

ELIZABETH OTT BENDER



19 August, 1879 - 24 September, 1950

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Elizabeth Ott Bender was born on the 19th of August, 1879. She was the first child of Sophia Becker Ott and the third child of Wilhelm Ott. Her parents Sophia and Wilhelm had just married in 1878, one year after Wilhelm's first wife Elizabeth Braun Ott died at the age of 43 of cancer.

When Elizabeth was born her grandmother Eva Carolina Knapp Ott lived with her and is probably the one who made her christening dress, which was passed down from Sophia Becker Ott to her daughter Elizabeth Ott Bender, then to her daughter Mildred Pauline Agnes Bender Neff, then to her niece, Sandy Bender. It is a beautiful very long flowing white dress with much detail sewn in. It was truly a work of love.

Also living with Wilhelm Ott was his sister Angeline Ott, whom the family later affectionately called "Aunt Unchling". (There is a well told story about Aunt Unchling that bears repeating here. Aunt Unchling, it seems, just loved to eat. When she was so full she couldn't eat another bite, she used to go outside into the back yard, jump up and down to settle the food, then come back in and eat some more.) In addition to Aunt Angeline, Wilhelm Ott also had under his roof his two children by his first marriage, Adolph Ott and Pauline Ott, who were, naturally, the half brother and sister of Elizabeth Ott Bender. Pauline Ott later married but we do not as yet know her married name. Aunt Angeline was born in 1849. Adolph was born December 1864. Pauline was born 1869. Wilhelm was born 24 July, 1839. Sophia Becker Ott was born 25 February, 1855. Her grandmother Eva Carolina Knapp Ott, who preferred to be called Carolina, was born in 1811.

Because her half brother was 15 years older than Elizabeth, and her half sister was 10 years older than her, Elizabeth was never very close to these siblings. She did name her second daughter Mildred Pauline Agnes after her sister Pauline and her younger sister Agnes.

There was some animosity in the family which split the children of the first and second marriages apart. Wilhelm still loved his first wife very much and was grieved at her passing and it seems he never really accepted his second wife as he should have. He stated that his first wife had much better breeding and was a finer woman. It is not known whether or not Elizabeth Braun was of higher caliber or whether Wilhelm's grief over her loss made her seem larger than life-in his eyes. It appears that Adolph

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and Pauline viewed Sophia as an outsider and never really became friends with her. Adolph and Pauline seldom saw Elizabeth or her younger sisters when Elizabeth grew up and married.

Soon after Elizabeth Ott Bender was born, in 1883, Wilhelm Ott moved out of the house he shared with his mother and sister at 514 Alfred St in Detroit and moved to 622 Chene St. in Detroit. Eva Carolina Knapp Ott continued to live at 514 Alfred Street. Apparently, Wilhelm Ott was paying for the upkeep of both homes. Wilhelm Ott and his wife Sophia moved to 460 Moran, near the Grand Blvd in Detroit and lived there for many, many years. When Wilhelm Ott moved out of the home at 622 Chene Street, his sister now occupied the upper flat there and continued to live there after her brother moved to 460 Moran.

Elizabeth Ott Bender's mother, Sophia Becker Ott was born in Flint, Michigan on 25 February, 1855, the daughter of Johannes Becker and Elizabeth Friedrichs. Elizabeth's grandfather, Johannes Becker came to America in 1950 from Westphalia, Germany. Johannes was the son of Nicholas and Magdalena Becker, who also came with their children to Detroit.

Johannes Becker and his father Nicholas ran a very profitable cooper shop at 483 Gratiot from 1953 until Johannes' death in 1905. Sophia Becker was living in an apartment that belonged to her father Johannes Becker, when she met Wilhelm Ott. It appears that Wilhelm Ott was visiting one of his Knapp cousins who lived down the street from the Becker family on Gratiot, when he met Sophia Ott. Sophia was running a seamstress shop out of her father's store on 493 Gratiot the year she met Wilhelm Ott. Perhaps he had brought in some article of clothing to be mended when he met Sophie. It was not a good fate for Sophia Becker when she met and married Wilhelm Ott for he was a man of melancholy moods and he ruled the home with an iron hand and often had a cruel, mean streak in him. If will never be known if he was always mean and cruel or whether he turned that way when he was dying of a terminal lung disease. Sophie was never happy after marrying Wilhelm. Toward the end of his life in 1892 and 1893, he often called Sophia rotten names, and often told her how she did not at all measure up to his first wife, Elizabeth Braun. He used to write rotten things about her on the wall of their bedroom at 460 Moran.

Wilhelm Ott was born in Baden, Germany, the son of Peter Ott and Eva Carolina Knapp Ott. Wilhelm Ott had a brother Louis Ott, a brother John G. Ott, a sister Angeline, and a brother George Ott. He may have had other brothers and sisters.

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Uncle Arthur Bender, son of Elizabeth Ott Bender, said that Wilhelm Ott was born in the city of Baden-Baden, Germany. Wilhelm Ott came to America in 1870 at the invitation of his cousin, Charles Knapp who owned a flourishing stone yard and building business and was desperately in need of stone cutters. He sent for many of his Knapp cousins and his Ott cousins to help him in his enterprise. One of the cousins that he induced to Detroit was Elizabeth's father, Wilhelm Ott.

Wilhelm Ott came to America in 1870 with his wife Elizabeth, who was two years older than himself, and his two children, Adolph and Pauline. Wilhelm Ott worked as a stonecutter for his cousin David Knapp until his early demise in 1893 of stone lung, a disease that all of his stone cutting cousins also fell prey to. Wilhelm's life in America was an ill fated one. He made good money as a stonecutter, a tidy sum that kept Sophia in money for the rest of her days after his demise in 1893 until her death in 1926, but life here in Detroit brought him little in the way of happiness. His beloved Elizabeth Braun died here in Detroit 9 November, 1877, just 7 short years after coming to America and after having suffered from cancer most of her years here in America, and just 43 short years after her birth in Baden on 18 January, 1834. Wilhelm himself was sick all of Elizabeth's life as he had a lung full of stone dust and was dreadfully ill, especially the last 5 years of his life. He also suffered much mental anguish over that dreaded stone lung disease as all his cousins who worked at the "Knapp & Knapp Stone Yard" with him also fell ill of stone lung disease even before he did. One by one, his cousins, aged 34 to 39 years old, perished of horrible deaths from stone lung. Most died of lung hemorrhages from the stone lung. It would have been a dreadful sight to witness and he must have cringed when he heard such tales told at the funerals of all these young men in the 1880's as he knew he was facing the same fate. His young 39 year old cousin, Julius Knapp, the protégée of David Knapp, the owner of the Knapp empire (who inherited it from his cousin, Charles Knapp, the original owner), slit his own throat as he was mortally ill from stone lung and had just witnessed the deaths of his brothers from stone lung and could not face the same fate himself. The Catholic Church understood the anguish of this 39 year old young man, who could no longer breathe, and who was in terrible pain from the stone dust in his lungs, and who just couldn't stand the suspense of waiting everyday to see if this was the day he was going to suffer a massive and fatal lung hemorrhage. The Catholic Church buried young Julius Knapp in full graces, knowing he was too sick of mind and spirit to have made a

Elizabeth Ott Biography.doc

logical and sane decision to trust in his Savior. Thus, life was far from happy and gay for Wilhelm Ott and his family in the 1870's, when his wife was dying of cancer, in the 1840's when all the young Knapp men were dying of stone lung, and when his brother Louis Ott also died of stone lung, and in the 1990's when Wilhelm Ott himself succumbed of stone lung at the early age of 50. Therefore we cannot judge Wilhelm Ott when we hear that he was a melancholy man with a streak of cruelty in him as his life was such that any man would have been suffering from more than a touch of anger and melancholia, even if he himself had not been dying of the stone lung. This melancholic spirit was one that pervaded the Ott family long after Wilhelm died, and in fact was present in Elizabeth Ott Bender all of her days. Sophia Ott was raised in a Prussian like atmosphere in her own childhood home under the guidance of her parents Johannes Becker and Elizabeth Friedrichs Becker, so she was by upbringing, and perhaps nature, a solemn, no nonsense person. There was no laughing or gaiety in the home of Wilhelm Ott and Sophia Becker Ott and this showed in the disposition of their daughter Elizabeth Ott Bender. Sophia Becker Ott appeared in her later days as a strained, stark, woman, worn down by the many hardships, tragedies, and indignities she was forced to endure, many of them the result of ill-fate and beyond her ability to control. Most of these tragedies were the result of her liaison with the Ott and Knapp families, and may never occurred to her to that extent had she married into a different family.

Such was the background of the family that Elizabeth Ott Bender was born into. Elizabeth Ott Bender had two younger sisters, Agnes Ott Koch McDermitt, born December, 1885, and Anna K. Ott, born February, 1889. Again, all three of these girls' lives were marred by sorrow and tragedy beyond their scope of control. In the 1990's Elizabeth, Agnes, and Annie went to many funerals as all the Knapp young men died one by one of stone lung. On 23 April, 1893, their 10 month old cousin Carolina Ott died of lung inflammation. Then on 15 August, 1883 their Uncle Louis Ott died of stone lung. Their Aunt, Wilhelmina Ott, having already died on the 11th of May, 1891, then one month later their infant cousin, John Edward Ott, age 9 months, 8 days, joined his mother Wilhelmina in death. John G. Ott, Wilhelm's brother must have been inconsolable. Wilhelm had known what it was like to have lost a son, having lost his 1 day old son, Wilhelm Ott II on 1 January, 1877, just 11 months before he lost his wife Elizabeth Braun Ott to cancer.

Then on the 6th of October, 1886, tragedy again struck the Wilhelm & Sophie Becker Ott family. Sophie and Wilhelm Ott lost

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their beloved little son, William Otto Ott, age 1 month, 12 days to an illness that was diagnosed simply as "cramps". What an inadequate explanation "cramps" must have been as the reason why Wilhelm and Sophie lost their only son! On the 3rd of March, 1890, Wilhelm's beloved mother, who had been a mainstay to Wilhelm through his many tribulations in the new world, quietly passed away at the age of 79 years. Her heart, old and troubled by the many tragedies that had befallen her and her Brother Charles Knapp's families, could simply beat no longer. Eva Carolina Knapp Ott, who was born in Baden-Baden, Germany, raised her children in Baden-Baden, saw all her children marry in that small city, and then was enticed to cross the Atlantic ocean and come to America by her brother, Charles Knapp, to later watch her young sons die in the new world at relatively young ages as a result of the profession that her brother urged them to undertake, was now laid to rest in Mt. Elliott cemetery next to her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth Braun Ott. Her son Wilhelm, now only 51 years old, but gravely ill from stone lung, would join his mother a short three years later in this cemetery plot that he had first purchased when his beloved Elizabeth had passed on.

Wilhelm, however, had much to be proud of in his life's work. He and his brother and cousins built most of the huge high rises in downtown Detroit. When his decedents look at the buildings built between 1870 and 1892, they can proudly say that their great grandfather, Wilhelm Ott, cut the stones that lie on the exterior of these buildings. And what grand buildings these are! They are not like our sterile strait lined buildings of today; no, they had gargoyles, French figures, figures of the famous Indians of the 18th century, they had Roman figures, such as Cicero, Caesar; Greek figures such as Aristotle, and Socrates and Plato. They had ornate, turned columns with leaves and scroll work on them. They had Roman and Gothic lines, fancy precipices, and so forth. David Knapp, their cousin, had been the architect, general foreman, surveyor, stone cutter and builder. David Knapp had his own quarry on Atwater St. in Detroit, and from the bowels of the earth he extracted the stone, imported the marble, his men had cut the stone and marble with their own hands to form the fancy and intricate designs that grace our magnificent buildings of that era. Wilhelm Ott and his brother and cousins have surely created a legacy that the City of Detroit, and even more so, our family, can be so terribly proud of, but for this legacy our great grandfather Wilhelm Ott and his family gave up their very lives. It is so ironic that the men who worked so very hard to establish and build this flourishing business were the ones who died in the prime of their lives, and the men who dose not to build the

family empire were the ones who inherited this empire when all their industrious brothers died in the third decade of their lives. David Knapp, having lost all his sons who followed him in his prospering stone cutting venture, including his most beloved son Julius Knapp, who slit his own throat rather than face the last tortuous days of his terminal illness, sold his business to some other hapless soul, and together with his son, David, Jr. who had become a physician, and his son Louis who had become a druggist, he went to Pasadena California in 1892, one year before the last of his stone cutters, his cousin Wilhelm Ott passed away. David Knapp suffered an early demise several years later in California.

Thus ended a flourishing empire that was conceived in Baden-Baden, Germany, took firm root, in the new World from 1854 to 1892, but like an ungrateful hunting dog, it in time turned on its master and devoured him. The monetary rewards were great, indeed, but from the blood of the Knapp and Ott boys, sprung not a flourishing, lasting, building empire, but rather, a new and entirely different family legacy, a legacy of Doctors and lawyers and druggists, men who had undreamed of educational opportunities, opportunities purchased with the blood of their hard working stone cutting, empire building brothers. But these 7 brave young Knapp and Ott men were very proud of their impressive contributions in erecting the first substantial, multi story buildings in the City of Detroit, and in the nation, for that matter, as they and their fellow builders were pioneers in this kind of construction in America, and also were rightly proud of their financial contributions to their respective families in establishing the future generations as professional men in an age when higher education was reserved for a very few wealthy individuals. By the sweat of their brow they had elevated their families and their decedents to the level of professional men and women, who had a much better standard of living than their forefathers. For this we must thank these seven men, and through our efforts in obtaining a higher education and a higher standard of living, we will continually assure these seven men that they did not die in vain. Our eternal gratitude must be given to John Charles Knapp, who died 26 March, 1879 at 35 years of age, to Charles Knapp, the founder of the Knapp empire, who died on 14 September, 1879, at 64 years of age, and himself a victim of stone lung, to Charles Knapp Jr, who died in 1892 at 38 years of age, to Adolph Knapp, who died 3 February, 1883 at 35 years of age, (who Wilhem Ott especially loved and buried in his own plot next to his beloved mother Eva Carolina Knapp Ott), to Louis Ott, who died 15 August, 1883 at the age of 42 years, 6 months old, (from Louis' toil and

monetary rewards sprung Louis Ott Jr, who became a prominent attorney and a famous Judge in the annals of Detroit History), to Julius Knapp, the protégé of David Knapp and David's most beloved son (who by the efforts of father and son, made it possible for David Knapp, Jr. and Louis Knapp to become a physician and a druggist, respectively), and to our own beloved Wilhelm Ott, who would have been so proud to know that many of his great grandchildren are respected, professional persons. We must also remember to pay special attention to David Knapp, who inherited this budding business from Charles Knapp and built it into a substantial, very profitable business. The story of the Knapps and the Otts is certainly bittersweet. They accomplished so much in building such a lasting legacy in downtown Detroit, for in fact the downtown we know today was initiated by David Knapp and his fellow builders from 1854 to 1892. But, in turn, they paid so dearly for this great accomplishment! Elizabeth Ott Bender, and her sisters, Agnes and Anna Ott's lives fell apart with the death of their father. In the last 5 years of his life Wilhelm Ott had been intolerable to live with. He had been cruel to his wife and his three daughters. He had beaten his wife and daughters on a number of occasions and the entire family was deathly afraid of him. He was a very selfish man and ruled the family with an iron will. He beat Elizabeth for making a pie because she used too many eggs. Elizabeth loved baking with a passion, but she had to bake when her father was not around, as he became enraged when he found his daughter in the kitchen baking. In spite of her father's rabid disapproval of her baking efforts, she became the best cook by far that we have ever had in our family. In later years when money was scarce, which it more often than not was, she would substitute what the recipe would call for with whatever she had at hand, and the dish would come out as delicious as ever. Her biscuits are talked about to this day. They were so high and so tasty! She also made stew that no one has since been able to equal.

In the last few weeks of his life, Wilhelm became so enraged over some trivial thing that his wife Sophie had done that he dragged himself out of bed and so severely beat her that she could not get out of bed for a week. The Doctor who came by to care for Wilhelm was so appalled when he saw Sophie's condition that he said that he would have Wilhelm put in jail for this had he not been terminally ill. He also severely beat Elizabeth in his last days so that Elizabeth was sick for a whole week also. But I am inclined to think that Wilhelm's violence was the result of a long suppressed rage over what happening to himself and to his family, that, now that he was so sick and dying by inches, while in so much pain and struggling for each breath, he

was no longer able to contain. His uncontrollable anger over the unjustness of his fate since coming to the new world expressed itself in the beating of his wife and daughters and the writing of rotten things about his wife on the bedroom walls. He could not take his revenge on the intangible whoever or whatever that had plagued his life with recurring illness and death of all those near and dear to him since leaving his beloved Homeland, so unfortunately, he took his revenge on those most near and dear to him, as they were the last tangible and real things in his ebbing life. Elizabeth never understood her father's unjust behavior toward her and her family as she was only 14 years old when her father died and she was only dimly aware of the tremendous tragedy and pain that had haunted her father's life since coming to America. She only knew that he was very mean to her at a time when she most needed his love and support. And when he died she was really adrift without an anchor. He was so mean to her that she had wished that he was not in her life, and now he was in fact dead and gone. This is something no 14 year old child is able to come to terms with, either at the time of the death, or for the rest of her life. The continual parade of funerals in her very young life, including the death of her only full-brother when she was 9 years old, and her grandmother when she was 10 years old, the grandmother who had been a stabilizing influence in her life through all these funerals of the last 10 years, and finally her father when she was only 14 left a pall over her emotions that throughout the rest of her life here on earth, never lifted. It permanently colored her perception of life, and for the rest of her days she viewed life as very cruel, very hard, something that must be constantly fought with, but was always a battle where one would never emerge the victor. The best one could hope for from one's continuous struggles was to come to a draw, and not lose any ground. But in the end, life would defeat you regardless of how hard one fought. There was never any laughter, any lightheartedness in Elizabeth's makeup. Others had an equally hard life but in between the tragedies, found time to laugh and sing. But not Elizabeth. No one remembers Elizabeth laughing or singing. Life was too hard and too serious, in Elizabeth's estimation, for frivolities. Such was the personality of a little girl brought up by a mother with a Prussian background and a father whose entire existence since her birth was shot clear through with tragedy, sickness and death.

The next 5 years after Elizabeth's father's death was unbelievably clouded by shame and suffering on the part of all three daughters and their bereaved nether. In 1894 and 1895, Sophie-Ott went to live with her parents, Johannes and Elizabeth

Elizabeth Ott Biography.doc

Becker to recover from the shock of losing her husband, Wilhelm. Sophie's brother, John H. Becker Jr. also with her parents at this time, and was known to have an eye for the ladies. Well, he took an interest in Sophie's young daughter, Elizabeth, and Elizabeth, a very innocent young girl, was not quite sure how to handle the attentions of her mature uncle, and the child Arthur Ott resulted from this union. Sophie was no doubt horror stricken by this misalliance and sorely maligned by her brother's unthinkable behavior. Sophie returned to her own home at 450 Moran and little Arthur was born there. He was baptized in St. John's Church on the Boulevard in Detroit. When Elizabeth married Henry Bender in St. Elizabeth's Church on 2 August, 1897, she back dated her marriage certificate to read 2 August, 1894 to legitimize Arthur's birth and when Arthur entered school he was registered as Arthur Bender and was known ever after as Arthur Bender. Then, shortly on the heels of this tragedy came the second family tragedy. Agnes became pregnant out of wedlock and bore a son that she called William Ott. A few years later she married William Koch and he adopted her son and from then on her son became known as William Koch Jr.

Then a third scandal befell the Ott family in January, 1904. Anna became pregnant by Peter Sebastian, her boyfriend and on 31 October, 1904 she had a baby named Helen Ott. But death again stalked the Ott family. On the 26th of January, 1905, little Helen Ott went into convulsions at 7 am and died at noon. But unbelievably, the grim reapers thirst was not yet satiated. Annie Ott became ill in 1908 and by the beginning of 1909 it became evident that 20 year old Annie had cancer! After a long spell of being gravely ill, young Annie passed away on the 26th of April, 1909. How Sophie ever held up under such a long string of continuous tribulation and death is beyond human comprehension!

When Elizabeth Ott married Henry Bender, this was also cause for much concern to Sophie Ott, as she knew that Henry and his family were penniless and Henry was not able to read and write. Sophie took Elizabeth and Henry into her home on the 2nd of August, 1897 and they remained in her home until after the birth of their 5th child, Elmer Harold Bender in 1904. Money was very hard to come by as Henry worked only sporadically due to his total lack of education and his inability to read and write. Sophie pulled the family through many a lean spell with her Wilhelm's money. Sophie also was an excellent seamstress and sewed vests for the prisoners to make extra money for the family.

Elizabeth Ott Biography.doc

Elizabeth Ott Bender, however, did not share her mother's concern over her future, as Elizabeth loved Henry Bender with a love that was more than a love, a love that endured all the days of their marriage until Henry passed away on the 9th of November, 1944. Elizabeth was very jealous of Henry's good looks and was very jealous when he danced with all the other women at their 50th Anniversary celebration on the 2nd of August, 1944. Henry was Gods greatest blessing that He bestowed on Elizabeth in her lifetime, but like everything else in Elizabeth's life, it was a bittersweet blessing. Elizabeth paid very dearly all her life with much poverty and humiliation for her marriage to Henry.

But after 50 years, 3 months of marriage, as she stood disconsolately at Henry's grave, she knew without a doubt, that if she were suddenly 17 years old again and knew everything about her life that she knew now, that she would without a moment's hesitation, chose her Henry all over again, hardships, humiliations and all, for she knew that unlike most other persons, when she stood at the altar in St. Elizabeth's Church, she truly took Henry, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do they part. Elizabeth's love for Henry transversed the grave and when Elizabeth contracted cancer as a result of her deep grief over Henry's death, Henry came back in the last 6 weeks of Elizabeth's life and was constantly at her side until she passed away on the 24th of September, 1950. Elizabeth and Henry conversed for hours on end those last six weeks. But whenever Elizabeth's daughter Mildred or Mildred's husband Harold Neff or any other visitor came near the sun parlor where Elizabeth laid dying, Lizzie and Hank would suddenly stop talking and would not resume talking again until the intruder was out of earshot.

From the time Hank and Lizzie left Sophie's house things went from bad to worse. Many a day Hank could find no work and there would be no money to feed the children. And the children came faster than they could support them. Arthur had been born 10 October, 1896. Hank and Elizabeth lost their first child, then on the 16th of November, 1899 they had their first daughter, Beatrice Sophia Bender Gamache. In 1901 they had their second daughter, Mildred Agnes Pauline Bender Neff, born 21st September, 1901. Afterwards, they lost a son by the name of Wilfred Bender about 1903. He was born dead. Elizabeth and Hank were very poor, so they called the City of Detroit as they were told by friends that the City would bury a child free of charge. Elizabeth was very sick in bed and the family placed the dead infant on an ironing board in the living room waiting for

Elizabeth Ott Biography.doc

someone from the city to come. Finally young Art, only 9 years old, went to the City to inquire about the delay. Eleven days after Wilfred lay dead on the ironing board, a man from the city came at Art's bidding, walked into the house, went over to the ironing board, picked up the baby by the midsection with one hand, stuffed the baby into a briefcase he was carrying, then left the Bender house and jumped onto a streetcar with the briefcase under his arm. Elizabeth was grief stricken, not to mention horror stricken, over the way her baby was handled by the man from the city. She vowed that should she ever lose a baby again, she would have him or her buried properly regardless of the cost, or the many sacrifices they would all be forced to endure in repaying such a large amount for a proper funeral. Poor Lizzie had no idea at that time just how many of those dear little souls she would be called upon to bury between 1903 and 1917.

In 1904 Elizabeth and Hank had another son, Elmer Harold Bender on the 25th of May, 1904. When Elmer was 4 years old he contracted typhoid fever and was extremely ill and was not expected to live, according to the Doctors who had attended the young child. Elizabeth and Hank left their older children in charge of the household to look after Harold and newborn Edward while they went on foot to Eastern Market to purchase oranges, hoping against hope that the vitamin C in the oranges might break Harold's extreme fever. When Elizabeth found the oranges and returned home she immediately went to Harold to see how he was faring. Harold wasn't breathing! Elizabeth went totally hysterical and started rocking Harold's body and screaming his name in his ear. Suddenly, Harold started breathing again! Harold was always rather juvenile for the rest of his life and never progressed beyond the 4th grade in St Anthony's School. We will never know for sure whether Harold's simple ness was caused by the cessation of breathing while he had typhoid fever, or whether Harold was born with some other condition which made him simple.

In 1905, on the 20th of December, Elizabeth lost her grandfather Johannes Becker. This was somewhat of a blow to her as her grandfather Becker had a goodly amount of money and was known to help his children and grandchildren out occasionally when they were having a rough time of it financially. Grandfather Johannes Becker was laid quietly to rest in the Becker family plot in the Mt. Elliott cemetery two days before Christmas, 1905. Johannes Becker, who purchased this plot himself in 1897, was laid to rest beside his beloved son Nicholas, who was named after Johannes' father Nicholas, and who had followed Johannes and

Elizabeth Ott Biography.doc

Nicholas I into the Cooper business in Johannes shop at 493 Gratiot in Detroit. Nicholas came down with a sore throat just before Christmas, 1896. The sore throat worsened in time, and suddenly the strep throat entered Nicholas' blood stream. Nicholas recovered from the systemic strep infection in January, however, Nicholas' heart had been so infected and the valves were now damaged to the point that they could no longer open and close effectively. Therefore, on 29th of January, 1897 young Nicholas John Becker, named after his father and grandfather, and of whom his father and grandfather had been so proud, so proud of the son and grandson who would inherit and carry on the Cooper business after they were dead and gone, himself passed away. All that was left was the older generations to carry on the Cooper business in his name. Johannes was so grief stricken by Nicholas' untimely death from what appeared to be just a sore throat that he was unable to carry on his Cooper business for a whole year afterwards.

Johannes Becker was 81 years, 7 months old at the time of his death. He lived with his daughter Mary Becker Pomeroy Cavanaugh at the time of his passing at 228 Forsythe, in Detroit. He was buried from Holy Rosary parish. However, in life Johannes and Elizabeth Becker attended St. Bernard's parish, not Holy Rosary. Holy Rosary was the parish of the Cavanaugh family.

On the 23 rd of June, 1903 Edward Paul Bender was born, just after midnight, around 1 am. The Doctor, who was known in the community as a drunk, tethered his horse in an open field across the street from the Bender residence on Hendrie Street. The horse ate green oats in the field in which he was tethered, and became deathly ill the next day! The Doctor could not ride his horse for a whole week afterwards! Mildred Bender Neff remembers when little Eddie was only two weeks old his father Henry had a dream that someone cut a hole in the roof of the bedroom right over the bed where Elizabeth and little Edward lay and that man was throwing sandbags down trying to hit Lizzie and Eddie. In his dream Hank was so concerned that his wife or his son might get hurt.

In 1908 Arthur made his first Holy Communion and Elizabeth had a picture taken of Arthur in his new suit. Elizabeth had very little money all her married life, and often the family had to go hungry for lack of funds to purchase groceries, but Elizabeth was proud of her children and often found the money somehow to have pictures taken.

The first picture we have of Elizabeth herself was when she made

Elizabeth Ott Biography.doc

her 1st Holy Communion at St. Elizabeth's church on the 26th of June, 1892. We also have her 1st communion certificate written in German and given to her by St. Elizabeth's Church.

The second picture we have is of Elizabeth, Arthur, and Beatrice as very young children in front of their home at 460 Moran, in Detroit.

The next picture we have is of Arthur when he was 2 years old.

Then we have a picture of the three children, when Arthur was 5 years old, Beatrice was 3 years old, and little Millie was about 5 months old.

The next picture in my possession is a picture of Edward when he was one year old, sitting in his buggy in front of their house.

We also have pictures of Norman when he was very young.

Beatrice made her 1st Holy Communion in 1910, but we have no pictures of this event. Beatrice's first Holy Communion could not have helped but remind Elizabeth of her own 1st Holy Communion not too terribly long ago. So much had happened to Elizabeth in those short years since her own Communion! The heavy burden of family illness, coupled with so many deaths of those close to Elizabeth, including two of her own children, made Elizabeth old beyond her years, especially since all this grief was coupled in the last 16 years with a numbing of the spirit from the experience of constant poverty since her marriage to Henry. Life went from bad to worse in the next 5 years. Between 1908 and 1913 Elizabeth lost 5 children! Mildred Bender Neff remembers standing at the graveside looking at the tiny hole in the ground, and as bad as the entire family felt over the loss of yet another young soul, the main thought at that brief graveside service was to get out of the bone chilling cold. The baby was buried in mid-January, the coldest January anyone could remember. Elizabeth felt by that time that she had reached the winter of her own life. Things couldn't possibly get worse, was the prevailing feeling of the family that bitter cold January morning. But much worse things were yet in store for young Elizabeth. She had another baby the next January, and although the baby seemed rather small, she appeared fairly healthy. Three days later, as Elizabeth was nursing her infant daughter, the child, in the middle of her feeding, suddenly stopped breathing, having passed away as she suckled at her mother's breast! Elizabeth had another January funeral in which she again stood over another tiny hole in Mt. Olivet cemetery

and bid farewell to another of her tiny charges. To add insult to injury, Elizabeth certainly did not have that kind of money to bury 5 children in 5 years, and had to beg money from whomever would be kind enough not to slam a door shut in her face when they saw her coming. It got so relatives hated to see her coming toward their house as they knew she was always in need of money. And Elizabeth was so terribly proud and tried so hard to do without rather than have to beg others for the basic necessities of life! But life continued to be so cruel to her, and when a child ceased breathing, one had to face the stark reality of having to dispose of the body in accordance with the law.

In 1913, on December 5th, a miracle happened, Elizabeth gave birth to a son named Norman John Bender, and he lived! After 5 dead babies, one actually survived infancy! Norman was so spoiled as he was so loved by the entire family. What Elizabeth did not know was that this was to be her last living child. George Bender was born, lived for several months and expired. Another tiny soul winged its way to heaven and Elizabeth was again left with a hollow, empty void in her young life. In August, 1915 Elizabeth gave birth to a robust looking son she named Robert Bender. Robert became quite ill in November, and on 22 November, 1915, Elizabeth again increased the population of heaven by one little soul. Robert joined his growing number of brothers and sisters in their eternal reward. A reward that was reaped after 101 days of life, for young Robert had attained the great age of 3 months, 11 days on this earth. Elizabeth went to her mother Sophie and asked Sophie if she would spare one little space in the Ott family plot for little Robert. It would be so much better if he could rest with his family rather than lie in baby land amidst strangers as his brothers and sisters who went before him have done. Sophie readily consented, and Robert Bender was laid to rest at the foot of his great grandmother, Eva Carolina Knapp Ott, who, unlike Robert, had the good fortune of being allotted 79 years upon this earth. But Robert found a lot of company in this modest family plot, for he lay aside Helen Ott, Anna's daughter, who was aged 2 months, and next to Helen lay Frances Booms, a Becker grandchild aged 12 days, and in the first of the tiny graves in the Ott plot lay little William Otto Ott, the little brother of Elizabeth who departed this earth at the tender age of 1 month.

After the death of Robert, the financial situation of the Bender family worsened to the point where Henry was no longer able to provide a roof over the heads of his wife and children. The older children went to live with one set of family friends, and

Elizabeth Ott Biography.doc

the younger children and Elizabeth went to live with another friend called the Dinans. The Dinans had no money and were barely eating, but they welcomed the Bender family under their roof and shared with the Benders what little they had. It was in the Dinan house that little Marion was born, a beautiful dainty little girl. She was born September 3, 1916. When the days grew cold, Lizzie put little Marion in a basinet and put her as close to the heating stove as possible to keep her warm, but when it was time for the Dinan's to retire for the night, they asked Elizabeth to put the baby in their bedroom as her crying kept the Dinan's awake. Elizabeth very reluctantly complied with the Dinan's wishes as their bedroom was very cold due to the poor heating system that was prevalent in those days.

Around December 10, 1916 Marion fell ill with what the family thought was pneumonia, and on 15 December, 1916, when Marion was 3 months, 12 days old, 1 day older than her brother Robert, little Marion's soul was heaven bound, joining her brothers and sisters in an eternal reward she had been too young to earn by her own merits. This death of Marion struck Elizabeth harder than all the rest as Elizabeth was now 37 years old and had so hoped to have this daughter live and be a comfort to her in her older years. But this was not in God's plan for Elizabeth. A year or two later Edward remembers coming home from school and finding his mother bleeding to death, trying to crawl up the back steps from the basement. But she was too weak to make it on her own. Edward tried to carry her up the stairs, but Elizabeth said no, go get a Doctor as fast as you can. I need a Doctor! Edward went from Doctor to Doctor trying desperately to get help for his mother. But every Doctor he approached told him flatly, no, they would not go to his mother's aid as she was too poor to pay the bill. Edward was getting frantic, as he went to a multitude of Doctors, and each one asked him one question, "Do you have the cash to pay me now?" Edward had no cash and was beside himself with anxiety over whether he would find his mother dead on the back steps when he finally returned home. Despite his valiant efforts, Edward was not able to find a Doctor who was compassionate enough to treat a woman who was bleeding to death on the basement steps of her own home. While Edward was going from one Doctor's office to another, Harold Neff came over to visit his fiancée, Mildred Bender, and found his future mother-in-law Elizabeth bleeding to death on the back steps. Harold picked her up, took her to the nearest Doctor, threw the cash in his face, and said, "Here's what you're looking for, now save this woman's life"!

Elizabeth had some happiness in her life. She owned a dog named

"Sport" who they called "Black Sport" later to distinguish him from "Brown Sport" who came later. Black Sport was a large, mean looking dog, and he was an excellent watchdog. When Edward was an infant, Elizabeth put Edward in his buggy, and told black Sport to follow her as she went to the market to buy food for the family. She left Edward outside in his buggy and told Black Sport to watch Edward and don't let anyone take him while she was inside shopping. Whenever a lady would bend over the buggy to admire the baby, black Sport would show his teeth, and the lady would soon move away from the buggy.

Curiously, Edward was afraid of dogs as a young child and would cry whenever a large dog would approach his buggy. Later, he learned to love dogs, brown Sport being his favorite. Brown Sport came into the Bender family in 1913 when Edward was 5 years old and going to kindergarten. Edward was walking in a farm area when he saw a mother dog with her 5 pups. One pup was very interested in Edward, had very intelligent brown eyes, and with those, knowing, wise eyes of his, begged Edward to take him along. Edward opened the gate a crack, and out came brown Sport.

Brown Sport readily followed Edward home, and Elizabeth accepted brown Sport as one of the family. Brown Sport was a constant companion of Edward, and was like a human being to young Edward. One day Brown Sport followed Edward to school and made a monkey out of the custodian who tried to catch him to evict him from the school building. Edward heard all the commotion and when he saw brown Sport was the center of attention, he called Sport's name. Sport hung his head, as he knew the fun was over, and he quietly left St. Anthony School with no more ado. Brown Sport lived with the Bender family for about 5 years and then came to a sad end. Brown Sport got an abscessed tooth and was in terrible pain. Sport could stand the pain no longer, and since Elizabeth had no money for a vet, she took him to the dog pound and quietly had him put away while young Edward was in school. Edward came home from school and asked his mother where Sport was. His mother explained to him as gently as she could that Sport was in terrible pain so she had him put away. Edward ran all the way down to the dog pound, hoping against hope that they had not yet put Sport to sleep. But he was too late. Edward had just lost the best friend he had ever had. He was now forced to face life with no Sport. Elizabeth was terribly grieved that lack of money had forced her into a course of action that had so grievously affected her young Edward. The cruel reality of poverty had again struck the Bender household. Elizabeth had to once again create in her son a deep sense of outrage and loss of a beloved pet, again because she was overwhelmed by poverty.

Elizabeth Ott Biography.doc

The family bought and kept a chicken that they called "Yellie". Everyone loved "Yellie" and he fast became the family pet. "Yellie" lived with the Bender Family for a long time, and delighted the family because she was an unusually intelligent chicken. As was often the case, Henry could not find work and the family was unable to purchase any groceries and they became very hungry. One day Edward came home from school and found a chicken dinner sitting on the table. Elizabeth confessed to Edward that the chicken sitting in front of him was "Yellie" as the family was so hungry from days of having almost nothing to eat. Edward immediately became very sick to his stomach and was forced to flee the house to escape the site of his beloved "Yellie" dead on the kitchen table.

On the 29th of November, 1918 Elizabeth's daughter Mildred Agnes Pauline married Harold Sanderson Neff in a nice church wedding. However, this wedding again was a bittersweet experience for Elizabeth. Elizabeth, a very devout Catholic, to whom her faith meant everything, had to stand by and watch as her daughter married in a protestant church, the Grosse Pointe Memorial church. Harold's mother, Sally Neff was very much against Harold marrying a Catholic girl and said that if they married Catholic, or raised their children Catholic, she would disinherit them. Mrs. Neff had a lot of money, so the children bowed to her wishes. Elizabeth died before she had a chance to see her daughter return to the Catholic Church On 28th of November, 1969.

Mildred Bender Neff was expecting a baby when she married and Elizabeth eagerly looked forward to seeing her first grandchild. But again, fate was to be so terribly cruel to Elizabeth Ott Bender. The pretty little girl died at birth. Another little angel in the portals of heaven. Mildred's sister Beatrice stood up for Mildred at her first wedding and was asked to stand up for her 50th wedding in which she would turn Catholic. But again, fate ruled otherwise. Beatrice died on the 9th of September, 1969, just two months short of the 50th wedding celebration.

Elizabeth's older daughter, Beatrice, married in the Catholic Church to a Catholic man named Edward Gamache. Elizabeth was pleased to see that her second daughter had remained faithful to the religion of our forefathers. I am sure at her daughter's weddings Elizabeth thought of her beautiful little Marion, and wondered what Marion would have looked like had she lived, and what kind of a man would she have married. Elizabeth sorely

Elizabeth Ott Biography.doc

missed her little Marion and often talked of Marion to Mildred. Mildred remembers being the Godmother to little Marion when she was baptized at St. Anthony's church. Marion was small and dainty and cried almost incessantly. Mildred always felt that little Marion was in pain, but could not fathom what was wrong with the tot. Edward Bender remembers having to continually take his sister for buggy rides to quiet her. But she never quieted down, she just cried and cried. Edward would rather have played ball than babysat and made no bones about it when speaking to his mother. When little Marion was in her little casket, Elizabeth said to Edward, herself having been totally overcome by grief and loss, and having no one to blame for this latest in a never ending string of tragedies, "Ed, you wished that your sister would go away and leave you to your ball playing, and now you have your wish!" Edward never forgot his mother's words, and always felt so undeserving of having had to bear up under such a cruel statement by his mother at a time when he himself was overcome by the loss of his little sister.

In 1918 Arthur went off to war, having been drafted to serve in the Spanish American war. We have a picture of Arthur in his army uniform doing his wash in Mexico. Arthur contracted smallpox and was sent home to recuperate. Fortunately, the war ended before Arthur recovered from Smallpox. Arthur brought home with him a trunk full of "funny" cigarettes, most probably marijuana, which his 10 year old brother Edward promptly made good use of. Arthur half killed Edward for that stunt.

Serious illness stalked Elizabeth's family often. In addition to Elmer's bout with typhoid fever and Arthur's bout with smallpox, the family also contracted scarlet fever. Mildred said she was babysitting two year old Edward and walking him around the neighborhood, when suddenly she became so ill that she couldn't even stand up. Edward, who was hale and hearty and full of mischief, waded into a field in which the water was up to his waist. His bloomers floated on top of the water. And Mildred lay on the sidewalk and begged Edward to come out of the water. It was spring, the weather was still rather nippy, and Mildred could not bring herself to walk into the chilly water. A kind man came along and asked Mildred what was the matter, and she replied that her brother was standing waist deep in water in the field and she was too sick to retrieve him so she could start for home. The man rolled up his pant legs and waded in after little Edward.

Mildred returned home, where the health Department promptly quarantined the entire family by putting a red card on the door

of the house to signify that the occupants therein had scarlet fever and that no one was to enter the house. The health Dept came to the house daily and left food for the family for the duration of the quarantine. Wouldn't you know it, but the family just got over the scarlet fever quarantine when one of the children brought home diphtheria and Elizabeth was again quarantined indoors for another three weeks until all her desperately ill children again returned to health.

Elizabeth never lost a child to all the dreaded childhood diseases that were prevalent at that time. Elizabeth believed that she lost all her infants to pneumonia because she was not able to afford the necessary heat to keep them sufficiently warm. It was such a shame that Elizabeth did not live to discover that all her infants died through no fault of her own, but rather, of the Rh factor. Elizabeth had inherited Rh negative blood and her Henry had Rh positive blood, which created a violent blood reaction in her children that were Rh positive, a reaction which sickled their blood, creating tremendous pain in her little Marion, cutting off all the oxygen to the blood, and terminating in a death that closely resembles a death from viral pneumonia. Elizabeth lived with a tremendous sense of guilt, having thought that her abject poverty killed her children, when in fact, a blood disease beyond her control killed her little ones. Edward and Norman survived because of one simple fact, not because they received better maternal care, but because they were Rh negative, and therefore did not suffer from the fatal blood disorder to which their hapless siblings had succumbed.

Finding appropriate housing was always a major concern for Elizabeth as she had no money to pay a security deposit and first month's rent. The family often was forced to move two or three times per year as they were evicted for non-payment of rent. The longest that the family lived in one house was at Maxwell and Lambert, a large, frame two story house with an odd layout that the family occupied for about three years. Edward has many childhood memories of that house. Sport Lived at this house, and Edward used to shoot craps with his friends on the sidewalk next to this house. There were ornate lead glass windows in the front of the house and the kitchen, oddly enough, was in the basement. We have quite a number of pictures that were taken outside of this home, as Mildred was courting Harold Neff at the time and Harold had a fairly decent camera, having come from a Grosse Pointe family of some means. Being an only child in this family gave Harold considerable cash to work with.

Elizabeth Ott Biography.doc

We have pictures of Sea and Mildred in Harold's motorcycle.

We have several pictures of Elizabeth, who was 38 yrs old.

We also have several pictures of great grandmother Sophia Becker Ott taken by Harold.

We can be very grateful to Harold for these pictures as these are the only pictures we have of Sophie Ott.

On more than one occasion when Elizabeth was desperately in need of housing and cash, as was usually the case, was non-existent, Elizabeth would find a vacant house and simply move in without the knowledge or consent of the owner. Once she lived in a house for 6 months before the owner knew she was there!

Finding enough money for coal the heat the house in winter was a big problem for Elizabeth. Edward remembers going to the yard where the coal was unloaded from the trains and picking up the pieces of coal from along the tracks outside the main loading area. The pieces of coal were few and far between on the outside area of the loading docks and the Bender family was desperately in need of a great deal of coal to carry them through the bitter cold weather. Elizabeth had a small baby in the house that she so desperately wanted to keep warm to guard against pneumonia. Edward did not want to disappoint his mother, whose entire life had been one long series of disappointments, by bringing home a small sack full of coal. So he trespassed further and further into the coal yard in search of more and more coal as there were many other families scavenging for coal ahead of him, so the pickings were mighty lean in the "legal areas". Well, Edward by now had a sack just bulging with coal as he was right in the heart of company property, furiously stuffing his sack with coal. He was so intent in concentrating on the task at hand that he threw caution to the wind and ceased to be on the lookout for the guard. Yep, the guard was a little more alert than young Edward, and he shouted for Edward to drop the coal sack. Well, Edward was not about to part with the fruits of his labor, so he ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Well, this infuriated the guard, and the guard pulled out his gun and shot at young Edward. Young Edward dove headlong into a ravine just outside of the fence and with lightening speed crawled on all fours until he was safely in a culvert pipe. Well, the guard looked high and low for him and then finally gave up the search, figuring that the young fellow ran a lot faster than what seemed humanly possible.

Elizabeth Ott Biography.doc

Another time, when Edward was quite a young lad, he remembers taking his sled and walking for ages over to his Grandma Katherine Klein Bender's house to beg them for some coal or firewood to keep their pot belly stove in the kitchen going to maintain some heat in the house. Katherine Bender and her son Joseph Bender barely had enough money to keep themselves going, but being very generous people, they loaded little Edward's sled to overflowing with coal and wood. Then poor little Edward had to pull that heavy sled all the way back home, a distance of about 3 miles or more.

On another occasion, Hank appeared to have a steady job and the bills were being paid, so Lizzie indulged herself with, for her, was a great luxury, a washing machine. She put so much down, and was to pay so much per month. Lizzie paid her payments for awhile and then Hank lost his job and she could no longer keep up the payments. Life was such a struggle for Elizabeth just to put some food on the table, which was often impossibility what with no money coming in. Well, the owner of the appliance store came over and very sadly told Elizabeth that he would have to repossess the washing machine. Lizzie said that she understood and showed him where the washer was. Suddenly the man turned to Elizabeth and said it is so cold in here! Why? Elizabeth, mortified over her abject poverty, very quietly told the man that they have had no heat for over 4 days as she ran out of coal and had no funds with which to purchase some coal or wood. The appliance store owner was badly shaken, having not been face to face with such stark poverty, his own life being amply supplied with what he considered the basic necessities of life. The man left with hurried dispatch and was soon back on Elizabeth's doorstep with a huge load of coal and wood. He was badly shaken by Elizabeth's predicament and was quite emotional in his presentation of this heating fuel. He assured Elizabeth that she and her young children would not have to freeze to death, that he would supply her with all the coal and wood she needed whenever she could not afford to buy it herself. Elizabeth was a very proud woman and she never again asked this man for coal, as she knew that the support of her family was not his responsibility.

Elizabeth, because of her children, had had, on occasion, a run in with the school authorities. Arthur was very fond of skipping school, and had in fact, decided in the fifth grade, that he had had enough schooling for his tastes. There was a big, wide world out there to discover, and school interfered. Because the family moved so much, from one school to another, the truant officer never managed to catch up with Arthur, but Uncle Sam did. When

Elizabeth Ott Biography.doc

Arthur was about 17 years old he was drafted into the U.S. Army and served in the Spanish-American war. Many years later, Arthur told Sandy Bender that he wasn't about to become a dead hero at that tender age. While fighting the war in Mexico, Arthur's philosophy was to dig the biggest and deepest foxhole, and to keep his head down until the war was over. He didn't shoot at anybody and he didn't get shot at by anybody. It seemed a fair enough arrangement to Arthur.

Beatrice went a little further in school. She was one of the better educated children in Elizabeth's family. Mildred said that she liked school well enough when she was in the 1st grade, but that Elizabeth often kept Mildred home to care for the younger children, as Elizabeth would scrub clothes over a washboard for a living and when the younger children became seriously ill, she couldn't afford to lose the income to stay home and nurse the children back to health. So she enlisted Mildred's help whenever the children fell ill. Mildred stated that when she was in the 3rd grade, her brothers were almost continually coming down with something dreadful and she was kept home to nurse them back to health. Mildred said she would be out of school two weeks, then in three weeks, and so forth. She would miss so very much of the class work and would feel and appear to be a big dummy when she was called upon to recite what the other children learned in her absence from the classroom. It became too much of a strain for Mildred to bear, so at the end of the third grade in school, she dropped out and became a full time babysitter for her younger brothers.

Elmer was quite fond of skipping school, and had a penchant for getting caught walking down Gratiot Avenue on a beautiful spring day. Harold remained in St. Anthony School until he was 16 years old, but he never was promoted beyond the fourth grade. Year after year after year Harold was in Sister Justin's fourth grade class. She was a very pleasant, peaceful sister and Elmer got along well enough with her. But the children were another story. They teased and taunted him, and some of the boys would beat him up. Edward used to come to the aid of his older brother when a fight was brewing and Edward got into many a fist fight defending his brother Elmer.

Edward went to St. Anthony's school from the 1st to the end of the 4th grade. Edward liked to fight with the other boys and considered himself somewhat of a scrapper. Edward said that he was on his way to school and on the very first day while he was walking to school minding his own business, some older boys came up to him and started taunting him and hitting him. At first he

was somewhat puzzled at what was going on and he asked the other children at school why the older boys had picked on him. He was told that the older boys always picked on the children just starting school and that was one of the unpleasantries about going to school that one had to put up with. Edward thought about that for awhile and then came up with the dogged determination that he was going to fight back and try to hold his own. Edward also found out in later years that he was a prime target for teasing by the older boys as Edward was never appropriately dressed as his family had no money to dress him and his clothes were tattered and were never the right size for him. Edward started fighting back with the older boys and subsequently spent the better part of his schooldays fighting back against all the injustices that poverty foisted upon him. However, this fighting back created even more problems for Edward as the nuns labeled him as a trouble maker. He was soon labeled as the one who provoked all the fights around the neighborhood. Edward was a sensitive, introverted child who adopted the appearance of a tough guy as a defense mechanism in which he would strike back at whoever made fun of him for his lack of proper food and clothing. He also had the additional burden of having a brother directly above him in school who was not quite right. Edward was acutely aware of the fact that his father often could not find a job and when he found a job it often was not enough money to support the large family. Edward was keenly aware that they often couldn't pay the rent and that when they moved, usually several times per year, it was not of their own volition, but rather because they were being evicted for non-payment of rent. Edward's cousins were also well aware that the Bender family had no money, and no doubt, these cousins heard many stories from their parents about how every time they visited the Bender family, they were asked to shell out some more money. Edward knew that his family had a very bad name on both sides of the family. When Edward was confirmed in the 4th grade at St. Anthony's his family had no money to purchase a suit for him, so Elizabeth asked her sister Agnes if she could borrow Marvin's suit for Edward to wear for the day. Agnes agreed to lend Edward her son's suit and the entire Koch family came to the Confirmation. Marvin said to Edward, "Watch my suit, and take it off right afterwards so you don't get it dirty." It goes without saying what provoked Edward into a fistfight with the Koch boys that day. Edward was so humiliated by his poverty, his need to beg for what other boys took for granted, and his having to take that kind of lip from his "benefactor".

Edward built his own bicycle from parts that he had scrounged up from alley picking. He lovingly spent many hours putting that

bike together and he named his bike "ZEV". He loved his bike as though it was new from the store, and he rode it everywhere. He remembers riding it to school one day when suddenly out of nowhere, it began to storm. Well, ZEV had no fenders, and Edward already looked ridiculous in his brother Norman's clothes as Norman was 5 years younger than Edward, so Norman's sleeves ended at Edward's elbows, and now the shirt was soaked clear through, and there was a mud streak up his back from the splash of the rear wheel in the rain storm. Edward was angry at his being further humiliated by his dress. Edward again got up his defenses and threatened any boy with a good pending who might laugh at his comic appearance.

Edward was the most intelligent of Elizabeth's and Henry's children and did very well in school when he so chose. However, he was so humiliated by the circumstances forced upon him by his abject poverty and was so busy fighting back at the injustices thrust upon him by those who were by the accident of birth, in a much better position, that he never achieved half of the intellectual heights that he was capable of. From the 1st to the 3rd grade, every teacher always said to Edward, "Wait until you get to Sister Etherwald's classroom!" Well, Edward finally matriculated to Sister Etherwald's classroom, and true to their predictions, that year was nothing but trouble for Edward. He enjoyed the challenge of the year long battle with a woman of superior physical and educational stature, but it was a losing battle for both Edward and for his mother Elizabeth. The more Sister Etherwald would goad Edward to new heights of disobedience, the more Edward would take the bait and become exactly what she was accusing him of being. Sister Etherwald called the Pastor of St. Anthony over to the school and gave him an earful, no doubt, slightly embellished by her in the telling. The Pastor became enraged at Edward and beat Edward's back until the shirt was in shreds and his back was swollen and bleeding. This is the kind of compassion that the Catholic Church typically showed for its children victimized by bone chilling, empty stomached poverty. They reasoned with their might rather than with their hearts and heads. When Elizabeth saw Edward's back, she was enraged. She took him with her and walked back to the school to berate the teacher and the pastor for the treatment administered to her child. Edward at first encouraged his mother in her anger against the school and then began to think of his behavior over the past year and decided that he had better tell his mother some of the reasons that the teacher and the Pastor were so terribly angry at him. He told his mother one tale of misbehavior and then another.

Just before they got to the school, his mother had heard enough of these tales and she turned her uncontrollable anger on Edward instead of the school and began physically striking out at Edward. This storm blew over in time, but the final one came in much more insidiously and was a much catheter but more devastating one. The Mother Superior called Elizabeth into the convent for a talk at the end of Edward's 4th year of school. Edward tried to enter into the conference but was turned away at the front door of the convent. Edward tried hard to get into the room where the conference was being held, by stating that it was his future that they were discussing. But he stood instead on the pavement outside the convent and waited for the outcome of the discussion between his mother and the nuns. The outcome was another humiliating defeat for Elizabeth and her child. Since Elizabeth and Hank could pay no tuition for their children's education, Edward, the difficult child, was no longer welcome in their school. He must enroll in the public school for the balance of his education. Elmer would he allowed to remain in Sr. Justin's class since he caused no problems. Edward went to the public school for the 5th grade in September, 1919, and was amazed at the difference on the attitude of the teachers. Boone cared whether he went to school or not, learned when he was in school, and whether or not he fought with the other children was of no concern to the teachers. Edward soon realized just how much he had lost by his expulsion from the Catholic school. On a number of occasions Edward went by himself to the Mother Superior of the St. Anthony School and begged to be let back in. But his promises of better behavior fell on deaf ears. They knew this boy could pay no tuition, and if they were going to put up with a difficult child, they at least expected to be paid for it. St. Anthony's school had little in the way of compassion for the troubled, abject poor, preferring instead to be richly rewarded in the temporal sphere for their efforts in saving troubled souls. Edward knew that the best year educationally, were now behind him. Edward went to the A.L. Holmes School and to many other public schools as he moved from house to house. He went as far as the 11th grade in Cass Tech in Detroit. Edward got into trouble with the law now and again, usually over his fist fighting and skipping school and on one occasion the truant officer threatened to have Edward locked into a reform school. Elizabeth fought this with her whole soul, knowing that if her son were locked up he would return to her a far worse child than he had ever been to now. She won the judge over to her way of thinking with her dogged determination and her strong assertion that she could guide her son more effectively than the authorities could. Edward remained in Elizabeth's custody and never got himself into that much trouble again.

Elizabeth Ott Biography.doc

Elizabeth also had a big battle with the authorities over her son Elmer. Someone at the School had decided that Elmer was retarded and that he would be better off educationally at a home for retarded children in which he would get special schooling. Elizabeth was dead set against sending her son Elmer anywhere as she knew he would be deathly frightened of leaving home and would receive less education than at St. Anthony's. Arthur disagreed with his mother and sided with the school board. After a very heated argument, Elizabeth won another major battle and Elmer remained in their home.

Norman John Bender, born 5 December, 1913, entered St. Anthony's school in 1919. He was a calmer child and was accepted by the nuns with no tuition. Norman, 5 years younger than Edward, had a much easier time of it than the older children did. Elizabeth adored her Norman, born after she had lost 5 children in succession. Elizabeth doted on Norman and demanded nothing from this child in the way of obedience or performance. That he was alive was reward enough for Elizabeth. Mildred was now 18 years old and was working at Newcombe-Endicott's in downtown Detroit. Mildred loved her baby brother and continually bought him cute clothes. Edward was older and not in a cute phase any longer, so she bought clothing only for baby Norman. This created more problems for Edward, as his self-esteem was lowered by the knowledge that he was not loved enough by his older sister to receive presents like Norman, and when he had no clothing, he was forced to wear Norman's which was almost more absurd than going about town naked. Norman, however, was unaware of the preferential treatment, and because of this upbringing in which he was continually the baby, with no responsibilities, and only took and never gave, he never was a responsible person, and was best known to the family in the later years as a "good time Charlie". He definitely should be the first person on your party list to assure a good time would be had by everyone, but don't rely on him for serious or business matters. Norman never really worked for a living and he could seldom tell the difference between Sunday and Monday, or between 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. All were alike to him.

Norman's family life as an adult was a disaster and he died a premature death at 57 years, the result of too much pork and beans and too much beer.

Elizabeth was a very religious woman. She came from a devout Catholic family, the Seekers having been very strong Catholics, and religion was her mainstay throughout her life on this earth.

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Elizabeth herself was promptly baptized into the faith as an infant, received 1st Holy Communion at St. Elizabeth's Church, and was confirmed at this Church as well. She also went to school for many years at St. Elizabeth's. She married Henry Bender there on the 2nd of August, 1897. She promptly baptized her infants into the Catholic faith, as she herself had been taught by the Becker family. Arthur, Mildred and Harold were baptized at St. John's Church on the Grand Boulevard, next to St. Joseph's hospital. Neither St. John's Catholic Church nor St. Joseph Mercy hospital exists today. They were both torn down in February, 1982 to make way for a new General Motors plant. Edward was baptized at St. Bernard's Church in Detroit. Norman and Marion were baptized at St. Anthony's Church. All the Bender children received their 1st Holy Communion and were confirmed.

Elizabeth belonged to the Lady's Sodality at St. John Berchman's Church. She prayed the rosary with her fellow Sodality women regularly. She preserved her Sodality medal until her death in 1950. She left this medal in her daughter Mildred's hands, along with her many prayer books. In Elizabeth's prayer books were the many death notices and prayer cards received at the funeral parlors, as Elizabeth had taken time to say a fond farewell to her many friends and relatives. Elizabeth always found the time and the money to light a vigil light in the Church for those whom she loved and who had loved her. Every Sunday, bright and early, Elizabeth would awaken Hank and tell him to get ready for his weekly 12 block walk to St. John Berchman's Church from their home on Frankfort in Detroit in the Parkside project. Hank would have secretly preferred a much later mass, but he never put this wish into words for fear of a resounding scolding from his beloved Lizzie. He just slipped into his clothes and started off for Church. Lizzie loved to say the Rosary. When she lay dying of cancer in her daughter Mildred's sun parlor, she said the Rosary by the hour. One day, very wears and weary from a life of sorrow and now constant pain, she smiled and said to her daughter Mildred, "Millie, you'll have to say the Rosary for me from now on, I'm just all prayed out. The Lord knows what is in my heart". Elizabeth was buried from St. John Berchman's Church, the Church in which she had buried her Hank 5 years earlier. Elizabeth had loved her God, her Creator, as she had loved her Hank, with her whole mind, her whole body and her whole soul. Despite the many hardships and tribulations thrust upon her by her Hank and by her God, Elizabeth never faltered in her love and devotion to either of them. Elizabeth, truly had run a good race, fought a good battle, and in the end her reward was truly great. She was reunited for all eternity to her Hank and to her

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God. She now knows the guerdon of winning a bitter, 72 year battle, in which, in spite of being pitted against continual insurmountable obstacles, armed with little to use in self-defense, she forged ahead with rugged determination, and now has emerged the victor. She by her abstinence and refusal to admit defeat, provided her children with a better life than she herself had, and unknown to her at the time of her death, she has provided some of her grandchildren with a life of education and wealth beyond her wildest expectations. Yes, we her grandchildren, who come after her, have reaped the rewards of Elizabeth's lifetime of hard work and trust in God. For this, we your grandchildren, heartily thank you, Elizabeth.

Sorrow and tragedy again came to rest on Elizabeth's shoulders in rapid succession at the end of the 1920's. Elizabeth's sister, Agnes Koch, lost her husband, William, to pneumonia around 1920. William had a lucrative trucking company established in which he trucked for the Gold Medal Flour Company. Agnes did not wish to lose this business and did not know how to run it by herself. She took a liking to Henry McDermitt, whom she called Harry, and before anyone realized it she and Harry were married. Moons really liked Henry, as they thought him a man of many moods and prone towards moods of melancholia and was known to drink too heavily on occasion. Harry and Agnes moved in with Sophie Ott and ran the trucking business out of her home. Sophie was old, tired, suffering from a bad heart and felt that she really didn't have too much say in the matter. All Sophie wanted was rest and peace. But there was precious little of that in her little house on 460 Moran. Agnes had two more children, Henry Jr., born in 1923, and JoAnn, born in 1925. Henry drank incessantly after marrying Agnes and he and Agnes fought constantly. Harry was a very poor businessman, and in a few short years he ran William's business into the ground. He lost both the business and Sophie's house that William had purchased for her in 1890. Sophie had had enough of this earth, and on the 1st of March, 1926, she quietly slipped away, rejoining her Wilhelm, who was now restored to full health and her young daughter Annie, who had departed 17 years prior. Sophie's passing created a new furor in the family. Sophie's body was taken to DeSantis funeral home and DeSantis refused to bury her until the family paid for the funeral in cash. Neither Agnes nor Elizabeth had that kind of money. Elizabeth was so sad over this situation. Elizabeth loved her mother so much and missed her desperately. Now her mother's body would have no peace until they found the money to bury her. Elizabeth and Agnes turned to John H. Becker, Sophie's brother, for help. John H. Becker agreed to pay the funeral bill. The bill was paid by

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John, the priest said the prayers over Sophie's remains and she was peacefully laid to rest beside her Wilhelm in Mt. Elliott cemetery. The mourners filed one by one out of the cemetery and returned home, each to remember Sophie in their own way with each suffering their own private loss over Sophie's passing.

John Becker, in the meanwhile, went into Mt. Elliott cemetery and said that he was having the Ott stone removed to have Sophie's name engraved on it. The stone went out of the cemetery to the stone cutter chosen by John H. Becker and in due time the stone returned to Mt. Elliott cemetery. But to this day there is no stone on the Ott plot. For what John H. Becker had done, being a crafty man with few scruples was to have the Ott name erased from the stone and had the Becker name carved on the stone in its place. The stone now read John Becker and rests over the head of John Becker who died in 1905, and who acquired his ill gotten monument in April, 1926. Today John H. Becker lies to rest beside the stone he stole 15 years before his own death in 1941. It seems that some family feuds never die!

Elizabeth became conditioned to her mother's loss and life began returning to normal. However, a disturbing set of events began taking place. Harry McDermitt began drinking so much that he literally began to crawl the walls, and to see things which weren't there. Agnes went to her sister Elizabeth for advice, and Agnes decided that the best solution to this problem was to have Harry committed to an asylum so he could get help with his drinking Problem. Well, Harry evidently, got wind of this, and was very upset and agitated. Harry's solution to the problem was to purchase a new automobile. His old Auto still sat at the curb while he practiced driving his new car for hours on end. On March 29, 1928, Harry took his wife Agnes Ott McDermitt, and his two children by his marriage, Harry, Jr and JoAnn, for a ride in his new car. He did not invite Agnes children by her first marriage, William, Marvin, Jackie or Lillian Koch to come along. Little Harry was already dead by this time, having been run over by a streetcar some 10 years earlier while delivering papers on Gratiot near 7 Mile. The rest of the story is news paper history. Elizabeth got up the morning of March 29, 1928 and read the newspaper. She was struck numb by the headlines, which read "DROWNING OF 4 BRINGS INQUEST" and right under the headline was a picture of her sister Agnes and her sister's 2 children, Harry Jr, and JoAnn, and of Harry Sr...

Harry, it seems, took the family on a ride down Jefferson, and when he came to Parker Street, he drove down Parker St. to the Detroit River. He then drove his car back and forth toward and

away from the river. Finally, he put the car into reverse and drove backwards full speed right into 12 feet of water! A diver for the Detroit Fire Dept saw the whole thing and he dove in to try to rescue the occupants of the car. He kept diving in again and again as he heard Agnes screaming and screaming under water. He finally gave up trying to open the car door when Agnes screams becoming fainter and fainter, finally ceased. The next day the car was pulled out of the water and when the police looked into the car, they found Harry Sr.'s hand holding the passenger door shut so that Agnes and her children could not escape. Agnes had many bruises on her hand where she pounded on the window, trying to break the window so she could escape from her watery grave. The funeral was unreal to Elizabeth. There in the funeral parlor was the body of her young sister and her sister's two small children. Her sister's casket was on one end; the two children were on end in the middle in their small caskets and on the other end was Henry, now peacefully asleep in his own casket. It was hard to believe, looking at him asleep in death, that he had perpetrated such a tragedy. Either Adolph Ott, Agnes half-brother or Harry's family, who were fine people and quite well-to-do, paid for the funeral and the cemetery plot at Mt. Olivet cemetery. It took a tremendous amount of Christian charity, in my estimation, for Elizabeth to forgive her brother-in-law Harry and watch him be buried along side her sister. Her sister who had so many more years of life left in her, not to mention her niece and nephew, who had just begun their journey upon this earth. This peaceful rest was far too premature for this young, vigorous family.

The Koch children were out for the evening and did not learn about their mother, sister, and brother's death until early the next morning when a newspaper reporter informed them about the tragedy. These young children were adrift! Marvin was 20, Bill 21, Jackie 17 and Lillian 19. Now their mother and half of their family was gone without any warning whatsoever, and they were left to carry on by themselves. Jackie didn't manage too well by himself. He tried for a year, but he just couldn't bear up under the weight of losing his father and now his mother, and brother and sister. Jackie solved the problem by hanging himself.

Another tragedy in Elizabeth's life, not to mention the feelings of guilt that if she had paid more attention to his emotional grief, she might have saved his young life. Marvin, Lillian and Bill fared much better. Lillian married a well-to-do Jewish man and moved to Chicago. She had a number of children and lived a much more sedate life than what she had experienced in her childhood home. Bill and Marvin each found wives and were

happily married. Bill couldn't stop having children and Marvin couldn't seem to start having children. One day when Bill's 6th child was born, Bill and his wife talked it over at great length and decided to do a very generous and Christian deed for Marvin and his wife. They bundled up their new boy child and offered him to Bill and his wife. Bill and his wife were overcome with joy at this new prospect in their lives. They, with tears of great joy in their eyes, accepted this most precious gift of new life and both of their lives were permanently altered by this generosity on the part of Marvin and his wife. Bill and Marvin visited back and forth frequently and this young boy grew up loved by both his real and adoptive parents. This young man truly had the best of both worlds. He was an only child, with all the benefits attendant with that position, yet he had his brothers and sisters to play with whenever the mood struck him.

Elizabeth helped support her large family by taking in washing. She scrubbed these clothes by hand over a ribbed washboard. This was back-breaking work, but it helped keep food on the table. One time in the-1920's Elizabeth worked up a real sweat scrubbing all over a washboard and when she was done with the work, she walked to the bus stop and waited for the bus, still drenching wet. The end result of this episode was pneumonia. Elizabeth was so sick that she was totally delirious. Mildred had Elizabeth brought to her house by ambulance. Mildred nursed Elizabeth back to health over the next two weeks. Hank came by often to see how his Lizzie was doing. When Elizabeth regained consciousness, she was ready to get up and go back to work. But Mildred made sure that Elizabeth rested until she regained some of her strength before she returned home. It wasn't long after that that Elizabeth was sewing for a living and put a needle right through her finger. This was before the days of antibiotics, so the infection spread to her blood stream and Elizabeth became so sick that she nearly died. The Doctor cut off half of her finger and she gradually returned to health. Once again, Mildred was the one who nursed her mother back to health. Elizabeth used to laugh about her half of a finger, saying, "I might be a cripple, but oh me, oh my" and she would shake the finger at the person to whom she was speaking to show she still had authority, even with only half a finger.

The best years of her life were the last ones. In 1933 Henry landed a job with the Department of Public Works (D.P.W.) in Detroit, which the best job he ever held. It was the steadiest, he got paid every payday and it paid decent money. To make the bargain even sweeter, Hank loved the job. It was far better than his days of working for Huntz Hansel, when Lizzie would have to

go to Hunts's house and Demand Hank's pay. Huntz always seemed to be strapped for cash, but he managed to give Lizzie two big bags of groceries, which would placate her until he got some extra money from his next sod job. Hank never seemed to get all the pay he had coming for his sod cutting and the wages were low enough without being cheated out of some of them in the bargain. Yes, the City of Detroit job was heaven after what Hank had been through. He pushed a cart up and down Gratiot Avenue cleaning the streets with the contents of the cart. He would lean on his broom and talk to all the people passing by. Everyone loved Hank and they would all stop to say hello to him. Yes, those were good days for Elizabeth. Her children were grown, only Ed and Norm lived with her and now her Hank had a good job which paid well and which he enjoyed doing. The only thing that tugged at Elizabeth's heart strings was Hank having to do physical labor with his asthmatic heart. Every morning Hank would wake up tired from the lack of oxygen do to his bad heart and lungs. Every morning, Hank would pull on his work boots and say as he pulled them on, "I'm bushed"! But every day Hank went to work. Then tragedy struck the Bender household again. Hank was struck by an automobile on Gratiot Avenue and was no longer able to work. He had a permanent injury to his back and leg. This accident reminded Elizabeth of the street car accident of 15 years ago in which her mother Sophie Ott suffered a permanent leg injury and forever after walked with a bad limp. Henry was more fortunate in that he did not suffer a limp. But there was no workman's compensation in those days and Hank was permanently retired from his job.

By this time both Ed and Norman were married and out of the Bender Household, so Elizabeth and Hank retired on their meager Social Security pension. Elizabeth had so generously allowed Ed and Norm to live with her when each was first married as this was in the heart of the depression and rentals were hard to find and even harder to pay for. 1944 was a very bad year for Elizabeth. First she lost her half brother Adolph Ott in June, 1944 and then several more of family passed away that year. But the most crushing blow of her life struck in November, 1944. That was when she lost her Hank, the sunshine of her life. Hank was her very reason for breathing. Without her Hank she had nothing left to live for. On the 2nd of August, ' 1944, she and Hank celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Elizabeth basked in the glory of that day, even though she was so very angry with Hank for dancing with every woman there and not enough with her. Hank said what was he to do, every woman came up to him and said what a good dancer he was and that she wanted to dance with him too. But Elizabeth could see the biggest storm clouds of her

life gathering shape. Her Hank could no longer breathe. Her son Ed took Hank to a Doctor to get him some medicine so he could breathe easier. The Doctor listened to Hank's heart, and then said to Ed, "Get him out of here right now, he's a dead man and I don't want him to die in my office!" Lizzie would prop her Hank up on pillows so he could breathe easier. Hank could no longer sleep lying down as he could no longer breathe in that position. On the 9th of November, 1944 all the Bender children came to Hank and Lizzies house on Frankfort in Detroit. Ed came in and asked his mom where his dad was and Elizabeth replied, "Upstairs". Ed ran upstairs and found his dad leaning against the wall of the hall with his hands over his head. Ed wondered why his dad was standing like that. His dad replied that he stood that way as that was the only way he could get any air into his lungs. Hank looked at his son Edward, smiled and said, with no fear in his eyes at all, "Well, son, I guess this is it". All I have to leave you is my good will". Hank later went to lay in his bed, propped up by his pillows. Lizzie was right there next to him, watching her Hank intently. Mildred Bender Neff is not sure just when her dad did die, as Lizzie would never let anyone past her to check on Hank. She just stood there by her Hank's side and let no one or nothing between her and her beloved Hank. He passed away just before midnight on the 9th of November, 1944. With him went Elizabeth's will to live. All life drained out of Elizabeth as she buried her beloved Hank. She made sure she purchased an extra grave lot so she could someday lie next to her beautiful Hank.

I remember when Elizabeth held my brother Bill for a picture. She held him for just that purpose, giving only a faint smile as she watched the picture being taken. I had so wished that she would put her arms around me and hug me too. But she never noticed I was there and my mother told me that Elizabeth had had a very hard life, that she was very old and very tired and that I was not to disturb her. And tired she was, tired to the bone. She had no interest left in this world now that her Hank was no longer with her. Her only wish left was to be reunited with the two great loves of her life, her Hank and her God.

As often happens to people who grieve as deeply as Elizabeth did, she contracted cancer in 1950. She was living with Norman and his family at the time, and was treated very poorly by Evelyn and her wild children, so once again, Mildred took her mother into her home on 599 St. Clair. Mildred set up Elizabeth's bed in the sun porch so that Elizabeth would have a sunny room in which to spend her last days. Elizabeth's main concern those days was to remain continent of bowel and bladder,

so she would not ruin Harold's beautiful hard wood floors in the sun porch. Harold told her in a kindly manner, not to worry, that floors could be refinished. Doctor McKenzie said that Elizabeth had 6 weeks to live when he first saw her as a patient and that is just how much longer she lived, 6 weeks. Elizabeth became weaker and weaker. When she started to lose lucidity in her last three weeks, she talked constantly to her Hank, but only when no one was listening in. And she had a sixth sense over knowing when someone was listening. In the end she suffered from an intestinal obstruction which caused her a great deal of distress. She would repeat over and over to Mildred, "If I could only go to the bathroom!" Mildred asked Dr. McKenzie about giving Elizabeth a laxative, and the Dr. said, no, don't do it as the effect of having her go and not stop would be far worse. The Doctor suggested that Mildred stop giving Elizabeth insulin as she might die a little quicker and more comfortable that way. When Elizabeth was very bad, Mildred called Dr. McKenzie to come to the house and look at her. Dr. McKenzie told Mildred that Elizabeth was already dead, but that her heart was still beating as it was such an unusually strong heart. The Doctor told Mildred to hold Elizabeth eyelids closed until she finally stopped breathing and her heart stopped beating. The family members were called to witness Elizabeth's last hour. When Agnes came into the house (Arthur's wife) she was saving the rosary as she was taught to do so by her own family whenever you enter the house of a dying person. This was a gesture that I am sure was richly appreciated by Elizabeth who so loved the Rosary and who had said the Rosary so many times herself during the course of her lifetime. Finally, one hour after Mildred stood at the foot of the bed holding her mother's eyelids shut, Elizabeth's heart stopped beating and she winged her way to heaven, to a richly deserved reward. She had earned her high place in heaven by the way she so gallantly bore all the pain, the insults, and the agonies, just as her beloved Lord had done in his lifetime. Elizabeth had been sorely tried by her Master and had not been found wanting. Elizabeth fingered through her prayer book so frequently, that the pages were discolored by the sweat and grease of her fingers. When she was dying, it was with a deep feeling of peace in her soul, for she had served her Master well. Daily she read the first of His beatitudes and knew that it applied to her life fully and she trusted Jesus implicitly when she read His words "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven". For Elizabeth knew without a doubt that she was on her way to the very special place in Heaven that God had prepared for her in heaven. Everyone on this earth berated Elizabeth for her lack of earthly possessions, but Elizabeth had served God very well during her 72 years of

temporal life, fighting fiercely for her family to give them the best she could in light of her circumstances. She had truly fed the hungry, gave drink to the thirsty, clothed the naked, harbored the homeless, visited the sick and the imprisoned and buried more than her share of the dead. And when she did it for the least of her brothers, she did it for her beloved Master.

Yes, others who knew Elizabeth were wishing for themselves long lives, perfect health, freedom from care, abundance and much wealth, but Elizabeth's wish for herself and for them was richer by far than others all had given, that when we from this world depart, our soul may rest in heaven. And that is where our Elizabeth rests, waiting for the day when she can greet each of us as we join her in our journey home. Let us sincerely hope that each one of us will make it as far as Elizabeth has. For none of us were as sorely tried as Elizabeth was and we have not been able to demonstrate our strength of spirit as she had done in her lifetime here on earth. Elizabeth, pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

Taken from the Detroit City Directory:

1855-1856

No Otts listed

1862-1863

No Ott persons listed

1863-1864

Ott, John saddler boards corner of Maple & Riopelle

Ott, John saloon 347 Orleans, house same.

1864

No Ott persons listed

1866-1867

Ott, Johnhouse 353 Orleans

Ott, John G. shoe maker 54 Brush St, boards at 91 Larned

1867-1868

No Ott persons listed

1868

No Ott persons listed

1869-1870

Ott, Adolph stone cutter boards south west corner of Clinton & St. Aubin

Ott, George shoemaker house 371 Orleans

Ott, John cooper 295 Columbia E. house same address

Ott, John G. shoe maker 54 Brush St., house 371 Orleans

Ott, Ludwig laborer house 177 22nd St.

1872-1873

Ott, William laborer 574 James St.

Ott, Charles shoemaker 371 Orleans

1871-1872

Ott, John G shoe maker 54 Brush St., house 371 Orleans

Ott, William laborer boards at 532 Catherine St.

1873-1874

Ott, John G shoe maker 62 Brush St., house 371 Orleans

Ott, Ludwig stone cutter house 385 Atwater

Ott, William stone cutter house 574 Alfred

1874

Ott, Angie domestic 435 Cass
Ott, Conrad sailor boards 141 Clinton
Ott, John laborer house northeast corner Riopelle & Maple
Ott, Henry laborer Boards 141 Clinton
Ott, Louis stone cutter house 385 Atwater

1874

Ott, John G. shoe maker house & shop 371 Orleans
Ott, William stone cutter house 540 Alfred
Ott, Justina domestic 106 Ledyard
Ott, Minnie cook 136 Congress W.

1875- 1876

Ott, Mrs. Caroline boards 514 Alfred
Ott, John laborer 18 Clay St.
Ott, John G shoe maker house & shop 371 Orleans
Ott, William stone cutter house 514 Alfred

1877

Ott, John porter house 7 Jay St
Ott, John G boots & shoes 371 Orleans house same.
Ott, Louis stone cutter house 708 Franklin
Ott, William stone cutter house 514 Alfred

1878

Ott, Angeline domestic 626 Fort W
Ott, Louis stone cutter house 455 Dequindre
Ott, John laborer 277 Division
Ott, John laborer 277 Division
Ott, John G shoe maker 371 Orleans, house same.
Ott, Louisa V. domestic 796 Fort St.
Ott, William stone cutter for D. Knapp house 514 Alfred

1879

Ott, Angelina domestic 251 Woodward
Ott, John presser Rothschild & Briah 277 Division
Ott, John G. shoe maker 371 Orleans, house same.
Ott, Ludwina domestic 65 Winder
Ott, Louis stone cutter house 455 Dequindre
Ott, William laborer house 514 Alfred
Ott, William stone cutter David Knapp house 514 Alfred

1880

Ott, Caroline (widow of Peter) boards 514 Alfred
Ott, John cigar maker house 277 Division

Ott, John G. shoemaker house 371 Orleans
Ott, Jacob fitter Michigan Stove Company house 317 Sherman
Ott, Louis stone cutter house 455 Dequindre
Ott, William laborer house 514 Alfred
(Ott, William, stone cutter is not listed.)

1881

Ott, Jacob laborer house 317 Sherman
Ott Frederick laborer D. Knapp boards 710 Riopelle
Ott, Gottlieb baker Wagner & Co. boards 110 Riopelle
Ott, Jacob mounter, Michigan stove Co house 113 Mother
Ott, Louis stone mason Robertson & McDonald house 570 Hastings
Ott, John grinder Michigan Stove Co. boards 332 Russell
Ott, Ludwig stone cutter house 570 Chene St.
Ott, John H laborer house 277 Division

1881

Ott, John T shoe maker CR Mabley house 371 Orleans
Ott, Louis cabinet maker P P Car Co house 233 Ontario
Ott, Ludwig farmer house 233 Ontario
Ott, Ludwina domestic 65 Winder
Ott, Mary domestic 261 Larned E.
Ott, William stone cutter for D. Knapp house 514 Alfred

1882

Ott, Carolina (widow of Peter) boards 514 Alfred St.
Ott, Frederick G. teamster Robertson & McDonald house 102 St
Joseph Ott, John laborer house east side Moran 1 north of
Gratiot
Ott, Gottlieb laborer 41 ledyard
Ott, Louis stone cutter Robertson & McDonald house 450 Chene
Ott, Jacob mounter Michigan Stove Co house 115 Mother
Ott, Ludwig laborer 136 Margaret
Ott, John G. boot & shoe maker 371 Orleans, house same.
Ott, William stone cutter house 51 Alfred
Ott, Xavier laborer boards 370 Fort St W.
Ott, Louis carpenter P P Car Co house 710 Riopelle

1883

Ott, Caroline (widow of Peter) house 514 Alfred
Ott, Frederick G. stone cutter Robertson & McDonald house 102 St
Joseph
Ott, Louis stone cutter David Knapp house 570 Chene St
Ott, William stone cutter David Knapp house 622 Chene St.

1894

Ott, Adolph clerk Schilling Corset Company house 142 Brewster
Ott, Angeline dress maker 624 Chene St., house same
Ott, David B. clerk Mabley & CO. rooms at 46 Bagley Avenue
Ott, Lizzie domestic house 27 Baltimore Avenue
Ott, Sophie (widow of William) house 460 Moran
Ott, William (aged 54) dies December 8, 1893

1895

Louis Ott, former Justice of the Peace, knows the discipline of hard work and through his own efforts put himself through college. This is his birthday, having been born in Detroit October 15, 1876, one of three children born to Louis and Louise Schlechter Ott. As a boy, Mr. Ott sold newspapers on the streets of Detroit and at 16 he went to work in a newspaper office. He found time to study law in the Detroit College of Law and was graduated in 1899. Following his graduation he worked in the law offices of Sloman and Groesbeck, and in 1901 established himself in private practice.

In 1905 he was elected Justice of the Peace, leading the whole Republican ticket at the election. He was re-elected and served until 1914, when he again established himself in private practice, which he has continued since. September 6, 1906 he was married to Jennie G. Terry, of Detroit, now deceased. They were the parents of 10 children, seven of whom are living. Mr. Ott is a member of the Detroit, Michigan and American Bar Associations. His favorite recreation is motoring. The family home is at 4415 Meldrum Avenue.

How To Elect Two Good Justices Of The Peace

(Suggestions of the Municipal League)

Mark Ballot Thus:

Republican

Louis Ott

John B. Teagan

Democratic

Frank Mead

Jefferson Butler