

RAMSEY COUNTY

History

A Publication of the Ramsey County Historical Society

“Abide with Me”
Grace Craig Stork, 1916
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Fall 2016

Volume 51, Number 3

A Workplace Accident

John Anderson’s Fall from the High Bridge

John T. Sielaff, page 3



Towering above the Mississippi River flood plain, St. Paul’s Smith Avenue High Bridge, seen here in a 1905 postcard, connected the city’s oldest residential neighborhood, West Seventh Street, with its newest at the time, Cherokee Heights, or the Upper West Side. John Anderson, a painter working on the bridge in 1902, fell and survived the accident. His story tells us much about the dangers in the workplace then and now. Photo by the Detroit Photographic Company, courtesy of the Minnesota Historical Society.

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RAMSEY COUNTY History

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THE MISSION STATEMENT OF THE RAMSEY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS ON JANUARY 25, 2016:

Preserving our past, informing our present, inspiring our future

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A Message from the Editorial Board

In this issue, we are reminded how workplace conditions in Ramsey County reflect social and political realities. Brian McMahon gives us a look at St. Paul's Ford Assembly Plant during World War II, when the facility was retooled for the war effort. Many workers, including women, were hired to manufacture parts for Pratt & Whitney airplane engines and the M-8 armored car. John Sielaff details the story of John Anderson, a painter who suffered severe injuries in a fall when he was painting the High Bridge in 1902. In the days before Workers' Compensation was enacted in Minnesota, Anderson's legal claim against his employer took a convoluted journey through the court system. Rebecca Ebnnet-Mavencamp shares a social history of the Stork family, who lived on Cleveland Avenue. Although Clinton Stork worked at the H.B. Fuller Company, this story concentrates on family, especially the debilitating illness of Grace Stork, examined through compassionate diary entries of her daughter.

As a final note, don't forget we have podcasts available too. Paul Nelson has a wonderful interview with former Mayor George Latimer, and his latest podcast takes a look at one of our earliest and most interesting settlers, Harriet Bishop. Check them out at www.rchs.com.

Anne Cowie
Chair, Editorial Board

“Abide with Me”

Grace Craig Stork, 1916

Rebecca A. Ebnet-Mavencamp

In the Summer 2014 issue of this magazine, Rebecca Ebnet-Mavencamp drew upon diaries left by various members of the Stork family to tell readers how the family came to St. Paul in 1903 and bought land in the western part of the city, built a home, did some light farming, and settled into a life that touched urban and rural Ramsey County. Although that earlier article focused on events between 1914 and 1916, readers need to understand that in 1937 the Storks bought a house in Rockford, today known as the Ames-Florida-Stork House, which is on the National Register of Historic Places, and eventually moved there. This latest portrait of the Stork family concentrates on Grace Stork in 1916.

Occasionally, a story comes along that is so poignant and beautiful that despite time, it stays with you, begging to be told. Grace Stork’s story serves as a compelling reminder of the universal struggle against disease and the timeless love that spans the generations.

Florence’s brother, Norman Clinton Stork (1883–1976) worked for the H.B. Fuller Company in St. Paul until his retirement in 1951. Though they visited their home in Rockford often, the Storks’ primary residence remained St. Paul, conveniently located on Cleveland Avenue near the river, universities, and streetcar arteries. Built by Clinton’s father, William Ellis (1841–1938) in 1906, the home remains. William and his wife, Grace Craig Stork (1846–1916), arrived in St. Paul in 1903, having left their farm in Jasper, Minnesota, to live with, and purchase land from, Frederick Spangenberg. One of the original landowners in St. Paul dating back to the 1850s, Spangenberg built his now historic home in the mid-1860s, when agriculture surrounded the urban center of St. Paul.

A veteran of the Civil War, William defied many social norms of the era. One such instance involved coercing his unwilling wife, Grace, to vote in a local election. Frequently their daughter, Florence Catherine (1877–1959),



The Stork family on the front porch of their St. Paul home at 363 Cleveland Avenue South in about 1914. Left to right, Clinton, Grace, Florence, and William. Photo courtesy of the Rockford Area Historical Society.

observed her father’s kindness in his willingness to assist Grace with various household chores. Together they sought the finer things of life, all while adhering to a strict budget.

With William’s encouragement, Grace and the children pursued their creative talents and Grace often wrote stories or composed music that, on occasion, she submitted for publication. Clinton sang with the Christian Endeavor, an organization he would serve for most of his life.

Florence, also known as Flossie, first

began writing in her diary at age 10, went to stenography school to learn Pernin shorthand in her late teens, held a job in Illinois during her early 20s, and enrolled in the Art Institute of St. Paul studying with students such as Wanda Gág. Florence regularly noted the music her family enjoyed, the art they created, the delicious foods they indulged in, and the time passed in afternoon daydreams.

The roots of this emotional, permissive, and extremely tightly woven family dynamic perhaps stemmed from the years they spent farming the prairie, eight miles outside of Luverne in a tiny shack. In 1883, a wave of scarlet fever and whooping cough ravaged the area. This left only William strong enough to care for his wife and their four children, the youngest of which, died. The rest, having survived the crisis, bonded together as one. This is evident in the doting manner expressed in their diaries and letters.

Fortuitously, these documents exist so that we can recreate the story of the Storks—from 1842 forward. The daily challenges and the people with whom they interacted are all documented in these notebooks, some of which can be found on the website of Minnesota Reflections (reflections.mndigital.org) and read in their entirety.

Locally, St. Paul’s social strata grappled with changes in the size of the city, industrial development, a wave of immigration, and a rise in the middle class. The Storks meanwhile, faced their own personal challenges when Grace, then sixty-nine, was diagnosed with “orbital cancer,” a condition considered terminal.

Thirty-three and single, Clinton began 1916 commuting to work “as usual” in sub-zero temperatures via the company Ford or streetcar, performing chores around their property, and attending Christian Endeavor meetings. On January 3 he participated in

the “first Stockholder’s meeting” for the Fuller Company yet managed to take time off on February 1 to attend the St. Paul Winter Carnival.

Despite the following day’s bone-chilling temperature of thirty degrees below zero, Clinton merely notes receiving his trial balance “and work is well under way.” Work involved managing the finances of a growing company manufacturing pastes and glues owned by Harvey B. Fuller and his son, Harvey Jr. at their original location on Third Street (now Kellogg Boulevard). Clinton worked for the Fuller family through the leadership transition to former Minnesota Governor Elmer L. Anderson in 1941. Andersen, in his autobiography, *A Man’s Reach* (2000), describes Clinton as “a Dickensian bookkeeper with a green eyeshade and a stand-up desk” who “added to our image as an old-fashioned but dependable little company.”

“Dependable” seemed to be the key to Clinton’s role both inside and outside the family. He taught Mr. Fuller how to drive the company Ford, though repeated crashes may have caused him to regret that decision. Clinton repaired the damage from burned out bearings, attended neighborhood meetings of the Groveland Park Improvement Association, and monitored his 75-year-old father’s work around the homestead. He wrote to uncle Nor or Aunt Nell about his mother’s condition, often asking on behalf of Florence for a visit of help, but he didn’t serve as the main caregiver or domestic strategist. He left that to his elder sister.

Florence, unmarried at the age of 38, remained perpetually grateful for the gifts and adornments she received from her family. As a result of her time studying at the Art Institute, Florence’s natural talents for painting became more professional and she also maintained friendships with the instructors—most notably Elizabeth Bonta. She also volunteered with the Christian Endeavor, YWCA/YMCA, and veterans’ organizations, though as her mother’s disease progressed, Florence became homebound more frequently. 1916 was a busy and social year, as each day brought more well-wishers to the door to share their support for Grace and to leave behind food, sweets, and gifts.

Grace had begun to have headaches



When Grace Stork had surgery in 1915 for what was diagnosed as “orbital cancer,” Dr. Alexander Colvin performed the operation at St. Luke’s Hospital, seen here in 1910, located on North Smith Avenue. Photo courtesy of the Minnesota Historical Society

and eye pain as early as 1914, though it wasn’t until a year later that doctors considered surgery. Under the supervision of Dr. Alexander Colvin, Grace was admitted to St. Luke’s Hospital in St. Paul. Dr. Colvin removed a tumor from her sinus cavity and continued to flush it with a solution of cocaine to disinfect and numb the pain, as well as injections of various hallucinogens. Routine visits caused Grace much pain, though Florence recounts those times with anguish of her own.

Though the surgery and semi-monthly treatments bought Grace some time, as April 1916 began, the brighter weather brought nurses in for more house calls to monitor Grace and help Florence with her care. Although Clinton briefly noted on April 3rd “mother had a bad day, but a fair evening,” Florence didn’t find the time or energy to write in her diary for several months, leaving us to ponder the gaps before she resumed, documenting the emotional process of losing her “little mother” or “darling mother”—but mainly her friend.

Clinton Begins

April 3. 38 cloudy and sprinkle of rain. Went to work as usual on the street car and had a busy day. Uncle Nor went downtown. Came home to supper and stayed home. Mother had a bad night last night. Got to bed at 10:30

May 1. 28 rain. Went to work as usual. Voted on my way to work. Mayor candidates Handy and Irvin. N. T. Mears is running for councilman. Did not get to bed till 11

May 3. 32 fine. Got up and got breakfast for uncle Nor and he went with me today for a call on Dr. Burch and Geo Reed. Then he came back here. I came home at 2, got the auto out and took uncle Nor to the train, stopping to see the Knowlton’s for a moment. Went back to the office and closed up the work. Came home to supper and then went to a meeting of the Groveland Park improvement association. Got to bed at 10:30. [Vivian R.] Irvin was elected Mayor by a large majority.

Florence Speaks

The process of losing a loved one through terminal disease appears a universal one, as the words left by Florence’s hand reflect the grieving many of us know well.

June 1. Pleasant, Rose late. Dear mamma had a hard day. I tried to decorate the brush and comb set, but only did a little. Mrs. Langan called. Papa went down town after washing dishes. Card from Mrs. McDermott. Clin[ton] scrubbed the spare room floor to-night.

June 2. A rain last night. poor mamma had the worst night she has ever experienced, and such a bad day that she sent

for Dr. Colvin, who came late—after seven. Cold; I built a fire in the furnace. Papa went down town. I didn't accomplish much; wiped dishes for papa, read some, painted a very little. N[orman] C[linton] varnished the spare room to-night. Letter from Tillie VanAcker. She and Johnny hope to visit us soon. Katherine and Dorothy bought mamma some violets.

Dr. Alexander R. Colvin, one of several doctors who treated Grace, practiced in St. Paul and is mentioned with regularity in the St. Paul medical journals of this era regarding the pathology and treatment of osteomyelitis (inflammation of the bone), serving as the president of the Minnesota Academy of Medicine, and on the surgery team at St. Luke's Hospital. Florence then reports:

June 3. Slept late. Weather generally fair, two or three flurries of rain soon over. Our precious mother had a much better night, and a good nap to-day. N[orman] C[linton] came to dinner, bless him. He varnished the room again and mowed the lawn. Mrs. Muckle came up for a call just before we were ready to start on our side, but we went a little later. Papa went with us and N[orman] C[linton] took us down to help select his new suit. Mamma enjoyed the ride better than usual, and was glad to go. After our return N[orman] C[linton] tidied up the house for me. Papa met with a great loss—he went out about noon, and every one of his chickens was gone. He could not tell what became of them.

Mon[day], June 5. Pleasant. My birthday and the first I knew this morning brother brought in a very pretty pink crepe kimono from the family. The first one I ever had, and dear mamma had selected it when she was down town. How much I shall think of it and how useful it will be! It was too long, and Tillie shortened it to-day. She rose early and prepared breakfast, and Johnny went with Clin[ton], going to South St. Paul. He returned before twelve o'clock, because he had said he would, tho[ugh] he had found something there for the afternoon that he wanted to see. I gave him a hurried lunch and he went



Grace Craig Stork, left, and William Ellis Stork. Photo courtesy of the Rockford Area Historical Society.

back. When he came to-night he brought strawberries for supper. Mabel called this morning . . . Mrs. Horst and Anna came in for a few minutes as Mrs. Horst wanted to telephone. Mamma had a bad day, and some way I'm pretty tired to-night. Letters from aunt Nell and aunt Allie, and Jessie O'Brien's wedding cards. Clin[ton] went to practice with the boys; Johnny went with him. Mr. Theobald and Mrs. Moore telephoned to-day.

Tues[day], June 6. Tillie rose and prepared breakfast, then she and Johnny went with Clin[ton], and took the morning train for home. Mabel made another call, and told us much news. Dear mamma felt very bad. I went on decorating the comb and brush set. Another letter from aunt Nell; she will be here tomorrow. Clin[ton] found Miss Bonta's card to-night; she had been out and we did not hear her. It was a disappointment.

Wed[nesday], June 7 Cloudy, rainy to-night. Didn't accomplish anything myself, but my precious mamma felt better and she made the birthday cake for me which she has wanted to make for several days. And it was the best I have eaten for many, many a day—my favorite cornstarch cake. I wish I could equal her in cooking, but suppose I never shall. Then

she made doughnuts. Clin[ton] staid [sic] down to meet aunt Nellie, poor boy. Her train due a[t] 6:50, got in at ten, so we were very late. Papa went down town. The new calf arrived to-night, and there is general rejoicing.

Efforts that Florence notes like "Dear mamma had much pain but she wanted to make some of her chocolate and coconut cookies for Clin[ton] to treat the boys with this afternoon, so we did that before he came home to dinner" show Grace as a fighter to the end, trying to keep daily life in her family as normal as possible. The parade of visitors like Miss Bonta who "made a tiny call to say good bye" before a trip out of town inevitably brought "some beautiful royal purple iris to mamma." Help on a rotational basis from out-of-town family, in-town friends, or even a hired girl helped Florence balance the chores, care required by Grace, and her own need for sleep—though it was the emotional support she often lacked.

Mon[day], June 12. Just a usual day. Aunt Nellie got up early and prepared breakfast for our men, and we went to sleep again knowing they would be well cared for. So we were very late getting down. I didn't do much, mamma suffered so. Mrs. Milham called to-night just before a shower; Roy brought her in the auto. She brought mamma some sweet peas, and was so sympathetic I cried a little on her shoulder. Clin[ton] went up to the Park to see Mr. Doyle and got back just as it began to rain. Letter from uncle Nor.

Tuesday, June 13. To-day we received a card from Miss Bonta, and some roses from Mrs. Hayden in far off Oregon. Aunt Nell ironed and sewed. The things I intended to do I left undone, and spent most of my time with my precious mamma. To-night, after supper, she felt better, and made some coconut cookies, so that she could give Mrs. Milham some for her trip to California. We were up until after midnight.

Wed[nesday], June 21 The longest day in the year. Mr. Lane and Mr. Chapin came out to get mamma's signature on some papers, and also witnessed the signatures

on those for Fred [Spangenberg]. He gave N[orman] C[linton] the check for \$500 to-night, and now the big lot is his.

Thur[sday], June 22 Rainy. I'm not writing in my diary just now, I begin to think. Am too busy and tired to remember.

Wed[nesday], June 28. Pleasant. Card from Miss Bonta. A usual day for mamma, mostly filled with pain. Aunt Nell read to her. Aunt Mattie sewed on my white silk dress. I did some washing. Papa went down town to have work done on his teeth, and brought home some supplies. Some strawberries came from the Van Ackers. They are very kind.

Thur[sday], June 29. Warm and partly cloudy. A hard rain last night. Just after mamma and I came down stairs this morning Rebecca Williams telephoned that Cordelia was coming out to see us. She got here in time for lunch and left about 4:30. Mrs. Muckle came while she was still here, and Mrs. Horst just as she left. The latter brought her some marmalade. She is always kind. A card from Mrs. Plank. Papa made out a bill for Sears, Roebuck & Co[mpany], sending for sugar, and dear mamma added a few things. He forgot to mail it when he went down town this morning, and had to go back this afternoon. Mr. Spangenberg is making us trouble about Jefferson Avenue, and holding up our sale of the land [William had negotiated to sell some of his property to Frederick Spangenberg]. Papa has been such a good neighbor, too. Aunt Mattie sewed on my dress. Aunt Nell helped with the work. N[orman] C[linton] took her to see George Reed to-night, and aunt Mattie and I washed the dishes. Poor mamma has had a hard day. I made a pie from the VanAcker berries. Clin[ton] rec[eive]d telegraph message from Clara Drake, which he answered.

Caught between everyday tasks and the responsibilities of maintaining a household, Florence continues to fill her diary with the ups and downs of Grace's slowly declining health.

July 1. Pleasant. Very warm. 92. We had a poor night. Rose early because aunt Nell

was to leave with N[orman] C[linton] this morning. She prepared breakfast first. Wrote letter to VanAckers. Papa went down to the Spangenberg meeting with the lawyers; it is too bad they are treating papa so shamefully about the street. Clin[ton] came home to dinner; wanted to give our darling a ride, but she didn't feel well enough. She walked out a little in the yard, however, and picked some sweet clover blossoms herself.

Sun[day], July 2. Exceedingly warm last night. Mamma had a dreadful night, hardly sleeping at all. We were late with breakfast, and only had two meals to-day. Papa and Clinton went over to the Fort [Snelling] in the auto, to see the soldiers there. We called Dr. Burch for mamma, and he came out between six-thirty and seven. He was very kind. Harry Powell telephoned.

Wed[nesday], July 5. Very warm. Papa went early to another meeting, and when he came home he said the deal was closed and we have sold the rest of our property for more than a thousand dollars an acre. In afternoon Mr. Chapin, Mr. Lane and a notary public came out to have some papers signed, and Mr. Lane was given the deed. He paid another thousand, and papa went down town again. Wrote to Jessie and Mrs. Hayden. Clin[ton] took the clothes to the laundry for me. He gave us a ride to see Mrs. Gorgus after supper, and then went over to Margaret's.

Thur[sday], July 6. Another very warm day. Mamma felt better to-day. Brother boy decided to buy a Victrola, and invited us to go out this noon and choose it. So we went; he came for us about 12:20. Papa had already preceded us. Mr. Leavitt made mamma as comfortable as possible and played many records for us. The instrument was ordered, and it came to-night. On reaching home papa found the heifer had a calf. Clin[ton] went back to the office for a while before closing time.

Mon[day], July 10. Another warm day. I spent a good share of it sorting out the Victrola records which we wanted to keep or return. Sent for Dr. Colvin because mamma felt so poorly. He came late, and just before he did, Mrs. Muckle came.

She staid [sic] until after he left. Papa and Clin[ton] worked at the hay to-day, for they had reserved the grass when they sold. Sears, Roebuck's goods came and papa sent them back by the expressman—a foolish thing to do.

Florence often exclaims, "Oh my precious mother, my precious, precious mother! My heart is breaking for you" or "My darling! How I wish I could help her!" as she realizes how limited their time together has become. She voices the helplessness anyone feels for those in hospice care and later the family will do anything they can, from ordering ice cream to playing her favorite music, to make Grace as comfortable as possible.

Unfortunately, efforts such as the one on July 15 where they "tried to have her fitted with a glass so she could see better. But . . . when the man did fit her he thought he could not improve on her old one" or five days later when Clinton tries yet one more new prescription, only serve to increase their collective sense of helplessness.

Sat[urday], July 22 Oh, so warm! Clin[ton] ordered some ice cream for our dinner, which came when we were ready for it, about four o'clock he took us all down town and we went to the store. Mamma had wanted a pepper shaker for a long time and we selected that, and got some flowers for Mr. Fuller, who is in the hospital with an operation on his foot; but she got very, very tired. I know now that it was too great an exertion for her to go to the store. Letters from Aunt Nell and Clara.

Sun[day], July 23. Very warm. Quiet at home. We managed to eat breakfast with the family and it has been a precious day to me, for dear mamma played a little and even sang some herself. She has had the sweetest alto voice.

July 24 Dr. in again . . . he got her prescription for mouth wash filled at the Grand Ave[nue] drug store.

Tues[day], Aug[ust] 1. Dearest mamma had a very poor night. We were sleeping when Clin[ton] left and did not see him, but at one time I was dreadfully frightened about her. She felt so

much worse than ever to-day that she had Clin[ton] wire uncle Nor, and write aunt Nell. She did not rouse up at all, but I [hov]ered over her all day and accomplished little. To-night she feels a little better; after Clin[ton] came. Papa got a letter from aunt Rosalia and I one from Mrs. Clifford. Answered aunt Rosalia's letter—or tried to. To-night our darling tried to play a little on the piano. She found it harder than usual, but it was sweet, anyway. Our new Randolph [street]car began serving to-day.

Aug 4. mamma and I had some precious talks together

Mon[day], Aug[ust] 7. Cooler. Mamma had a terrible day. Uncle Nor staid by her closely, and I was with her much of the time. We rose very late; but the men had prepared their own breakfast and eaten it. Made a custard pie. After supper Clin[ton] went to Harry Godkin's to meet with the YearBook committee[for the Christian Endeavor]], uncle Nor gave mamma a dose of Twilight Sleep [scopolamine-morphine] hypodermically, and she fell into a stupor about 14 minutes after[ward] from which she does not waken. We sat up until N[orman] C[linton]'s return and together uncle Nor and Clin[ton]ton have carried her upstairs to bed. Oh, it is so hard to think of the loneliness that is coming to me so soon. I just can't be brave.

Tues[day], Aug[ust] 8. I did not undress at all last night. Mamma wandered in her mind for about two hours, after waking about 1:20; and all day she has been a little off, the medicine responsible, uncle Nor says. But she has been more comfortable. She had a long sleep this afternoon, and I laid down by her chair and took a nap too.

During his various stays, Grace's brother, Nor, would have "the Victrola going most of the day." He would also go out of his way to Seven Corners, a large retail and office area where the Xcel Energy Center stands today, to get her something to inhale to relieve the pain. As a doctor himself, Nor visited with the doctors at their offices, consulting often as to the next steps necessary in her treatment.

While Florence was usually able to handle the caregiving, letter writing, cooking, cleaning, shopping, and entertaining of visitors by herself, once in a while she reports "Mamma had such a hard spell in the night that I had to call brother to help me give a hypodermic." Florence had received training from the visiting nurses and doctors on how to administer the doses of sedatives prescribed for her mother.

Mon[day], Aug[ust] 14. Cool. Our precious boy's vacation begins to-day. I fear it is to be one of work for him. Charlie Crandall came soon after nine o'clock and took the horses home. Mamma was awake a good while in the night. I read to her from the paper and from the Bible, for the pain wasn't so hard, but she was sleepless. Oh what a precious mother she is! If I could be one-tenth as good! Mrs. Langan called with Baby Annabel to-day and brought some flowers. Mrs. Gorgus also sent some very pretty ones. Later Mr. VanDuzen called, but mamma was sleeping then. She had a dreadful forenoon. Clin[ton] went off to a year Book committee meeting to-night, but came home in time to take mamma upstairs.

Tues[day], Aug[ust] 15. Dearest mamma had a dreadful time during the night. Just before five o'clock she was taken with more severe pain than ever, and I called brother to help me. Then she asked for papa and aunt Nell, and for a little while we feared she was going to leave us. Oh my God, I don't know how to be brave! She fell asleep finally, but about 10:30 she had another bad spell and called for us all. But she rallied from that, and asked us sorrowfully, "Oh, why did you bring me back again!" for she longs to be at rest. We got her down stairs to the chair, and after she had had a cup of tea she revived and grew stronger. It seems as tho[ugh] every moment she grows more precious, and it is so hard to give her up. Card from Miss Bonta. Letter from Mrs. Scarf. Papa and Clin[ton]ton were indoors about all day. What I would do without aunt Nell now I do not know. Called the doctor, but he didn't come. We received Harvey's [Fuller] wedding invitations.

Despite the tracking Florence did in her daily entries, she also created a list of all cards received in the back of her diary, when she responded, her egg sales, and other household items.

Sun[day], Aug[ust] 20. We had a good night, but oh, such a hard, hard day! It is hard to believe anyone can stand the pain that mamma has to. She has had two hypodermics to-day. Soon after each she became easy again. We had ice cream for supper, and she told us a funny dream about Joe Knowlton and Kate White which made us laugh heartily. A rare, sweet woman is my little mother—a wonderful woman.

Sat[urday], Aug[ust] 26 pleasant, cool. Dearest little mother played "The Bridge" for me to sing this morning; it seemed wonderful to me. She has had a better day. Alfred Knowlton called on her this afternoon. A long distance call over the 'phone from aunt Josie frightened me, but she only wanted to know about mamma. I wrote her a note before mail time.

Sun[day], Aug[ust] 27 Pleasant. Our boy's last day at home; how we will miss him. Mamma's pain came on hard about noon, and she had a nap. But she waked to enjoy the music, from the C[hristian] E[ndeavor] Double Quartette from the union came to sing to her. Clinton treated them to ice cream—treated all of us—then when they left he went with them to White Bear to hold a meeting there. But he got home at 9:30 to carry dear little mother up the stairs . . .

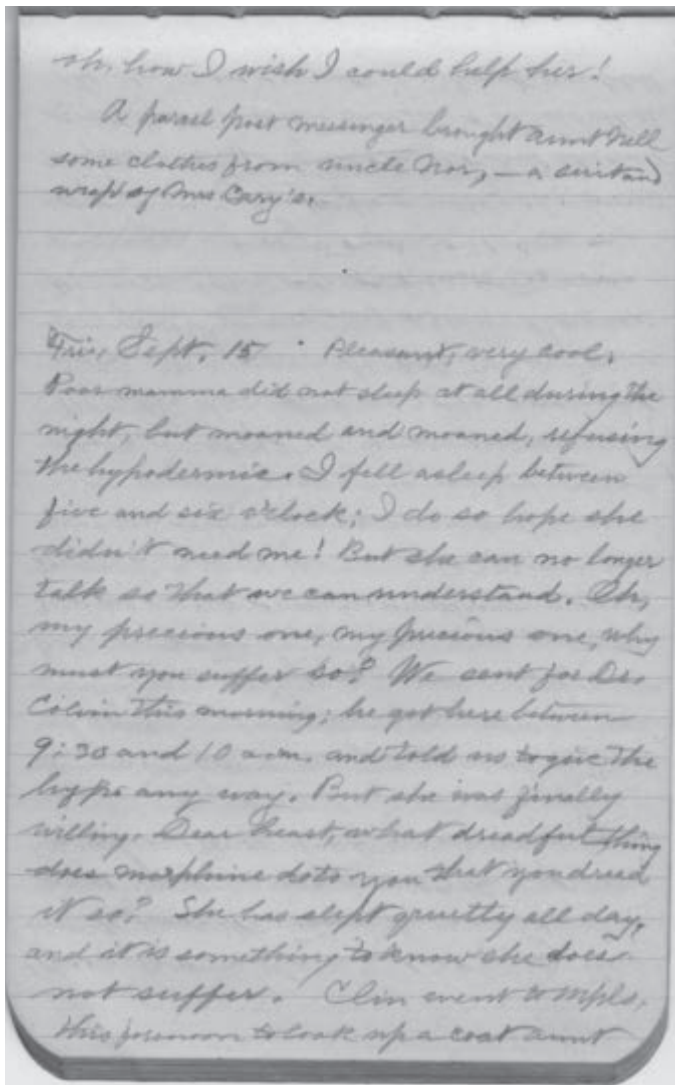
Then as now, sometimes it is difficult to let work carry on, to believe the world outside can continue with a frivolity you simply cannot manage yourself. Wedding plans for friends and coworkers require gifts such as the electric coffee percolator and ivory comb and brush set for Harvey that Clinton purchased. Or the new stove that the Emporium came out to set up September 1, right about the same time Miss Bonta returned early from her trip due to the threat of a railroad strike. Always wanting to include her, Clinton carried Grace downstairs to see the new laundry and gas meter freshly installed.

Grace's Final Days

Thur[sday], Sept[ember] 7. Cloudy. This morning we did not wake in time for Clin[ton] to carry mamma down, but we helped her walk. She is weak, and it tired her greatly. She has not had a good day. But to-night when we asked her if we should bring her supper to her, she said, "I want to go out to the dining room and see you all there once more." And so she did, tho[ugh] very weak. Oh my mamma, my mamma, I want you so! Papa attended Soldiers' Day at the [state] fair for a little while. Lill came over late this afternoon.

Fri[day], Sept[ember] 8. Pleasant. Dear little mother ate breakfast in the dining room, but we were alone, for we were too late for the others. She had a bad day and I had to give her a hypodermic this morning. Mr. Royer came. She saw him, but after he left she was tired out. Miss Bonta, who came a little later, did not see her. She brought some flowers. Shortly after she left mamma had a bad spell, and we called Clin[ton]. She did not rouse; but took off her wedding ring guard and gave it to Clin[ton]. We thought she was soon to leave us; but finally she did get better . . .

Sun[day], Sept[ember] 10. A rainy day. Dear mamma slept in her chair down stairs all night with me beside her, and N[orman] C[linton] on the couch in the library. She surprised us all by letting Clin[ton] carry her out to the breakfast table, and once more we were all together. It wasn't much of a day of rest for us. I had some extra work to do for my darling, and aunt Nell and N[orman] C[linton] went to the drug store to get some things for her. We were all with her much of the time, and my heart is breaking. Oh why, dear Father must I be called upon to bear such a cross just now? But she does not suffer so much, for which we are thank-



The first page for September 15, 1916, in Florence Stork's diary. Photo courtesy of the Rockford Area Historical Society.

ful. Fred, Lill and Agnes made a late call this evening. Clin[ton] carried mamma upstairs for clean clothes, and down again. I fear it is her last trip up there.

Mon[day], Sept[ember] 11 Pleasant. Mamma spent another night in her chair; but she has failed a great deal in that time. So this morning we sent for Dr. Colvin, and papa and Clin[ton] put up a bed in the living room, right beside her chair . . . Mamma asked for ice cream this morning, and we were so glad she could eat something.

Tues[day], Sept[ember] 12. A dreary, rainy day, nature weeping in tune with our sorrowing hearts. The precious days that we are to have our darling with us

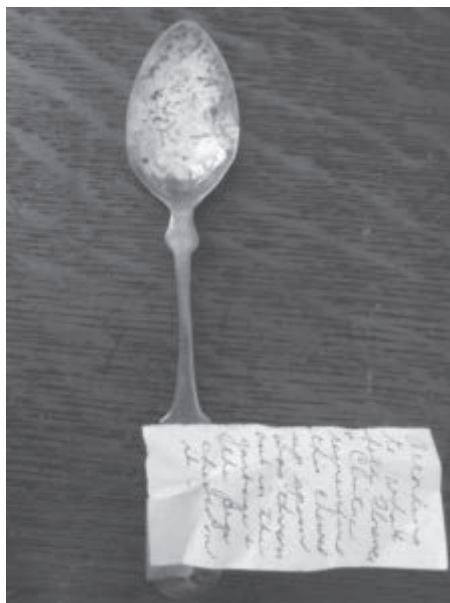
are slipping away. She has been quite comfortable, and for a little while this morning she talked with us and asked for a few pieces on the Victrola. "The Morning Land" we played first. It roused her, and she asked for "the one papa likes," ("The Home Over There") "aunt Nellie's piece" ("One Sweetly Solemn Thought") and Clin[ton]'s and my favorite, "Abide With Me." She took off her dear old wedding ring herself, and feebly slipped it on my finger. I should think she would miss it so! It has been on for 45 years and more. How I love it! Clin[ton] went to the office for a short time this morning, and again late in afternoon, but is home now to stay. Dear mamma has had no nourishment today, save a swallow or two of coffee. This afternoon she seemed to enjoy hearing uncle Nor's Hawaiian waltzes. "It's beautiful. I like it so much," she said, regarding the "Drowsy Waters," and asked us to play it again. She called for an old silver spoon that Ethel dropped in the pig pen, and held it a long time in her hand.

Wednesday, Sept[ember] 13. Pleasant. A precious day to me. Mamma has not needed her hypodermic until to-night, nearly ten o'clock, and she has been able to know and understand. Last night about ten o'clock she asked for ice cream, and Clin[ton] went down to the Grand Avenue drug store for it. He sat up till about 2:30, then papa came down to stay. Mamma had a hard night with nausea, and we did not sleep till after five o'clock. To-day I haven't slept either. Had to wash out some articles. Clin[ton] was home most of the day, but went down town especially to get a new record for mamma, who asked for "When the Bell in the Lighthouse Pings 'Ding Dong'." She was

able to hear it played, too. After our dear little mother's hard night we were much surprised that she felt able to sit up, but she asked to be carried out to the breakfast table, and to see us all there once more. So we all gathered there just long enough to gratify her wish, but of course we couldn't eat, being so sure it would be the last time we should be sitting thus. Oh, mamma, mamma, how can I live without you? A little later she asked to sit up in her chair, and was quite contented for a time. "I'm glad to get home to my chair," she said. And again, "I've been a long way off." She wanted Dr. Burch during the night, so Clin[ton] telephoned him early this morning, but he couldn't possibly come till afternoon. All day she watched for him, till he came just before daylight fled. He was very kind to her. Just before he came Harold's folks and Mrs. Obert drove up; then Mrs. Muckle appeared. After they left I went to sleep, for I was very tired. Clin[ton] sat up till 12:30, then called papa. I woke the last time at 2:21 and papa laid down on the couch. Now I am writing this during the first watch. She is sleeping well, after her hypo[dermic]. Mrs. Anderson called at the door this morning.

Thur[sday], Sept[ember] 14. Mamma slept until after eleven o'clock this morning, and was very drowsy after waking. At intervals she took hot coffee and egg, a swallow at a time. She is very, very weak. Mrs. Horst called in afternoon; she did not rouse. She moans and moans, but refuses a hypodermic because of the bad dreams that follow. Clin[ton] went down to the office in afternoon; took papa down town, too, but he didn't stay so long. A letter from uncle Nor. I fear mamma may never hear it. We cannot understand her very well now. How hard everything has to be for her! And oh, how I wish I could help her!

Fri[day], Sept[ember] 15 Pleasant; very cool. Poor mamma did not sleep at all during the night, but moaned and moaned, refusing the hypodermic. I fell asleep between five and six o'clock; I do so hope she didn't need me! But she can no longer talk so that we can understand. Oh, my precious one, my precious one, why must you suffer so? We sent for Dr. Colvin this morning; he got here between 9:30 and 10



In her last days, Grace Stork found comfort in holding this silver spoon which got chewed up after a servant dropped it into the pig pen. Photo courtesy of the Rockford Area Historical Society.

am, and told us to give the hypo any way. But she was finally willing. Dear heart, what dreadful thing does morphine do to you that you dread it so? She has slept quietly all day, and it is something to know she does not suffer. . . .

Saturday, Sept[ember] 16. It continued to rain. This has been the hardest day of my life, forerunners of many a hard, lonely day to come. My precious, precious, mamma has gone Home, and is at rest at last. The end came peacefully at about 10:20 a.m. At five o'clock this morning she roused after a most quiet night, but she could not talk, and we did not know whether she knew us or not. Her throat troubled her. I put on hot water, which seemed to relieve her, and she slept again until awakened by another bad time with her throat. Hot water then did not relieve the difficult breathing, but we hope it was not really as bad for her as it seemed. We were all here, and aunt Nell, too. Clin[ton] telephoned for Mrs. Crandall, who came at once, and helped all the afternoon. I had much to do—some washing, dishes to clean, and papers, etc. to clear out of the studio, where our darling's loved form is lying. I can't make it seem as tho[ugh] she doesn't need me,

some way; I need her so. How will I ever, ever bear it? Everyone has been so kind. I can't thank God enough that He has given me such a brother, and papa is different now, more kind and loving. He has changed lately. They went down town together to look after things. Clin[ton] and I were up last night, taking turns, and are very tired. Oh, I'm glad she doesn't suffer, anyway! A pretty little "thank you" note from Mrs. Fuller.

Rest in Peace

Sun[day], Sept[ember] 17. Cool and clear. Rose early and occupied myself with necessary tasks for a while, then went to writing. This afternoon was full, callers coming thick and fast. . . . We are very tired. Mrs. Gorgus sent us a cake, and Mrs. Milham brought some brown bread. I didn't get along well with my writing but got notes off to Lloyd and aunt Addie, and Clin[ton] and aunt Nell wrote some. Clin[ton] went down town to mail them . . . I wrote also to Dr. Lillian, Nell Woods and Mrs. Scarf.

Mon[day], Sept[ember] 18. This morning after a rather late breakfast we all went down town . . . We went first to the undertaker's to select the casket, and aunt Nell helped us. We chose a light gray, plain, as our darling would have it; but oh, it was hard. Afterward we went on down town and I bought the silk crepe and lace for her. It was beautiful, and I cried when I thought how she would have loved the pretty things when alive, and we couldn't have many for her. Then we selected my hat and papa bought my gloves, veil, etc. I helped him choose his new suit, with Clin[ton] as principal advisor, and he took me with him to see the ties. We stopped at Field, Schlick & Co.'s to buy the table cloth that was mamma's selection of a wedding gift for Clara, for it would seem more like Her present—as it really is. We were late getting home, and found boxes of flowers on the porch showing that we had had some callers. Mr. Bannon and Mrs. Knowlton had both been out themselves. Ten boxes came today. Aunt Nell got lunch, and I had to meet the callers. The Lowrys—Mr. & Mrs. L[owry] & Bessie—came before I had my coat off, followed by Mrs. Knobloch and Mrs. Schneider, Miss

Berglund, Mrs. Horst & Marion, Mr. & Mrs. Owens and Mr. & Mrs. Langan. They were kind, but I am very tired. I have been trying to get my clothes ready, ironing and pressing. Clin[ton] went up to the Doyle's for his rent. The undertaker and his wife came to-night to dress all that remains of my mamma. She looks sweet and peaceful, and the suffering look has gone from the dear face. It is beautiful to think she is at rest at last, but oh, how can I bear the loneliness?

Tues[day], Sept[ember] 19. A pleasant day. Mr. Crandall came early, and Mrs. Muckle about ten o'clock, and they put things in readiness for the service this afternoon. 13 more boxes of flowers came, and a large bunch from Mrs. Haltershoef, and there was a magnificent display. The rooms were crowded. Charlie Sherwin brought Mrs. Ferris early. A few of the neighbors were in to see the body this forenoon, then the casket was closed. Mrs. Horst, Marion, Mrs. Langan, Mrs. Van Duzen and Mrs. Anderson came. The C[hristian] E[ndeavor] quartette sang "Only Remembered" and "The Christian's Good Night" very sweetly, and Mr. Royer read her favorite poem, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," in addition to his sermon. Everything was beautiful. Then we had to hurry to get off in time. Clin[ton] took the car to Mr. Fuller's, then Harvey took us in his car to the depot. We met his young wife. We have a sleeper to-night. Fred and Lill were here to see us off. Clint[on] received a number of kind letters.

As was customary at the time, the family accompanied Grace on the train to the church and cemetery in Jasper, where they had lived previously.

Wed[nesday], Sept[ember] 20. Pleasant but windy. We could not sleep last night. Our train got in more than an hour late. Mr. & Mrs. Smiley, Frank Dock and Cordelia met us at the depot, and we went direct to the Smiley house. There we each had a nap. Clint[on] went back with Frank. After breakfast Mr. Walter came to call on us. Arrangements were made; Mr. Myer, the Presbyterian minister, called, and several beautiful bouquets

STATE OF MINNESOTA
Division of Vital Statistics
2207
CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

1 PLACE OF DEATH
County Ramsey
Township
Village
City St. Paul (No. 363 Cleveland Ave. S. W.) Ward
2 FULL NAME Grace C. Stork

3 SEX Female
4 RACE White
5 MARRIAGE Single, Married, Widowed, Divorced, or Annulled (Write the word)

6 DATE OF BIRTH Oct 25, 1846
7 AGE 69 yrs, 10 mo, 22 da

8 OCCUPATION Housewife
9 BIRTHPLACE (State or Country) New York
10 Name of Father Adam Craig
11 Birthplace of Father (State or Country) New York
12 Maiden Name of Mother Mary C. Smith
13 Birthplace of Mother (State or Country) Mass

14 The above is true to the best of my knowledge (Declarant) Grace C. Stork (Address) 363 Cleveland Ave. S. W.
15 I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from [Date] to [Date] 1916, and that I last saw her alive on [Date] 1916, and that death occurred on the date stated above, at [Time] P.M. The CAUSE OF DEATH was as follows: Disease of the Orbit (Duration) 1 yrs, 8 mos, 8 da

16 DATE OF DEATH Sept 16, 1916
17 I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from [Date] to [Date] 1916, and that I last saw her alive on [Date] 1916, and that death occurred on the date stated above, at [Time] P.M. The CAUSE OF DEATH was as follows: Disease of the Orbit (Duration) 1 yrs, 8 mos, 8 da

18 SIGNATURE OF PHYSICIAN (The Physician, Testifier, or Registrar, if present) M. D. Colvin (Address) 431 Hennepin Bldg.
19 SIGNATURE OF REGISTRAR (The Registrar, if present) J. J. Shaffer (Address) St. Paul

20 PLACE OF BURIAL OR REMOVAL Jasper Minn. DATE OF BURIAL 9-20-1916

21 REGISTERED ADDRESS (The Registrar, if present) J. J. Shaffer (Address) St. Paul

TEAR CAREFULLY ALONG PERFORATING LINE
MAJORS ORDERED FOR BUREAU
WRITE PLAINLY, WITH UNFADING INK—THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD
READ UNDERSTANDING OF BACK CAREFULLY
SEE INSTRUCTIONS ON BACK OF CARD
This record must be preserved until the death of the decedent is recorded in the State of Minnesota.

Grace Craig Stork's death certificate, signed by Dr. Colvin. She died on September 16, 1916. Photo courtesy of the Minnesota Historical Society.

were added here. Mr. Frederich donated his car to take us to the church and cemetery, and oh, everyone was so kind. Mr. Norvold, Phil, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Pease, Mr. Lake and Mr. Kingston were the pall bearers. . . . The Van Ackers took us out to the old place to stay all night, and Dr. Gerber and Helen Matti called on us here. . . . The services were held at 2:30 in our dear old church, and Mr. Meyer read 2 Timothy and preached from mamma's favorite verse, "I know whom I have believed." The choir sang "Abide with Me," the soloist "Once Sweetly Solemn Thought," and again the choir, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." It was all beautiful.

Thur[sday], Sept[ember] 21. Pleasant and still very windy. We rose early and the Van Ackers took us out to show us the horses, etc. Had a drink from the old well, water is as good as ever. Then Johnny and Phil took us first to the cemetery for one last look, then to the Smileys, where we packed up for our journey [to visit the family in Lime Spring, Iowa].

After Grace's death, Florence continued writing in her diary nearly every

day. Her entries mostly report on ordinary tasks and routine activities. Friends and acquaintances continued to call and Florence faithfully notes the changing weather. Occasionally she makes reference to the presidential election contest between the incumbent, Democrat Woodrow Wilson, and his challenger, Republican Charles Evans Hughes. November 7 was Election Day and accompanied by her father and Clinton, she went to the St. Paul Auditorium to see the returns. When they left, Hughes appeared to be in the lead, but Wilson eventually won. That victory went unrecorded in her diary, however. Although these matter-of-fact entries in the waning days of 1916 gave the impression that her life went on as before, they surely mask the pain and grief that she and her father and brother must have felt.

Rebecca A. Ebnert-Mavencamp was the executive director of the Rockford Area Historical Society for seven years. She currently holds the same position at the Anoka County Historical Society.