

Lessons in living life to the fullest

A tribute to educators
Albert & Helen Eisenhauer



Precious Moments in Time

Sincere gratitude to
Dagne Samuelson Sollid
for sharing the precious photographs
and delightfully detailed captions
that help to illustrate the story of her
mother Helen McCabe Eisenhauer's
long and purpose-filled life.



This photo shows my maternal grandparents, John Francis and Irene McCabe, with my mother in her baby carriage on the streets of Brooklyn in 1909 — the year of her birth.



I love my Grandmother McCabe's hat -- so formal just out walking the baby on what must have been a Sunday. You can see a horse drawn wagon on the streets of Brooklyn in the background. My Mom was born in July so it must have been quite warm at the time this picture was taken. It looks as if they have on wool clothes. Once when my own daughter was little, I took her to meet my mother's parents. They were quite elderly by then, in their nineties as I remember. They played with my baby all afternoon. When it came time for me to walk the two blocks to where I was staying, my Grandmother insisted my Grandfather walk me there as I pushed the foldable baby carriage. It was July. It was very hot. My Grandfather was just going to wear the wool suit pants and long-sleeved shirt and tie and vest he was wearing in the apartment with his hat of course.

My Grandmother insisted that he put his wool suit jacket on to walk us. He said to her, "Rena, it is over 100 degrees out there!" She replied: "Jack, it is SUNDAY!" He put on his wool suit jacket and walked us back. My Grandfather was an aspiring young attorney at the time this picture was taken. When the Income Tax was instituted in 1913 he decided to learn as much as he could about it. The older attorneys in his office told him he was wasting his time. They said that the American people would never stand for such an income tax and it would be repealed very quickly. (Ha!) My Grandfather became an eminent tax attorney representing some famous people including Nicholas Monsarrat (The Cruel Sea, The Tribe that Lost Its Head, The Kappillan of Malta). Mr. Montserrat even wrote a bit about my mother's father in his autobiography where he called him "my frail rock of Gibraltar."

This is my favorite picture of my Mom: the little red-haired Irish girl from Brooklyn. She said her Mom always put those big white bows in her hair. I guess she might have been about four or five at the time.



This is my Mom and her younger brother. His name was John Francis McCabe -- the same as his father and grandfather. He was born not too long after my Mom as their folks really wanted a boy and treated him with much more deference than they did my Mom. (For instance, he got the bike and fun toys she did not. They rather fawned on

him and she had to make do for herself. The elders paid for him to go to college, but my Mom had to work her way through.) This was the Edwardian age where boys were favored throughout the culture. My Mom really felt the difference in treatment for her brother and the other boys. I think that was one of the reasons she became so independent at such a young age. It may have also added to her attraction to the Girl Scout Movement which was just starting up.

My Mom seems to always have had the radical notion that girls were just as worthwhile, talented and capable as boys and the Girl Scouts seemed to have that notion too.

I don't know where that picture was taken. It looks a bit rural for Brooklyn but I'm not really certain. Can you imagine being a little kid and wanted to play and being dressed in all those white, white, white clothes that had to be hand washed and ironed after every wearing? I wonder if they got in trouble for getting dirty.



Someone must have brought this little pony my Mom is riding to the streets of Brooklyn for the children to ride. Remember what a thrill it was to get to ride a pony?

1920s

This is my Mom in her later Girl Scout uniform with the black neckerchief. (The earlier neckerchief was blue.)



Her family had moved to West Orange, New Jersey when she was attending high school in the 1920s. (That is where she sold her home-baked Girl Scout cookies to Thomas Edison). The Girl Scouts did not have a commercial bakery at the time. One early enterprising Scout leader made a simple recipe for sugar cookies and published it in the leaders' magazine. She encouraged other leaders to have their girls bake the cookies with their mothers in their kitchens, wrap them in waxed paper, and go out to sell them in their communities to raise money for their troops. The idea caught on and the rest is certainly history. My Mom's story about selling the cookies to Thomas Edison is that she would go to his front door and sell him some cookies. (She said he was a good sport and always bought them from her). Then she would go around to the back door and sell more



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cookies to Mrs. Edison in the kitchen. Hmmmm. I believe this is the first automobile my Grandparents owned. I think my Grandmother is sitting in the front seat. She was probably terrified. My Mom said she was frightened to death when electricity came in and the house was wired. I think riding in a vehicle must have been probably very scary for her. On the other hand, I think my Mom would have loved it! The man is my Grandfather, her father who was a very formal Victorian man. I can just hear him saying, "Helen, stand up straight, don't slouch!" The boy is my Mom's brother (he wore the white shorts and shoes and shirt in the earlier picture). He was a Boy Scout. My Mom's whole family from her generation forward was very involved in Scouting. Her brother in the picture was a Boy Scout. Her younger brother, born much later, was an



Eagle Scout and later a leader for many years. All his three children were scouts. His daughter was a Girl Scout leader for many years. My Mom's older brother's children were Scouts, an Eagle for the boy. I was a Scout. My daughter was a Scout. When my Mom was 101, I made her a book about the early Girl Scout movement and her life in the Scouts. I had everyone I could find in her family and among my friends she knew who was a Scout write her a note about their experiences in Scouting. It was really neat. She really enjoyed it.



The man sitting on the running board is my Mom's cousin Douglas Mollison.

He is holding his niece, Jean Mollison, then is my Mom in her Girl Scout uniform (which she still had when she died and I have now). The next little girl is Jean's sister Helen Mollison and the last little girl is another sister to the first two, Lorna Mollison. My Mom's note says this was Douglas's car which was pretty classy for the age. I don't know where this was taken either. It looks pretty rural. I would estimate it may be around 1916.

This is my Mom as a young woman - probably in her twenties. She went to Normal School and became a teacher.

Mom taught as a very young teacher in a demonstration school in Maine. She received lots of letters of commendation. Later in Ballston Spa, NY, (as Mrs. Eisenhower), she



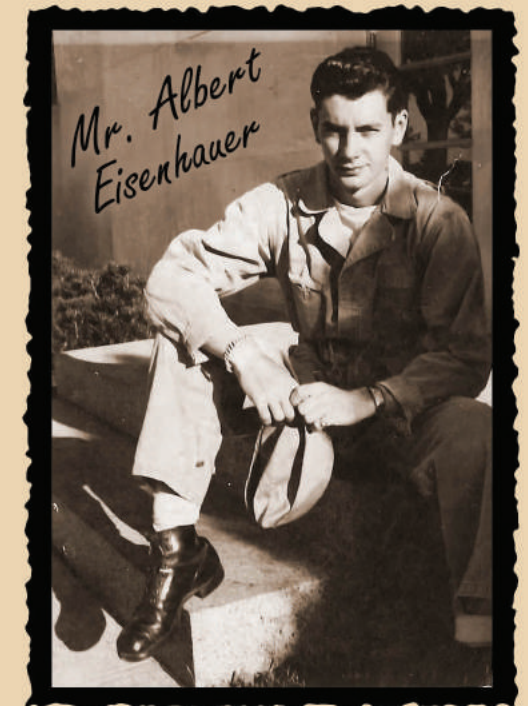
and Mr. E. trained many student teachers and were highly respected as master teachers. My Mom began teaching at 20 years of age. (Normal School was only two years of college then.) She subsequently completed her Master's and took many extra courses beyond that. One of those extra years of college involved putting herself through a teaching program at Columbia University in New York. That is where she met Alice in Wonderland. When my Mom was waiting tables to put herself through Columbia the director of the dining room came to her to ask her for a favor. An elderly British widow, Alice Liddell Hargreaves, who as a child had been the model for Alice in Wonderland in the stories of Lewis Carroll, was coming to Columbia. When Alice's husband had died, to raise money to maintain her home, she had been forced to sell her original copy of Alice's Adventures Underground that Lewis Carroll had given her. This same original book was to be displayed at Columbia to celebrate the centennial of Lewis Carroll's birth. Alice was to receive an honorary degree at that time. Since she was an elderly lady from Britain and not used to American ways and did not know her way around Columbia, the dining room director asked my Mom if she would wait on her and help her with whatever she needed. And that is how my Mom met Alice in Wonderland!



"And that is how my Mom met Alice in Wonderland."

"When my Mom retired at 81 she was afraid she would get bored ..."

My Mom taught until she was 81 years old finishing up her service in Ballston Spa. That is 61 years of teaching. Good Grief! (I could no more teach Kindergarten until I was 81 than I could fly!) When my Mom retired at 81 she was afraid she would get bored so she began to attend Skidmore College in the Fall and Spring semesters. She started out with Greek and Latin language classes and studying the classics! Mr. E. retired the next year as he missed her so much at Malta Avenue. He too attended Skidmore with her for the next 12 years, I believe it was.



They attended the Fall and Spring semesters every year and did all the readings, papers and exams. No auditing for those two. Then in the summers they attended Christ Church at Oxford University in England for the next 12 years of both summer terms again doing all the field trips, readings papers and exams. They were lifetime learners for sure. Mr. E always was reading to my Mom and reading himself. Often he would be reading over 100 books a year. Always reading, always learning and passing it on. (One waitress accused Mr. E of leaking knowledge wherever he went.)



Here is my Mom with her Model A Ford in 1929. With a rumbleseat! A woman driving! Imagine! Shocking indeed.

I think this must have been when my Mom graduated from Normal School in 1929.

It must have been taken in Montclair, NJ where she had graduated from Montclair State Teacher's College. Notice she had bobbed her hair. (How shocking!) (She might have even rolled her stockings and powdered her knees -- we'll never know.) We do know that she as a young teacher, rather than becoming a reserved, demure, inconspicuous young member of the faculty, bought and actually drove herself one of Mr. Ford's Model A automobiles with a rumble seat, no less!



This is my Mom with her collie Beauty -- probably in high school or college.



Mom in 1932 as a young teacher in Maine.

This is the school picture from Malta Avenue of my Mom the first year she started teaching there in 1956.



Back entrance to Malta Avenue School as it looked in the 1950s.



My Mom is probably in her thirties here. I remember this jacket. She wore it when I was little and still had it when she died. My daughter has it now. Mom's hair was still bright red when this photo was taken. She was on a hike at a Scout camp in New Jersey -- probably in the late 1930s.



*Mom and
me in
1946.*



*Mom on a
visit to me in
New Mexico
probably in
the 1980s.*

*This is my Mom
with my daughter
Dahr when she
was little in
New Mexico.
Probably
around 1975.*



*Mom and me
later in
her life.*





The E's LOVED Christmas—especially Mr. E! They celebrated Advent—the church calendar four Sundays and weeks leading up to Christmas—with lots of special events in their home. Then at Christmas they had many lifelong traditions I, and later my husband, daughter and granddaughter loved to celebrate with them.

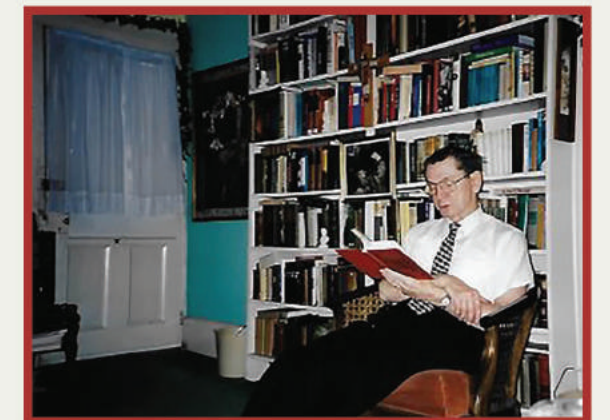
On the day of Christmas Eve Mr. E. and I would go to buy the biggest Christmas tree they had at special shop on Low Street he always visited. He and I would carry it home between us as we walked through the quiet snow. When we got it home, it was ALWAYS WAY too tall for our small house. Mr. E. would say, "Well, my goodness, we will have to cut some off." He usually cut it almost in half to fit it in the room and put the rest of it on the porch with treats for the birds. My Mom would make hot cocoa for us and then we would all decorate the tree with old family ornaments and the special ones their classroom children had made for them over the years.



On Christmas Eve, after church, we would put up our ancient, treasured crèche. Mr. E. had written a family service for that with Bible readings and Christmas carols that each person in the family read as we set up the figures in the manger and we all sang together. Then Mr. E. would begin to read to us Charles Dickens *A Christmas Carol*. It took several days to complete and when he did finish reading we would write in the front and (when we ran out of room there) on the back page the dates of the reading and who was present. We had read that book every year since 1946!

When we set up the crèche, we placed the wise men a long way away from the crèche and we moved them forward a little bit each of the 12 Days of Christmas we celebrated so they would arrive at the manger on the Feast of Epiphany, January 6th, the 12th Day of Christmas. The E's had an Epiphany Party on January 6th when Mr. E. with his wonderful reading voice, read aloud to all *The Story of The Other Wise Man* by Henry Van Dyke. It is a very powerful story. He always had to have boxes of tissues around the room as I, along with others, often needed them. My Mom always made a cake with dates in it for that party to remember the foods of the Holy Land.

Each day of the 12 Days of Christmas we celebrated particular saints days with special foods. For instance, on December 28, Holy Innocents' Day, the day for remembering the innocent children Herod's soldiers killed in Bethlehem, we would make vanilla pudding with strawberry jam on top to remember them—the white to represent their innocence and the red to signify their blood. Mr. E. liked to do things graphically that people would remember.





My Mom really loved flowers and gardening. In the early 1950's, when we first moved to Ballston Spa, my Mom would grow many flowers and fruits and vegetables in the back yard. I remember helping her pick the warm, ripe raspberries for our breakfast in the summertime. As a child I liked them a lot better than the green stuff. Every evening she and Mr. E. would walk about the garden and appreciate all the growing things in their seasons—especially those first crocuses coming up through the snow as the first sign of long-awaited spring. One time I remember making applesauce from our apple trees with the neighborhood Fowler children friends. It took all afternoon and every pan and bowl we had. We ate it all up in about 5 minutes. Mr. E. said, "I think we should get it at the store next time!"

When West High Street in front of our house was widened, our little rural house on a street paved with bricks became a fast highway with a steep dropoff. A lovely and talented gardener and friend named Susan Melna planted the landscaped terraces beautifully with a magnificent display of flowers for every season. When she came to work on the garden she always brought in for my Mom a spectacular bouquet of flowers from the yard. Many people enjoyed looking at the changing display over the seasons and years as they drove by. My folks loved to sit in their front room and look at that garden that gave so many pleasure over the years.



"Many people enjoyed looking at the changing display over the seasons and years as they drove by."



MOM'S 100TH

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

My Mom said her favorite pastime as a child was to roller skate on the streets of Brooklyn. She often spoke of roller skating wildly up and down the streets at the end of WW I. She said on the day the Armistice was declared she skated up and down waving her little American flags as the whole city celebrated with ringing church bells and whistles and people sounding horns and banging pots to celebrate the end of the terrible war that had claimed so many lives. I loved that story. I always wished I had a picture of it. Since I didn't, I had to draw one for her 101st birthday. I gave her a pair of roller skates too, but I made her promise she would not use them.

This (photo right) is my Mom at 100 with her later Girl Scout uniform with the hat.

When my Mom turned 100 the National Girl Scout Council sent her a box of goodies. One of the things in the box was an original copy of the 1920 Girl Scout Handbook which had been the one she used. When she found the page with the semaphore code on it she immediately began moving her arms to make the letters A-I before she had to refer back to the book for help. She said all the girls in her troop had to be very competent in sending and receiving semaphore. They were supposed to be ready to be part of the national defense if necessary. They were also well trained in First Aid. Remember this was right after the end of WW I. The first Girl Scout Handbook published in 1913 actually gave instructions on how to stop a runaway horse and how to tie up a burglar "with eight inches of cord." Also the first recorded recipe for s'mores was in the 1927 update of the 1920 Girl Scout Handbook. We owe a lot to the Girl Scouts! (See page six for story about my Mom selling cookies to Thomas Edison and his wife.)



Fondly Remembered

The obituaries and guest book entries
appearing on the pages that follow
were originally posted on
www.Legacy.com.

Helen McCabe Eisenhauer

Obituary | Condolences



Helen McCabe Eisenhauer, long-time Kindergarten teacher in the Ballston Spa Schools, died June 19th a few weeks short of her 106th birthday. Mrs. Eisenhauer lived a full life. Born in the Edwardian Era when women were devalued as members of society, she was a firm believer in the notion that girls were just as talented and capable as boys. She found kindred spirits in a newly-formed organization which she joined as a young girl becoming one of the first Girl Scouts in America. Baking her own cookies for a fundraiser, she sold these early Girl Scout cookies to Thomas Edison. As a young college student Mrs. Eisenhauer worked her way through Columbia University waiting on tables. When the University planned a commemorative celebration on the 100th anniversary of the author Lewis Carroll's birth, Mrs. Eisenhauer was asked to get to know and care for an elderly English widow who was to be honored at that celebration. The woman was Alice Liddell Hargreaves who as child was the model for Alice in Carroll's story of Alice in Wonderland. In a teaching career that spanned 61 years Mrs. Eisenhauer taught students from nursery school through college. For 35 years she taught generations of Kindergarteners in Ballston Spa. Always an eager lifelong learner, when she retired from teaching Kindergarten at the age of 81, Mrs. Eisenhauer and her husband attended Skidmore College as full-time students and spent the summers attending classes at Christ Church, Oxford University in England for 10 more years. The Eisenhauers supported many local educational and cultural activities and enriched the lives of thousands of students. Mrs. Eisenhauer is survived by her husband of 61 years, Albert Eisenhauer, her daughter Dagne Sollid and her husband Jon of Los Alamos, NM, her granddaughter Dahr Prince and great granddaughter Miranda Hansen of Tucson, Arizona and her brother Douglas McCabe of West Caldwell, New Jersey. Visitation will be held at the Armer Funeral Home, Inc., 39 East High Street, Ballston Spa from 5-7 pm on Wednesday, June 24th. Funeral services will be held at Christ Episcopal Church, West High Street, Ballston Spa at 10 am on Thursday, June 25 with burial to follow at the Gerald B.H. Solomon Saratoga National Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations are suggested to the Girl Scouts of America or a charity of personal choice.

Online remembrances may be made at www.armerfuneralhome.com.
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Albert Eisenhauer

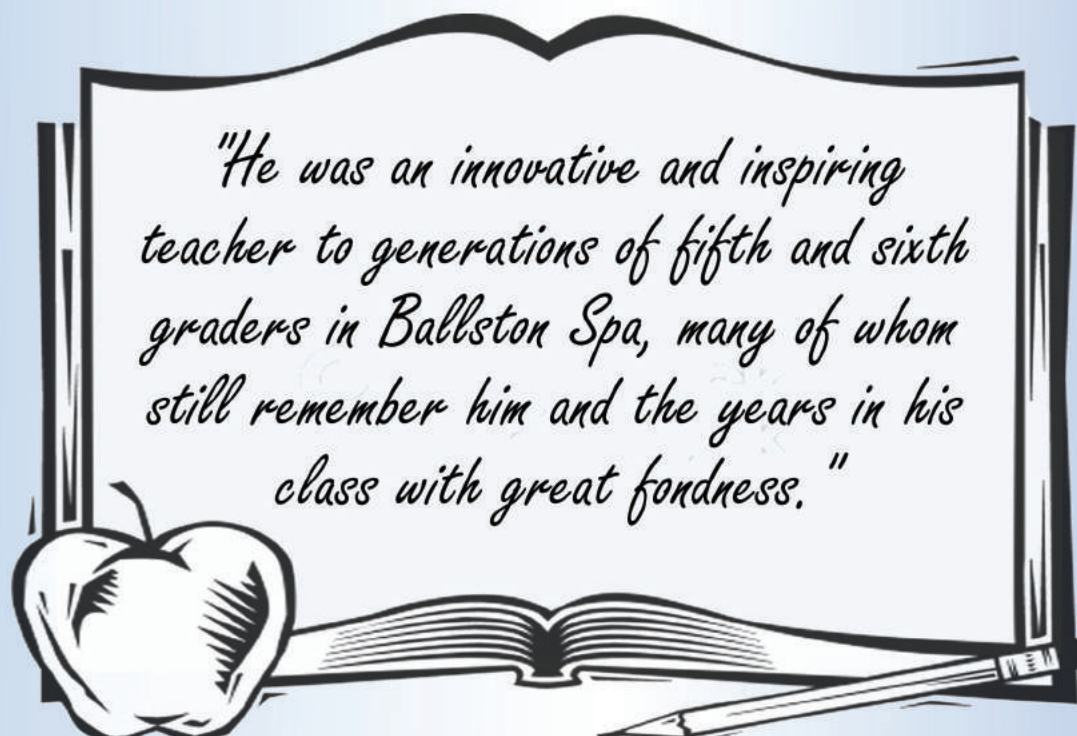
Obituary | Condolences

Albert Eisenhauer, long-time fifth and sixth grade teacher in the Ballston Spa School District followed his beloved wife Helen in death on August 5th. Mr. Eisenhauer was known for his unconventional teaching that inspired his students to learn. Mr. Eisenhauer spent his early life growing up in Albany, a city he dearly loved. Living just a block from the Governor's Mansion when Franklin D. Roosevelt was Governor of New York he often recollected playing with his friends dangerously close to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's flower garden. To distract the boys and save her flowers, Mrs. Roosevelt would hurry out and invite them into the kitchen for a piece of chocolate cake and a glass of milk. It was a win/win situation that worked for both sides every time. When he was 14 years old and eager to begin serving his country, Mr. Eisenhauer took advantage of the fact that his mother was out of town and hurried right down to the Washington Avenue Armory where he enlisted in Company C of the 10th Regiment of the 27th Division of the New York National Guard. Although the minimum age for enlistment was 18 somehow the Guard was satisfied that he would qualify. By the time he was 15 he had made Corporal and become the Company Clerk. As such he had the responsibility of carrying his company's guidon, an honor he cherished all his life. The job also involved typing perfect copies of the payroll pages for the whole company after their drill ended at 10 pm. On a manual typewriter with many perfect copies required that job took most of the night. When he finished typing he would curl up on the big rolltop desk next to his typewriter and sleep until it was time to change back into his civilian clothes and head off to resume his other life as a high school student. In WW II Mr. Eisenhauer was trained in the Army Specialized Training Program as an engineer and then a military doctor. He worked at an army hospital that was a first stop for acute care patients. Once they were stabilized, he often accompanied them as their caregiver on the trips to hospitals near their homes for recovery. In his post-war life Mr. Eisenhauer had other callings but found his true passion and focus in life as a teacher. He was a true scholar, a constant reader and life-long learner. He was interested in everything and sharing whatever he learned. One friend accused him of "leaking knowledge wherever he went". He was an innovative and inspiring teacher to generations of fifth and sixth graders in Ballston Spa, many of whom still remember him and the years in his class with great fondness. He was ever an encourager of education and believer in people. He was ahead of his time in believing in the "natural superiority of women" encouraging and supporting girls to be all they wanted to

be in an era when society gave them limited options. Always eager life-long learners, when he and Mrs. Eisenhauer retired from many years of teaching school they both returned to college. They both attended Skidmore College as full-time students writing all the papers and taking all the exams fall and spring semesters for 11 years. In those 11 summers they were full-time summer students at Christ Church, Oxford University in England. Especially active in support of the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus for many years, the Eisenhauers supported many local educational and cultural activities and enriched the lives of thousands of students and friends all their lives. Mr. Eisenhauer is survived by his loving extended family, his many friends in the Village he loved, and the thousands of students whose lives he encouraged, enriched and touched forever. Visitation will be held at the Armer Funeral Home Inc. 39 East High Street in Ballston Spa from 5pm to 7pm on Tuesday, August 9. Funeral services will be held at Christ Episcopal Church on West High Street in Ballston Spa at 11am on Wednesday, August 10. Burial with military honors will follow at the Gerald B. H. Solomon Saratoga National Cemetery. In lieu of flowers memorial donations are suggested to an organization supporting military veterans or a charity of personal choice.

Online remembrances may be made at www.armerfuneralhome.com

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"He was an innovative and inspiring teacher to generations of fifth and sixth graders in Ballston Spa, many of whom still remember him and the years in his class with great fondness."



"Mr. E. told his classes that his students were like his family.

He said in the old days when people had their hair cut they saved it in a hair pillow to be put under the head of a person in the family who died. Many of his students brought in their hair after hair cuts and signed the pillow my Mom made for Mr. E. for that purpose. Mr. E. told me to put it in his coffin and, of course, I did. I even had the Armers display the newspaper article about Mr. E's hair pillow that was printed probably in the Ballston Journal so many years ago."

—Dagne Samuelson Sollid

"I'm bowled over that my dear Kindergarten teacher, Mrs Eisenhauer, had lived so long and had seen so much! She was a wonderful introduction to my time at school. A life lived well is a fine thing indeed. And a life live LONG and well is a rare achievement! My heart goes out to my esteemed sixth-grade teacher, Mr Eisenhauer. I wish him the love and kindness he showed so many of us." —Todd Waring, Santa Monica, CA

"What an inspiration to us all! I only came upon the obituary because Mrs. Eisenhauer was my dear friend's Kindergarten teacher. I am sure she is now learning all about life after death with the same enthusiasm she seems to have shown in her life on earth." —Mehera Arjani, London



*A captivating glimpse into the
long and purpose-filled lives of
Albert and Helen Eisenhower
with cherished photographs
and delightfully detailed
captions courtesy of daughter
Dagne Samuelson Sollid.*

