On the

WELCH TRAIL

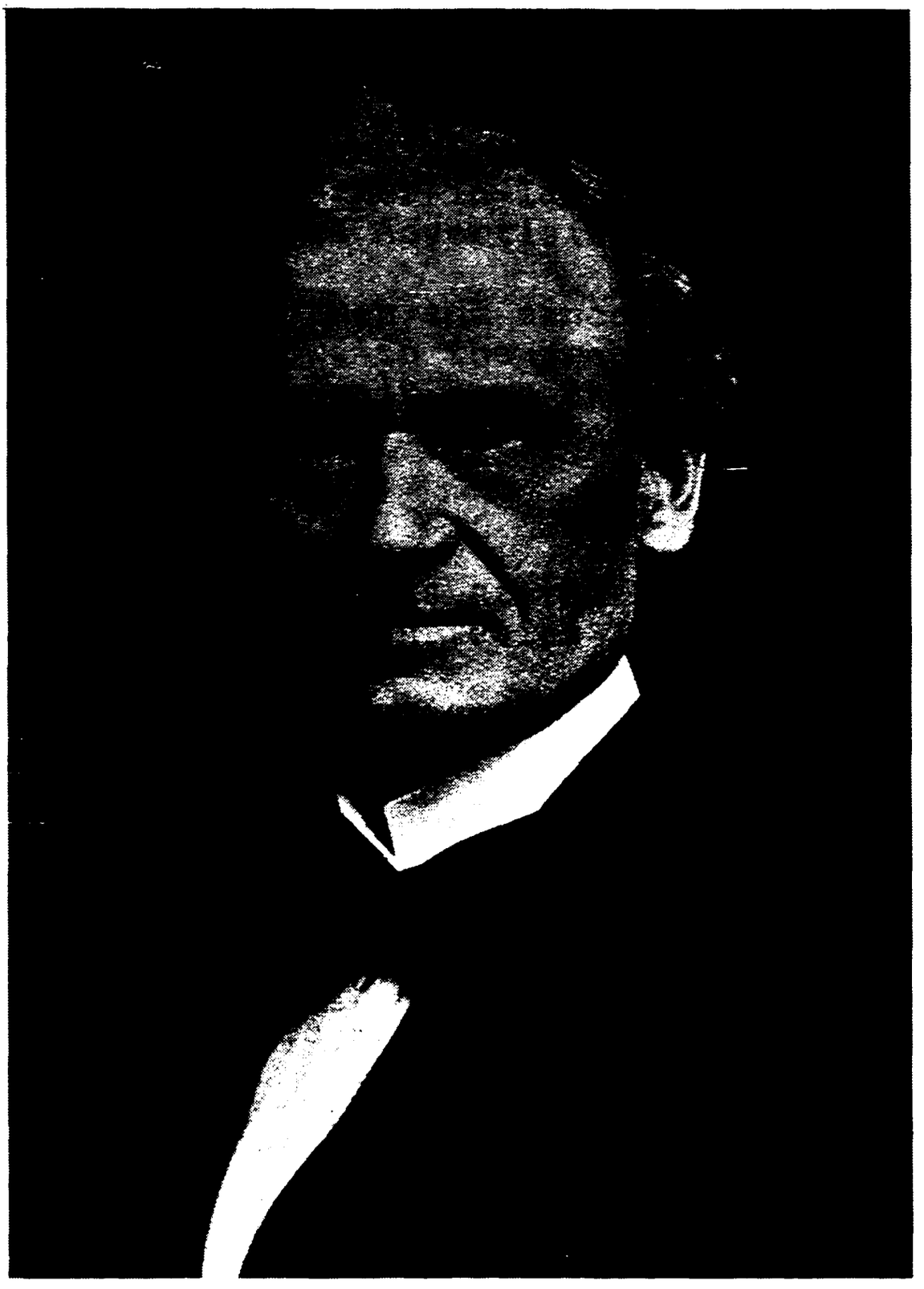
from

WALES TO WESTFIELD

AS TOLD BY

JOHN F. WELCH

Miami, Florida



Dr. Charles E. Welch
1852 - 1926

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

During my business years in Westfield, two of the key members of our organization were -

Miss Clara J. Schwartz,
who was closely associated
with my father and with me

and

Mr. Arthur L. Dewar,
my brother-in-law,
who was Advertising Manager

Their friendships, then and since, have meant a great deal to me. And now, in the preparation of this story, I've been happy to again have them teaming with me. My thanks to them, for so much valuable help.

I want to thank the folks at the Welch Office, for the warm welcome and the courtesies I have found there.

I should especially mention -

Mr. Raymond T. Ryan,
Executive Vice President

and

Mr. Hugh A. Keller,
Public Relations Manager

And it is through their interest that I can thank The Welch Grape Juice Company for the printing of this story.

J.F.W.

FOREWORD

A niece, Jean Welch Tiedemann, suggested that I write a piece about my father, her Grandpa Welch. She hardly remembers him, but has heard so much that she knows he must have been an interesting and unusual person.

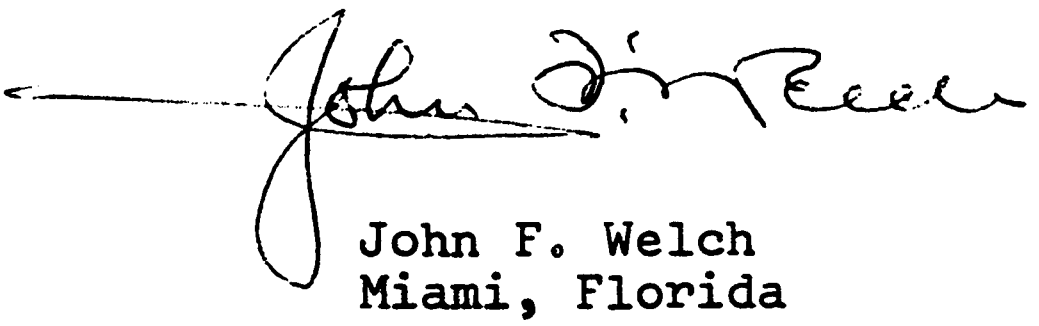
Her suggestion rang a bell. It rang many bells. As I shook up the memories, and dusted off old letters and records, I found much that I thought should be told. And not only about her grandpa, but about others, in several generations. So my story has expanded and swelled beyond her original idea, though her grandpa is still the principal character.

Much that I tell is the way I remember, think, and understand. I know that memory is a tricky diary, and that the recollections of others could be somewhat different from mine. Fortunately, there is a considerable amount of written and printed material, from which I have taken many of the dates, happenings, and descriptions. Even, at times, the characters are speaking for themselves.

This is not exactly a biography, chronology, or family history, though it has some of the elements of each. It is just meant to tell a later generation about some of the folks and happenings of the past.

There is a sort of pattern running through the story --- as though I had taken Jean back to an earlier generation, and that there we started along the Welch Trail, meeting the folks along the way. But I have not felt bound to follow that pattern closely, and have wandered from it many times.

I wrote this for all of Jean's generation --- my nieces and nephews, and my daughter Sue. I addressed it to Jean, as representing all.



John F. Welch
Miami, Florida
May 23, 1963

Dear Jean:

You surely did miss much, in not knowing your Grandpa Welch. I had thought to begin this by describing him to you; to tell you what kind of man he was. But that isn't easy. I don't know how to wrap him up in a few terse sentences, or even some tidy paragraphs. He didn't fit standard patterns.

I can tell you that he was of medium height; slim, strong, and wiry. Wavy hair, blue eyes, a strong face. But what manner of man was he, who could leave so many, and such varied, memories? Who, after many years, would be so much remembered that we would feature him in a story?

Writers of newspaper articles, at the time of his death, thought that they presented the man. They told of his best known achievement --- which was the promotion of a new kind of fruit product into a business. A product which changed the habits of man. They told of his great interest in temperance, missions, education, and the Methodist Church, both local and Worldwide. There was mention of his large contributions to such things.

They were writing about the man they thought of as: "Dr. Charles E. Welch, of grape juice fame." They skipped the one who was known, at various times, and to various folks, as C. E. Welch, Doctor Welch, Doctor Charlie, Doc Welch, and especially as that mischievous and fun-loving boy, Charlie Welch. The boy whose fun and mischievousness did not end, when he became a man.

There was a photograph much used, with those articles. It showed a determined man. Perhaps, you'd think, a stern one; of whom you might have felt in some awe. Well --- it was a picture of him, all right. It was <u>one</u> picture. And no <u>one</u> picture could show him to you.

In that picture I am reminded that: His walk was brisk and his talk was crisp, and his keen blue eyes could look hard and direct into mine.

I greatly admired and respected that man. But there is an enlarged snapshot on my wall, which shows another side of him. It reminds us that: Those eyes liked to dance; the wrinkles of fun, at the corners of his eyes, were deep; and his smile would warm you through.

We could look at other pictures. Different, still. But let's get into our story, where, after a while, we will be living with him.

At some time, somewhere in Wales, we had ancestors. And, at some time, one of them had to be the first of our family to carry the name Welch. How he acquired this identification, how it probably evolved from some previous form, we don't know.

No records are available to me, to tell you of our folks in Wales. The earliest ancestor I can introduce to you is one whose given name was either Abram or Alfred, I believe. This character is important in our story, so let's label him A. Welch. We find him, with his wife and nine children, in Glastonbury, England. The wife's name is Mary. The year is 1831. He is a merchant, and had had a shop in London.

Even back in those days, the Welches responded quickly to challenges and beckonings; for adventure or change; for new peoples and lands and participations. From Wales to England. Now America is calling.

With this family we take a sailing ship, and arrive on this shore after the usual many weeks at sea. They settle in Watertown, N. Y., where they open a store, and where four more children are soon born. Thirteen in all.

At least one of A. Welch's brothers came to this country, at about that same time. I suspect that there are many Welches now living here who descended from that generation, but we know few of them.

I am reminded of an incident. Years ago, there was a very fine and expensive automobile called the WELCH. I met one of those Welch brothers at an auto show, and he told me that they didn't know their real family name. It was not Welch. Their father, when a child, was kidnapped by a sea Captain --- a rascal named Welch, and the child grew up with that name.

When I told this story to my Aunt Villa, she made one of her characteristic comments: "I wouldn't be at all surprised if that rascal was some relation to us."

She was my father's sister, and the last of that family to survive. I had many delightful visits with that sprightly lady, when she was quite old, and I heard many family stories from her. Another source was a cousin of my father's, Dr. Oscar Peck. Individualists, both of them.

Everybody has ancestors. Usually, I am not greatly interested in the faceless names which appear on genealogical charts. I am interested in ancestors who are interesting --- and one that I'd surely like to have known was that A. Welch, your grandpa's grandpa. Quite a character, it seems.

Even his picture showed that. At least, the one I saw at Oscar's home did. He looked out at me, from that enlargement of a tintype, and I actually felt that he was about to wink at me. His eyes were really sparkling.

In addition to operating that Watertown store, he was a preacher, and he occupied the local Methodist pulpit on Sundays. He was a joker and a fun lover, and he enjoyed an occasional nip from the jug that he kept under the cellar stairs.

I must tell you about one of his capers. It happened after the death of Mary, when he brought an attractive woman into his home as housekeeper. His congregation went into a spin. They fussed, sputtered, and finally summoned him to a meeting. A church trial. They accused, pointed fingers, waved arms, shouted indignations, and linked him with the Devil.

Pastor Welch sat back by the door, his feet on a chair, reading. Quietly chuckling, too, I am sure.

When all had had their say, the Chairman asked Pastor Welch if he could think of anything to say in his own defense. Then our spoofing ancestor came up to the desk, and knocked them cold. He handed something to the Chairman, and asked that it be read. It was a certificate showing that he had been married to the housekeeper.

I know nothing more of that second marriage, though I think there were children. But that is not germane to our story, and I now resume back in the period when our own ancestor, the first wife, that I call Mary, was still living.

Lucy Hutt, a French Canadian girl, came to the Welch store in Watertown, to learn the millinery trade. The folks discovered that she was an excellent cook, and pressured her into coming into their home and kitchen. (An early instance of family persuasiveness.)

In that family was a son, Tom. Lucy and Tom got to holding hands, and then took off and got married. From an old letter we learn that his parents were surprised, and not too pleased at first, but they soon warmed and accepted. Lucy became a favorite of her father-in-law. It was a good marriage. A happy one.

Tom and Lucy were your grandpa's parents. My grandparents, of course. Tom became Dr. T. B. Welch, a man of many talents and interests. He was variously preacher, medical doctor, dentist, inventor, editor, writer, publisher, and manufacturer. He was a crusader and reformer. And there was surely no jug under his cellar stairs. Or anywhere else, if he could prevent it.

For several years after their marriage, Tom and Lucy moved often, around New York towns, with children being born, here and there. One of the stops was at Syracuse, where Tom studied medicine and got his degree of M.D. While he was studying, Lucy took in boarders.

Now Jean, here comes Charlie Welch, your grandpa into our story. He was born in Watertown, N. Y., to Thomas B. and Lucy Hutt Welch, in 1852.

Four years later, the father decided that the family would move to Winona, Minnesota, and he went there alone, to make the necessary arrangements. The mother followed later, making the long and tiresome ride in the crude day coaches of that period, and taking with her the five children: George 8, Fred 7, Charlie 4, Emma 3. and year-old Clara.

In that Winona home, the father practiced dentistry. And there, May and Villa were born.

Minnesota was not then a State, and Winona was a frontier town. It was a time of progress and invention in the U.S. Fairly new, then, or soon to be born, were such things as the telephone, sleeping car, rubber dental plate, safety pin, and the oil well. Slavery was becoming a great National problem.

It was in those times, in the new Minnesota country, that Charlie grew from a child of five, to a young fellow of sixteen. Formative years. A lively youngster. Living in a family that was lively in thoughts, in discussions, in actions.

In a long letter, written years later, Charlie reminisces about the Winona days. Of sleeping in the cold attic, three in a bed, between his restless older brothers. The Indians coming to the door for food. The patients who came to board, while having their teeth fixed. Watching an uncle making pills, and rolling them in licorice powder. The experiments of his father, in making a sort of soothing syrup, for stomach distress. (This was later to be known as Dr. T. B. Welch's Neutralizing Syrup.)

Among the many "mentions", there is no reference to the Underground Railway. I have heard that his father was an active agent in that secret operation, which spirited run-away slaves into Canada. Perhaps Charlie saw, or sensed, some of that excitement.

We read that the Minnesota climate was not agreeable to the mother's health, and it was decided that the family would leave Winona, to find a milder climate. I suspect that the father's feet had been wanting to shuffle, for some time, as they were not used to standing so long in one place.

Where to go? So many interesting places beckoned. California? Too bad. The railroads had not yet reached the far West. Virginia sounded good. The family started toward the East, by degrees and in sections. Not all of them were with the father, when he paused in New York City, and practiced dentistry there for a year. Not all were along, when he first stopped in Vineland, New Jersey, to visit a sister, Susan Welch Peck, who lived there.

They never reached Virginia. Vineland became the family home. Your grandpa has written that they were charmed into settling into that land of flowers and vines. He

said: "I think, of all the many moves, this was the nearest being ordered by the Lord."

In that Vineland home, the children grew up. George, Fred, Charlie, Emma (Slade), Clara (Gould), Villa (Murray), and May (Thomas).

The story of grape juice started in Vineland. Let's attend the birth of that important baby, in 1869.

First, I should tell you of its conception. The folks had barely landed in Vineland when T.B.W., the father, was asked to act as Communion Steward at the Methodist Church. He had been much bothered in his thoughts, by the serving of alcohol in a church; and an incident occurred about that time which more than ruffled his feathers. It blew them clear off.

A visitor came to preach there, one Sunday, and was a week-end guest in T.B.W.'s home. The man had a weakness for alcohol, and the Communion wine upset his controls --- sent him off on a binge. That's when T.B.W. announced to his family that something had to be done about Church wine; and he was the one who was going to do it.

But what would he use as a substitute? How could he put fruit juice in a bottle, and expect it to keep sweet?

Charlie's father knew something of the work of Pasteur and others, and thought he could control fermentation by heat. Years later, Charlie wrote a reminiscing letter to his father.

Here's a quote:

> "That Fall, 1869, in Mother's back kitchen, you experimented with blackberry juice. Then we squeezed those few grapes, and made those few bottles of Dr. Welch's Unfermented Wine. For two or three years following, you squeezed grapes. You squeezed the family nearly out of the house; you squeezed yourself nearly out of money; you squeezed your friends. It seemed necessary to acknowledge financial defeat."

The process was successful. The promotion, a disappointment. Few churches wanted it. They said: "Wine must be served; and it is not wine." T.B.W. sorrowfully gave up the attempt.

In those early Vineland days, T.B.W. started a couple of other projects, and did well with them. He made and marketed Dr. Welch's Dental Alloys. To boost the sale of the alloys, he commenced the publication of a monthly magazine called ITEMS OF INTEREST. The alloys became popular with dentists, and were in general use for many years. ITEMS OF INTEREST, which became a leading dental journal, was later known as "Welch's Dental Magazine".

I like one of Aunt Villa's stories about their family life in Vineland. Her two older sisters were being courted by Sam Slade and Milo Gould, and the four would sit in the parlor and sing songs and hymns. They could sing the parts in harmony --- a quartet --- and found much pleasure in that participation. The parents of the girls had a bedroom near the parlor, and always retired early. When the young folks hesitated long, between songs, they would hear the girls' father thumping vigorously on the big wooden headboard of his bed. They understood the message: "Start singing!" (The remote chaperon.)

Dentistry must have seemed interesting to the children of T.B.W. We see the three sons and a daughter, in order, taking up the profession. George, Fred, Charlie, and Emma. Then Emma marries dentist Dr. Sam Slade, to make a dental team.

Of all that list, I think that the father, T.B.W., was the only one who had formal training for the profession. The rest learned in someone's office.

Emma's son attended dental college, and became another Doctor Slade. Her daughter operated a dental laboratory.

We have been following the trail of the Welches, from Wales to England, to Watertown, and by rambling paths, to Vineland. There, for a while, we have been living with the family of Dr. T. W. Welch. Charlie has appeared as a son.

Now, Jean, we start a new trail. From this point on, we follow Dr. Charlie Welch as the leader. Your grandpa, his family, and his interests, will be our main topics. We start when he went to Washington, to study dentistry in an office with his brother, George, who had preceded him there. George was not especially pleased to have his gay and lively younger brother put in his charge. In an early report to the parents, he said that the boy was more interested in fun and girls than in studying.

I suspect that the serious and unimaginative George never did understand the brother who was so different; who could be both gay and serious, playful and determined; who surely and quickly learned his dentistry, and started practicing in Washington.

But Charlie was thinking much about his father's achievement, in capturing a fruit juice in a bottle. A "wine" that contained no alcohol. He thought of those anxious days and weeks, when all the family waited and waited to see if the juice would stay sweet. Listening for corks to pop, or bottles to burst. Then --- the joyful realization of success, the confident offering of the product, and the shattering refusal of people to use it.

Charlie couldn't leave that grape juice idea alone, and he resolved to attempt a revival of it. So, while still practicing in Washington, he put up small quantities of the grape juice in Vineland, going back and forth, as necessary.

That is how and when Charlie Welch started the business, which he was to develop into The Welch Grape Juice Company.

One of his ideas, then, for promoting the sale, was to start printing a tiny publication, to which he gave the significant name: THE ACORN. It boosted his unfermented wine, but also included some general reading.

He was the "whole works" --- editor, typesetter, and printer. He was 23 years old.

THE ACORN was the symbol for his hope and faith, which then were little shared by others. In an 1875 letter from the father to Charlie we read:

> "I am reminded again that you are impairing yourself by overwork (on grape juice) and at the same time neglecting your dentistry.

"The interest you have, or could have, in the grape juice, is not worth half as much as your interest is worth in dentistry.

"Now don't think I am trying to discourage your pushing the grape juice. It is right for you to do so, as far as you can, without interfering with your profession and your health. And you will have the consciousness of doing good."

In 1877, Charlie moved back to Vineland, where he could be close to his business, and also practice dentistry. In his office records for 1879, we note that he sold 12 Pints at $4.00 to a Jennie Ross in Burlington, New Jersey. I don't know if he was acquainted with her then; but he surely was later. And I am sure that he stopped sending her bills. In fact, he started paying her bills, because he married Jennie Ross in 1880, and brought her to live with his parents and some sisters who were then unmarried.

Jennie Ross was of course your real grandma, and Aunt Villa told me much about her. A lovely person, loved by all of Charlie's family. It is a special compliment to her, that she was so completely accepted by his sisters, who did not give such favors lightly.

That first little publication, THE ACORN, had been of some value, in promoting the Unfermented Wine for Sacramental and medicinal use. Now Charlie appears with a more ambitious issue called THE PROGRESS. Yes, --- there had been some progress. Some encouragement.

Some churches were using the "unorthodox" wine. Some doctors were prescribing it, in illnesses. Some few people were even discovering that it was a pleasant fruit beverage. <u>They were DRINKING it</u>!

I have two copies of THE PROGRESS, both issued in 1880. The publication states that it stands for "Strictly Temperance In All Things". The content is heavily anti-alcohol. Scattered through the reading matter are boosts and news items about Dr. Welch's grape juice. There are

ads for religious books, encyclopedias, publications such as The Christian Herald and The Scientific American. And large ads for the grape juice.

Here are some extracts:

> "Ministers and others having anything they wish to bring to the notice of Clergymen will find THE PROGRESS just the place for an advertisement.
>
> "Some say General Garfield will make as good a temperance President as Hayes. Let's see if wine is restored to the places President Hayes removed it from.
>
> "For judicious editing, select and popular contributors, and sprightly, entertaining reading, the Youth's Companion has no superior among the youths' publications.
>
> "(There is an article quoted from the Vineland newspaper as follows:)
>
> > 'We see that Doctor Welch is very busy manufacturing his stock of unfermented wine. This is certainly a grand opportunity for the Doctor, for the grapes are very plenty and the quality is such that as will warrant, in his hands, a superior article of grape juice.
> >
> > 'It is now eleven years since Dr. Welch, Senior, put up the first bottles of unfermented Communion wine. Before that time there was none. Every year it makes its mark for the better. God speed this part of the temperance work.'

"We are glad that Physicians are beginning to know and appreciate the value of the carefully preserved grape juice. During grape season the sick are allowed to eat freely of the delicious grapes; and now, since we present the year round, this grape juice,as fresh as when pressed from the grape, it is as freely given to the invalid as the grapes.

> "The glass (bottle) is the color of your windows and you can see that the juice is a good grape color, and that there is no sediment."

In one of the ads, four sources are named, where the unfermented wine can be bought "at factory prices". They are: A book store in Boston. A druggist in Columbus, Ohio. A Mr. Brooks in Chicago. And (brother) Dr. G. B. Welch in Washington.

Let's stand by the side of the Trail for a few moments, and explore some thoughts.

From the time of Adam and Eve until 1869, folks could only enjoy the sweet juice of fruits when those fruits were ripe; and that's all there was, until the next harvest time.

When the Welches put grapes in a bottle, affixed a label, and handed that strange combination out to folks, it carried no identification to them. It resembled nothing they were familiar with. It didn't join any group of products they were used to.

It was not only a new and unknown product. It was a new <u>kind</u> of product.

The drug stores of that period were pharmacies; their business was drugs. When your Grandma Jennie shopped at the grocery, a section of cheese was sliced off with a knife. Coffee beans were put through a grinder, into a paper bag. Crackers came from a barrel; as did flour and many other things. Almost everything she bought was either weighed, measured, or counted out.

There was no section in that store that was loaded with frozen foods in packages and cans. There was no refrigeration. There were few packages, cans, or bottles, anywhere in the store. No shelves filled with an endless array of labeled items. Soap was mostly in cakes. No soft drinks. No drinks.

Milk didn't come in a bottle. A farmer came by her house, with horse and cart, dipped the milk from his warm cans into her pans, and she put the pans in the coolest place she could find. There the cream would rise and be skimmed off. She had no refrigerator.

The great evolution in packaged, canned, and bottled things, was still to come. Grape juice was a leader, and Charlie Welch a pioneer, in that evolution.

Now we come to the year 1881, and to several important happenings.

It marked the start of another generation of Welches --- Charlie's children. Edgar, your father, was born in that year, and he just barely got born in Vineland, because the folks were preparing to pull up stakes and move to Philadelphia.

Well, they didn't pull up all the stakes. Left behind, to continue operations on a cousin's farm, were the press, the kettle and the other equipment for making the grape juice. Charlie's dentistry was discontinued.

In downtown Philadelphia, the new Welch Dental Supply Co. sold the usual equipment and supplies used by dentists. A special product was Dr. T. B. Welch's dental alloys, which the firm also manufactured. Charlie was the firm's manager. His father, the silent partner.

In addition, each of them had his own personal interests. Charlie operated his grape juice business. T.B.W. edited and published his ITEMS OF INTEREST.

They shared a house in West Philadelphia. The T.B.W.'s were on an upper floor, and I believe that Villa and May, not yet married, were there at least part of the time. I think that Jennie and her mother-in-law kept house separately.

It was in the Philadelphia home that the second son, Paul, was born. Two fine sons now, in a happy household.

It was to that home that tragedy came. The death of Jennie Ross, your grandma, left Charlie alone, with the two little ones.

It was Aunt Villa who told me of Jennie's last illness; of Charlie's tender care; of the beautiful conversations between husband and wife, when they knew she would be leaving; and of his sense of loss, when she had gone. "They were so much in love", Aunt Villa said.

Julia Frailey was a close friend of Jennie's, and of all the family, including Charlie's sisters. The homes of the Fraileys and the Welches were back to back, and the path between was well worn. Julia and Charlie were married in 1885. She was the one you knew as your Grandma Welch.

Julia's marriage brought another dentist into the family picture. Her Swiss-German father was not only a dentist, but also a professional photographer, clock maker, and inventor. He pursued all those interests concurrently, on the second floor of his home, where the office, studio, and shop were located.

(I still have, and treasure greatly, photographs that he took of us kids. A large one, of Jean and me when very small, is on the wall of my den.)

(It was a special delight, to Bill and me, to sit on a stool in his shop; to watch him at his skills, and to listen to his stories and his philosophies. We loved and admired him very much, and I am proud to bear his name.)

One winter day in Philadelphia, Charlie took a bobsled to nearby Fairmount Park, and was coasting, when he broke an ankle. After some days he was out, on crutches, and about that time he wrote a long letter to his sister Emma. I

got possession of that letter, years later. Let's read part of it, and see what was happening then, in January of 1886.

It first tells how he had been using his time, while confined at home, to get caught up on his Wine books and the Dental Co. correspondence. Then it continues:

> "I most expected to spend this Sabbath day with much anxious thought for the morrow. I had written checks for some $700 to pay bills, and I though part of that money would have to be raised tomorrow (to meet the checks at the bank). This, being hard to do, would leave me weak to pay a note of $300 due on Wednesday.
>
> "I had in the bank almost $600. Doctor Franz came in and told me I needn't pay but $200 on that note, And I know where the 200 is.
>
> "I came home strangely light in my feelings. Today, I feel as though I had money in the bank -- and that, to a business man, is better than medicine.
>
> "The Wine business is coming along slowly. The new press and other things are taking the receipts as fast as they come in, but I think we will have some little money to use before July lst; the time we must begin to save the proceeds for the Fall pressing.
>
> "So we get away from one shore, only to run against the other. But I am hopeful. And how needful is that hope. But hope must be born of good, else it is worse than no hope.
>
> "I feel that if my business allows me to sustain this blessed home of mine, and does nothing else, I am truly blessed, and should be satisfied. I try so hard to keep from allowing my business to interfere with enjoyment of home, or of anything else.
>
> "So --- in coming home at night, I can think that I am coming to the place I have been working for all day. In the morning, I leave home, to work for it. Truly, when we reverse

this idea --- and when we go home to get rested, so we can go to work again, we miss the Heaven below, and will never deserve the Heaven above.

"I tell you I have a good home. I have more in Julia than I hoped. More than I deserve. I know she was not given for me --- but I am thankful that I have the benefit of the blessing, sent to my children.

"Julia came here under or into most trying circumstances. It is remarkable how well she has done --- and not for herself, but for us. I try to show, by love and thoughtfulness, my appreciation. The children love and revere her, as I hoped they might; but as she feared they might not.

"Well now. Can't afford more paper and postage. Paul has spilled my ink, and Julia is trying to clean the carpet and his apron. I must give her my sympathy."

That letter has a sort of special interest for me, personally, because I was born nine months after it was written. But I was not to be born in Philadelphia. And I might even have been born in Africa, it seems.

At some time during that year of 1886 they sold out the Welch Dental Supply for a good price, reserving the alloy business, and moved back to Vineland. I have no letters or written material to tell why they had gone to Philadelphia, nor why they now returned to Vineland.

The former move likely was triggered by the good prospects for such a business in the city, plus opportunity for T.B.W. to shed the cares of the alloy business, plus Charlie's hope of having more money for the grape juice promotion, than his dentistry had provided.

We might guess that the Supply Company was sold, because Charlie found that it's operation, plus his grape juice business, was too burdensome. Or too much of a spread. Or maybe there was a yearning for the beloved Vineland.

Though the reasons are unknown, we do know that he must have been having some deep thoughts, at that time, which were stirring his mind and his emotions. Thoughts which

would result in something that would make other plans, programs, and interests, of lesser importance.

Let's take a peek into World happenings in the period when he was in Philadelphia. The big topic of the day was Africa. The rim of that great continent was fairly well known, but the vast interior was largely a blank.

Then had come the sensational story of Henry M. Stanley's search for Dr. Livingstone, and their dramatic meeting. Stanley continued with explorations. In 1885 the Congo Free State was set up by Leopold II of Belgium. Important developments were coming fast.

Yes, the emerging of interior Africa into World knowledge was the big news of that period. It set off a great surge of interest and activity, by governments, people, groups, and organizations. Charlie Welch was one who was stirred.

Now Jean, I am coming to something which was more than just a happening. It was more like an explosion, and nothing was quite the same afterward. The folks were hardly settled in Vineland, and likely I was not yet born, when Charlie suddenly announced that he must go to Africa as a missionary. The Lord had called him.

There was an immediate uproar, from all directions. My mother tried bravely to conceal the shock she felt. No one else tried to conceal it. He was reminded by all, of his obligation to wife and children. His health was not good, at that time, and his doctor showed him how ill-suited he was, for African conditions.

He deferred the decision, while he continued his soul searching. Somehow, he must serve the Lord's missions. What could he contribute, if he remained here? We find the answer in a letter he wrote to someone.

It says:

> "My heart is in Africa, and I would go tomorrow if I could. I must be content at present to do what I can on this end of the line, for the natives and missionaries over there. The work needs organization at both ends, and the call to some is not to go forth, but to abide at home."

From that letter, I take these words:

> ". . . do what I can on this end of the line. . .".

They may not have sounded like any big promise to the recipient; they were not in italics or underlined; he didn't use the word "dedicate". But that letter tells just what he did. For the rest of his life, a major interest would be missions. First Africa, then other countries. Any money he could make would go for the Lord's purposes; and he wanted to make a lot of it.

It is interesting to speculate how the presence of this dynamic man, in good health, might have affected the course of Methodist missions in Africa. They would surely have known he was there.

Whenever the Welches started something, they started to write. Put it into print. Publish it. There were the ITEMS OF INTEREST, THE ACORN and THE PROGRESS. Now, with help from his father Charlie started publication of THE AFRICAN NEWS.

This monthly paper was of course devoted to Methodist missions. The editing and printing were set up in a new room, adjoining the horse barn. It was intended to be a self-supporting and non-profit project; and it certainly was non-profit, as far as Charlie was concerned. In a letter written by him we read:

> "I have neglected my dental practice 'til it was necessary for Father to pay for part of my time, to keep the house going. And yet $5 per week did not stretch very far."

After a time, his forthright editorials and articles in the NEWS proved displeasing to high Methodist authority. When he refused to take dictation as to what should be reported, and what should be softened or omitted, serious disagreement resulted. Pressures were applied, continuance in his hands was made difficult --- then, even impossible --- and the NEWS was transferred to others. Though terribly hurt, he was still determined to serve. He continued and enlarged his contacts with workers and leaders, maintaining an extensive amount of correspondence, writing for publications, and becoming a sort of unofficial one-man bureau for promoting the African cause. In the future, he would become a leader in the affairs of the world-wide Methodist Church, and a member of its Board of Foreign Missions. In the future,too, was the dreamed-of day when he would begin having substantial amounts of money to give.

Now Jean, please go back to 1886 for just a moment, so that I can be born --- my mother's first child --- to join Edgar and Paul in that Vineland home at Sixth and Wood Streets. The home where Jean and Bill would join us, and that all of us would know as children.

It was a large, three-story house, with all the room that was needed for the activities. An office on the ground floor, where my father resumed his dentistry for a while. (I believe he also kept his wine books there, until the addition for THE AFRICAN NEWS was built.) On the second floor, a bedroom for his parents, where T.B.W. would do his writing and business correspondence. A shed back of the kitchen, where the crucibles would process the alloys. A third floor, where those products would be packaged and shipped. And a large kitchen which would not be too much disturbed by the occasional making of a batch of the Neutralizing Syrup.

After three sons, the coming of a daughter was a great event in the household. She was to be named for your own grandma, always called Jennie, but whose real name was Virginia. When her father held his baby girl at the baptism, he just naturally gave the preacher the name "Jennie Ross"; and that is why your Aunt Jean, christened as Jennie, missed being Virginia.

She was a lively one. In a business letter that your grandpa wrote (when she was about four), there are some ink blots and smudges on the paper. He added a note on the margin which read:

> "This space is dedicated to my meddlesome comfort, Jennie by name, and mischief by nature. She was named by my second wife, for my first wife, and is very dear to me."

In later years, my father remarked that, if she had been a boy, she would have hustled us fellows, to keep ahead of her in the business.

(If you wonder how copies of business letters were kept in those days, before the typewriter and copy paper --- this was done by a device known as a letter press.)

In 1890, your Grandpa sent a news item to the Vineland newspaper. It said that "Bishop William Taylor has arrived at the home of Doctor Charlie Welch". Bishop Taylor, then head of Methodist Missions in Africa, was a well known personage, and was a friend of Charlie's. The announcement created a bit of a stir in the town. It brought mail and visitors.

It was Charlie's way of announcing the arrival of a son, who was to be christened William Taylor, and whose baby nickname was "Bishop".

Bill was still a baby, and I was maybe six, when we had the runaway. I remember that day, and the days that followed. Some bottles were needed at the factory, and my grandfather, T.B.W., took the horse and wagon to get them. Bill went along, in his lap. I drove the horse.

Something frightened the horse, which shied, tipped the wagon, threw us out, and ran away. My mother was shopping at the grocery, when someone rushed in and told her to run home. My grandfather had a messed-up ankle, which bothered him ever after. I recovered from an injured knee. Bill was in a coma for days; in shock, I guess.

Not long after that, Bill had what they called spinal meningitis. Whether it was that, or something else like polio, he was permanently crippled. I remember those articulated steel braces he wore for a while --- around his waist and down to both feet.

He was a heavy child. The braces were heavy. Someone had to take him to Philadelphia at intervals, for treatments, and that meant carrying him on a burdensome trip: by train, ferry, and street-car, to the Fraileys, then visits to the specialist, by street-car. Then back to Vineland. That job fell to my mother, a tiny person, not weighing over a hundred pounds then, I guess. (It was thought that her mild heart trouble resulted from that exertion).

We've seen the population at Sixth and Wood grow to nine. Five children, the parents, and the grandparents. Add a woman relative, who helped with the work. Add a couple of native African young men, who came to study to be missionaries, and who lived in the addition to the barn. Add sisters of my father, who were there much; and the friends, preachers, missionaries and others, who came for meals and sometimes beds. The house was full.

Add another project: T.B.W. decided that something ought to be done by somebody about the clumsy spelling of words, and he chose himself to do that job.

He originated what he called Dr. T. B. Welch's Simplifid Speling. He published pamphlets, wrote articles, wrote to educators, and thrust his efforts out in all directions. I think he enjoyed the jousting, even though he couldn't win.

Though the house was full of people and activities, there was still room available in the cellar, barn and yard. Charlie thought the time had come for more expansion in the grape juice. His father had been advancing money, when he could spare it, and now invested a sum which would permit some increase in the advertising.

The manufacturing, until then, on the cousin's farm should be moved to better facilities at the home place. Charlie wrote to someone:

> ". . . I wish . . . this year . . . to use my barn, with some alterations, and the cellar of my house. I will need, for new press, engine, kettles, and grapes, etc., for making 3,000 gallons of juice, to borrow $5,000.
>
> "To do this, I must order press and engine very soon, and if you can give an answer by return mail, I will know if I must look further, or not.

"I can demonstrate that, with my name on the grape juice, and also a mortgage on the juice, you would be very safe in loaning me the money. And, if we incorporate, I would give you the Certificate of stock as additional security."

The infant grape juice factory took over the barn and shop, which had seen the birth and departure of THE AFRICAN NEWS. Carboys of juice were stored in mother's cellar. Scattered about the house, as before, were the dental office, the alloy business, the ITEMS OF INTEREST, the Neutralizing Syrup, the T. B. WELCH'S SIMPLIFID SPELING, and all the people. That year was 1892.

There was a small cellar under the little factory, and this was connected by a tunnel with the cellar under our home. The hot carboys of fresh-pressed juice would be loaded on the little four-wheel car, and pushed along the rails, through the tunnel.

I remember that tunnel, and the fun some of us had in playing "Railroad" with the car. In our childish minds, those tracks extended --- oh --- such a distance; and the gloom added to the sense of adventure.

It was a short-lived railroad. Soon the factory was enlarged, and a deeper cellar was dug, under it. The tunnel was closed, and once more my mother had the use of her cellar.

It can be good, or bad, or middlin', to have relatives living with a family. In our case they were our grandparents, Tom and Lucy, and we were most fortunate to have those years with them. Years of pleasantest association and good influences and challenging thoughts. I remember no detriments.

Now wait a minute! From a musty mental cell there now comes memory of one mild irritant, which bothered my mother then, but of which she often told about later in a joking way.

(For clarity, I should remind you that, for some paragraphs to come, I will be talking about my grandparents --- not yours).

Ten of us --- five small and five big --- would come to the Vineland table, to eat what had been prepared. My grandpa usually went along with those dishes. But once in a while, in his sweet way, he would say: "Julia, could I please have my Boston crackers?" He would fix them at the table with hot-water-soak and cream and sugar, while we kids watched. And sure enough --- two or three of us wanted to fix the same for ourselves, and thus would upset the orderly routine of the Welch dinner table. My grandpa knew he would be forgiven.

My grandma Welch died when I was seven or eight. I can still remember the things she made in the kitchen, and especially the crisp doughnuts, still warm, which I stayed around the kitchen to sample. She was tall and slim. Quiet and steady. It was her restraining influence which kept my grandpa from making some of his impulsive moves, and it was money she had saved and put away which carried him over some rough spots. I have heard that it was her hidden dollars which helped him with those experiments in making the unfermented wine and in trying to sell it.

I have many memories of that grandfather, T.B.W. He was a rather short, ruddy-faced man, with a shock of white hair and a great white beard, and his appearance and personality made him a noticeable figure, anywhere.

His bedroom door was often open, and I can see him there, lying in bed and writing interminably, during daytime hours. There is one blur in my mental picture. What did he do with his beard? I guess it was tucked under the cover or in his nightshirt, to keep it out of the pen and ink.

I can't remember how they kept us from bothering the old gentleman with noisy play. His bedroom window looked out on the side yard where we usually played and where neighbor kids often joined us. I remember that we played quietly, when he was writing, but have no recollection of punishment or fuss, to stop the natural noises. There must have been an effective formula, to accomplish that.

I remember some feeling of wonderment, when he sent me to the apartment of a fine old lady, a Miss Sherburne, with

presents of flowers and things. And of more wonderment, when I first saw them displaying affection. Yes, they were courting. They married and she was a great comfort to him in his final years.

That ends our little side trip with your great grandparents, and we'll now go on with our regulars.

I am keeping you quite a while in Vineland, instead of hurrying along to the more familiar Westfield scene. It was the prelude to all that was at Westfield. It was the cradle of the Welch business. It was the cradle of my generation, which just preceded yours. It was there that patterns, habits, and interests were established; where personalities emerged; and where your grandpa and missions were fused together and his great Purpose was born.

Let's stay in Vineland for just a few more memories of that period.

I must tell you about Edgar and Paul, who grew to be sturdy youngsters of 15 and 14 during that time. Both good students and athletes. I remember that the dusty street, by our house, was the "track" where their gang had their running races, and that a boy named John Penino was the only one who could keep up with Edgar. (Your father became a fine halfback, and a pretty fair pitcher, and if he had gone to college I am sure he would have been on the track team, too. Paul went out for football at Columbia, but received a back injury which slowed such participations.)

Those older boys were good about taking me, the kid brother, when there was ice skating on the cranberry ponds, and for other participations where a little brother might have been considered a nuisance.

I wonder if your father would remember when --- and <u>why</u> --- he took me along on one occasion. He had borrowed his father's horse and buggy to take a girl for an afternoon drive. And I remember that I sat in the <u>middle</u>.

I have told you of the African interest, which was born right after the folks moved to Vineland. Books on that

subject filled many shelves in the home. It was heard much in conversation, and felt always in the atmosphere. One aspect of that subject caused some confusion in our childish minds, and my mother has said that we asked: "Would we have been black, if Papa had gone to Africa, and we had been born there?"

The shed, back of the kitchen, has been mentioned as the place where the crucible prepared the dental alloys. My memory of it is that we kept the dog and puppies there; and also the goat, with its harness and sulky. It had another important purpose, too: It kept us dry, when we went through it to the door that opened directly into the outhouse. Real luxury, Another luxury, for those days, was a tin bath tub which was built in what had been a clothes closet, on our second floor. And, in one bedroom, there was a wash bowl, also with running water.

That wash bowl was a busy place before breakfast, and my father often presided there to hurry things along. My mother had plenty of other things to do, then and always.

Above the bowl, we had put a large colored picture of many kids playing in a city street. And he kept us so interested in his stories and comments on things in the picture, that he seldom had to make us stand still and cooperate. He'd have us thoroughly washed and toweled in no time. Fun for us and for him.

There are a couple of little stories connected with a trip he made to England, to contact an English firm which was interested in selling the grape juice over there. My memory is of the day I was playing with some kids in our yard, and a red-bearded stranger brushed by us and I realized he walked right into the house without ringing the bell. Yes, it was my father, and he enjoyed the surprises caused by the disguise he had acquired on his trip. The new beard was soon removed.

Aunt Villa told how he teased her, on his return. He said that he had taken the time to visit Glastonbury, while in England, and there he had seen the very house where their father was born. Aunt Villa was excited by this news, and fired a string of questions at him. What was it like? Did he get inside? Etc. When his evasive answers finally raised her suspicions, he said, "Villa, I know I saw that house, because I saw all the houses in Glastonbury".

I don't quite remember when the cases of juice were pushed to the railroad station in what I suppose may be man's oldest form of wheeled transportation --- the one-wheeler. The wheelbarrow.

I remember that the grapes came to the plant in peach baskets, which were passed along, hand to hand, from the wagons to the scales and to the crusher. I remember the steamy fragrance from the warm juice, as it was squeezed out in the press; and from the juice as it was heated in the great kettle. The odor which was associated with all the Autumns, through all the years that followed. I can smell it right now, and it brings a thousand memories.

There is a vague odor that comes to me, from my father's dental office. Maybe it was the nitrous oxide (laughing gas) which was the anesthetic of his day; or maybe it was something that he was vulcanizing in the lab room adjoining.

There is a more definite recollection --- that of seeing a patient in the chair, and noting the one front tooth that was exposed, for filling. A peculiar sight, which would cause a small boy to stare when he first saw it. I must explain that exposure. My father had small, thin sheets of a rubbery material, which I think he called gutta percha. He would punch a tiny hole in the middle of a sheet, and stretch that hole over a front tooth, to keep it dry for his work.

I was fascinated by the dental engine, with its foot treadle, pulleys, crank, belts, and whirling drill. When it was finally discarded, the lower portion of it became one of my treasured playthings.

Your Uncle Paul has reminded me of the tooth powder. Your grandpa kept there a small keg of powdered chalk, which he had flavored with wintergreen. He would put some of that in an envelope and give it to his patients for brushing their teeth. That was an early form of what is now a great industrial product; the dentifrices which are thrust at us in various forms and from all directions. Each product being endowed with some "magic" quality. And the brushes which now apply those "secret" ingredients are supposed to look in all the crevices. If we have "tired hands", there are power wigglers to do the jiggling for us.

Paul commented that our father could not have foreseen what that keg of flavored powder would develop into. Nor would he have had the money to promote it, along with the grape juice.

When he discontinued his dentisty, his office became our playroom. The former lab room was where I raised the white mice. The sink and running water furnished a needed extra place for a washup. Another remembrance is that, for a time, there was a beef press there. My father's doctor had prescribed beef juice, and it was pressed out for him every day.

Home life in Vineland was a happy one. There was general family participation in the games, fun, jokes, teasings, reading aloud, and all that was shared with each other and with our parents.

It was orderly, too. There were some definite rules, requirements, and routines, which were reasonably easy to follow; and rather difficult to depart from. They started at breakfast time, which was at a fixed hour; and when someone rang that hand bell, we had better be moving toward the dining room. Prayers followed, in the living room.

Speaking of that hand bell reminds of an earlier Welch family bell. When T.B.W.'s family left Winona, Charlie took along with him the dinner bell, and it was used by the family when they were in Vineland. Many years later, in a letter of reminiscence to someone, he wonders what became of that Winona and Vineland souvenir.

I wish he could know that it was given to me, some years after his death, by his sister Villa, and that I am now looking at it, as I write. On its handle are the ghostly handrpints of loved ones; and in the vibrations of its voice I hear them speaking. I'm happy to have that old bell.

Our Saturdays in Vineland had their own special program. There was bean soup for the noon dinner, and baked beans and Boston brown bread for supper. Or I guess those should be reversed. In the early evening we'd all be in the living room, where our father would usually join in our games --- and likely beat us and make us like it. Mother would be darning and mending, for Sunday wear.

After a while, we'd go to the kitchen, where Papa (as we then called him) took over. He'd make popcorn and fix chocolate, for popcorn balls. Or it might be a taffy pull. Or caramels, which would be cooled on the marble slab.

You would know that everyone went to Church and Sunday School, the next morning. The rest of that day was quiet. Real quiet. Maybe there would be callers. Maybe a walk, to make a call. No horse was hitched up, and no one rode on the trains.

Yes, Sunday was quiet. Seems like I should remember some boredom; but, if there was any, it hasn't stuck in my mind.

The grape juice business continued to grow. That's a statement which must be sprinkled all through our story, and it's one that none of the Welches ever tired of. Starting with a kitchen-made Communion wine without alcohol, to a drug store item bought by Doctor's prescription. Then into grocery stores, over the strenuous opposition of the druggists who told Doctor Welch they would boycott it (but they didn't).

So, once again talking about growth, we come to the year 1893 when there was an extra boost, from demonstrating of the juice at the Chicago World's Fair. The factory was enlarged. Then came another worry.

The vineyards in the Vineland area were not doing well, and it became increasingly evident that they would not support the expanding business. Soon, it was necessary for your grandpa to ship part of the needed grapes from Watkins.

In an article he wrote for SYSTEM MAGAZINE, years later, he said:

> "I decided to go to Watkins, N. Y., which seemed to be a desirable grape district. There we set up and equipped a factory, after disposing of the Vineland plant for what we could get --- which wasn't much.
>
> "The expense of the change stripped us of liquid capital, but we were confident that all would be made right again at Watkins."

He had bought an old flour mill there, and it was a scramble to change it into a plant for making grape juice, in time

for the grapes that wouldn't wait. It was accomplished.

That was 1896. In Watkins we had a new home, new church, new schools, and new friends.

It was a wonderful place for us kids. For the first time, we were among hills, and on a lake. There was swimming. There was a big, heavy rowboat, with a small sail. There was ice skating, and coasting down those l-o-n-g and icy hills. There were expeditions in the hills and along the lake shore. Picnics and camping out.

We kids were happy. Your grandpa was not happy. In that same SYSTEM article, he writes:

> "In less than a year, we saw that we had made a nearly fatal mistake. The supply of grape-juice-type grapes was limited there, also, and the price was fast rising.
>
> "My friends said: 'You can't move. You haven't the money. Every cent is tied up in Watkins, and there you'll have to stay'."

I don't know what conversations my father and mother had, during those worried days. We didn't hear them. At least, I can't remember any talk about the troubles, or of sensing that things had gone wrong. I remember only the usual cheerful home life.

(Even years later, after we boys were in the business, there was seldom any business talk in the family conversations. My father felt that such talk should not intrude on the family life.)

His story in SYSTEM continues:

> "Somehow, I managed to scrape up enough money to get us to Westfield, where we set up our presses in a little brick building. A local banker agreed to lend us $5,000. We were going again."

He could have made quite a dramatic story about that short and important period. But, in his own fashion, he just states --- sort of like this: "We moved to Watkins. I made a mistake. So we moved on to Westfield."

So --- after only one year at Watkins --- the presses and equipment had been dismantled, and shipped. Once again, there was a scramble to get ready for the Westfield grapes that wouldn't wait.

Your grandpa drove the corner stakes of the new plant on July 28, 1897. Most of the machinery was installed before the roof was on the building. Grapes were on the floor before the steam engine was ready to run. 288 tons of grapes were pressed. Charlie Welch had won another gamble.

That local banker was not noted for lending money casually. And here was a stranger, a Doctor Welch, who appeared in town, about broke, and needing money for a business that wasn't too healthy. Its product was not too well known. There wasn't time, it seemed, to get ready for the grapes. And, if not ready, it was a sure flop.

I don't need to tell you that your grandpa had looked over the Chautauqua grape belt pretty carefully, before he jumped. The Watkins wounds were still bleeding!

During that exploration of the grape belt, he and his father spent a week-end at the Chautauqua Assembly. On Monday morning, as their surrey came over the high top of the hills, to descend into Westfield, they were greatly impressed by the wonderful view, with the land and Lake Erie spread before them.

They had seen other towns in the Grape Belt, and they liked Westfield. They talked with the banker and others, looked at sites for a plant, and Westfield became our home. Once again, there were new and strange schools and church and people, for us.

In Westfield, the business and the family grew up. There were marriages and grandchildren. Here was the scene of most all that you remember, or have heard about.

In 1899, after a couple of years in Westfield, your grandpa was overtired and ill, and had to go away for a rest. In a letter to his banker he wrote:

> "It seems best for me to lay aside for a while, and I trust by following the advice of the doctor I may soon regain my usual health.
>
> "I have instructed my son, Edgar, to keep our bills rather closely paid, using care to provide for the acceptance of glass. Should he make a little miscalculation, and find a small favor needed for a short time, I trust you will see your way to grant it to him, as you have so very nicely done for me."

On about the same date he wrote this to Edgar:

> "I realize that you have no easy place. It is more than I would willingly put on you, and it may be doubtful if you can do it justice in all its parts. So I beg of you to act wisely, saving yourself for the best --- and if possible keeping where you can look around and ahead a little. If the work drives you too much, you can't look ahead."

/Jean: Your father was then about 19./

Revived and refreshed by that "time out", your grandpa was again in high gear and at full speed. Never satisfied with one business or interest, he plunged into the many activities, outside of the Company, which would keep him busy.

Now I mention again that the challenge, always, had been to popularize the grape juice. From the start, he had used available methods and mediums, but always plagued by the shortage of money. Money, to advertise and promote, was the same money needed to produce and to grow.

I don't know how nearly self-supporting were his early publications, THE ACORN and THE PROGRESS. He paid for advertisements in various other publications. He used such promotions as trial offers, prize contests, etc.

That reminds me of the time in Vineland when our whole family --- or at least those old enough to read --- spent a number of evenings together, in the living-room, checking the answers in one prize contest. It was for the most words that could be made from (I think) "Welch's Grape Juice". No, --- I can't remember the amount of the prize. It wouldn't sound like much of a sum, now.

I have mentioned the boost that came from demonstrating at the Chicago Fair in 1893. From time to time, there were displays and samplings at medical and drug conventions and such. (I remember the time, as a kid, that I sold grape juice by the glass, at the County Fair. And slept under the counter of the booth).

The grape juice got a big promotion in 1901, at the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo. The five sales booths, one of them on the Midway, reached a lot of people and triggered quite an expansion in the business.

By 1903, the Company was getting onto a fairly solid footing. Some profits were visible, or promised. It seemed that there should be settlement of a long-deferred financial matter. Dr. T. B. Welch had never been active in the management of the business, but he had loaned and invested money, through the years, and the total was a substantial one.

There was correspondence between father and son, and an agreement was reached for a final settlement. The Company was reincorporated in 1903. T.B.W. was given 400 shares of Preferred Stock, 10 shares of Common, and a note of Charlie's for $10,000.

That fine old gentleman, Dr. T. B. Welch, died soon after that arrangement was completed.

I think that Edgar and Paul never wondered whether they would be in the business. They started so young that it seems they were always in it. As kids in Vineland, they worked vacations and part-time. I remember seeing them, nailing together the shipping boxes. I remember, too, how lame my arm got, when I tried to join them.

At Westfield, Edgar was a full-time employee. He had no chance for college. Paul worked part-time while finishing high school; worked full-time for a while; then hurried through Columbia Law School to earn a degree, passed his bar exam, and came right back with the company. He had little financial help from his father, in college.

We younger ones, in early Westfield, had a mixture of work and play. I remember: Driving a team, when a new storage cellar was being dug. Operating grape presses, the freight elevator, and other things. Sealing and stamping envelopes. Mowing our big yard, etc. We were paid. And I hasten to add that we also had ample opportunity for play and recreation.

I suppose it would be natural for one of us boys, in writing such a piece as this, to bring in many personal thoughts and happenings. In the beginning, I had resolved that I would not overdo this; but I am finding that is not easy to avoid.

For one reason or another, I seem to have had more than my share of association with my father. In Vineland, Edgar and Paul were often working, when not in school. Jean was younger, and a girl. Bill was lame. My father chose me, to take along, locally and out of town, on various errands and trips.

Then, when we went to Watkins ahead of the family, to prepare that plant, I went with him. Again, at Westfield, we lived together, before the rest of the family arrived. I took care of his horses at Watkins and in early Westfield (and did the same when the horses were changing to automobiles).

I was away a number of years --- at college, at work, and in the Army --- so there was much correspondence between us.

For those associations, for the warm companionship, for the understandings, and for all the treasured memories, I am more grateful than I can say. If all of that is leading me to project myself into this story more than is desirable, I hope, Jean, that you will understand.

Some might wonder why I did not plan to join my father and brothers in the business. Well, --- I wanted to build things. Dams, roads, bridges, buildings. Engineering work.

When I graduated as civil engineer from R.P.I., he asked me if I'd like to do a job for him in Africa. There was a village on the West Coast which served as headquarters for the mission work in that area. The promoter and operator was a missionary leader named Heli Chatelain, with whom my father had been closely associated as friend and co-worker for many years.

The settlement had a supply depot, trading post, and facilities for servicing and repairing equipment, in addition to a laundry, school, and other local establishments. It was a pet project of my father's. He gave some financial help, and also acted as U. S. contact, buying agent, etc. I remember that, at one time, he was arranging for the purchase and shipment of some Studebaker wagons.

There was a stream near the village, which could furnish sufficient electric power to operate the laundry and other machinery, and light up the place. Father agreed to finance the job. I was to make the plans, get the equipment, and go over to build the dam and make the installation.

Interesting job. In Africa! The Africa which had permeated the family thoughts since my birth, and where I almost had gone to live. Had even just missed being born there, it seemed. But while the little power and light project was still in the early planning stage, word came

of the sudden death of Mr. Chatelain. I didn't get to Africa. Your Grandpa lost a real friend.

I put up an addition to the Welch plant, filled in briefly to operate the Welch Gas Co., between changes in management, put up a factory building in Buffalo, and in 1910 was off for the Pacific Coast.

Let's take a few looks at Westfield, in 1910.

The first little building down by the tracks had expanded, and was then the Company's busy printing department and storage warehouse.

In the big new building across the street were the manufacturing processes and general offices.

Like most towns of that day, the streets were either dusty or muddy. A few autos were in evidence. But the feed stores, harness shops, blacksmith shops, livery stables, wagon and buggy shops, and all the businesses of that now-forgotten day had not yet succumbed to the age of the gas station and parking meter.

In 1910 Edgar and Paul were holding positions of importance in the Company. Your grandpa was busy in all directions. He was busy in Church and Sunday School. He was into his six terms as Mayor. He operated the Welch Gas Co., and was in and out of various other business promotions. Then there was Chedwel, on Chautauqua Lake, which he started as a farm and made into a development. He was on boards and committees, local and away.

Your father and mother had then been married for eight years. Paul and Jean were living at home, with the folks. It was still home to Bill, who was then studying music at Syracuse.

It was in 1910 that a visitor came to the Welch home. That was the lovely and talented May Alden, who had just returned from studying in Europe. Her home was in Cassadaga, and her beautiful dramatic soprano voice had frequently been heard in Westfield churches.

Forty-seven years later, as May Alden Leet, Editor of DISTRIBUTOR'S NEWS, she reminisced of that 1910 visit in her magazine. Here is part of what she wrote in 1957:

"Current happenings in the Welch enterprises have sent us on a sentimental journey into the long ago, and our nostalgic return to early youth drifts along like this:

"In a thriving Great Lakes town named Westfield, the writer remembers a home, a lovely home, not pretentious, but warm and comfortable and hospitable. Just the right size for a charming family in a truly typical American town, a family reared in high thinking, high principled, good mannered friendliness.

"At the head of this household was Dr. Charles E. Welch, a gentleman, upright, religious, a gracious host and good father. A man who left memories of love and respect that can never fade.

"When our own memories of this home begin it was in 1910 and the Welch house was a center for musically inclined young people, for Dr. Welch loved good music and one of his sons was really gifted --- that was Bill. There was a music room with a big Steinway piano and an honest-to-goodness built-in pipe organ, and there was plenty of room for a singer to give forth with lusty resonance, and for a group to gather in what were not called 'jam sessions' in those days, but were wonderful opportunities to hear and make music. The classics and old masters were chosen material, currently popular operetta selections were admissible, but jazz had not yet arrived in Westfield.

"When Dr. Welch heard a good performance he made a note of it, and after a time there would be a 'concert' with the young musicians performing, printed programs and all. Friends and neighbors filled the roomy house to enjoy some 'live' music, which was not yet pushed aside by radio and television performances, punctuated by noisy commercials.

". . . It was happy living, and memorable, and it seemed so very normal.

"To those of us who knew Dr. Charles Welch, his family and his home town of Westfield, New York, it will never be merely a commercial name. It will always mean inspiration, encouragement, friendship, and a life-long reminder of a rare personality."

When I finished that Buffalo construction job in 1910, and departed for the Coast, with other and farther places to come later, my father's goodbye to me was characteristic. Not much more than an almost casual, "So long, John". We both understood.

His real "so long" came in the first letter he wrote me, at Seattle. A long letter. Warm and wonderful. Part of it read:

". . . Whatever or wherever your work is, I hope that it, and everything connected with it, will be preparing you for a place here in the business. Or for a better place.

"But whatever you do, the biggest thing is to be right with God. The way of the World is to be careless in things religious, and count worldly success everything. Don't follow the crowd, unless the crowd is right."

In another letter, he spoke much of himself. Here is part:

"So full of things --- things important --- things seemingly important --- so many things right before me. If I see something a little ahead, and try to reach that, I fall over a dozen nearer things ---

"I fear that, in my hurry, in my depending on my quick judgment, I may injure myself or others. That I have made many wise moves,

and a few unwise ones, must not mislead my head. Make me too confident. This last is the rock on which one is liable to stumble and get hurt."

His letters of that period told me of the Welch Block, which he was building, uptown. It would contain offices and stores for rent, an Assembly Hall, and a restaurant that he would operate. (Later, this building became the General Offices of the W.G.J. Co.)

Then came news from him of another project. His gas wells produced the same type of black water that had made Mount Clemens, Michigan baths famous, so he was considering the setting up of a bath house in part of the Welch Block.

He kept expanding this idea, until it became a program for a full-fledged Sanitarium and Baths, to be located on South Portage Street. (That location, Jean, is where your father and your Uncle Bill built their homes, later.)

Up to this point, in 1910, we have been following along with the family in a more or less orderly fashion. Now let's find a comfortable spot alongside the trail, and just sit and talk about people and things. I will bring out my notes and memories, mostly of the Westfield period I guess, and see what I can find of interest to you.

So, without following any order or sequence, we chat for a while.

Way back in 1821, the Village of Fredonia had scooped the World by being the first place to light streets with natural gas. Then, in 1829, there was another "first". Gas was bubbling from the bed of a creek, near Lake Erie, and it was carried in hollow logs to light the Barcelona lighthouse.

For years, there were shallow gas wells in the Westfield area, and finally someone sank a deep well, hoping for the big flow. It was a dry hole. Your grandpa just had to try his luck, and he got gas in commercial quantity. He drilled a total of thirteen wells, laid street mains, opened an office, a shop, a store for selling everything from mantles and chandeliers to heaters and ranges. The boilers at the Welch plant were converted to gas. Many home furnaces used it. His Welch Gas Co. was a pet project of your grandpa's.

There seems little connection between the gas wells and the big steam whistle on the Welch plant. But there was a connection.

Some of his wells were dry holes; and the word of that failure was passed around the town. But, when a well "came in", everybody knew it at once. That Welch factory whistle would start blowing --- and keep blowing, on and on. Folks would say: "Doc Welch got another well. And likely he is blowing that whistle himself". They were right. He was.

He was a quiet talker. But, when he decided to make a noise, he made a big one.

That l-o-n-g whistle was blown at other times. Especially on some day in the Fall, when the first grapes were started through the processing. And then, also, Doc Welch was probably pulling the whistle cord. It was his way of saying, "Thanks for another year. Here we go again."

Your grandpa liked anything that "traveled" him. Especially if fast, or if there was any element of adventure or thrill. They tell me that, as a boy in Winona, he was trying "circus stunts" on a galloping horse. In Vineland, he had one of those early, high-wheel cycles. He liked cars, planes, boats, horses. He was an expert diver and swimmer.

I wonder, Jean, if you have heard about the SLY FOX? I guess it was around 1903 that he decided to have a motor boat, to use on Lake Erie. He took Eli Harrington to Buffalo with him, and they bought a 22-foot launch named the SLY FOX.

This little boat, intended only for ponds and small waters, had a crude little engine, typical of its day, which could push the launch along at 7 or 8 miles an hour. When it ran.

At dawn, they took off, confidently and serenely, for the sixty-mile voyage of open lake, to Westfield's Barcelona Harbor. No chart or compass --- they just followed the rocky shoreline. No lights. "Probably" enough gasoline. A pair of pliers and a screw driver, for tools.

The lake was quiet that day. The engine didn't stop. And much to the astonishment of the old-timers at Barcelona, they made it, without incident. The comment was: "Only Doc Welch would have tried that." The SLY FOX never ran dependably, after that, and I have numerous recollections of the unpleasant experiences with it.

Your grandpa always had horses. One of my earliest memories in Vineland is of watching him, in our yard --- all over the yard --- wrestling with a fractious horse. I don't remember what he was trying to do, but guess it was to persuade the horse to enter the barn. They had quite a tussle.

Then there was the nervous and ornery mare, Kitty, in Watkins. She was a "bolter", especially when headed for home, and it was difficult to keep her out of the barn. She would try to take buggy, passengers and all, right into the stall. After I had enough frightening experiences with her, I wanted Father to trade her --- but he kept thinking we could gentle her. I even think he enjoyed trying to cope with her meanness. It was a challenge, which I, then about ten, did not enjoy so much.

When the auto came along, that was for him. He missed out on owning an airplane, as the period of the private personal plane arrived a bit late for him. But he was interested. A barn-storming pilot, with an open two-seat biplane, hit Westfield around 1917, and took up passengers from a pasture. I went down there with my father and watched him take his first ride, which included the usual loops and other stunts of that period. When he alighted, he came over to me and said, "my, Oh my! That was wonderful! You try it!"

The automobile was important in his life. It was not only a quick and convenient way to get to a destination --- and he was always wanting to go somewhere. But he also liked to just "go" --- to be moving. And he seemed to find, in fast driving, the stimulant that others might find in other things.

When the dirt roads hardened up, in the Spring of 1903, he and I took the train to Buffalo, to buy an Orient

buckboard. (A skinny little, tiller-steered thing, with a motorcycle-type engine on the rear axle.)

The dealer said, "Now Doctor Welch, that Orient is hardly suitable for country use. I have the agency for a new car, built in Detroit by a man named Ford, and I think it is a good one. Two of them have arrived, and I want you to take one home". He did. And the first Ford came to Westfield.

It was an interesting summer. Taking people for their first ride. Scaring horses, and causing them to run away. Dodging dogs and chickens. Getting stuck, in ruts and mud. And --- for sure --- trying to keep that under-seat engine running, and repairing the drive chain, and all that. (No repair shops, then.)

Came Fall, --- the little car went up on blocks in the barn, and kept company with the horse. Came Spring, --- and it was taken to Buffalo, and traded in on the improved and more dependable 1904 model. Then we started venturing farther from home base. Fifteen miles, and across the state line into Pennsylvania --- where we were "pinched" for not carrying a Pennsylvania license tag! New York tag not good there, then.

Your grandpa, Aunt Jean and I, even drove the 90 miles to Painesville, Ohio. He was fun to travel with. A little game we played on that trip was to see who would be jounced the most, the highest, in that miniature, rear-entrance tonneau. High crosswalks were the best jouncers, but there could be a bump or a "washout" most anywhere. He seemed to have as much fun, when I was driving, and he was "in the air", as when our positions were reversed.

Came the Model T. Then bigger cars, in a long procession, which your grandpa continued to drive in his customary fashion --- which was mostly as fast as they would go. Lots of people had stories to tell of their rides with him.

Take, for instance, when he would drive some visitor over to Chedwel, to see that place and the Chautauqua Lake setting. Going up, over those long and steep hills, the pace in those days would be slow, until the level along the lake would be reached. Then, if the car would do 50 or more, that was it.

But, coming back! That was what he liked! At the top, he would shift into neutral, and let 'er go, Several miles of swooping curves and throwing gravel. And, on each trip, he would hope to coast farther into Westfield than on his best previous try.

He hoped that his passengers enjoyed that ride, but that was not entirely the reason for the performance. He drove it just the same, when he was alone.

You can appreciate how your mother or your Aunt Mary felt, when your grandpa drove in the yard, and said he had come to take the grandchildren for a ride. Maybe to Chedwel, on an errand. And neighbor kids were welcome, too.

He was not taking them in a car, either. Those tiny little folks would ride, sitting on the floor of a two-wheel trailer, with low sides, which he would be pulling behind his car. He'd just tell those youngsters to sit and to stay. And they would, while the trailer swayed along, up and over the hills.

The parents were relieved when their young ones returned. Maybe a bit surprised, too, that their children had done exactly as he told them. He never seemed surprised, when kids minded. He expected that.

No --- he didn't coast the hills with the kids in the trailer. In case you might wonder.

Some older folks in Westfield will remember Doctor Welch's factory dinners, picnic meals, Chedwel lunches, and similar occasions.

They could be for the office staff and their families, or maybe a church group, or the firemen, or the delegates to a convention or meeting. Or the annual Sunday School picnic. Most any occasion or gathering.

There could be a dozen, or several hundred. For the factory dinners, in the earlier years, a space would be cleared and temporary tables set up on saw horses. Some of the cooking was done in a big "steam box", with live steam from the boiler.

He always carried a small memorandum book. His notes, lists, and reminders appeared there in the tiniest writing, with many symbols and abbreviations; and all the arrangements for an "occasion" could be squeezed into minimum

space. I wonder if anyone has saved one of those little books --- with all the references to his various personal and business interests. Some of the notes would be puzzlers, of course.

There were laughs and chuckles in the family, one day when Father came home and mentioned casually to Mother that they would have company for lunch the next day. She said, "That's nice, Charlie. Who are they?" "Delegates", he said. (A Methodist Convention was then in session there). "How many?" she inquired. And he bowled her over, when he replied, "500!"

Now, it's been many years since that day, and maybe my memory of "500" is faulty. But it was several hundred, anyway.

(The lunch was served at the factory, and my mother just had to be present. No duties).

He liked picnics, parties, and gatherings, and for those he needed some sort of carry-all. The result was a side-seated arrangement to go on a wagon, and a similar thing on a pair of bobs for Winter. They carried more than a dozen people, and to make up the needed team, we would borrow the extra horse.

I have many memories of those conveyances. The fun, while going and returning in them; and the fun they carried us to. Not so much fun was the Sunday afternoon that we took a group to the Lake. One of them, a young woman, was to be baptized by Immersion (given by our Church when requested). The Preacher was along, and a part of the Choir.

The horses got restive, during the Service, with the noise of the waves and the chill of the Fall air. When we started back, they ran wild, down the Lake road. A man sitting by me tried to take the reins away from me. My father, sitting way at the back, called out, "Leave the boy alone". The man said, "Doctor! They're running away!" My father said, "He's driving."

After the horses had had their "run", I got them gradually down to a respectable Sabbath pace, and the incident seemed closed. But it wasn't closed, for me. I have always remembered, with gratitude, such instances as this: --- of a father who would let his sons take charge.

He always seemed so confident that we would "come through". Like the time in Watkins when he let me take that mean Kitty mare and drive a young mother and her tiny baby to stay with their relatives some 12 or 15 miles away. I was ten. And, as you can guess, Mother was aghast. In fact, she was often aghast, but she seldom interfered in such matters.

Kitty was a kitten, on the way over, and only did some minor jumping, as the mother and baby were being helped from the buggy. I bedded the mare, spent the night, and came home alone in the morning.

If you want to hear the rest of the story: --- When I was a mile or so from home, Kitty really went into her "act". We made our usual wild entry into the barn, and practically into the stall.

One of my earliest memories of Father's methods goes back to when I was six or seven. He had taken me with him on a business and shopping trip to Philadelphia. In the big Wanamaker store, he suddenly said, "Wait here for me". He didn't say where he was going, how long he would be, or that I should be a good boy and stay right by that counter. Just, "Wait here for me".

When he returned, after what seemed to me a l-o-n-g time, he just took my hand, and off we went. And that was that.

Association with him was a mixture of challenge, stimulation, and other interesting things, including a large measure of enjoyment. For my own pleasure of recollection, I could continue with many pages, but I'll try not to be too gabby.

There was the mare, Nellie, in Westfield. I told my father, one day, that I thought she was getting a bit fat. He asked if I had been giving her extra feed; but I thought not. He suggested that I watch her feeding more closely.

A few weeks later there was another conversation, along the same line. I finally became quite concerned about the mystery, and on that day, he listened as usual, turned, and looked out the window for a moment (which, by the way, was a habit that was very familiar to all who worked with him).

He turned back to me, and said, "Nellie will be all right, after she has her colt." Then he chuckled and chuckled. He had had her bred one day, while I was in school, and had been enjoying his secret all that time.

When I was maybe fourteen, another boy and I wandered out of town on the trolley, and forgot to come home for a couple of days. It was just supper time when I came into our house, to face whatever my folks would do about my inexcusable behavior. Worried plenty, I quickly washed and came to the table.

Nobody asked where I had been. I waited and sweated. Nothing happened. Nothing ever happened, as far as my parents were concerned. The excuses I had thought to try were not asked for.

There may have been conversation with them about it, at a later day, but I don't remember any. I do surely remember how I suffered, with my conscience, in that punishment of silence. They crossed me up, in good shape.

I still chuckle over the story of the apple tree. I had been getting interested in parties and girls, and had stayed out quite late a few times. Arriving home each time, after the folks were in bed and the lights were out, I had climbed an apple tree, crossed a back porch roof, and gone through a window into my room. Hoped that, in our large household, they would not have noticed whether I had gone to bed in normal fashion.

So, one day, as Father was getting into the buggy to go to the plant, he surprised me by saying, rather casually, "Oh --- here's a key to the house, John. You won't have to climb the apple tree any more". Suddenly, I was on the honor system!

If I had saved the many letters I received from him, while I was at R.P.I., there would be much that I could now add to this story. Two of them stick in my memory.

I had no stated allowance, but was supposed to send for money when needed. Along in my Freshman year, I wrote for some amount, and got no answer. I wrote again. Finally sent a wire, when meals were becoming irregular and room rent overdue.

Then he sent the check, and a letter. It said, in effect, that I hadn't been very good about writing home; and, if

I didn't bother to write, except when needing money, why should I expect him to bother? My folks got plenty of letters after that.

The other remembered letter was when I became 21. In his own wonderful style, it spoke of dreams and goals, challenges and standards. If I could now have only one letter, of the hundreds he has written me, that would be the one I would choose. I am so sorry it is lost.

I've heard that my father's sisters were not too happy about the way he handled his youngest boy --- your Uncle Bill. That crippled child, in pain much of the time, and deprived of most childhood activities, deserved special treatment, they thought. They thought he should be shielded, showered with sympathy, and even pampered. They sputtered considerably, because Charlie almost seemed to treat Bill like any normal child.

"Almost seemed", I wrote. Everything possible was done for that physically crippled boy, except to let him become an emotional cripple. He grew up to be a normal, well-balanced individual. A strong character. And with hardly a trace of self-pity.

In fact, he contained his pains and deprivations so well that the rest of us felt somewhat restrained in our natural urges to advertise our smaller troubles. As he grew up, those steel braces were gradually eliminated, but he was always very lame, and could walk little.

Though Bill was the youngest, he largely functioned as head of the family, after our father's death. This was partly because, during the following years, he and your Aunt Ruth looked after your Grandma Welch, and they managed the family home at 144. But his make-up and temperament had much to do with the position which all conceded him.

I doubt if you have heard all of the story about Bill's career as a Deputy Sheriff. It started when his first marriage went blooey, and, for the first and only time, he lost his controls. There were upsets. Then one night his heart went funny, and the doctor told Bill that he might not be long for this world.

"Okay", says Bill, "I'm going to have fun while I can". He got deputized by the Sheriff, encased his lame legs in puttees, strapped on a holstered gun, and started out.

Worked alone, and with State Troopers and other lawmen, on assignments.

He had a wonderful time. As a kid, he had missed all the contests and games, the explorations and participations. Shut out of everything that needed good legs, through all his years. Now --- with badge and car --- he was finding flavor and excitement such as he had never had.

Out nights, with other officers, they would often drop in somewhere for a snack. At first, Bill could hardly eat without an upset; but gradually he normalized, and soon could put away the ham and eggs with anybody. Then --- the heart steadied down. There had been nothing really wrong with it in the first place!

One night he was called on the phone at home, by Erie police, and told that three yeggs were headed toward Westfield in a stolen car. He saw their car come off the Viaduct, and gave them a running battle through town. The battle ended, when they left him at the side of the street, with several bullets in him.

Years later, during his last illness, the doctors saw something in his X-Rays which surprised and confused them. Bill had fun with them, before admitting that --- yes --- it was a bullet. His souvenir of adventure.

In writing this story, and thinking back through the years, many names and faces come to mind. Folks who had important and interesting places, with the family and the business, and whose memory gives me pleasure. I would like to include a number of them. There are two who cannot be omitted. They are: Eli Harrington and Lena Koch.

Eli appeared on the Welch payroll at about the time our Vineland barn became an infant grape juice factory. Mostly, he was the payroll, then. He was the year-round employee, who could do --- and who did --- anything. And, when a few cases of juice were ready to go to the railroad, I guess he pushed the wheelbarrow.

From the time we were babies, he was "Eli" to us. It was Eli who made and fixed our toys, repaired carts and tri-

cycles. He built those heavy coasting sleds for us, when we got to Watkins. He was a handy helper for us, as he was for my father.

He struggled long hours, beside my father, in the race to get that Watkins plant ready, and did the same, on the start at Westfield. His family and ours shared meals and interests, through many years. Eli Harrington belongs in this story.

And so, surely, does Lena Koch. That strong-minded and capable young German woman moved into our kitchen in early Westfield. She moved in and took over, and for some thirty years we were "her family". No one could have been more interested,in all that happened. No one could have loved us more.

Like the rest of us, she was often the target of father's pranks and teasings. Unlike us, she never got used to them. But she thought of him as sort of the King of the World, so whatever he did must be all right.

I'll mention a couple of incidents which confused her, and amused us. There was that ugly meat platter, which she thought beautiful, and which Mother did not want her to use.

One day, when she brought it to the table, my father finished the serving, and then bumped it with something and broke it in two. Then set the two pieces together. When Lena picked it up, to remove it, she was a most astonished person, when it came apart in her hands. She never did understand how it happened.

There was another serving dish, that she was not supposed to use. That one, when emptied, your grandpa took to the window, and dropped it in the bushes. She really talked a lot of fast German, when she came to the table and found only an empty space. And we could hardly restrain ourselves, until she had gone to the kitchen, still jabbering.

I am reminded that there were plenty of jokes between my father and mother. Like when they started using the

summer place at Chedwel, and she came onto him one morning, shaving. He was standing, facing the blank wall. It was his way of reminding her that she had forgotten to get a bathroom mirror.

Another sample of their verbal sparring came on a day at Chedwel, where they were holding a wedding for a young couple. It was to be outdoors, and the weather was threatening to ruin the ceremony. My mother, much concerned about the prospect, said: "Charlie, what will we do if it rains!" He solemnly replied: "We'll hold it on the first clear day." And he hurried off, leaving her standing there.

Speaking of Chedwel, reminds of the time they had had a large group there for a luncheon, and all were on the dock, waiting to depart on the steamer. Your grandpa decided to enliven the conversation by "accidentally" falling off the dock into the water. White suit, Panama hat, and all. And swimming, under water, beneath the dock.

Yes, Jean --- before your time --- when the large steamers and the trolleys were on and around Chautauqua Lake, the Chedwel dock was a steamer stop.

And you mustn't think that the white suit and Panama hat were the usual costume for your grandpa. He could dress the part. Or any part. Or no part. He could be formal and proper, but he liked to be informal.

He surely enjoyed dropping his dignity, and many stories are remembered of such behavior. Maybe it was to put people at their ease; or that he just happened to feel like it; or it could have been the mischievous young Charlie Welch, reappearing.

Among stories of incidents where he shed his dignity, I guess that the one most told around Westfield was the taxi story.

Most of the fast trains stopped at Westfield years ago, but for a while there was no taxi which met the trains. Your grandpa, like others, thought this a great lack, and, when nobody else did anything about it, he did. In his own way.

At train time, he would sometimes slip out of the office and appear with his car at the station. A "taxi" card on the car, and a "taxi" cap on his head.

They tell about a man coming off a train, with his bag, and getting into the taxi. He asked to be taken to the Welch Block. Arriving there, my father asked the man who he wanted to see, and the man replied, "Doctor Welch".

My father escorted him past the receptionist, into his private office, pulled up a chair for the visitor, sat down behind his desk, took off his chauffeur's cap, and said, "I am Doctor Welch. What is on your mind?" (We can conclude that the visitor was somewhat confused.)

I must tell you about the encounter with the policeman at the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo. Your grandpa had climbed high up on an ornamental bridge arch, to take pictures. A policeman spied him, and told him he couldn't be up there. He replied that he was taking pictures.

Your Uncle Paul was present, but on the ground, and told me how funny the situation became. A crowd gathered. The cop, angry, red-faced, frustrated, and too awkward to get more than half way up the arch, bellowing at the undisturbed lawbreaker, who responded occasionally with a serene, "I am taking pictures".

The officer finally called the patrol wagon, and extra officers. The President of The Welch Grape Juice Co. was hauled off to the hoosegow, where identification satisfied the Sergeant, and some conversation finally mollified the cop who had started the ruckus.

By the way --- that patrol wagon of 1901 was a little steam-propelled, chain-driven, spindle-wheeled auto, like the Keystone cops used in the old silent movies.

That was Charlie Welch's first ride in an automobile. And I wonder if the threat /promise/ of that ride was one of the reasons he continued to tease the cop. It wouldn't surprise me.

In a previous section I told you what May Alden Leet wrote about music, as she found it in Doctor Welch's home.

Music was a major interest and participation all through his family, back through the generations. It had a similar place in my mother's family. It fills my own memories, from the time I was a baby.

My mother was fine pianist, and had taught piano before she was married. She sang a good alto.

My father had no musical education. Somehow, he had missed out on such instruction, during the movings and distractions of his earlier years. But he loved to hear it, and he loved to sing. I can still hear his strong, clear voice taking the lead. It could be at home, with us, or on the shore of the Lake after a picnic supper, or in Church, Sunday School, or Prayer Meeting. Anywhere that he felt the urge, which was often. It was a deep down part of the man.

He needed no book, to sing a great many of the hymns. My mother played the organ for some years for Prayer Meeting. In that informal Methodist Service it was usual for someone to start a hymn, from time to time. That person was apt to be my father.

My mother would then "come in" with the organ. And she has told that he would pitch the hymn almost on the key as found in the book. Sometimes, right on it.

Starting with that foot-power organ in Vineland, she gave the first lessons to those of us who were interested. I switched soon to the fiddle. Jean and Bill went on with piano and organ, and became church organists. With Bill, it became a lifetime interest, and he was well known as a Director, and a Church and Concert Organist. (You wonder how he could handle the pedals so well, with those crippled legs).

A "standout" in my memories is the singing of the Blessing at the table, which sometimes replaced the spoken Blessing. I think my father had sung this at <u>his</u> father's table. The words were:

> "Be present at our table, Lord.
> Be here and everywhere adored.
> Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
> May feast in Paradise with Thee."

That singing blessing was so remindful of him, after his death, that I hoped it would never be sung again in my

presence. I didn't think I could "take it". But several years later, your Uncle Bill started it one Sunday, without warning; and, after one big choke, I was happily able to join in that sweet reminder of my father. He was there.

None of us will forget the singing and the prayers at home, each morning. Until we were grown, and scattering from home, the routine was regular and precise. After the early breakfast, at a stated time, and at which we were present as a matter of course, we moved into the living-room.

Your grandpa usually read briefly from the Bible, There was the singing of part of a familiar Hymn. Then we knelt and he prayed. They were never any sort of formal prayers. He just chatted with his Father --- Our Father --- in Heaven. Reminded how blessed we were, and that we should show our thankfulness by the way we lived. Often mentioned that we knew right from wrong, so could never say we didn't know. A frequent phrase was: "To whom much is given, of him is much required."

Often, he would refer to some current matter of importance to the family, or to one of us. And at times he would admonish us, or one of us, about something --- but his treatment of it would be so tender that we would get the point, without a wound.

I received some strong impressions from him, as a child, when he took me on several occasions to visit his sick friends. He would chat --- easily, pleasantly, and briefly. We would kneel by the bed, and I would hear one of those wonderful prayers. They weren't long. They weren't sad. They were beautiful.

He surely had a wonderful kind of personal religion. It was simple, and as sincere as any I have known. It was a religion of joy and gladness and faith. No fears or doubts. And he truly lived it.

It was such an important part of him, that it seems I should devote much space to a description of it. But it was so uncomplicated that I seem now to have said it all.

I still find myself trying to describe the man who presented himself to others in so many different ways. In our story you are reading some things he wrote. Some years ago I considered making a collection of his many letters, articles and other writings, and thus using his own words to give a picture of him. It would have been a very incomplete picture.

His solid strengths are there; and also there are his warmth and humanity. But much of him would be missing.

He was a rather serious writer. In his personal contacts, he was often serious, too; but often also he was far from that.

He wrote easily and sometimes at length. You might have thought of him as a talker; and there again he might have confused you. Oh, when he wanted to he could take a lively part in a conversation, and also, he could speak with ease and clarity from a platform. But, more often, he was the listener; and his comments and interjections were apt to be sparse.

With a few loaded words, he could hit the nail on the head; or drive it clear home; or pull it out. Or he could make some humorous, whimsical, or quizzical remark, to pass the hammer back to you; or to leave it suspended in mid-air.

A while back, I told you that he put out a little publication called "THE PROGRESS", in Vineland, to promote his unfermented wine. It was circulated mainly to Church leaders, and in large print on the first page was the motto: PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

You could comment that your grandpa surely picked a sharp-pointed saying, to remind ministers that they preached against alcohol, yet served it in their Communion. They shouted, "Touch not the cup!" And then they offered it.

Yes, he used a good motto, to promote his business. But you should keep in mind that the business itself was an

instrument in his battle against alcohol --- in the Church, at first; anywhere, as time went on.

His use of that motto, in that instance, reminds that it was one of his favorite sayings. And he surely applied it to himself, in his business, in his home, and in everything he did.

Another of his favorite sayings (quoted earlier in this story) was: "Don't follow the crowd!" He practiced that too. We find, all through this story, his independence in thought and action. His adherence to what he thought was right. And his willingness to stand up and be counted, alone, if necessary, in any situation. Folks always knew where Charlie Welch stood, and what he stood for.

He was a temperate man. Temperate in his manner of speech, in his eating habits, and all such things. His emotions seldom showed through, though the firest could burn fiercely within.

Let's go on with a few more thoughts, as they occur to me. I have referred to the love, the fun, and the happiness, as well as the strict rules, of our family life. In childhood, I guess we just accepted those rules as the kind of world in which our family lived. As we grew up, we found acceptance, by our parents, of our departures from the rules.

Take tobacco, for instance. Your grandpa tried to hire only non-smokers; but, as the business expanded, he could not hold to this. Then, some of us started to smoke. He knew we did, but there was no discussion and no argument. No mention.

He and I both got a shock, the day I was walking along the street smoking a long cigar and suddenly came on him, face to face. We stood for a moment, shuffling our feet, then moved aside and passed on. No word was spoken.

But the ice was broken. After that, I smoked in his presence, without embarrassment --- but not in the offices or in his house.

Three of his children left his beloved Methodist Church, and joined others. Two were divorced. Each of us, in various ways, departed more or less from his ideas. But, though he was disappointed and disapproving, we felt no change in his love, affection and interest. We were still his children.

We learned, early, that his quiet yes --- or no --- meant just that. But sometimes his answer was less direct, and maybe we would have to look into his quizzical, or even oblique answer, to find (we would hope) his meaning.

Sometimes, when he was not ready to give us a decision on some request or permission, he's say: "I'll see." It was wise to accept that, and drop the subject until a later time.

If we stayed with it, and pressured him, he would ask: "Do you want my answer now?" And we surely knew what that meant. We were going to get a fast and likely final "no", if we said: "yes".

As youngsters, we thought that few things upset him. He seemed so calm and unruffled, in any situation. Gradaully, we sensed that the calm we saw was mostly outward. No doubt his several partial breakdowns, ascribed to over-work, were caused, to a considerable extent, by hidden worries and strains.

At our table, both parents encouraged discussions. Often, my father would leave the table, to bring back an Atlas or dictionary, to settle the meaning or spelling of a word, or some point in question.

At the table, they permitted no arguments, and they discouraged too much trivial talk, and all unpleasant subjects. Sooner or later, my father would interrupt with a quiet, "that's enough." This would be my mother's cue to switch the conversation by introducing another subject.

She was good at that sort of thing. She always seemed to have subjects ready, to use when conversation lagged or got off the track. When we had company, she was extra primed and ready to pick up the ball.

One of the surprises, to someone who did not know him well, was to see him "at play". Maybe at a Sunday School picnic, where, after seeing to the serving of the food, he would become a "romper". Pitching quoits, playing baseball, and most any kind of fun. Having fun. And furnishing it, too.

Maybe it would be at an evening social gathering, where the gay and mischievous Charlie Welch would take the place of Doctor Welch. With chuckles, quips, jokes, and banter, he played the games and was "in on everything".

Some pages back, in 1910, you and I sat down by the side of the Trail. Since then I have been chatting away, as thoughts occurred to me, and without much regard to the dates of those thoughts.

We'd better get back on the Trail; and I'll try to stick fairly close to the happenings in the years that followed.

In a 1910 letter from my mother, she wrote:

> "I wish your father was saving himself more. He says he does not know whether he can take a vacation this Winter. This past year has been the most strenuous in his life, it seems."

It caught up with him. Early in 1911, he wrote me at Los Angeles that he was sick and would have to give up and go away for a while. He mentioned his personal projects, especially the completion of the Welch Block and the plans for the Sanitarium, which would have no "head" during his absence.

He said he wouldn't ask me to come home. But, he wondered, would it interfere too much with my program if I returned for a while? I came of course. But not to the Westfield situation which had been anticipated.

The business was about to outgrow Westfield, and to explode into the diversifications and the expansions of the period which followed. The period that would see many changes for our family, personally and in the Company. And which would end with the death of your grandpa and the passing of the business to others.

In 1911 the Westfield plant had about reached the limit of its capacity. Suddenly there was opportunity to buy the big and almost new Walker grape juice factory at near-by North East in Pennsylvania, which would about double the capacity. The Walkers had entered the grape juice business with a big splash, and quicly fell out of it with an equally big splash. Our folks bought their plant from the Receivers.

I moved to North East to make changes in equipment, set up an organization, hire workers, contract for grapes, and get the plant ready in the few months then remaining before the grapes would be ripe.

The strain of financing the Walker purchase postponed the Sanitarium, and it finally got lost completely. After more than a year at North East, I was again thinking of the engineering and construction work in far places of the World; but that also got postponed by one happening and another, and I continued with the Company.

Following quickly after the North East expansion came the moving of the general offices from the factory to the Welch Block, and a rapid increase in office personnel.

Then we built plants in Canada, Michigan, and Arkansas, with arrangements to be made and continued with growers in each area, for tonnage, quality control, etc.

Came new products. Grapelade, tomato juice, jellies, jams, preserves, etc. New methods of processing all products. Branch offices opened in many cities. National advertising campaigns were a feature. Our own print shop sent out store display matter in large quantities. Foreign sales became important. The Company grew up.

In this period of growth (the final one in our time) our Company had not only the usual problems and upsets common to such progress, but we also had some that were peculiarly our own.

The first of these came along in 1916, when your grandpa was nominated for Governor of New York State on the Prohibition ticket. Should he accept, and thus take a prominent public position of leadership on the temperance movement; which then was becoming quite warm?

Would the good he might do, in that public stand, offset the temperance benefits then becoming visible, in the increasing substitution of grape juice for alcoholic beverages? This move had been an important target of our sales and advertising. Some progress had been made, and grape juice was being accepted, even sometimes featured, in bars, hotels, and restaurants. It was a sure bet that the goodwill of those operators would be sharply jolted, if the head of our Company campaigned against their liquor profits.

If we boys were inclined to consider the angles, there was no such inclination on the part of our father. But, if he felt he must heed the call to battle, we were for him. He did feel that way, as you would expect. And the resulting screams of the liquor dispensers, when his acceptance hit the newspapers, were also as had been anticipated.

Came 1919 and National Prohibition, with the Volstead Act. You might think, as many did, that the disappearance of legal alcoholic drinks would be a boon to the producers of such beverages as grape juice. Well, let's see what happened.

All over the country, folks plunged into the making of wine, both in their homes and commercially. The demand for Concord grapes soared, and the price went way up with the soaring demand. Where we had thought that around 50 or 60 dollars a ton was high, we were suddenly having to pay more than twice as much.

We were in a fix. Our new and much higher prices for the grape juice hurt the sales, and they were still not high enough for us to make a profit.

Then Washington took a look in our direction, and Congress socked a tax of ten percent on grape juice. All of our business was done on the basis of delivered prices, which included transportation and all costs of putting the product into the buyers' hands. So that ten percent tax also applied to those costs.

If Washington had intended to make us unhappy, they did a good job. (If our prices would have been able to carry a ten percent raise, we'd have been delighted to have that extra for ourselves. We needed it.)

In this case, as often happens, it is not easy to know the motivations for Congressional manipulations. Maybe our informers were mistaken, when they thought they heard that this tax on the industry was punitive. Maybe it did not stem from the anger of powerful interests, against the crusading Doctor Welch. Maybe this tax, aimed only and directly at the grape juice business, <u>was</u> for revenue only. What do you think?

What I <u>know</u> is that it was a long and frustrating job to get it <u>off</u> our back. After the first hearing before a Senate Committee, our testimony and brief quickly dis-

appeared into the files. At the second hearing, I represented the industry, and I still burn when I remember how the Chairman almost had me out in the corridor, before I had hardly started our presentation. The Chairman interrupted with a brusk: "We've heard enough on that subject previously, and can't give you any more time".

At that moment, a Senator asked some key questions about the spread of the tax and its effects, and we were able to continue for a while, in spite of the Chairman's continued disfavor.

It was some years, before we got relief.

Yes, the arrival of National Prohibition brought some special problems for the business. It brought a brief period of extra concern over the financing, and some heavy and difficult borrowing. The Sales Department was kept on the jump.

We remember that period.

The story would not be complete, if I omitted telling you of the use of grape juice for the making of the non-legal wine. Folks would doctor the grape juice with yeast and sugar, and ferment it into a passable wine. There's no telling if the quantity, so used, was in sufficient volume to materially help our sales; but there was quite a lot of that done.

Any order received for a large shipment of gallon bottles would be suspect. They tell about the day that your grandpa was strolling through the Order Department, and happened to pick up an order slip for a quantity of gallons. He came as near to exploding as he ever did, and said to the clerk: "Don't ship it!" Then downstairs he came, to his office, to call some of the heads together and discuss how his grape juice could be shut off from wine making. A difficult accomplishment.

In following the course of the Company, we've missed some of the stories and matters of interest concerning our people. Especially your grandpa.

Let's go back to 1911, when he had that partial breakdown at the age of 59. After that, he went along at what to him was reduced speed. He conserved his strength better and took more time for relaxation, but still kept busy.

There was a noticeable acceleration in his unloading of responsibility for operation of the Company. He had already put many of the burdens on the two older boys. Now there were three of us. Four, for a while.

After Bill concluded his musical education at Syracuse, he joined us and became office manager. Your grandpa had started the Ajax Flexible Coupling Co. and Bill was soon giving much time to that. Finally, he took over that operation completely and built it up into a solid business.

At about the time I joined the Company, my father made one of his characteristic moves. And that brings us to the Smith story. This Smith had been brought in as Manufacturing Superintendent. He was young, ambitious, and well trained, and was soon extending his advice and influence into other departments; even into management problems.

My father gave him every encouragement. And to us he said, "I want the best man, or men, at the head of this business. If Smith proves to be that man, and he goes to the top, I am for him. And you boys will be the losers". He meant it.

So, there was not only competition between us, but a hot outsider was stepping on our heels. An attractive offer elsewhere took Smith away after a few years; but he left a real impression.

I'd like to give you some glimpses of your grandpa, as he was in the Welch offices. The man that we boys moved in with, back there.

His private office, then and always, was small --- even tiny. No splurge or show-off. It wasn't so private, either. The door was always open, and <u>ANYONE</u> could walk in.

He wore nose glasses, at his desk. They were the small, half-glasses; just the lower reading lenses. When someone came to talk with him, the glasses would go on the desk, and he would often swing around and look out the window, while concentrating on his caller's message or questions.

When someone came to present a matter to him, he wished that presenter to have his thoughts well organized, and present them one, two, three. It helped, if those thoughts were also brought in, typed.

One of his well known remarks was, "Where's your memo?" We and others were expected to write, and have available, our important decisions, arrangements and understandings. He wanted no dependence on memory. When he sat in on a discussion, and we said, "I thought so-and-so ---" or, "As I understood it ---", that's when we'd hear his, "Where's your memo?"

A familiar sight was to see "Doctor" come briskly up the main entrance stairs, walk with that quick step through the corridors to his office, looking neither left nor right. Then again, entering, or just going about the building, he would stroll along, stopping at a desk, here and there, for a short chat. Maybe to ask about a sick one, or to crack a dry joke, or to make one of his whimsical remarks.

When a little upset, or taken aback, he was apt to say, "Well, I'll be switched!"

When he was really jolted --- he probably wouldn't say anything. Maybe a slow, "Well ---". I've seen some pretty bad pieces of news hit him, and have wondered how he could show his feelings so little.

I remember when there was a bad accient in the cellar at the plant. A large section of stored carboys of juice, eighteen feet high, had crashed. That was early in the Westfield period, and the loss was plenty serious for the small company. I was home from college. He sent for me, and said, "Some bins in the cellar have fallen. Pick out the men you want. Go down there, and see how many unbroken carboys you can salvage. Don't let anyone get hurt". That's all he said. He never went to look at that pile of broken glass and filled carboys. He didn't come around, while we were working. When finished, I took him the tally of saved carboys, and he said,

"Better than I dared hope. Good job". End of incident.

It was from my mother that I learned how much the crash had affected him. In private.

He preferred that mistakes be corrected and squabbles smoothed, before being brought to him. He was a bit over-quick, in hiring, and slow in firing, so some who stayed a while should never have started. He gave praise easily --- but in few words. He reproved without heat.

Dater stamps, with initials, were used always about the offices. When a letter, memo, report, crossed a desk, that fellow's dater stamp had better be on it. It might reach Doctor Welch's desk, and he had sharp eyes for missing dater stamps.

I'm reminded now of my father's famous green pencil. There was always one on his desk. Green was "his mark", wherever seen around the offices, and anything written, which came by him, was pretty sure to come away with green decorations. That green pencil projected him into everything.

Your grandpa's restaurant, Motor Inn, in the Welch Block, opened with the completion of that building, and continued I guess until that corner was taken by the Post Office. He had various managers, which included your Aunt Jean for a while, but he took a great personal interest in its operation. Too, it was a fine place for him to give the dinners and lunches which had previously been staged at the plant.

In the period following 1911, your grandpa and grandma got into the habit of spending winters in Florida, and he was apt to be taking car or train, somewhere, most any time. One of the interests which took him away was his participation, as a Delegate, in world affairs of the Methodist Church. And when such things took him abroad, he would take extra time and see the countries.

His printed New Year's card for 1922 belongs in our story.

Here it is:

> "In Seville, Spain, in those very narrow, winding streets, I lost all sense of direction. Thru an interpreter, I asked of a woman in a doorway, how to get back to my hotel, and this is what she said: 'You can't lose your way. Go straight down this street till you come to the Street of the Love of God, and that will take you right in'.
>
> "Did I follow her directions? Of course I did, and I pass it on, for this is the street we are all looking for: 'Calle amor de Dios' --- Let's walk in it all of 1922 --- and --- beyond."
>
> (Signed) "C. E. Welch"

In late 1924, when he was 72, and feeling poorly, he wrote an allegorical piece, likening himself to an old automobile, most worn out. It was printed, circulated and published, so perhaps you are familiar with it. Part of it read:

> "WANTED: A 1925 license for an 1852 car.
>
> "As I see the year 1924 slipping out, I am wondering about my 1925 license. I know that this old car can't go on forever, and I can't help thinking this may be the year they will refuse me a license.
>
> "After getting a bad report from a garage, I couldn't help thinking, thinking. Here was this machine, true of ancient make, but it has served me well these many years. I don't know how many thousands of miles it has run, and carried loads that were marvelous.
>
> "Of late, it has worked fairly well, with light loads, on smooth roads; but oh! the hills! Why, hills it used to make easily on high, it now labors and knocks, to make on second.
>
> "My wife says I ought to have a chauffeur. Maybe I ought. But I don't want one. I

I saw her looking at pictures of up-to-date models, and I wonder what she was thinking. I don't believe she wants to trade in. Everybody admires a new car. I do. I was once there, myself. If I were there now, I'd have an airplane. But I don't want a chauffeur. When I can't drive my own car, I don't want anybody to drive it, so I'll drive carefully, and make it go as far as it will.

"After all, the guarantee of three score years and ten that goes with certain well-built cars has been exceeded in my case, and I cannot complain.

"I am on my last trip, but that doesn't worry me. If I get stalled on this hill --- or the next --- I have a Friend who will tow me home."

A year later, he wrote a second allegory. It was woven around the kind of oil used in the engine, and got its title from this verse in a Methodist hymn:

"There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads.
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy seat."

I'll give you part of that piece:

"Rx --- OIL OF GLADNESS, S.P. *

"I got the 1925 license all right. But it came near not doing me any good, for the engine heated badly, and there were aminous rattles and gasps. At one garage (where I tried to buy the Oil of Gladness) the man said: 'We have Universal Oil only. Yes, it is a cheap oil, but that's what people call for. Oil of Gladness comes high, and many won't pay the price.

"(When I finally found the Oil of Gladness), the man there asked how far I was going. I replied: 'I am going a long way. I am going to Canaan.'

"The man said: 'A long way! Why, don't you realize you are almost there! Canaan is just down the next hill, on the other side of that River.'

"Lots of tourists have asked me how it was possible for my ancient car to get up and go. I just say: 'Rx. Oil of Gladness, S.P. And be sure to follow the instructions in the Book!."

(* Satisfying Portion)

Shortly after he wrote that last piece, he took off for Florida in his car. My mother, and your Uncle Bill, followed by train.

He was not then in condition to do his own driving, and for the first time he went to Florida with a chauffeur. He took one along, all right, but we heard that the chauffeur became the passenger, and your grandpa was at the wheel --- with the gas pedal well down.

I can see him. The big smile. The quips and jokes and terse comments. At the wheel. At high speed. On his last ride.

My mother and the others had not yet arrived to join him, when, one morning, he left the breakfast table, and went to join his Friend, above. That was in January of 1926. In two months he would have been 74.

The Service at Westfield was as he would have liked it. Bishop Berry did not preach. He just talked. His first words, after a long moment of silent standing at the pulpit, were: "My good friend, Charlie Welch, has gone to glory!" After a pause, he continued with that beautiful, informal talk.

Your Uncle Bill, at his own request, played the organ for the Service. When the last Amen had been said, Bill did something that was rather unexpected. He pulled out the stops, opened up the full volume, and filled the church and all the surrounding area, with the old Hymns. The familiar Hymns of his father. Hymns of praise and thanksgiving, of joy and of triumph. It was Bill's goodbye to his father. It was goodbye for each of us. Yes --- our father would have liked it that way.

Grape juice and the resulting business have been with us in a prominent way, for many years, along this Trail. Now we see The Welch Grape Juice Co. pass out of our family; and I must give that exit more than passing notice.

It is common for a business to be founded on a process or discovery. But grape juice was more than that. In the words of your grandpa, it "was born out of a passion to serve God", and in its infancy and early years it was the instrument in a crusade.

It grew into an industry, and again the pattern was unusual. The business was operated to provide gifts for the Lord, and profits were hurried into gifts as fast as possible. (Sometimes even a bit faster than was quite prudent, as I well remember).

Thus it continued until your grandpa's death. Though we and others had an interest, he was the principal owner; and he had provided that the bulk of his estate should be distributed for the Lord's work. To best serve those purposes, was the major reason why we accepted an attractive offer for the sale of the business.

I want to talk some more about my mother, your Grandma Welch. In this story, we had left her with Bill, on

the train to St. Petersburg. Bill had accompanied her, because she had been having spells with her heart.

Bill received a telegram on the train, telling of his father's sudden death; but your grandma was not told until they reached St. Petersburg. The news was almost too much for her. Bill was by her bed, all through that first night, fighting to bring back her will to live, and to keep her heart going. He was loving son and capable nurse. It was he, I am sure, as much as the doctor, who kept her with us through that critical time.

It had been forty years since she had moved into the busy Philadelphia home, as a bride. There she found not only the challenge to please the new husband, and the two little ones, but also the husband's parents, upstairs. Charlie's younger sisters, then unmarried, were frequent guests. And all of those Welches, even the children, had positive natures and definite ideas.

What a challenge! She was a sweet and gentle person, always thoughtful and anxious to please. But there was a spunky streak, too, which appeared when someone or something had gone too far. Even then, she could say her say in a nice way.

The boys were so young, then, that she really was the only mother they knew. They loved her --- then and always. Just as did all who ever knew her.

There was a remarkable accord --- understanding and companionship --- between my father and her. He was a strong leader. Mostly, she followed his lead, and went along with his decisions, habits, and plans. When she demurred or objected, we might sense it; but we seldom were sure of it. Their differences were settled out of our hearing.

There were times when my father gave us an unfavorable answer, and offered little or no explanation. It was then that we might go to Mother; and she would explain or justify, or ease our feelings in some way. But she stood by his answer.

For some thirteen years after the death of your grandpa, she blessed the old home with her presence. Though her health gradually failed, and her life became narrowed to the area of the bed, the wheel chair, and the nurse, she kept the inner fires glowing.

You were among the grandchildren who came to that home, and enjoyed that sweet little old lady, with the lively brown eyes, the ready wit, and the warm interest in every caller.

I was away quite a bit, during those years, and I still have some of the letters she wrote me then. There were many, many references to her grandchildren. I would like to quote some of them --- but, because there are lost letters, some of you would be omitted. I would not like that, and neither would that have pleased her. She loved, enjoyed, and praised, each one.

Since I have addressed this piece to you, Jean, I will quote one reference. You may blush if you wish. She said: "Jean is a stunning girl; and a lovely one."

That is a sample of the nice things she said about each one.

As I write this, only your father and I are left. He, the first child of your Grandma Jennie, and I, the oldest of my mother's children. Half-brothers, yes --- but we never thought of that relationship, and the term was not used in our family.

We are not really alone, either. Those who married into our family were like one of us. So your Aunt Mary, and Grace, your mother, are mourned --- just as are the children --- Paul, Jean and Bill. And we still have and love and enjoy, as our present family, Edgar's Myrtie, Bill's Ruth, Jean Dewar's Art, and my Esther.

I am very grateful to you, Jean, for the suggestion which started this story. I have been having a most wonderful time, along the Welch Trail with you; enjoying all the folks of memory.

I hope I have helped you to know the ones we met along the way --- who they were; what they were like; and what they did.

You asked particularly about your Grandpa Welch, and I especially hoped to show him to you. He was such a special person.

****

My story ends. The Trail continues. Jean and all of you, the grandchildren of Charlie Welch, are now the leaders. You are now writing the story of The Welch Trail.

My wish for each of you is: "Good Traveling!"

****

To you, my nieces and nephews: Charles, Thomas, Paul, and Jean; Barbara, Martha, and Ann; Judy and Jack:

Much love from your,

Uncle John

To my daughter Sue:

Much love from your,

Dad

Those were
some of
the happenings
on
the Trail
as the family
Welch
came from
Wales
and England to
Watertown
Winona
Vineland
Watkins and
Westfield

(Note: Edgar Welch did not live to read this story. It was still in manuscript form, when he died in Westfield June 26, 1963).

J.F.W.

CHARLES EDGAR WELCH

1852 - 1926

PRESIDENT

The Welch Grape Juice Company	Westfield, N. Y.
Welch Gas Co.	Westfield, N. Y.
Ajax Flexible Coupling Co.	Westfield, N. Y.
Grape Belt National Bank	Westfield, N. Y.

TRUSTEE

Chautauqua Institution	Chautauqua, N. Y.
Allegheny College	Meadville, Pa.
Illinois Woman's College	Jacksonville, Ill.
Methodist Church (27 years)	Westfield, N. Y.

MEMBER

Executive Board of Foreign Missions Methodist Church; meeting monthly in New York	New York, N. Y.

DELEGATE

Methodist General Conference	1908-1912-1916-1920-1924
Methodist Ecumenical Conference	London, England (1921)

SUPERINTENDENT

Methodist Church Sunday School(25 years)	Westfield, N. Y.

CHAIRMAN

Committee for Prevention of Tuberculosis	Chautauqua County, N. Y.

MAYOR

Six terms	Westfield, N. Y.

CHARLES EDGAR WELCH

1852 - 1926

Married	Children	Born
Jennie Ross	Edgar Thomas	January 22, 1881
November 12, 1879	Paul Ross	July 20, 1882
Julia Frailey	John Frailey	October 26, 1886
June 16, 1885	Jennie Ross	April 17, 1888
	William Taylor	March 21, 1890

CHARLES EDGAR WELCH

1852 - 1926

His children married:	Grandchildren	Born
Edgar T. Welch Grace Harris July 23, 1902	Charles Edgar Thomas Harris Paul Roland Jean	August 8, 1903 December 4, 1915 January 12, 1918 October 9, 1919
Edgar T. Welch Myrtie Warren April 5, 1922	Ross Warren (Killed in action, 1944)	April 1, 1924
Paul R. Welch Mary Babcock February 25, 1914	Barbara Martha Ann	October 11, 1915 December 4, 1918 May 17, 1923
John F. Welch Esther Jenkins February 17, 1943	Susan Esther	February 15, 1947
Jean Ross Welch Arthur L. Dewar January 13, 1923		
William T. Welch Ruth van Leuven October 9, 1928	Ruth Julia(Judy) William John(Jack)	January 27,1931 January 17,1934

CHARLES EDGAR WELCH

1852 - 1926

His grandchildren married:	Great grandchildren	Born
Charles E. Welch Margery Miller October 15, 1955		
Thomas H. Welch Jane Todd June 25, 1938	Stephen Todd Martha Grace Elizabeth Ann	April 5, 1942 June 21, 1944 February 26, 1950
Paul R. Welch Evelyn Gray October 10, 1939	Barbara Heather Paul Alexander Victoria Jean	February 21, 1941 January 26, 1943 November 5, 1947
Jean Welch Donald C. Tiedeman June 26, 1943	Virginia Thomas Ross Ann Charles Welch	December 10, 1945 January 21, 1948 October 25, 1949 January 30, 1956
Barbara Welch Dana W. Atchley, Jr. August 26, 1939	Dana Winslow, 3rd. Mary Babcock Elizabeth Ross Sarah Ross	April 15, 1941 October 24, 1942 July 23, 1946 September 21, 1950
Barbara Welch James B. French, Jr. May 19, 1956		
Martha Welch John A. Atchley September 27, 1942	Susan John Adams, Jr. Peter Ross	October 20, 1944 March 11, 1947 February 23, 1949
Ann Welch Arthur W. Viner August 2, 1947	William Babcock	September 12, 1956
Ruth Julia Welch Harold M. Layton,Jr. August 15, 1953	Pamela Ann	September 24, 1954
William John Welch Juliet Wilson June 25, 1955	Eric Howard Ruth Leslie Jeanette Susan	January 6, 1956 April 6, 1959 March 12, 1961

Dr. Charles E. Welch

Notes