laughter, and cries easily.

A LEIBIG comes in both the slacker and the sports model; sometimes one Leibig is both. A LEIBIG's sight has developed to see what a Leibig wants to see and to ignore what a Leibig prefers to ignore.

A LEIBIG has a highly sensitive nose for brew and food but otherwise notices no difference between an odorless or odorful gas.

A LEIBIG possesses exquisite taste but one which only another Leibig appreciates.

A LEIBIG has unique hearing, highly developed to transform sounds at will, but at the same time fine-tuned for compliments, insults and points to which it wishes to voice dissent.

A LEIBIG is ill-suited to institutional requirements.

A LEIBIG comes in over 80 flavors.

A LEIBIG is never static, always becoming.

A LEIBIG does not dance as well as a Leibig knows how.

A LEIBIG's goal is to become his or her self.

CHICAGO REUNION 2003

•*Left to Right, back row:* Mark Streit, Karl, Debbie, John, Gary Lawson with JJ, Dick Austin, Ian Stockdale, Ned, Richard
•*Middle Row*: Kathy Streit with Becky, Lori, Amy Lawson, Susan Armstrong, Anne, Diane Gonzalez, Mary Lou, Nancy, Ruth, Lindi, Lee with Jordan, Nancy with Taylor
•*Kneeling:* Chris, Mike, Samantha, Katie, Colin Dillon, Coner Dillon, Tom Dillon
•*Front*: Kerry, Max Lawson, Shane, Kirby Lawson, Louis Lawson, Katelyn Streit, Reilly Dillon, Conk

After St. Gilgen, Eddie's kids were the fourth generation: Ned, Bill, John, Anne, Conk, Mike, Paul, and Pete.

The fourth generation had seventeen children: Lori, Lindi, Luci, and Lee, Michael, Ruth, and Anne, Debbie, Amy, Kathy, Susan, and John, Chris and Kerry, Abby, Ben and Katie.

And those children have begun the sixth generation, with twenty-seven children by 2008: Ned's grandkids - Calli, Conor, and Reilly Dillon, Brian, Rachel and Julia Hartert, Taylor and Jordan Leibig; Bill's grandkids - Kathryn and Luke Zurmehly, Theresa, Joseph, Julia and Thomas C. Leibig; John's grandkids - Lauren Biehl, Kirby, Maxwell, Louis, and Justin Jeremiah (JJ) Lawson, Jaimi and Jessica Armstrong, Katelyn and Rebecca Streit, Samantha, Shane and Simon Leibig; and, Mike's own granddaughter, Rory. The Leibig Legend needs time to brew. As the fifth generation reaches their fifties, the torch passes. Legendary status requires age.

AN AFTERWORD TO THE SECOND EDITION

Investigating the Leibig Legend in St. Gilgen, Austria
September 26-29, 2005
By Christopher Robert Kennedy Leibig
[Traveling with Anne Beatrice Leibig and
Richard Cartwright Austin]

Two things about the train station in Salzburg caught me by surprise right away. I first took note of its size, as the entire station was smaller than any remote Virginia subway stop, and just as sparsely populated. Salzburg, the second most prominent city in Austria as far as I knew, deserved a large, bustling train station with shops, bars, and a McDonalds. After the two hour train ride from Munich I sat on my backpack in front of the empty station, looking up and down the small deserted street while I waited for Anne and Dick, who had agreed to drive from St. Gilgen to pick me up. I was, of course, almost an hour late. Anne and Dick knew I'd spent the last four days in Munich beer halls for Oktoberfest, and they had to expect a late and dishev-eled arrival. Still, their absence was the second thing that sur-prised me. I couldn't believe that Anne and Dick, Dick in particu-lar, would show up forty-five minutes after our appointed meet-ing time. In any event, while I waited for them I had some time to reflect on why Anne, Dick and I had agreed to come to Austria in the first place. While the trip was obviously bound up with the Leibig Legend, Anne and I had never articulated the precise reason we wanted to visit St. Gilgen. My father Mike, Anne, Conk and others had spent the year before Mike's death writing the Leibig Legend, a rough history - of dubious authenticity by some accounts - of the first immigrants in our family to set out for America in the mid-nineteenth century. The fact that Andrew and Susan Leibig came to America from the town of St. Gilgen, Austria was one of the most legitimately documented facts put forward in *The Leibig Legend*, its accuracy proven by a hand-written immigration document executed upon the Leibigs' arrival in New York in 1854. Where are you from? St. Gilgen. Period. By our unavoidably flexible standard of proof, the St. Gilgen issue was pretty solid. As for the rest of the Legend, what exactly was our mission? While I waited, I decided that the trip to St. Gilgen was not about being authors, and certainly not creative

historians, but investigators. We would prove, without cheating, that some portion of the Legend was true.

I'd been staring at the same long blue sign in front of the train station for half an hour when a word on it finally registered. Freilassing. Freilassing. The Freilassing train station. I lugged my pack back up the stairs to confirm what I should have noticed right away. I wasn't at the Salzburg train station. I'd disembarked one stop early.

Anne sat on a bench when I got off the train in Salzburg. She, of course, was cheerful. On the half hour car trip to St. Gilgen I told Dick and Anne about Oktoberfest while we drove past snow-covered mountains. It was a clear fall day. Dick said the Munich beer halls sounded like one of Dante's levels of Hell. Not the seventh, but maybe the first or the second.

Our hotel at Furberg was a quaint luxury resort with a restaurant and more than a dozen outside tables steps from the Wolfgangsee, a deep blue lake surrounded by mountains and the towns of Furberg, St. Gilgen, St. Wolfgang, and Strobl. A resort for all seasons really. Skiing in the winter, lake sports and hiking in the summer. I could practically see Anne's wheels cranking, imagining the entire Leibig family at the tables outside toasting the courage of Andrew and Susan Leibig.

The Legend explained that Andrew and Susan had left for America from St. Gilgen. It documented a story, handed down by Mike and Anne's father, Eddie Leibig, that Susan and Andrew had been star-crossed lovers, he a lowly born gardener and she an aristocrat. Their dream of America allowed them to be together without the old country's social stigma of such a match and for Andrew to escape the draft. Their emigration, then, was also an illicit elopement. As Dick insightfully and playfully noted, the Legend's theme was an age-old favorite, most famously portrayed in Lady Chatterley's Lover. For an investigator, it also presented an age-old problem - it was just too good to be true.

After my nap, Anne and I took a thirty minute walk on a footpath along the lake into St. Gilgen, a town or 2000 people. She had already lain the groundwork for our mission, having written a letter to the town historian, a man named Augustin Kloiber. We had no idea, however, if Kloiber would try to help us.

It didn't take long to learn that Augustin Kloiber was indeed the man to see. Anne and I strolled the almost empty

streets of St. Gilgen, presenting our general query to shopkeepers and bartenders, and learning from each that Augustin Kloiber, the curator of one of three town museums, knew everything about the history of St. Gilgen. He would, we were told, likely be at the museum the following day.

St. Agidius Catholic Church dominated the center of town and stood open to the public. Anne and I walked into the empty church and approached the altar, silently observing the old stained glass and carved wood. The atmosphere was perfect - a good place to begin a mystery. That first night we learned nothing about the Leibigs but a lot about the town. The village of St. Gilgen was founded in 790, St. Agidius in 1378. The church graveyard reused plots after sixty years, absent a wealthy relative who could continue with the payments. We looked at every grave, finding none older than the World War I era. Catholic births and marriages would likely be documented in the town archives. The Leibigs were Catholic, and our hopes were high. Leaving dinner that night, I marveled at the emptiness of the streets. Our trip fit squarely between the summer and ski season. Dick and I commented on the old buildings, noting that despite their authenticity,the resort atmosphere lent them the distinct air of Disney World. Or Busch Gardens. I wasn't sure if that indicated something about the modern facelift of the ancient town, or if American theme parks did a really, really good job at constructing phony European villages.

Anne, Dick and I closed down our first day with a drink on our hotel balcony overlooking the Lake. We were on our way to finding the homeland of the Leibigs.

The next day we took an eight minute ferry ride across the lake, arriving at the town museum just after ten. The teenager manning the front desk summoned Augustin Kloiber. About forty years old, Augustin was an expressive man who bustled about with tennis shoes. He seemed the type that wore tennis shoes because anything else wouldn't be practical. We quickly realized he spoke almost no English, but his face lit up when he realized Anne was the woman who'd written him two months earlier. The teenage girl proved a decent enough interpreter, and through her Augustin told us two interesting facts. As far as he knew, no one from America had ever come to St. Gilgen on an investigation such as ours. More importantly, he knew of no documented instances of St. Gilgen citizens emigrating to America in the nineteenth century.

While we spoke, Anne clutched *The Leibig Legend* and its bound addendum. She handed it to Augustin, and that's when he really joined our team. He opened *The Legend* and his eyes beamed when he saw page one. We weren't just tourists chasing rumors. We carried a bona fide American book that talked about St. Gilgen on page one. Anne quickly informed Augustin that the Legend was a book essentially written by us, intending to convey in the spirit of honest investigation that *The Legend* itself shouldn't be viewed as evidence of its own contents. Nevertheless, an hour later, we had an appointment for the following day with Augustin and an interpreter - his mother Winnie. Augustin's enthusiasm about researching *The Leibig Legend* promised that the next day would be productive. Surely, somewhere in the records at the St. Agidius rectory would be the names of Andrew Leibig and Susan Kempt.

The next morning, we learned that our translator Winnie, like Augustin, was proud of her St. Gilgen heritage and curious about our mission. She read the first chapter of T*he Leibig Legend* and reviewed the historical documents in *The Legend*'s addendum. We stood outside the museum on another beautiful September day , waiting for Winnie to finish reading while Augustin looked over her shoulder, pointing at the text from time to time and speaking German. Once again, Anne explained that *The Legend* was not exactly a historical document. Winnie nodded. Augustin read aloud in broken English over her shoulder, his finger tracing the first sentence of Legend.

We marched through the streets four abreast towards the St. Agidius rectory. The relatively few people on the street all approached Winnie and Augustin as we passed. Each was told of the mission. Winnie displayed *The Legend* while Augustin explained excitedly in German.

At the rectory, Augustin spoke in hurried German to some clerical workers. Minutes later a priest appeared, smiling and attentive. He shook our hands and welcomed us in English after listening to Augustin.

Soon we had a room to ourselves, where Augustin produced an ancient handwritten book listing Catholic births since the eighteenth century. He called the book the Taufregister im Pfarrhof. He flipped expertly to the appropriate part of the register, turning the old pages carefully. By using the dates of Susan (1827) and Andrew's (1830) births listed in the Legend, he found our answer in minutes. No Catholics named Leibig or Kempt

were born in St. Gilgen on those dates. Were all the births really listed? Absolutely.

I asked if I could look at the book, which I did while Anne spoke with Augustin, Winnie, and the employees of the rectory. Over my shoulder, I could sense Augustin's disappointment. He opened *The Legend*, reading again a portion of its account regarding Andrew and Susan's departure from St. Gilgen. He looked at Winnie, enunciating the words as well as he could in English. Suddenly, he explained to Winnie that he had to leave, but would return in half an hour. He hustled out of the rectory without another word. I assumed he was off to some pressing business, something unrelated to the search for Andrew and Susan.

Meanwhile I scanned the Taufregester. I looked quickly down each page in the years remotely close to the known birth dates of Andrew and Susan. I looked only for the names. Parents, children, priests, godparents, anything. Nothing. Zero. As Mike would have said - Zilch.

I overheard Anne in the next room, entertaining the staff near the front desk. Winnie sat at the end of the table, absorbed in *The Legend.*

Soon Augustin swept back in with two books. One was an historical record of old houses in St. Gilgen and all of their owners. The list traced hundreds of houses back to the late seventeenth century. It carried no index. The second book listed the family names of St. Gilgen. Hundreds of them. Anne graciously accepted the books, promising that we'd examine them for a trace of our ancestors. On the way back to the museum, both Anne and I noted Augustin and Winnie's disappointment. Augustin asked again to see *The Legend*, which Anne handed to him while making her third or fourth attempt to explain that it wasn't exactly a history book.

Augustin remained undaunted by the absence of Andrew and Susan in the Taufregister. He asked us to return the next day, promising to review more materials for us. That night, before dinner, I scanned every page of the two books. If a Leibig or a Kempt ever lived in St. Gilgen, he or she had not owned a well known house. Apparently, he or she had also avoided inclusion in the St. Gilgen book of family names. Over dinner, I reported these findings to Dick and Anne.

As far as investigation goes, people often throw around the phrase that "you can't prove a negative." One's inability to

find something doesn't equate to the ultimate absence of that thing. Unfortunately, common sense teaches us to rely routinely on such "evidence". Many court cases rely on it. How do you know the defendant didn't have a driver's license? Because there is no record of it at the DMV. The power of these negative inferences is further evidenced by the common practice of police and lawyers to deliberately avoid searching for a fact for fear that an empty search will be interpreted as proof of the absence of that fact. Anne and I, perhaps unwittingly, appeared to have embarked on just such a mission.

The three of us shared dinner at the hotel restaurant. During our stay I'd noticed a similarity between my traveling habits and Anne's. We both, in very different ways, tended to become relatively well known by the hotel staff, partly due to our belief that none of the rules applied to us. Breakfast over at 9? I'll be there at 10. Bar closes at 11:00? We'll take another round. Dining room closing? Don't worry, we'll shut off the lights on our way out. While my guile occasionally triggered annoyed glances or even rebukes from hotel, restaurant, and rental car people, it's very hard to imagine any establishment refusing Anne a harmless divergence from normal protocol. So Anne and I hunched over drinks in the dark restaurant, having been asked by the manager to blow out the candles before we went to bed. We talked about Mike, and the future family reunion in St. Gilgen. Somewhere in there, I realized that our trip to St. Gilgen was about a lot more than a sterile investigation. Mike, the author of *The Legend*, would never have been much of a newspaper reporter. Before law school, he briefly sought a Masters in history. His decision to forego a career as a history professor in favor of a career as a labor lawyer was by any account the right choice for him. He didn't report on history, he made it. And so Anne and I, talking and drinking in a dark restaurant in ski resort in the Austrian Alps, off-season no less, stumbled upon the true magic of the Leibig Legend. It's that it was written. And anybody who knew Mike knows that he wouldn't have been all that thrilled if all the facts of *The Legend* checked out. But he would have delighted over the idea that Andrew and Susan had reached back across the Atlantic to stir the imaginations in the town they might have left behind a hundred and fifty years before.

The next day Augustin was noticeably frustrated to report that his further research had turned up absolutely no evi-

dence that Andrew Leibig and Susan Kempt had ever lived in St. Gilgen. Again Winnie asked to see *The Legend.* Anne and I smiled, having previously discussed the fact that she had already gone above the call of duty in warning Augustin and Winnie that *The Leibig Legend* was not a history book. While Winnie re-read a portion of chapter one, Anne announced proudly that she would be making a gift of *The Legend* and its addendum to the museum. She added that part of the Leibig family lore dating back as far as she knew included Susan's decision to abandon her life as an aristocrat to travel to America with the lowly born Andrew. Even though we had not turned up any corroborating evidence, Anne explained, she would always consider St. Gilgen to be the send-off point for the American Leibigs. Winnie translated. Augustin furrowed his brow. He looked askew into the air as if considering a weighty matter. It had become apparent to us that anything bearing upon the history of St. Gilgen was, to him, a weighty matter. He spoke to Winnie, more slowly and carefully than usual. We had come to know that Augustin normally spoke quickly and enthusiastically, often for a full minute before Winnie would boil down his ruminations into one sentence. This translation surprised us. You know, Augustin has heard such a story. It's a story people in St. Gilgen hear by early grade school. A rich woman fell in love with a young peasant. Stole from the family. Ran away. America? Augustin didn't remember that part. Anne and I looked at each other, immediately recognizing the different possible meanings of Augustin's comments. Here they are:

First, Augustin told us he'd heard of a story similar to Andrew and Susan's because he felt bad for not having helped us prove our story. We'd traveled all the way from America for nothing. At least he could toss us a bone.

Second, the Lady Chatterley's Lover concept is so universal that most towns certainly have rumors of such stories. Augustin was telling us the truth, a truth with no bearing on our search for Susan and Andrew.

Third, Augustin was telling us the truth, the legend he'd heard since childhood was itself true, but the two people involved were not Susan and Andrew.

Fourth, Augustin was telling us the truth, the legend he'd heard since childhood was itself true, and the two people involved were our Susan and Andrew. They'd disappeared together. Naturally, no one in St. Gilgen could have known that Andrew

and Susan wound up in America. No one but the American Leibigs could know that. Until now.

From the investigative standpoint, none of the possible explanations can be disproved. Certainly, cold odds play against option four and in favor or option one, two, or three, maybe in that order. Bur cold odds play against a lot of things. Including a lot of things about Leibigs. Including Anne, Dick, and I traveling to St. Gilgen . And I think Anne and I both remember something Mike used to talk about - leaps of faith. The importance of belief. A better way to put it for cynics like me might be this - why in the world do people so often choose the lifeless, boring choice over the magical, important one when the neither can be proven? Anne placed an important kicker on this concept by saying, "St. Gilgen is a great place to be from."

Epilogue -- St. Gilgen, September 2035

John Stroble was tired. He probably never should have decided to spend the first two days of his trip in Munich. At eighty-four years old, he should have expected that a day at the Oktoberfest beer halls would take a lot out of him. His wife, if she were alive, would have laughed at him for standing on the bench's singing *We are the Champions* at the top of his lungs with a bunch of twenty-year-olds. The real reason for his trip, aside from the fact that since his retirement he had nothing better to do but travel, was to complete his research on the origins of the Stroble family. He'd learned a lot in the last five years, and hoped he could produce a record his grandchildren could keep and pass down. Something that would outlive him. He thought he might even get his account of the Stroble family published. That would be fun, something people wouldn't expect of an old fart. Like singing in a Munich beer hall.

The bus pulled into St. Gilgen and John hefted his ratty old backpack. He really was tired. Staring at his guidebook as he walked slowly through town, he decided to speak to somebody at the museum before checking into his hotel. At least then he might figure out where to begin. His guidebook described three museums. One seemed devoted only to Mozart. His dilemma about which of the other two to visit was solved when he saw one of them. The Heimatkundliches Museum. It looked old, but refurbished, much like the whole town. He set down his back-pack outside and walked in. He spoke pretty decent German, another hobby since his wife's death. He'd had to look up the word for curator. He used it.

Winifred Kloiber sat at her computer, reconciling her tabulations of the museum bank accounts with the on-line state-ments. Jeremy rang her from downstairs. An American asking about old records. Winifred logged off. Lots of people stopped by to ask her questions, but rarely an American, and rarely were the questions interesting. Most of them were old people who only stopped by because they'd respected her father, the founder of the museum and St. Gilgen's well known historian. Sometimes she rolled her eyes, but usually she didn't mind. At the end of the summer, she'd be heading off to pursue her Ph.D in Vienna, and she seriously doubted she'd ever be back to resume her duties as curator. It made her mother sad, but what could she do?

The old guy downstairs looked tired, but his eyes were alive. He was skinny, but something about the way his shirt fit made him appear remarkably muscular for such an old man. Can I help you?

Here from America. Ellis Island records show that Gustaf Stroble came from St. Gilgen. Any records he could see? Archives? Books about St. Gilgen residents emigrating to America? Winifred thought for a second. She'd never heard such a request, but she knew about one. She told the old man, in perfect English, that she'd be right back. She walked quickly up the stairs to her father's archive library. This wasn't as boring as usual. This guy had traveled all the way from Pittsburgh just to ask what she knew about St. Gilgen residents emigrating to America. The cool part was, she knew exactly where to begin.

A CHALLENGE TO THE NEXT GENERATION

The Leonard Legend – The Irish Branch

By Anne Leibig

On July 13, 2008 in Saint John's Cemetery, Honesdale Pennsylvania, I found the graves of my great-grandparents, the Leonards:

Margeret,
Wife of
Edward Leonard.
Died,
Aug 26,1881.
aged
35 years.
A native of the Co. Galway,
Ireland

Edward Leonard,
Died Mar. 7, 1906.
Aged 76 Years

Finding the tombstones strengthened my interest in Grandma Leibig's story and the story of her parents. I want to know more about the life in Ireland they left and the life they created in Clemo, a small - now extinct - farming and tannery community near Honesdale, Pennsylvania. Through my brother

Mike's creativity we now know and have imagined *The Leibig Legend*, starting with my father's paternal grandparents, Andrew Leibig and Susan Kemp. My father's name, "Edward," came from the Leonard line. Grandma Leibig named her only son after her father, Edward Leonard.

The obituary of Edward Leonard reads: "Edward Leonard died at his home in Clemo on March 7, 1906, aged 76 years, after an illness of two weeks. Deceased was one of the oldest and most respected citizens of the township in which he resided. He was born in Ireland and came to this country when he was 17 years of age and worked at Robinson's tannery for several years. Thirty-five years ago he bought the farm on which he lived up to the time of his death. He is survived by a widow who is his second wife, and one daughter by his first marriage, Mrs. Mary Kiegler of Honesdale; and by one sister, Mrs Mary O'Brien of New York."

In *The Leibig Legend*, Mike told some stories of Grandma Leibig. I have been piecing together some facts from her life (1875-1957):

Her mother, Margeret Leonard died in 1881 when Grandma was 6 years old. She was a native of County Galway, Ireland. Through the records of the church I learned that Margeret's maiden name is Doyle.

Her first husband. Joseph Keigler, died in 1904 when she was 29.

Her father, Edward Leonard, died in 1906 when she was 31.*

She married Frederick Leibig on June 9, 1907.

She had Dad (Edward Leibig) a year later, July 15, 1908. Her only child. She was 32.

Fred died in 1930. Dad was 22 and Grandma was 55.

In 1941 when my mother - Anne - died, Grandma gave up her own home and moved to Wellsboro, Pennsylvania to take care of me, Ned, Bill and John. She lived with us until the last year of her life, assisting Ellen Leibig in the management of a household of eight children. She died in a Corning, New York nursing home at 82.

My brother Conk (Thomas Connolley Leibig) collected facts that fueled my brother Mike's (Michael Tarcissius Leibig) imagination. I am hoping with these facts I can fuel some of the next generation's imagination to write the Leonard Legend – the Irish Branch.

APPENDIX

2002 JOHN JUSTIN LEIBIG MEMORIAL BOOK LIST

Submitted by Sheryl Jeanne Roalstad

Books I remember reading in college:

The Fountainhead by Ayn Rand
The Bell Jar by Sylvia Plath
Assorted Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
Assorted Robert Heinlein (Science Fiction)

Assorted favorites over the years since:

Centennial by James Michener
Trinity by Leon Uris
The House of Spirits by Isabelle Allende
Love in the Time of Cholera by Gabriel Garcia Marquez
Gift from the Sea by Anne Morrow Lindbergh
The Shipping News by E. Annie Proulx
Leaning into the Wind, a collection of short stories and poems by western ranch women
Into the Night by Beryl Markham (Woman Bush Pilot in Africa)
A Time to Kill by John Grisham (his first book)
Ivan Doyle's *Dancing at the Rascal Fair* and *This House of Sky*, about Montana ranch life
Parliament of Whores, by P.J. O'Rourke (an hysterical albeit cynical look at politics)
From Beirut to Jerusalem by Thomas Friedman (about Palestinian/Israeli conflict)
Sue Grafton's "ABC" murder mysteries are fun vacation reads

Favorite Movies:

Jeremiah Johnson
Little Big Man
Dances With Wolves
Dead Poet's Society
Fried Green Tomatoes
African Queen

Favorite Television Series:

Saturday Night Live (1970's)
Northern Exposure
X-Files
Star Trek - The Next Generation
Law & Order

Submitted by Peter Edward Leibig

Favorite Books:

John Grisham's books - great beach reads. I especially liked *A Painted House* - about growing up on a cotton farm in Arkansas/ Louisiana - less of a crime thriller, more about growing up

John Irving's books. I'm a sucker for black humor. I particularly remember liking *The World According to Garp* and *Hotel New Hampshire*

Larry McMurtry's books, especially *Lonesome Dove*. I've read many of his. Don't remember them all. But also liked *Texasville* and *Duanne's Depressed*

Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance - Robert Pirsig - about taking seemingly trivial things seriously, caring about what you do and doing it well

An Hour Before Daylight - Jimmy Carter - about a farm boy (Jimmy) growing up in the South. My favorite part was when his dad tried raising sheep, but their pointing dogs kept killing them. So, they got rid of the sheep. Life's about priorities.

Little Big Man - Thomas Berger

Slaughterhouse Five - Kurt Vonnegut

West with the Night - Beryl Markham - autobiographical by female bush pilot in 1930's-40's Africa

Centennial - Michener. If you come to Colorado, read it.

First Break All the Rules, What the World's Great Managers Do Differently - Clinica has gone from 7 people to 140 and I have people to manage Finance, Operations, and Clinical Services and even someone to write grants. My job has become about vision, leading people and creating a great work environment. This book made sense to me and I'm trying to implement it at Clinica. If you don't manage people, don't bother with the book. If you do, check it out.

Favorite Movies:

To Kill A Mockingbird
The World According to Garp - loved the movie more than the book.
Cider House Rules
A River Runs Through It - beautiful representation of fly fishing.
Sophie's Choice
Out of Africa
Fargo - love that black humor!
Forest Gump
Apocalypse Now
Oh Brother Where Art Thou - the hillbilly Odyssey, very cute
Amadeus
Close Encounters of the Third Kind
Guess Who's Coming to Dinner - not really a great movie, but Spencer Tracy reminds me of the dad I knew (the 60+ dad) in it. Maybe because I remember first seeing it with Dad and I think Paul and/or Mike too.

THE HOUSES OF NED AND MARY LOU (1933 - 2003)
[Year, City, Street]

1933 Corning, NY, Houghton Plot
1935 Wellsboro, PA, West High Street
1937 Painted Post, NY, Imperial Avenue
1939 Wellsboro, PA, Cone Street
1942 Saylesville, RI, Chapel Street
1944 Painted Post, NY, Park Place
1950 Corning, NY, Third Street
1955 Geneva, NY [Married Mary Lou DaVia]
1955 Pensacola, FL, Paradise Beach Court
1956 Pensacola, FL, Jackson Drive
1957 Norfolk, VA, Janet Drive
1957 Norfolk, VA, Bay View Boulevard
1958 Syracuse, NY, Carendon Street
1959 Westbury L.I., NY, Post Avenue
1960 Rochester, NY, Elmdorf Avenue
1962 Greece, NY, North Park Drive
1964 Fayetteville, NY, Coventry Road
1966 Freeport, IL, Stephenson Street
1969 Freeport, IL, Carriage Hill
1971 Freeport, IL, Lincoln Boulevard
1973 Freeport, IL, Brad Mar Drive
1975 Freeport, IL Woodbridge Lane
1977 Freeport, IL Bolkingwood Drive
1980 Mission Viejo, CA, Lagarto Drive
1982 Wayzata, MN, 6th Avenue North
1992 Minnetonka, MN, Stoneybridge Court
1993 Naples, FL, Castle Harbour Drive
2000 Naples, FL, Wedgefield Drive
2002 Naples, FL, Barefoot Beach
2003 Naples, FL, Rio Poco Court