

Leonard Sweitzer compilation of family history

Personal History Sketch of Dad's (Louis William Sweitzer) Early Western Experiences

From notes given to Leonard E. Sweitzer July 1944. Prepared by Leonard, typed by Bernice, distributed December 31, 1947.

Louis W. Sweitzer was born in Marietta, Ohio, on July 22, 1859. These lines are written eighty-five years later when he celebrated this birthday at his home in Delta, Colorado.

When the financial panic of 1873 occurred, he was a boy fourteen years of age. During this depression he managed to find work in a store in Marietta. The hours were long—twelve to fourteen a day—extending until late in the evening. The work was hard and his pay but \$3.00 a week. Dinky illumination furnished by kerosene lamps did not make for healthful conditions. No wonder that under these circumstances he developed as a sickly and puny youngster. IN the end he had to quit the work in the store entirely. For a time he helped his father in the latter's home wagon-ship with what little work there was to do because of the panic conditions.

The economic situation failing to improve after five years, Dad decided to seek his fortune elsewhere. He and his brother-in-law, Jacob Schramm, and the latter's much younger brother, Will, decided to come to Colorado after hearing favorable reports about it from travelers who had recently returned from there.

So, at the age of nineteen, he and the Schramms left Marietta on October 15, 1878. After a four-day ride in railroad day coaches, by way of Cincinnati and St. Louis, they arrived in Denver on October 19th.

Denver then had a population of twelve to fifteen thousand. Activity centered about 15th and Larimer Streets. The community boasted of a horse-drawn street care line down Larimer Street. Turnouts enabled the one-horse outfits to pass.

The Kansas Pacific Railroad was the one on which the boys had come in from the Est. The Colorado Central wound its way north, and the Rio Grande was pushing its way south. The South Park road was then being built to the West.

The Schramm brothers knocked around Denver for a time but within a year they returned to Ohio. Dad got a job in the general store (the department store of that day) where he worked from the time of his arrival until the spring of 1880. For a time during the spring of 1880 he worked on the South Park Railroad, helping to build a station near Trout Creek Pass.

Longing for other activity and different sights, he headed for Leadville, a booming mining town in the heart of the mountains. He associated himself with an elderly couple going there in a wagon. On reaching Breckenridge, the old folks decided they would drive stake there and take to teaming. This left Dad stranded, but in a few days he picked up with another wagon group and finally arrived in Leadville in June of 1880.

He lived at first in a public rooming house—a cabin built of poplar logs, and got his meals wherever he could. Soon he met up with one A. L. Pennnock, and together the prospected in Half Moon Gulch during that summer. This gulch is located westward from Leadville, between Mount Elbert to the southwest and Mount Massive to the west. They found a little pay ore on the surface but that was all it amounted to. They kept at this until Fall, when they returned to Leadville.

Once more Dad got a job in a store, this time in a dry good establishment. His wages were \$25.00 a month, with board and lodging \$6.00. Consequently he managed to save money for there was nothing worthwhile on which to spend it. There were plenty of undesirable activities, but he did not care for them. HE worked six long days a week, but on Sunday the place was closed.

Learning that the Uncompahgre Indian Reservation was to be opened to white settlement in September 1881, six men with a four-horse outfit made up a party that pulled out of Leadville in May of that year. The group consisted of Dad, the brothers John and Will Francis, A. L. Pennnock, Darwin Barnes of New York State, and one Cleghorn (Uncle Cleg, and older man. They were held up at the town of St. Elmo some distance southward because of the deep snow until this disappeared in the mountains. Here, incidentally, the picked up what became the seventh member of their party, Robert Francis, a cousin of the other two Francis boys, who left the store he had in St. Elmo in charge of his brother, Charles.

In due time, the Continental Divide was crossed at Monarch Pass. Travels continued down the Pacific slope to the settlement of Parlin and Gunnison, and on down the Gunnison River and westward over Blue Mesa to the river's junction with Cimarron Creek. The route further led up this creek to Chimney Rock, where a bed of coal ten to twelve feet thick was found.

Because the wagon was heavily loaded with necessities, so travel for the four horse team was hard, so Dad walked most of the way. From Gunnison, a black-and-yellow terrier followed and was adopted as the mascot. One night when in camp near Chimney Rock, the dog barked furiously and backed into the tent, continuing his disturbance, since the light of the campfire blinded objects in the distance, the cause of the dog's actions could not be seen. However, the next morning the tracks of a passing bear were found. Had they been aware that such an animal was prowling about, the men would hardly have known what to do, for there were few firearms in the party, and these were seldom used. Dad carried a pistol only.

On this trek up the Cimarron, the wagon was left at the river and peaks slung on to the horses.

While at Chimney Rock, the two Francis Brothers made a side trip, each taking a horse and cutting southwest across the hills to Ouray, but they came right back from this exploration trip.

Dad and his companions did not long remain up the Cimarron, but retraced their course north back to the Gunnison River, and then headed west over Cerro Summit, a route already being followed into the Uncompahgre Valley by a state coach. They arrived in a few days at the Los Pinos Indian Agency at Colona, south a few miles of the later-founded town of Montrose.

A small number of soldiers were quartered in Fort Crawford, very close by, as a protective guard. In fact, the two sites stand today on either side of the main north-and-south highway. To the Agency periodically came the Uncompahgre Ute Indians for the government rations due them as part of the settlement for taking over their valley lines for white settlement.

It was one time when the travelers rested at the Agency that they saw Indian children swimming in the Uncompahgre River. Pennnock had a prominent good tooth which provided the youngsters with much merriment, and the more he laughed at their antics, the more excited they became.

Continuing south in the valley, they found nothing of special interest. Remaining in Ouray only long enough to reset the iron tires on the dried-out wagon wheels, they back-tracked a few miles to where Ridgway is not located. Once more the route lay west; this time over the Dallas Divide and on to the head of Leopard Creek, near a place that later was called Leonard.

The Francis brothers, their cousin, and Pennock decided to go no farther, but Dad, Barnes, and Cleghorn (a former California placer miner), determined to ride on up the grade to the mining settlement of Columbia, later renamed and still known as Telluride.

Because the horse and wagon outfit belonged to the Francis boys, they retained possession of it, and with it returned shortly afterwards to Leadville, their cousin Robert having already hit the trail back to St. Elmo. So Dad and his two companions packed into Telluride with a burro.

It was near here where Dad saw a homemade overshot waterwheel hooked up to drive an up-and-down rip-saw for the fashioning of crude lumber. The tooth marks of each cut were plainly seen on the timbers.

The three decided to remain in the area for the winter of 1881-82, intending to take up land for some now unrecalled purpose. They built a cabin on Hastings—or Schmick—Mesa, about four miles north of the town. (Schmick was a settler on this mesa who had built a toll road across it.) A cabin was built for the Winter after hauling logs some distance with a yoke of oxen which was available.

But by spring their money began to give out and they decided to head back to Leadville. Dad and Barnes loaded up the burro and pulled out, leaving old Cleghorn sitting on a stump before the cabin and never heard of afterwards.

Early on the return journey, the Uncompahgre had to be forded, in spite of its running high. Barnes crossed the stream on a cottonwood tree already felled by someone, for perhaps a similar purpose. He carried the burro's tether rope with him, pulling hard on it and Dad shoved the loaded animal into the stream. Fortunately, she found footing enough to keep upright and thus save both pack and donkey.

The Lake Fork of the Gunnison was readily forded, as was the Gunnison itself, farther upstream. Beyond the town of that name, new territory was entered, for the trail extended northeastward, up Taylor Creek, over Independence Pass on the Divide, and down to Twin Lakes.

During that summer of 1882, Dad became associated with John Francis in his cabin in Half Moon Gulch, which looked more promising than had his own. Here they carried on during the Fall and into the Winter of 1882-83. A fifty foot tunnel had been driven into solid rock. The entrance was covered over with a cabin structure that served, among other purposes, as a blacksmith shop where the drilling tools were sharpened daily. ON Friday, January 26, 1883, a snowfall began which continued to pile soft snow deep for three days. On Monday, the 29th, at the close of the day, after the day's shots had been fired, they and their shepherd dog left for their cabin home some rods away. Meanwhile, fourteen-year-old Archie Francis, John's son, left the cabin to meet the three. They had no more than started when an avalanche tore down the mountain and engulfed them. The boy and the cabin were not struck, but the former was witness to the catastrophe. Later, he returned to the cabin home for the night, wondering what he would do when morning came.

The snow slide tore away the tunnel building and filled the entrance with snow and debris. In the Spring, the 80-pound anvil was found at the back of the tunnel, forty to fifty feet distant.

Meanwhile, the three miraculously somehow rode the surface of the slide, as floating timbers ride a flood, Dad's heavy overcoat had been literally ground off of him, scattered shreds being found later when the snow disappeared. All were bruised and lamed, but fortunately escaped with their lives. They managed to hobble to the Lance cabin just beyond the foot of the slide. The next morning, the boy saw unaccustomed smoke rising from its chimney. He promptly investigated and was overjoyed to find the men and the dog. Because of their weakness and lameness, they had to remain there for several days. Meanwhile, the youngster kept them supplied with firewood and other necessities.

Then able to resume work a few weeks later, Dad and John returned to Half Mon in March to continue their digging. Fortune, however, did not smile on them and they finally gave up all prospecting and returned to Leadville in the Fall. Dad picked up another job as a clerk in McMillan's grocery store on Chestnut Street. He continued here for about four years, meanwhile again saving money. It was during this period—in the Summer of 1885—that a typical wild west even occurred which Dad remembers vividly all the rest of his life. It was publicly announced that on a certain day and hour, a man would be hanged as the penalty for the crime of murder which he had committed. When the day and hour arrived, most of the population of the town had repaired to the spot west of the town where a crude gallows had been erected in the absence of such a thing as a county jail having such a facility. As a curious young man, he was close at hand when a wagon drove up containing the prisoner—a little old man in shabby clothes—guarded by a number of deputy sheriffs with guns on the alert. The victim was promptly trussed, up, the wagon moved on, and shortly afterward the crowd nonchalantly dispersed.

Once more, Dad became restless for action. In the Summer of 1886, he bought a burro train of twenty-seven animals and packed supplies across the mountain range to the west when the Bust Ivanhoe Tunnel was being built on the Colorado Midland Railroad.

This activity lasted for the Summer only, when like the migrating birds heading for the south, Dad once more returned to Leadville for the winter. He worked this time in the W. P. Woodruff Store, which dealt wholesale in fruit, fresh produce, tobacco, candy, et. W. P. and his brother later became interested in a business in Glenwood Springs and real estate in Salt Lake City, Utah. Desirous of disposing of the Leadville holdings, they informed Dad and "Tony" Heichemer that they wanted them to purchase their business. Though others were employed by Mr. Woodruff, these two were selected, because of their thrift and industry, to assume ownership. They agreed to the undertaking and managed to scrape together enough money to make the first payments in late 1887. Affairs prospered and quarters on Chestnut Street became too small. Later they purchased a larger building on 6th Street where the L. W. Schweitzer & Company, and later the Sweitzer Mercantile Company, did business until about 1935, a period of forty-eight years.

In 1888, Dad returned to Marietta for a visit and became engaged to Elizabeth Morgenstern. He went back again the next year, at the age of thirty, and they were married in the German Lutheran Church on September 19, 1889.

It was while they were attending the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 that word was received of the financial panic in the West. Having left Leonard and Morgan in Marietta with Dad's sister, Emma, Mother when back to get the boys while Dad hurried back to Leadville, where he found the employees doing little more than sitting around, for there was scant business to be done. Retrenchment was

promptly effected and expenses cut. With the benefit of some money on hand, the firm continued during that period.

George Newell was the travelling member of a concern of flour makers at Longmont which included his brother. When in Leadville, he made Dad's store his hangout. Since his territory covered the Western Slope of Colorado, he became enthusiastic about its fruit and agricultural possibilities. He consequently suggested that as one source of fruit for the store, the Leadville company should develop a fruit farm there.

Newell and Heichemer came to Delta in the summer of 1893 and took an option on the 160 acres of the A. C. Jensen farm located on the south end of Garnet Mesa on which wheat, oats, and alfalfa were being grown. A log cabin was on the property on its west boundary, required as a part of the fulfillment of the homestead claim. It was standing until about fifteen years ago.

Dad came in November with Newell and closed the deal for purchase. But with Newell in the picture, and awkward situation existed. This finally was closed up by paying Newell something for his efforts, a sort of commission fee of perhaps two-hundred dollars. Later Newell acquired a farm of his own on California Mesa. The Sweitzers and Newells were distant neighbors and close friends until the time of Mr. Newell's death quite a few years ago.

The family was moved from Leadville in January, 1894, and lived in a house on Meeker Street, now number 330, adjacent to the present modern Delta Post office on the north. On the lot now existing between the two structures stood the barn to the place which later was turned around and moved to the front of the lot and was rebuilt and made the first Catholic Church in Delta. Still later, the building was moved south on Meeker Street and another use made of it.

Minnie was born in this house in town on September 6, 1894, but sick continuously due to the poor water which came from the Gunnison River and due to the alkali dust which blew about the streets. Sickness with others was prevalent in the autumn in those days due to these adverse conditions. The folks were anxious to get Minnie out in the country. Also, the house had been sold to a Mr. J. J. Mills, who desired early possession. The move was accomplished in November of 1894, when the family moved into the house on the farm which a couple of carpenters had built while he tried his hand at farming.

Bernice and Paul were born in this first home on the ranch. On March 17, 1898, the present big house was staked out in an oat field and completed during that summer. The family moved into it in August, and Annetta was born there on November 16, 1898.

Here ends this brief but interesting and romantic personal sketch. The fifty years—the half century—from the day Dad established his home on the ranch to this time—his 85th birthday—would make another sketch quite as interesting, but of much different character. This would deal with his part in the growth and development of the Uncompahgre Valley, which it is hoped may someday also be put down on paper.

A supplement to Leonard's account of Dad's early experiences:

At one time during Dad's mountaineering days, he had a mail route. A pack burro was loaded with the mail and was thus carried over the Continental Divide between two mountain towns. How I wish I knew

which towns he served. On one trip, eh and the burro arrived at the top of the divide, to find that the trail down was coated with ice. The mail must go on, so Dad pushed the burro onto the ice. Donkey and mail slid safely to the bottom of the trail, and Dad slid down also.

Perhaps it was on one of these trips that Dad discovered an area literally covered by frozen grasshoppers which had been unable to make it over the top.

Mother once remarked that as far as she knew, there were only two types of work that Dad had not engaged in during his early years in Colorado. One was acting as a minister, and the other was working as a saloon keeper. Of course, we children wanted to know about these activities and Dad's answer was, "Don't ask me that question."

In the spring of 1893, Dad made a trip to California for the Sweitzer Mercantile Company, apparently looking for sources of fruits and vegetables which they could sell in Leadville. It was a wonderful experience for Dad, and he wrote interesting letters to Mother. He wrote of the abundant fruits, vegetables, and the flowers. He sent Mother flowers, wine, and olives, and he ordered a carload of oranges for the store.

His travels took him from San Francisco to Monterey and back to San Francisco. He mentioned the cable cars and horse-drawn cars in Los Angeles, which then had a population of 50,000. He attended a Citrus Fair in Colton and predicted that eventually Colton could supply lemons for all of the United States.

Hotel rates varied from \$1.00 to \$2.50 a night. He described the "Coronado Hotel as being the toniest hotel on earth, I guess."

On the homeward trip, he stopped in Salt Lake City on April 6, 1893—the day before the Mormon Temple was dedicated.

It was after this trip that Mountain View Ranch was purchased, and the farm and Delta area supplied many fruits and vegetables which were shipped to Leadville for sale in the Sweitzer Mercantile Company store.

As I bring my report of some of Dad's early-day experiences, I reiterate Leonard's hope that someday, someone will make a record of Dad's part in the growth and development of the Uncompahgre Valley.

This is sort of "I Remember Mama" resume to supplement the article Leonard wrote about Dad in 1947. It is for the most part, a collection of things Mother told me over the years.

Perhaps the most unusual and interesting happening in Elizabeth's life were the circumstances concerning her birth in Marietta, Ohio, on December 23, 1859. Her parents, Jacob and Caroline Morgenstern, lived in a little house near the junction of the Muskingum and Ohio rivers. Her mother was pregnant when a flood came, and it was necessary for the parents to abandon their home. When the flood subsided and it was thought to be safe, the young couple moved back into their home, which was still damp. As a result, my grandmother took sick, and Elizabeth was born prematurely. She was so tiny they wrapped her in cotton, put her in a cigar box, and kept her in a warm oven. There were no baby incubators in those days. She was fed with an eyedropper. A tea cup could be slipped over her

head. It was a miracle she survived, and this could only have been the result of "tender-loving-care." They named her Elizabeth Catherin, and her nick-names were "Muggins": and "Shorty."

She was the oldest of eight children, and often told of the responsibilities and problems of her life because of being the oldest. With sadness and a touch of humor, she mentioned one incident which was tragic in the eyes of a little girl. She loved and saved bright colored bits of materials. Her younger sisters often stole some of these. So Lizzie hid her collection of pretty pieces under a board in the back yard. Along came a rain and ruined her treasures.

Perhaps her love of material influenced her to make many quilts through her lifetime. She made her first quilt when she was only thirteen-years old. I wish I knew how many she made over the years.

She also learned to crochet at an early age, and at the age of nine (or was it seven?), she crocheted a sampler which for many years I used as a bedspread on my doll bed. Each of the six of us was given lovely gifts which she had crocheted.

Among the items left in her lap writing desk were many of her school report cards. These showed she was a good student, but I believe I am correct in saying that neither she nor Dad went beyond grade school. They often spoke of the things they had learned from McGuffey's Readers, which were a sort of children's Bible in those days.

The Sweitzer family of six children lived in the neighborhood, and the Sweitzers and the Morgensterns were friends over the years.

One Sunday afternoon when Mother was about fourteen-years old, she and some of her girlfriend were paddling a raft along the bank of the Ohio River. The current pulled the raft into the swift waters, and the girls lost control of it. The result could have been disastrous had not a gang of boys come to their rescue. One of the rescuers was Louis William Sweitzer, to whom she was married about sixteen years later.

For many years she worked in VanMetre's Tailor shop. She saved her money and was able to buy a home for herself, her parents, and her crippled Aunt Lizzie Morgenstern. She also bought a beautiful walnut bedroom set with marble tops on the dresser and commode. This was brought to Colorado and used by her all of her life (Lela Jean Knight .. showed it to Paul R. Sweitzer about 1981 in her basement in Colorado Springs).

About 1910, Victor Morgenstern, Mother's youngest brother, and his wife Besse, bought the Marietta house and continue do provide a home for their parents.

Blennerhasset Island in the Ohio River was a favorite picnic spot, and singing was always an important part of the evening's pleasure. Mother had a beautiful soprano voice, and has played the guitar, so no doubt added to the evening's enjoyment. She also sang in the choir of the German Lutheran Church.

IN the meantime, Lou Sweitzer had tone to Colorado when he was nineteen years old. His attempts at prospecting brought no fortune.

IN 1887, he and Anthony (Tony) Heichemer bought a general merchandise store. It was known as the Sweitzer Mercantile Store. The business prospered and became a vital part of Leadville life. There is no record of whether or not he and Mother kept in touch during the next ten years.

After Lou had typhoid fever in 1888, the doctor advised him to go back to Marietta and regain his health by eating some of his mother's cooking. He found Mother was unmarried, and they became engaged, and then were married in Marietta no September 19, 1889.

Dad had bought a house in Leadville for \$300.00. Four years later, he sold it for \$500.00. Leonard and Morgan were born her.

The only time Mother went camping was a sad, unhappy experience for her. They went with a team and spring wagon to Twin Lakes, and Mother decided that was not her idea of recreation or fun.

In 1893, Dad and Mother took the two boys to Marietta and left the boys with Aunt Emma Sweitzer while they went to Chicago to attend the World's Fair. While they were in Chicago, the news of the failure of the silver market broke. Mother went back to Marietta, and Ad returned to Leadville. It was a tragic time for all mining towns, and Dad's letters to Mother (which I have) were filled with reports of banks and businesses going bankrupt. Dad and Mr. Heichemer sold what goods they could at half-price and for cash only. It was a period of uncertainty, and at one point Dad seemed about to give up and go to Marietta to start a new life there. Finally, Dad decided to hang on to the business, Mother returned to Leadville, and the business continued until it was sold in 1935.

In the spring of 1894, the company bought the Jensen farm near Delta. It was then that the family moved to Delta, where I was born in a little house on Meeker street. When I* was nine weeks old, I had pneumonia (Lung fever it was called then.) The doctor advised mother to sew the skin which had been removed from the leg of a lamb over my chest as a cure. An alert and good neighbor, Mrs. Frank Childs, was credited with having saved my life. One morning, Mother thought I was sleeping, but Mrs. Childs realized I was in a coma and a doctor was called.

The family moved to the little house on Mountain View Farm in the spring of 1895. Bernice and Paul were born here.

A year or two later, Dad's sister, Emma, came to live with us for a time when Mother was desperately ill. (I drank the Castoria which was left on the dining room table.)

At one time, Mother asked for a drink of beer, although, in spite of her German heritage, she seldom drank beer. The doctor said she could have the beer since he believed she could not get well. How wrong he was!

The big house was moved into in 1898. Annetta was born there. Again Mother was very sick, and again Aunt Emma came to live with us. At that time, there must have been some talk of sending at least some of us children to live with various of the relatives. As soon as I was able to understand, Mother told me never to let any separate the six of us, no matter what happened.

Although I know it was hard for her, a city girl, to adjust to farm life, she accepted her responsibilities and became an understanding mother, a tidy housekeeper, and an excellent cook. She often said Dad had to teach her to cook, as he had had much experience in mining camps. Her flocks of chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese were the source of her income. Mr. Kurz, the butcher, and others bought her fryers for 20 cents or 25 cent each, butter for 20 cents or 25 cents a pound, and eggs for almost nothing. The money thus earned often provided the family and hoe with needed items, especially when income

from the farm was lacking. She never had a checking account, but kept her cash in a tin box under the bottom drawer of the linen closet. From time to time, she added small amounts to the bank notes, which she had taken out when her Uncle Vic paid for the Marietta home. This money provided each of the six of us with a small legacy. Over the years, she had often said she thought it was important for her to leave each of us some money.

One other girlhood dream had been someday to own a horse and buggy of her own. Her girlfriends had laughed at her because they thought this to be an impossibility. However Dad made her dream come true when he gave her a buggy with a top (no fringe) and Dolly as her very own horse. This gave her much pleasure until Dad bought a Hudson and later other cars. Mother never learned to drive a car but their later years were made happier because of the many short auto rides they took.

During the fifty years that the family lived near Delta was typical of a successful farm family. There were good years and bad years.

Mother had little time for reading or for social affairs, but she was a faithful member of the Delta Presbyterian Church, always taking her turn at entertaining the Missionary Society and the Ladies Aid. All of us members of the church.

In late years, she derived much enjoyment from her membership in the Shakespeare club. The members seriously studied Shakespeare's plays and opened each meeting with current events.

Mother was a gracious and ever-ready hostess. Each of us has many memories of happy times spent at Mountain View Fruit Farm. To mention only the most important of these would fill volumes, and that I would not attempt to do.

Outstanding among the social events were the annual Fourth of July programs and fireworks, followed by sumptuous refreshments. These affairs were sponsored by the OAB Club (Order of American Boys, which later became the nucleus for Boy Scouts of America). The families of club members were all invited to attend, and they were indeed gala affairs.

One of my choice memories of her singing. On rare occasions, she would play her guitar on summer evenings, as we all relaxed on the porch. She often sat in her rocking chair by the east kitchen window and sang as she prepared vegetables or crocheted. It occurs to me that when the six of us were the most obstreperous, she always sang, "Jesus Savior Pilot Me." Christmas Eves would not have been complete without her singing, "Oh Tannenbaum" and "Silent Night" in German.

The folks celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1939 with all twenty-three members of the immediate family present.

Some months after that, Mother came to Denver and Dr. Bane, Sr. removed a cataract from one eye. The operation was not entirely successful, and later mother had a slight stroke (a "cerebral accident") the doctor called it.

During the remaining four years of her life, she was a semi-invalid with little pain. She could no longer crochet, or piece quilts, but even in those last years, she thought of others and continued to use what strength she had to send notes to family members and to friends.

Dad did an excellent job of caring for her, and her long life ended on September 10, 1944. She is buried in the Delta cemetery.

Heinrich Schweitzer aka Henry Sweitzer

Written by Leonard Sweitzer 11/26/1930 and revised 8/22/1964

Born in Leun, on the Lahn River, Germany n May 14, 1821. Son of Johannas Schweitzer and wife (name unknown). Was the second of two known children, the older being a sister Cathrina, born December 15, 1818.

Heinrich came to America after the failure of the German Revolution in 1848. He is believed to have left a brother also another sister there (see a reference to this elsewhere).

Was sold a ticket to Marietta (where he was going because he had friends there). Finding there were no boats running on the Ohio River, he began to walk west from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He had to sell his good overcoat to pay expenses.

He lived for a while in Wheeling, West Virginia, where he worked on an Ohio River bridge. This is what is today know as the Tenth Street highway suspension bridge (on US 40), completed in 1849. (Stone piers today are blackened with age and industrial grime, 115 years in 1964. See reference elsewhere).

He settled in Marietta in 1851, where on October 16, 1854, having lived in the United States five years and the state of Ohio one year, he there became a naturalized U.S. citizen. His naturalization certificate records the name as Henry Switzer, at which time apparently he anglicized his name. His sons adopted the Sweitzer form. However, note that the unmarried daughter, Emma Nettie, buried beside her parents, ha a small stone marked Schweitzer, and that Henry and his wife Elizabeth have a common stone also marked Schweitzer).

Henry became a wagon-maker by trade. In 1854, he built his own fully-equipped shop behind his home at 622 Third Street. Sometime after 1915, the small white frame home was razed by a later owner and replaced by a large brick residence.

Henry was retired for a number of years before his death.

In stature, Henry was a small man and not too stocky, as Leonard Edward remembered seeing him in 1899 when Leonard's father Louis William took Leonard and his brother Morgan, one year younger, to see Louis's father and Louis's dying mother.

Henry was a member of St. Paul's Evangelical (Lutheran) Church located at the head of Scammel Street, and across Fifth Street from Mound Cemetery.

Henry died in Marietta on May 10, 1910, of pneumonia, and was buried on his 89th birthday. Interred in Mound Cemetery beside Elizabeth, who passed away in 1899.

Henry's descendents at the time of his death numbered six children, 17 grandchildren, and two great grand-children.

Henry lived to see Halley's Comet twice, the first time in Germany as a boy, and the second time just before his death.

We have been asked many times if we were related to the renowned Albert Schweitzer. Louis' and Elizabeth's usual answer was: We wish we knew—it could be so—and recited a number of common family characteristics.

In answer to questions about Henry Sweitzer, Mother Sweitzer wrote to Leonard under date of October 11, 1935:

"Dad says his father did have one brother and two sisters in Germany, as he remembers his father speaking of them when he was a small boy. Even then, he had almost lost track of them, but he remember him getting letters from relatives that had settled in Baltimore. He thinks it was a sister, but did not remember her married name. Of course it would not be Sweitzer.

Once he remembers some relatives in Germany sending them some gifts. In time, all trace of them was lost. His father used to tell them that his father died when he was 12-years-old. He and his two sisters carried on the farm work. He (Dad) says he remembers his parents speaking of some inheritance due them in Germany, but he made no effort to claim it. That is, Henry Sweitzer made no effort to claim it.

Pittsburgh to Marietta

Written by Leonard Swetizer 2/22/1965, based on story Harry Hill told Edith Shipton Switzer in 1939. Harry was married to Elizabeth Morgenstern Sweitzer's sister.

Heinrich Schweitzer was too short to be accepted into the German army when he reached military age. Being rejected, he returned to his home town, but was ridiculed because he was not acceptable for military service.

Heinrich decided to emigrate to America, where, he said, a man would be worth more than cannon fodder. Arriving in New York, he purchased a ticket to Pittsburgh overland, and then by boat down the Ohio River to Marietta. On arriving at Pittsburgh, he found there were no boats running because of the winter season.

Being stranded at that place, he resolved to walk the rest of the way. But, in order to have some money for subsistence, he was forced to sell his good overcoat—at tough decision to make, no doubt.

Heinrich left Germany in 1848 and arrived in the Ohio River country in 1849. Along the way, he must have pickup odd job, for it is known that he worked on an Ohio River bridge in Wheeling, West Virginia, during this latter year.

This suspension bridge today is the oldest existing bridge across the river, being a highway structure carrying US 4 west. Other bridges are of much later date.

Heinrich ultimately reached Marietta in 1851, his destination, where had friends. Incidentally, after arriving here, his stature increased beyond the military height, but he always still remained a short man.