

New Durham -
Cured sick horses ^{herself} by administering
medicine with the aid of a Rhine wine
bottle, ^{with} which she poured medicine
down the horses throat.

Blizzard of 1888 - snow-bound
for several days.

Made huge bowls of Charlotte
Russe from cream of own cow -
Put the C.P. in the cellar to keep
cool - children used to sneak in
and sample it with their fingers.

Moved to Brooklyn - 205
Washington Ave 1890 -

Enrolled in Pratt Institute

Just before ~~marriage~~ year
While in New Durham she asked
up to go to Europe with husband
on sudden business trip in 2 hrs
notice - Left children with husband's
sister Matilde who was living
in New Durham at the time - She
was very German & strict - Taught
children Xmas carols in German & ^{to}
speak German

above 4 by in high
rubber boots - obtained caps

Oceanside -

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(Daughter Gertrude's Husband)

My Uncle bought a house in Oceanside, C.A. and took my grand father to see it one day. Dada fell in love with it and bought it from my uncle with the proviso that the uncle and his wife should come live with them - It had $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres of land - enough for a vegetable garden, a cow, ducks etc - which my grand father loved. Dada set to work remodeling and improving to the tune of \$5000 or \$6000 - but he didn't ask granny's advice - nor did he take any of her suggestions for artistic remodeling - consequently she never took much interest in the place after that - The house was large, there were 14 rooms and a big barn with living quarters for the hired man -

Granny stayed in the city during the week - came out week ends, read the funny papers to the grand children and ^{Foxy grandpa, Little Nemo, Buster Brown, Katzenjammer Kids} and always brought a quart of ice cream - a luxury for the kids in those days.

Had a horse & surrey - Horses were always named Frank -

One evening my uncle who lives with granny + Dada had an engagement for dinner with some new friends - On the way he saw a great bargain in chrysanthemum bulbs (roots?) He bought 100 of them and proceeded to his dinner where he made a little too merry with his friends - On the way home to Oceanville he met another friend who persuaded him to have a night cap - this turned into several night caps and when he woke the next day at home - he wondered what he had done with the chrysanthemums - He remembered having ^{had} them very much on his mind the night before as he was fearful the roots would dry out and die. He searched high & low for them without success - He decided not to mention them to the family lest they wonder why he didn't remember them -

That fall when the potatoe plants died down a field of grain arose - soon to become chrysanthemum - to every body's amazement - everybody's but Dada's

New Durham

While living in New Durham, Granny cured sick horses herself. She used a Rhinewine bottle to pour medicine down the throats of the horses.

Blizzard of 1888- snow bound for several days.

Just before Christmas one year she packed up on two hours notice and went to Europe with her husband on a sudden business trip. She left the children with her husband's sister Matilde, who was married and living in New Durham. She was very German and strict. She taught the children to speak German and to sing German Christmas songs.

Granny used to make huge bowls of Charlotte Russe from the cream of her own cow, she put these in the cellar to cool and the children used to sneak in and sample it with their fingers.

She used to drive the horse into N.Y. wearing high rubber boots, to my Grandfather's embarrassment.

She skinned the calves herself and made rugs of the hides.

Left farm, moved to Brooklyn, 205 Washington Ave. 1890

Enrolled in Pratt Institute.

At one time Granny had an arrangement with World's Work to photograph all their notables. They made an appointment for Lord Northcliffe, and Granny didn't know who he was so she telephoned her friend Arthur B. Davies who told her that Northcliffe was a good American (in spirit)

Lord Northcliffe said to Granny when she was photographing him "It distresses me Mme. Kasebier to see you work so hard knowing that I can do nothing to help you."

She replied "Lord Northcliffe, I love to work. I would pay for the privilege!"

In loud tones he boomed, "Where were you born?"

She said "I was born out west among the Indians and I never got over it."

Later Granny and Northcliffe became good friends and at the outbreak of the first world war, he wrote her a letter which went something like this;

My dear Gertrude,
(A few platitudes)... It may be a long war but in the end we will win.

Your affectionate Northcliffe

As every one at that time thought it would be a short war, Granny felt this was an interesting letter, rather treasured it as a human document, especially as its predictions proved true. It wasn't until years later, when she read the biography of Rosa Lewis (the famous cook) that she came across a letter Northcliffe had written to Rosa Lewis. It read;
My dear Rosa,
(A few platitudes) It may be a long war but in the end we will win.

And he sent her some soap!

Oceanside

(Daughter Gertrude's Husband)

My uncle/ bought a house in Oceanside, Long Island, and took my grandfather to see it one day. Dada fell in love with it and bought it from my uncle with the proviso that the uncle and his wife should come live with them.

It had $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres of land, enough for a vegetable garden, a cow, ducks, etc., which my grandfather loved. Dada set to work remodeling and improving to the tune of \$15,000 or \$16,000, but he didn't ask Granny's advice nor did he take any of her suggestions for artistic remodeling. Consequently she never took much interest in the place after that.

The house was large. There were 14 rooms and a big barn with living quarters for the hired man.

Granny stayed in the city during the week, came out weekends and read the funny papers ^{to the children} (Foxy Grandpa, Little Nemo, Buster Brown, the Katzenjammer Kids) and always brought a quart of ice cream - a luxury for the kids in those days.

They had a horse and surrey - the horses were always named Frank.

One evening my uncle who lived with Granny and Dada had an engagement for dinner with some men friends. On the way he saw a great bargain in chrysanthemum roots. He bought 150 of them and proceeded to his dinner where he made a little too merry with his friends. On the way home to Oceanside he met another friend who persuaded him

to have a nightcap. This turned into several nightcaps and when he woke the next day at home he wondered what he had done with the chrysanthemums. He remembered having had them very much on his mind the night before as he was fearful the roots would dry out and die. He searched high and low for them without success. He decided not to mention them to the family lest they wonder why he didn't remember them.

That Fall when the potato plants died down a field of green arose, soon to become chrysanthemums to everybody's amazement - everybody's but Uncle Joe's!