

German-Texan Heritage Society

NEWSLETTER



VOLUME V

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FALL, 1983

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NEWSLETTER

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Correspondence, contributions, and manuscripts for publication should be sent to the editor-in-chief or to one of the associate editors; subscriptions to the membership editor. For subscription rates, see special membership form in the back of this issue. NEWSLETTER is published three times annually, in the spring, summer and fall. It is written, compiled edited and published by volunteers.

...SEE BACK COVER FOR CONTINUATION OF EDITORIAL BOARD AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS....

RENEW NOW!!

RENEW NOW!!

German-Texan Heritage Society

If you have not already done so, it is time to RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP now. You will not receive a special notice this year, because we would rather spend money on publication instead of postage.

We need your support. Please take a few minutes now to renew your membership and help us through another productive year. Our costs are steadily rising, but we are holding the line and not increasing dues.

Remember, a membership in the GERMAN TEXAN HERITAGE SOCIETY makes a lasting Christmas gift for someone who shares our interests. We will be happy to send a greeting card, announcing such a gift from you.

Please return the form below with your renewal check. Help us save postage costs.

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GERMAN-TEXAN HERITAGE SOCIETY
N E W S L E T T E R
Volume V Number 3 Fall, 1983

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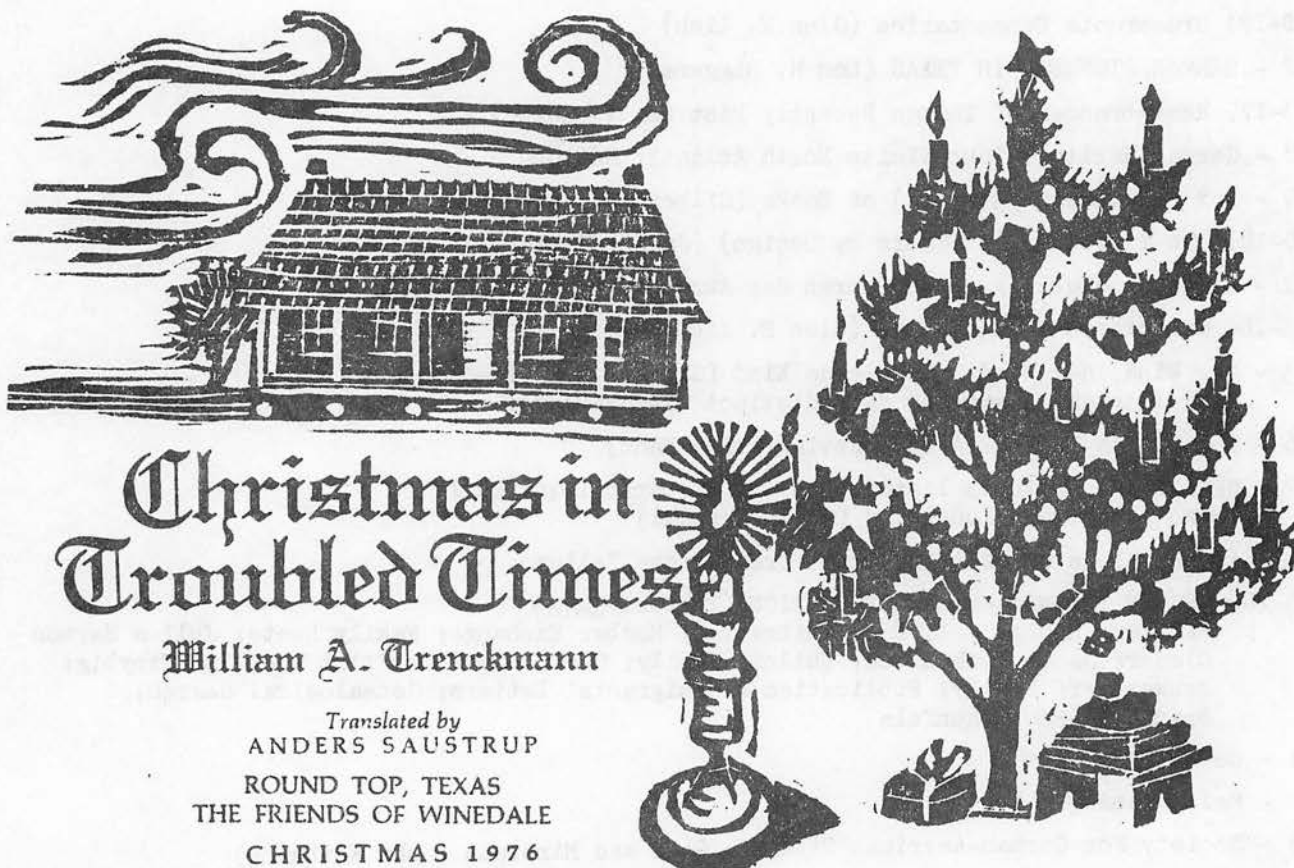
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EVENTS CALENDAR

NOVEMBER

4-13 New Braunfels.....WURSTFEST
 6 Plantersville.....RENAISSANCE FESTIVAL (began Oct. 1)
 19-20 Round Top.....CLASSICAL MUSIC at Festival Hill
 26-27 New Braunfels.....CHRISTMAS SHOW CASE of Arts and Crafts

DECEMBER

1 Fredericksburg.....KINDERFEST. Christmas Party for the children
 of the community. Sponsored by the Gillespie
 County Historical Society
 1-2,4 Salado.....CHRISTMAS HISTORIC HOMES TOUR
 3 LaGrange.....ROUND TOP KONVERSATIONS GRUPPE, 2 Pm at Leola
 Tiedt's House, 510 N Franklin, Tel. 409-836-6505
 3 Waxahachie.....CHRISTMAS PARADE and Tour of Homes
 10 Fredericksburg.....KRISTKINDL MARKET, 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 P.m.
 at 418 W. Main, across from courthouse.
 Admission: Adults - \$1.00 and Children - 50c.
 10 Fredericksburg.....CHRISTMAS CANDLELIGHT TOUR OF HOMES,
 3:00 P.m. to 9:00 P.m. The tour will begin
 at the Pioneer Museum. Admission: \$6.00
 Adults and \$4.00 Children 12 years and under.
 10 Fredericksburg.....ARION MAENNERCHOR & HERMANSONS MIXED CHOIR
 GERMAN CHRISTMAS PROGRAM
 10-11 Castrovilla.....OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS (food, crafts, enter-
 tainment)
 11-13 Galveston.....GLOW OF CHRISTMAS at Ashton Villa
 15 Shiner.....CHRISTMAS JUBILEE (Pageant, music)
 17 Round Top.....ROUND TOP KONVERSATIONS GRUPPE, 2 Pm at Lisa
 Kahn's Farm (call for directions 713-665-4325)
 18 Round Top.....CHRISTMAS OPEN HOUSE at Winedale
 31 Fredericksburg.....32ND ANNUAL NEW YEAR EVE DANCE. Sponsored by
 the Gillespie County Fair and Festivals Assoc.
 At the Fairgrounds Exhibition Hall. Price
 \$15 Per couple, sold in advance at the Chamber
 office only

JANUARY

28-29 Round Top.....CLASSICAL MUSIC at Festival Hill

FEBRUARY

4 College Station.....INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL (costumes, crafts, music)
 Fredericksburg.....MASKEN BALL
 25-26 Round Top.....JAMES DICK CONCERT at Festival Hill
 26 Shiner.....ART & HOBBY SHOW, Foods

MARCH

14-17 Nederland.....HERITAGE FESTIVAL (flea market, shows, dances)
 24-25 Fredericksburg.....ANTIQUES FAIR
 24-25 Round Top.....CLASSICAL MUSIC at Festival Hill

APRIL

21 Fredericksburg.....EASTER FIRES PAGEANT and TOUR OF HOMES

JUNE

9 Fredericksburg.....21ST ANNUAL NIGHT IN OLD FREDERICKSBURG
 9-10 Fredericksburg.....9TH ANNUAL WALKFEST & VVF SWIMFEST

JULY

28-29 Fredericksburg.....GILLESPIE COUNTY BUNDES SCHUETZENFEST

FROM THE

**newsletter
EDITOR**

-152-

FIVE years ago in November we were chartered as the German-Texan Heritage Society - "to build pride in the Heritage of German-Texans through historical research and cultural preservation."

FIVE years ago we felt there was a need to organize a Society to unite efforts in Texas to disseminate information about archives, research projects, cultural events, folklore, publications and meetings related to German-Texan topics. We stated then and we re-state now: "We will be a non-competitive, inexpensive, loosely organized means of achieving these goals".

- 1) To publish a newsletter to include exactly what we have printed for five years.....
- 2) To meet once a year to share ideas and projects.....
- 3) To be a clearing house for those interested in genealogy and research.....

These goals have not changed. The members of this Society are dedicated to these goals and pursue them by every possible means.

The GTHS is not an organization preoccupied with meetings and social functions. There are groups that serve this purpose in every town in America. If members want to join German-related social/political clubs, contact the editor for names and addresses of such groups.

The leaders of the GTHS are all volunteers. We serve the Society because we believe in the goals set forth at our founding and we care deeply about the preservation of the German-Texan heritage.

This Society was not founded to be a scholarly organization with a fancy journal, but rather a grassroots mixture of German-Texans who have something valuable and important to contribute to our NEWSLETTER.

The GTHS is not a political organization. Whether liberal or conservative, we are one in our concern for the German-Texan heritage. We are not involved in any way with anything political, unless it would be a research project related entirely to the German-Texan heritage.

During the past FIVE years we have grown from six to over 800 members. We are recognized by other German heritage organizations in the United States as a phenomenon - their groups are much older, yet smaller than we are. We never sought to be a big Society, but rather a Society with a definite purpose. We are however, happy to have all of our wonderful members, who share our enthusiasm for German-Texan activities.

GTHS MEMBERS ARE EVERYWHERE.....in singing societies, bands, dance groups, genealogical clubs, libraries, archives, historical societies, preservation groups and other organizations related to various interests.

GTHS MEMBERS ARE INVOLVED in the workings of their communities, always striving to save a German-Texan artifact, put up an historical marker or tell people about what the German-Texan heritage is all about.

G.T.H.S. MEMBERS ARE SPECIAL PEOPLE.

THANKS AGAIN!

The German Consulate(FRG) in Houston has once again given us a gift of money to aid us with our publication costs.

Did you see GTHS member Gail Cope on Dan Rather's National News? There she was in her Dirndl, representing all of us.

HOUSTON MEMBERS

The GTHS-related organization in Houston has been dissolved. A get-together for GTHS members in Houston will be announced soon. Contact GTHS Board members for details.

EXXON GRANT

Thanks to GTHS member Olivia May, the GTHS has received a grant to purchase a computer. Anna Thompson has the computer and she handles all address labels, membership lists, etc. The grant is from the Exxon Corporation.

Next year the GTHS NEWSLETTER will have a Library of Congress number.

NEEDED...SURNAME INDEX EDITOR

Olivia May has resigned this post and we need someone to index the 1983 issues. Deadline February 20, 1984. We appreciate Olivia's fine work. WHO WANTS TO VOLUNTEER NOW? Please contact Mary El-Beheri immediately!!!

25./26. NOVEMBER 1978

**Deutsch-texanische
"Heritage Society"**

In Texas haben sich mehrere führende Deutschamerikaner zusammen, um die "German-Texan Heritage Society" zu gründen.

Diese Gesellschaft, deren Anschrift c/o Dona Reeves, Rt. 2, Box 239 A., Buda, Texas, 78610 lautet, verfolgt das Ziel, das deutschamerikanische Erbe in Texas zu pflegen und die deutschamerikanischen kulturellen Belange zu fördern. Die Mitglieder wollen auch Erbstücke sammeln. "Auf Großpapas Dachboden findet sich wohl noch eine Menge!" — sie wollen kulturelle Veranstaltungen organisieren, in Archiven nach einschlägiger Lektüre suchen, Bücher besprechen, darüber diskutieren und einen Pressebericht veröffentlichen, dessen Chefredakteurin Mary El-Beheri, MacArthur High School, San Antonio, ist.

Im September 1979 werden sich die Mitglieder der Gesellschaft in Austin treffen. Schon viel früher, im Januar 1979, soll die erste Presse-Mitteilung erscheinen. Alle Interessenten können sich um Mitgliedschaft bewerben. Der Mitgliedsbeitrag beträgt für "Patrons" \$25.—, für Mitarbeiter (contributing members) \$10.—, für reguläre Mitglieder \$5.—.

NEW YORKER STAATS-ZEITUNG und HEROLD.

FIVE YEARS AGO

MEETING

The meeting in Galveston was not rescheduled. The GTHS Board met in San Marcos and decided to reconsider Galveston for another year, not in September. We are all sorry that we could not have this well-planned meeting, but under the circumstances, how could we? Many thanks to Frances Knappe and her committees.

September 7-9, 1984, we will have our meeting in Kerrville-Boerne-Comfort. Please look for the special announcements in this issue.

GTHS BOOK AVAILABLE

The reprint of Roemer's TEXAS is available now. There is an order form in this issue.

GTHS CALENDAR.....1986

To honor the Texas Sesquicentennial the GTHS is publishing a German-Texan Calendar. It will include pictures from every area of Texas, German places. It will be sold in early 1985. Richard Burgess and Daphne Garrett may be contacted for further information.

GERMAN-TEXAN MUSIC

It has been proposed that we make a recording of German-Texan songs. We have a collection from the Fuchs family, but if you know any songs that have been handed down in German-Texan families, please notify us.

IN MEMORIAM

If I were to define a real Texan — he would have been Ed Reeves. Proud, tough on the outside, soft on the inside, concerned about the plight of people, big-hearted, stubborn and fun-loving. He always gave me a hard time and I miss that — we had a special agreement to disagree. As we founded the GTHS, he listened and prodded and fanned the fires — enjoying his seat on the sidelines. We of the GTHS have lost a special friend. We extend our deepest sympathy to Dona in her time of loss. Memorials may be sent to the GTHS or to the American Diabetes Association in memory of Ed Reeves.

Kluge Hunde

*"Es gibt Hunde, die sind klüger als ihr Herrchen."
Herr Fink nickt: "Das stimmt, ich habe auch so einen!"*

Diktat

*"Ich diktiere ziemlich schnell", sagt der Chef zur neuen Sekretärin.
"Hoffentlich kommen Sie mit."
"Aber gern. Wohin gehen wir?"*

1983 PATRON MEMBERS (June 25-Oct. 10)

A. Ann Derr, Columbus
 H.T.E. Hertzberg, Ashland, OR
 Rev. & Mrs. Steve Rode, San Antonio
 Helen Arnold, Austin
 Dorothy Hahn Dare, Fredericksburg
 German-American Club of Fort Worth
 Barbara Likan, Austin
 Mr. & Mrs. Charles D. Becker, Helotes
 Gilbert H. Jacoby, Boerne
 Dr. & Mrs. Robert A. Neely, Bellville

1983 CONTRIBUTING MEMBERS (Jun 25-Oct 10)

Mr. & Mrs. Lee A. Krause, Round Top
 Mrs. Liselotte Godhelp, Houston
 Barbara Brod Bonin, Pearland
 Linda R. Fussell, Houston
 Glenn R. Guettler, Houston (April)
 Mrs. David M. Hembree, Bonham
 Renate Ries, Bad Windsheim, W. Germany
 Peter Buenz, Baytown
 Mr. & Mrs. Carlo M. Fischer, New Braunfels
 Dan J. Hartmann, Lakewood, CO

* * * * *

For your reading:

Joseph C. Salmons, "Issues in Texas German Language Maintenance and Shift," Monatshefte 75,ii (1983), 187-196. (Joe is a student member of GTHS and has written for us in the past.)

The German-American Connection, A Historical Sketch with Tips for Sightseeing Adventures and for Tracing Family Roots in the Federal Republic of Germany. Published by Lufthansa, it is available through Heinz Moos Publishing, Rotunda Office Center, 711 West Fortieth Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21211, for \$3.00.
 Cornelia Scheider Shiber, "The German Theater in New Orleans During the Nineteenth Century," Xavier Review, I,i,ii (1980/81), 93-103.

Glenda S. Kachelmeier, "Elisabet Ney, A Life Devoted to Heroes," Texas Highways, March 1983, 2-9.

Barry Smith, "Schuetzenfest," Texas Parks & Wildlife, July 1983, 26-29.

Meredith McClain, "Festival on the High Plains," Texas Highways, February 1983, 8-12.

Don Biggers, German Pioneers in Texas, A Facsimile Reproduction by Fredericksburg Publishing Co. Austin: Eakin Press, n.d. (1983).

More reading:

Janice Jordan Shefelman, A Paradise Called Texas. Illustrations by Tom, Karl and Dan Shefelman. Stories for Young American Series. Austin: Eakin, 1983. Janice is the daughter of Gilbert Jordan, another star in the illustrious publishing Jordan family!

Frank A. Driskill and Dede W. Casad, Chester W. Nimitz, Admiral of the Hills. Intro. by Ernest M. Eller. Austin: Eakin, 1983.

dr

Luthers ältester Brief

Der älteste im Original erhaltene Brief des Reformators Martin Luther wird im Erfurter Augustinerkloster aufbewahrt, in das Luther 1505 als Mönch eintrat. Es handelt sich dabei um ein 1514 an Georg Spalatin, den späteren Förderer der Reformation, gerichtetes Schreiben.

Zu den Schätzen der Bibliothek zählen noch zwei weitere Briefe Luthers, ein Brief des Augustiner-Generalvikars Johann von Staupitz an den Kurfürsten aus dem Jahr 1518 sowie weitere Handschriften und rund 100 Inkunabeln.

Zusammen mit einer insgesamt 5.500 Bände umfassenden Bibliothek ziehen sie gegenwärtig in die neuen Bibliotheksräume des Augustinerklosters um. Sie finden Aufnahme in dem gotischen Ostflügel, in dem die Mönchszele Martin Luthers liegt.

Karl May macht's möglich

Die Renaissance des jahrelang in der DDR offiziell verschmähten Abenteuer-Schriftstellers Karl May hat ungeahnte Folgen: Immer mehr junge Eltern nehmen den beliebtesten May-Helden, den Apachen-Häuptling Winnetou, zum Namenspatron für ihre Kinder. Er sei ein "Renner" in diesem Jahr, hieß es in der (Ost-) "Berliner Zeitung". Die Spitze bei den beliebtesten Vornamen halten jedoch Christian und Michael, Nicola und Anja.

Handwritten note: Juli 1983

Kein Fräulein mehr

In Amerika hat man das Problem des Nicht-Wissens, ob es sich bei einem weiblichen Briefempfänger um eine "Miss" oder eine "Mrs." handelt, durch Erfindung des neutralen "Ms." gelöst. In der Bundesrepublik hat jetzt das Gericht einen Arbeitgeber gezwungen, eine Angestellte im Zeugnis nicht mehr als "Fräulein" zu bezeichnen — die Bezeichnung "Frau" als Titel scheint sich allgemein durchgesetzt zu haben, eines der vielen und begrüßenswerten Emanzipations-Ergebnisse.

**MENSCHLICH
GESEHEN**



Deutsche Texanerin

Sie ist eine von jenen sechzig Millionen Amerikanern deutscher Abstammung, die aus Anlaß der Festivitäten zur ersten deutschen Einwanderung in die USA vor 300 Jahren heute von Bundespräsident Karl Carstens und anderen Nobilitäten gefeiert werden. Sie ist überhaupt nicht prominent und hat es dennoch verdient, als Musterfrau deutsch-amerikanischer Eintracht vorgestellt zu werden: Ingrid Kühne-Kokinda (44), eine Texanerin aus der Mark Brandenburg.

Ihre Wiege stand in Werbig an der Ostbahn. Aufgewachsen ist sie in Oldenburg, wo ihre Mutter noch lebt. In Stuttgart lernte sie ihren Mann kennen: Mr. Kokinda von der Kriminalpolizei der US Army muß auch in amourösen Dingen ein feines Gespür gehabt haben. In San Antonio, der reizvollen texanischen Touristen- und Festivalstadt, fanden die beiden ihre Heimat.

Seither praktiziert Ingrid Kühne die Völkerverständigung ohne großes Aufsehen. Sie arbeitet in den Museen der Stadt, ist Dolmetscherin, Fremdenführerin und Journalistin. Ingrid Kühne weiß immer, wo es die besten Steaks und die kariertesten Jacken gibt; sie kennt sich in der „Sauerkrautkurve“ der deutschen Einwanderer ebenso aus wie im Mexikanerviertel. Und wenn der Berliner Bär im Herzen von San Antonio wieder einmal frisch geputzt und mit neuen Blümchen umgeben ist, kann man sicher sein: Ingrid Kühne war da!

Als kameradschaftliche Bärenführerin haben sie im Mai die Teilnehmer des Gastspiels der Deutschen Oper Berlin schätzensgelernt. Ihre Familie, zu der immerhin noch vier Kinder gehören - Allan Christoph (20), Stephan (19), Karin (16) und Michael (14) -, sieht manchmal nicht viel von der emsigen Ingrid. Um so mehr zählt das Lob des Ehemannes: „She is a wonderful woman!“ -nz



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Front Page

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GERMAN ARCHIVES
by Gerda Haffner

Hessisches Staatsarchiv
Friedrichsplatz 15
D 355 Marburg/W. Germany

In the building of this archive are combined the following institutions: Archive Schule Marburg; Archiv der Stadt Marburg; Archiv der Universität Marburg; Deutsches Adelsarchiv; Deutsches Bürgerhaus Archiv, a.o.

Best known to Genealogists is the "Archive School Marburg" for their efforts to publish the lists of Hessian troops who fought in the Revolutionary War. These publications have come to be known under the name HETRINA = Hessian Troops in North America.

The files in the holdings of this State Archive cover the area known as "Kurhessen". You will find: Releases from citizenship, emigration lists and emigration applications, passport registers, certificates of original domicile and citizenship, a.o.

The area the researcher may use is small and the service very slow. Between 12 noon and 2 p.m. the reading room is closed for lunch. You have to allow several hours for the ordering of the files you desire to search. Unfortunately, the shelves around the walls of the reading room are off-limits for the researcher; only the extensive card index for the library is available to you to order from, if you desire to study the books.

The good news is that the publication on emigrations from Kurhessen between 1830 and 1850 is in preparation and will be ordered by us as soon as it will appear. Look out for it when you visit the Immigrant Library next time!

Rota-Gene

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Charles J. Townsend
I.F.R. Genealogy, 5721 Antietam
Drive, Sarasota, Florida 33581

the
German-Texan Heritage Society
 announces publication
 of
ROEMER's TEXAS
1845-1847

Roemer's Texas

Roemer's Texas has long been considered one of the best narrative accounts of life in early Texas. Dr. Ferdinand Roemer, a German scientist, traveled through Texas from late November 1845 until May 1847 and recorded his observations in detail.

Although his visit was primarily for the purpose of geological studies, he was also interested in the plant life, animal life, and the daily life of the settlers and Indians. He was especially conscious of the German settlements, and attempted to evaluate all those aspects of Central Texas critical to the creation of a homeland for German immigrants.

His journey extended from Galveston to San Antonio, Fredericksburg, and Glen Rose, an area of approximately 20,000 square miles. Working almost entirely without maps, without prior sound geological information, and traveling under difficult and primitive conditions, his work is considered remarkable for its time.

After Roemer returned to Germany he published his notes and travelog in book form, entitled *Texas*. This German language edition, published in Bonn in 1849, was translated in 1935 by Oswald Mueller of Houston, Texas and reprinted in 1967. The book has been out of print for many years and extremely hard to find.

The 1983 edition, published as a Texas Sesquicentennial project by the German-Texan Heritage Society, contains additional Prefaces which give a modern perspective of Roemer's work in Texas. The Society has also added an Index, which contributes greatly to the usefulness of the book. Each copy of the book includes Roemer's map, 14 by 16 inches, suitable for framing.

Written in a readable narrative style, the book is an important addition to any Texas collection.

Publisher

GERMAN-TEXAN HERITAGE SOCIETY
 Department of Modern Languages
 Southwest Texas State University
 San Marcos, Texas 78666

Preface To The
1983 Edition

DONA REEVES, Professor of German,
 Southwest Texas State University, San Marcos

Index

IRMA GOETH GUENTHER, Austin, Texas,

Geological Preface,
1983

O. T. HAYWARD, Professor of Geology, Baylor University, Waco, Texas

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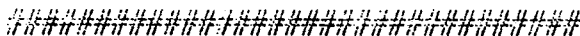
A Texas Sesquicentennial project of the German-Texan Heritage Society.

TWO TEXANA BOOKS BY FATHER AND DAUGHTER

Two books on Texas themes by members of the German Texan Heritage Society were published recently by Eakin Press in Austin. Gilbert J. Jordan's Faces of Texas and Janice Jordan Shefelman's A Paradise Called Texas appeared simultaneously in October, 1983.

Mrs. Shefelman's book is a slightly fictionalized account of the immigration to the Texas Hill Country by her ancestors in 1845. Unlike most accounts of German immigrants coming to Texas, her story begins with a description of life in the German hometown of Wehrstedt, where her people lived. Then follows the river-boat ride to Bremerhaven, the hazardous journey across the ocean, and the difficult trip to New Braunfels and Fredericksburg, all filled with hope, hardships, tragedy, and adventure. The author lives in Austin and is a school librarian and world traveler. The book is illustrated by her husband Tom and her two sons Karl and Daniel.

Gilbert Jordan's Faces of Texas presents some of the natural beauties of Texas, its colorful history, folklore, and customs depicted in a unique format of poetic vignettes and pictures. This emotion-packed volume is presented in anticipation of the sesquicentennial of Texas independence, 1836 to 1986. Fifty subjects run the gamut from pioneers at Indianola, the Fredericksburg "Coffeemill," an old rock fence, churches, missions, schoolhouses, windmills, the state capitol, the battle of the Alamo, a pioneer woman, log buildings, flower faces, folk songs, Sam Houston, Quanah Parker, Elisabet Ney, Frank Dobie, Lyndon Johnson, and other subjects of relevance to life in Texas.



A VISIT OF A GERMAN DELEGATION

Had Frederick Law Olmstead talked to San Antonio-area citizens before he visited New Braunfels in the mid-1850s, he would have been told of the wonderful contribution of Germans to the development of Texas, and especially to this area of the state.

In his "Journey Through Texas," in 1851, Olmstead wrote of his surprise in finding educated and cultivated German families doing hard work in the farming district near New Braunfels. "You are welcomed by a figure in blue flannel shirt and pendant beard, quoting Tacitus, having in one hand; a long pipe, in the other a butcher's knife . . . barrels for seats, to hear a Beethoven's symphony on a grand piano . . . a bookcase half filled with classics, half with sweet potatoes."

The German population of Texas and San Antonio has made a major mark on our progress, and the story is being retold today as one of the largest and most important European delegations ever to visit the Alamo City comes here to hear of investment opportunities and be honored at a luncheon sponsored by the Europe Task Force of the Greater San Antonio Chamber of Commerce and the World Affairs Council at the Gunter Hotel.

We join many San Antonians in welcoming a delegation of more than 30 politicians, busi-

nessmen and journalists, including Dr. Bernhard Vogel, prime minister of the state of Rheinland-Pfalz, with Heinrich Holkenbrink, his minister of economics, and Hans-Otto Wilhelm, his majority leader, along with Hans-Juergen Doss, a member of the German Federal Parliament.

The German delegation is visiting Texas as part of the celebration of the tricentennial of the German immigration to the United States.

And, the delegation is brought here largely through the efforts of Josef E. Seiterle, Gunter Hotel owner, who has been named by Mayor Cisneros to head a delegation to Zurich in mid-October to promote investment in San Antonio as an All-America city. San Antonio delegation members are meeting separately with prospective investors from Germany, Italy, Belgium and Switzerland before the Oct. 17 "Invest in America's Cities" conference sponsored by the U.S. Conference of Mayors.

We are proud that the German delegation is in our city today, and we want to tell them we appreciate what those from their nation have meant to the development of San Antonio and Central Texas. And, we commend those who bring them here — especially Seiterle — for diligence in promoting the Alamo City as a good place to place financial confidence in the future. ■

September 26, 1983/THE SAN ANTONIO LIGHT

Boerne, Comfort, Kerrville

COME TO THE HILL COUNTRY

**You're Welcome....
Western Style**

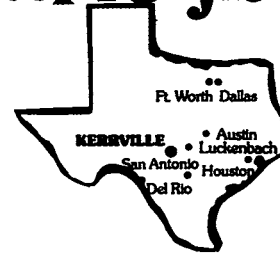
IN 1984!

**Around Fun
Country**

Located nearby are:

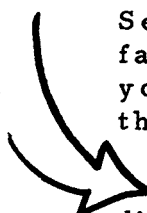
- Lyndon B. Johnson State and National Parks
- LBJ Ranch
- Louise Hays Park
- Luckenbach... a village where time goes backward!

TEXAS



**Heart of the
Hill-Country Guadalupe River**

The dates have been set, and plans are made. The next annual meeting of the German-Texan Heritage Society and its nearly 1000 members will be on 7-9 September 1984 in three of the loveliest towns of the famous Texas hill country. Mark your calendars. Make your plans now. You will not be disappointed. This and the next two newsletters will bring you the details!



The towns which will host the 1984 meeting are Kerrville (where the distinguished Inn of the Hills will provide meeting rooms and accommodations), Comfort (the whole downtown is a national historic preservation district), and Boerne (the gateway to the hill country and a town that is growing prettier with each passing year).

Glen E. Lich of Schreiner College will coordinate the meeting, assisted by local chairpersons Lera Patrick Tyler in Kerrville, August Faltin in Comfort, and Alice Gerfers in Boerne. In each of the three towns there is a committee to support the meeting. In all over thirty people stand ready to make this another memorable meeting in the best GTHS way!

Your
convention
center:

INN OF THE HILLS RESORT

One of the most unique and outstanding resort motels in the Southwest. Constructed of native materials in a Spanish Colonial design, the Inn features award winning interior decoration and 153 lovely, spacious rooms. A host of convention and recreational facilities, eating areas and lounge, the shops and service outlets - all combine to create an atmosphere of comfort and pleasure.

Call 512-895-5000 for your reservations, or go through your local Best Western. The Inn of the Hills encourages early registration, and special convention rates have been established. Be sure to mention that you will attend the German-Texan Heritage Society meeting. All reservations must be made prior to 20 August 1984. Reservations made thereafter will not be eligible for the group rate. A \$30 deposit per room is required to guarantee a room; this is refundable with a 48-hour cancellation notice.

Working Ranches

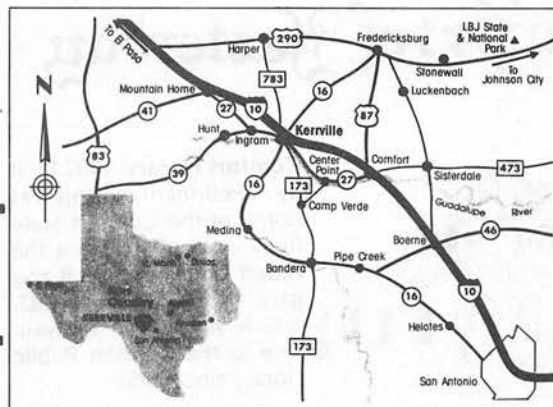
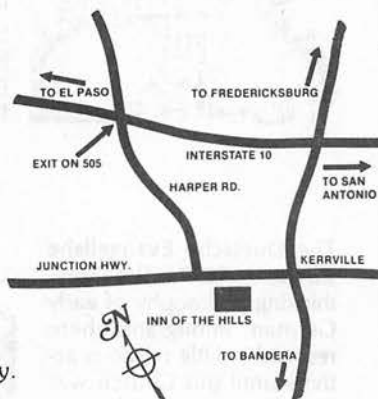
**Exotic Game
Ranches**

7-9 September 1984

COME TO THE HILL COUNTRY IN 1984 !

How to get to the INN

From I-10 take the Harper Rd. (exit 505) to Kerrville. Inn of the Hills is located at the intersection of Harper Rd. and Junction Hwy.



Fun Country!

Here in the heart of the beautiful hill country our friendly folks will make your stay more pleasant. This 1984 meeting should be one of your most educational and enjoyable experiences in many years. The host committee members hope to preserve for you the best aspects of previous society meetings, and to add something extra -- a special tour of historic sites and breathtaking scenery in two of Texas' most appealing counties. You'll delight in the views of hills and valleys, while you relax and breathe deeply of the clean, clear air!

For all of their out-of-the-way charm, Kerrville and Comfort and Boerne are conveniently located on I-10, the super highway that spans the southern U.S. from Florida to California. Just an hour away is San Antonio, and Austin is a scenic two hours away.

Stadt und Land

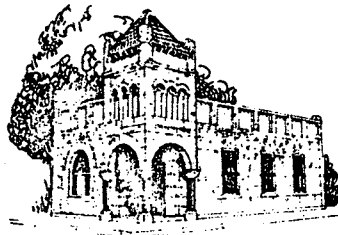
There's a lot more to learn about Kerrville, Comfort, and Boerne. We will be happy to answer your questions in the next two issues of the Newsletter. The Spring 1984 issue will bring you the historical background of Kendall County--together with histories of Comfort and Boerne written by August Faltin and Alice Gerfers-- and the Summer 1984 issue will bring you more news about Kerr County with its two new museums and distinctive hill country way of life.

Einen erholsamen Kurzurlaub

The meeting will also feature a special banquet and program, a slide panorama of the German hill country, a social evening, a German church service, workshops on genealogy and local historical preservation, book and crafts exhibits, and a Guadalupe festival. You cannot miss it. Bis Kerrville!

Auf Wiedersehen.

Experience Historic Comfort of Yesterday



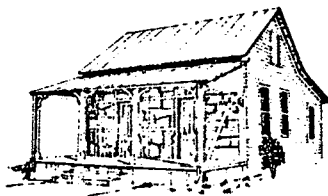
Comfort Library-1907. Built by Alex Brinkmann, this was home of the Comfort State Bank until 1960. Then the Albert Faltins bought it and gave it to the Comfort ISD, which has made it available to the Comfort Public Library since 1961.

Meyer Hotel Complex - 1857. The first building in this complex, known recently as Gast Haus Lodge, was built about 1857, a log cabin serving as a stage coach stop. It is the structure nearest the street. Shortly after, the one next to it was built as a "lying-in" maternity hospital. The rock building in the center was finished about 1869 and the 1½ story white colonial style behind it was built specifically to serve the new railroad in 1887; after many years as the "Meyer Hotel" this building served as Comfort's favorite dining place until the 1950's under Mrs. Ellenberger.



Faltin Homestead - 1854. Comfort's oldest building still in original location. Built by Goldbeck brothers as area's first mercantile business, was purchased by August Faltin in 1856 and has been in Faltin family since then. Restorative work currently underway by his great grandson and namesake.

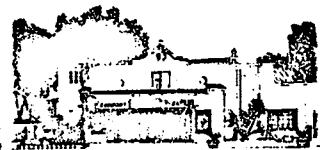
Restorative work currently underway by his great grandson and namesake.



Otto Brinkmann Cottage - 1860. Built by Brinkmann as a "bachelor bude" for himself and his twin brothers: Fachwerk design of heavy timber and diagonal bracing is typical

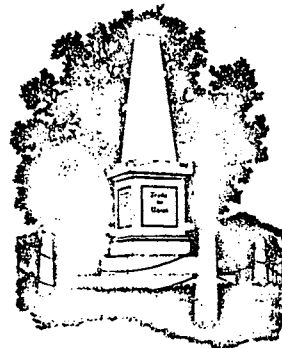
and unique with German buildings of this era. Recently restored by the William Parrishes, was added to National Register of Historic Places in 1977.

Comfort Theatre-1930. Civic leaders built this Spanish "palace", typical of the Art-Deco period, to meet entertainment needs of community. Used until 1939 as school gym and auditorium. Now privately owned, this is oldest theatre in Texas still using stage and screen facilities for a variety of entertainment. Home of the Hill Country Opry.



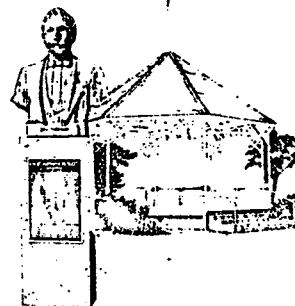
August Faltin House - 1894 Two-story brick Victorian home, considered most elaborate and ornate home here. Designed by Albert Beckman; still occupied by Faltin family.

The Duetsche Evangelische Kirche - 1892. The Free-thinking philosophy of early German immigrants here resulted in little religious activity until this Church was built by Christel Lindemann under pastorage of Lutheran Frederick Bauer. Has been used by all denominations.



"Treue der Union" Monument - 1866. This "loyal to the Union" monument was erected over the common grave of 36 area pioneers who died in the 1862 Nueces River Massacre while fleeing towards Mexico in attempt to join Union forces. Only monument to the Union outside of National Cemeteries in Confederate territory.

Comfort Museum - 1891. Jacob Gass built this blacksmith shop. Now owned by Paula Ingenhuett who has made it available to the community as its historical museum. Open by appointment.



Comfort Park, Altgelt Bust and Gazebo - 1854. Dedicated as a town square by Comfort founder Ernest Altgelt, the Park remains pride of area residents. In continuous use for wide variety of community and family activities, including our traditional Fourth of July celebrations. Waldine Tauch, famed student of Coppini, sculpted the Altgelt bust, which stands on west side of park. Gazebo, focal point in tree-shaded park, was destroyed by tornado in 1975 and rebuilt by community contributions of material and labor. Was under several feet of water in August, 1978 flood.

TOUR ANNOUNCEMENT: A marvelous 17-day tour of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland awaits you June 25 - July 10, 1984. Fulfill your dream to attend the inspiring, world-famous Oberammergau Passion Play and see the breath-taking beauty of the majestic European Alps. For free information write to Pastor Walter Dube, P. O. Box 537, La Marque, TX 77568 today...Passion Play tickets are limited.

Your Tour Host

Rev. Walter Dube*
P.O. Box 537
LaMarque, TX 77568

PASTOR OF PEACE LUTHERAN CHURCH
LaMarque/Texas City, Texas
TELEPHONES
Office: 409/938-1277
Home: 409/938-7094

*German Speaking &
Experienced in Hosting Tours

Institute for German-American Studies

SGAS newsletter readers are reminded of the new institute for German-American studies which was established recently at the University of Wisconsin at Madison to serve as a national center for documentation, research and service in all areas of German immigration history and heritage. Contact: Professor Jürgen Eichhoff, 901 University Bay Drive, Madison, Wisconsin 53705

**For Collectors,
A Tricentennial Beer Stein**

A beer stein which depicts Franz Daniel Pastorius and other passengers of the ship Concord is the latest Tricentennial souvenir to come on the market. Complete with pewter lids showing a picture of the Concord on the inside, the steins are produced by Gerz in a limited edition of 5,000 and are currently available at a subscription price of \$144. An illustrated brochure is available from Bavaria Limited, Inc., P.O. Box 36, Reamstown, PA 17567.

My mother's family all come from Germany in the 1840-50's and settled in and around Shelby, Austin Co. Tex. As I have no access to records from that area I thought that your Society might be able to help me.

*Mrs. Barbara Kelsey Boese
207 East Market
Dodge City, Kansas 67801*

America's Melting Pot: Who's in It

The most detailed look ever at the ancestry of the American people shows roots extending into almost every nook and cranny of the world.

The Census Bureau reported that when the 1980 census asked, "What is this person's ancestry?" no fewer than 134 backgrounds were cited in the answers.

The largest number—50 million, or 22 percent of the population—claimed English lineage. Forty-nine million traced their bloodlines to Germany. The next most numerous: Irish, 40 million; African, 21 million; French, 13 million; Italian, 12 million; Scottish, 10 million; Polish, 8 million; Mexican, 8 million, and American Indian, 7 million.

The number of Americans claiming English ancestry is slightly more than the population of

England. Those with Irish blood outnumber current residents of Ireland nearly 12 to 1.

Among the bureau's findings—
■ Massachusetts has the greatest concentration of Irish Americans—27.3 percent of its residents.

■ California, the most populous state, also is the most diverse. It has not only the most people with ancestors from England, Germany and Ireland, but also the most from Portugal, Sweden, Mexico, China and Iran. New York has the most from Poland, Italy and Africa.

■ The most English state is Utah, where 54 percent of the people claim forebears from the mother country.

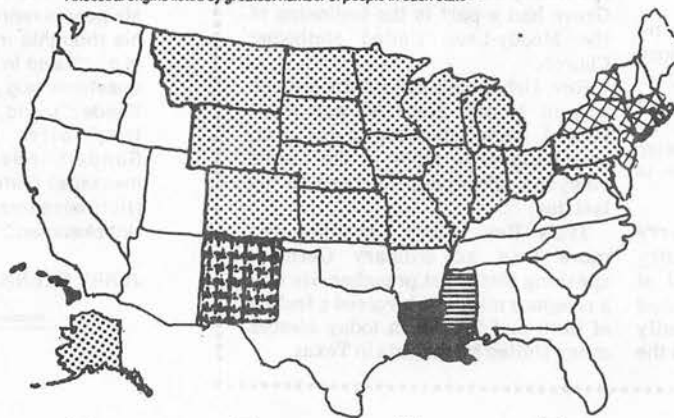
■ Minnesota is home to 1 out of 7 of the 10.4 million Americans with Scandinavian ancestors.

■ Nearly half the nation's 215,184 Vietnamese live in just three states—California, Texas and Louisiana.

Hardly any ethnic group went unnoticed. The smallest was identified as 1,756 Turkish Cypriots. They were outnumbered by 8,484 Ruthenians, people from a region now in the Soviet Union, and by 9,220 Manx, people with roots on the Isle of Man in the Irish Sea.

Top Nationalities

Ancestral origins listed by greatest number of people in each state—



German
 African
 Mexican
 English
 Japanese
 French
 Irish

U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT, June 13, 1983

Methodist Memories



Rev. Julius Urbantke

By LAUREN ANN KATTNER

Editors note: Lauren Ann Kattner is a student in American studies at the University of Dallas and has done extensive research into the early German Methodist Church of the Central Texas Conference Area.

Rev. Julius Edward Urbantke, born Sept. 29, 1849 at Bielitz (now in Poland), was one of the most influential German-speaking Methodist ministers of the Central Texas Conference between 1893 and 1937. The German-speaking area in which he labored was then known as the Brenham District, Southern German Conference. In the eleven years he was active as a circuit rider in this area, he served Perry, Meier's Settlement, Copperas Cove, Ballinger, and The Grove.

For 20 years at Copperas Cove and 14 at Moody, he was extremely busy although in a superannuate position. When he died in 1937, at the old homestead near Copperas Cove, he was the oldest Methodist minister serving German-speaking people in the South.

Rev. Urbantke arrived at Perry (southeast of Waco) from Industry (southeast of Austin) in the fall of 1893. He was immediately impressed by the congregation's friendly manner and capable assistance in the

Lord's work. Through Rev. Urbantke's daily leadership, the Perry church raised its total membership to 261, bought an 800 lb. bell to call the rural residents to worship, and organized Perry's first Ladies' Society.

An even more outstanding accomplishment during this time was the fact the Meier's Settlement church became self-supporting. From 1887 until the summer of 1898, it had continued to be an appendage of the Perry Church.

Rev. Urbantke's time in a superannuate position at Copperas Cove was likewise spent in almost full-time Christian service. He again found himself grateful for the congregation's positive response and love. Although he worked on his 400-acre farm in what is now Ft. Hood and assisted his wife, Sophie, in raising ten children, he also had the work of the Sunday School laid on his shoulders. He preached two or more Sundays a month, and directed the choir. Two of his major accomplishments included purchasing Copperas Cove German Methodist Church's first parsonage and assisting in the establishment of the Copperas Cove-Ballinger-The Grove circuit.

In 1902, Rev. Urbantke was called to the new Circuit. What was at first to be a one-year assignment became a six-year ministry. Two Sundays each month were spent at Copperas Cove, one at The Grove, and one at Ballinger. The Grove was particularly encouraged by Rev. Urbantke's enthusiasm. It grew spiritually as well as in numbers. The Grove had a part in the beginning of the Moody-Leon United Methodist Church.

Rev. Urbantke's last field of service was in Moody. Here he was more retired, being advanced in age. Yet, he continued to labor in the Lord's vineyard, glorifying the Lord to his last day.

Truly Rev. Julius Urbantke was more than an ordinary German-speaking Methodist preacher. He was a religious man who involved a feeling of faith and joy which today blesses many United Methodists in Texas.

Lisa Kahn. *David am Komputer und andere Gedichte*. Providence: Trebush Press. 1982. 74 pp.

The nine poems of the third section, "In Deutschland," and the sixteen poems of the fifth, "Todeslieder," are in general similar to the kinds of things Kahn has previously published. The same is true to a somewhat lesser extent of the nine poems of the fourth section, "Sprache," and the thirty-six poems of the untitled second group, both of which offer a wide variety of themes and styles. The poems on language range from thoughtful reflections reminiscent of the quotation from Wittgenstein that serves as a motto, to a delightful piece reminiscent of, and dedicated to, Ernst Jandl. The second section contains poems on serious themes, typically human relationships, although the tone is often ironic. "Einüben von Abschieden" (p.32) is a marvelous poem that deserves to be placed along side of Bennis' "Was schlimm ist," and the sentiment of "Gedichte lesen" (a lesser poem, to be sure) is one that many readers will sympathize with.

The discussion of the last four sections has been kept brief in order to leave more room for the first, "Neun neue Lieder Davids." These are among the most interesting and successful poems I have read in some time. The concept is striking: King David has traded in his harp on a computer, and his psalms of praise and repentance have given way to the questions--some serious, some silly-- of modern man. And the execution is no less effective. Three are entitled "David am Komputer" (I, II, and III), and in them we see David becoming increasingly familiar with programming techniques. The first begins with primitive and partially erroneous input, the last is (apparently) a printout that suggests the programmer knew what he was doing, at least in a technical sense. The message of the final line, however, is not optimistic: "700. Denn der Tod besiegt das Leben." The other six poems represent, or suggest, David and his thoughts in a variety of circumstances (e.g., "David in Nürnberg"). There are many questions (e.g., the often-repeated "War es Sünde?"), and when answers are supplied they offer little hope ("Es was Sünde/Sünde/Sünde"). The ultimate message? perhaps: "wir wissen: Wissen ist Nichtwissen/eine Gleichung mit zwei Unbekannten."

JERRY GLENN, *University of Cincinnati*

The First German Immigrants to America

By Gilbert J. Jordan

Some people mistakenly assume that the Germantown, Pennsylvania, settlers were the first German immigrants to come to America. We encounter this misconception especially this year while we are celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary (1683-1983) of the founding of Germantown as the first permanent German settlement. However, we need to be reminded that these people were not the first German immigrants to come to America. To be sure, Germantown was the first permanent German settlement, and it was the beginning of the large so-called "Pennsylvania Dutch" (Really Deitsch, Deutsch, German) immigration to Pennsylvania, but we should point out that several other German groups came to America before this time, say about fifty years earlier.

These German ethnics came to our country with other settlers, especially Swedish and Dutch colonists. The descendants of these early settlers and their German names can still be found in the eastern parts of the United States. Terry G. Jordan, in an article in the Geographical Review (Vol. 73, No. 1, January, 1983, pp. 58-94) mentions this early German immigration, especially as it related to the coming of log buildings to America. These early German settlers came to New Sweden with Swedes and Finns and to New Netherland with the Dutch colonists.

The Swedish-German connection can easily be explained by the fact that parts of northern Germany (Schleswig-Holstein and other Baltic Sea regions and Pomerania) were politically parts of Sweden at that time, although they were ethnic German provinces. The immigration of Germans with the Dutch came about because of the proximity of German provinces to Holland, or because these people held similar religious beliefs.

Some of the names of these early German immigrants can still be traced, but others are more difficult to identify because of subsequent intermarriages (Swedish, German, Dutch, Finnish, and Anglo) and the similarity of German, Dutch, and Swedish words.

Some names are clearly German, such as Konstantin Gr \ddot{u} nenberg from Brandenburg, Hans Janeke from East Prussia, and Hans L \ddot{u} neburger from Pomerania. Others present some problems, such as the German name Joachim or Jochem, which appears now as Yochem, Yochum, Yoakum, Yokum, etc., or the Roggenfelders (Ryefielders) which became Rockefellerers in America. Even the intriguing Schneeweiss name presents difficulties. The name seems to live on now only in such Anglo designations as Snow and White.

Even though some of the names cannot be traced in detail, there is abundant evidence that numbers of German immigrants came to America before the celebrated Germantown, Pennsylvania, migration. This fact should not detract from the 1983 celebrations in which all the people can take part, even we here in far-away Texas and our large population with German ancestry. We can wait until the 1990s and have a sesquicentennial of our own, a celebration commemorating the German immigration to Texas during the past century.

Happy 100, Brooklyn Bridge

Time (June 6, 1983) pages 30-31 published an article about the centennial of the Brooklyn Bridge in New York City. It was a gala affair depicted with a large photograph of the fireworks compared to an illustration of the opening day fireworks back in 1883. Nowhere was mention made of the fact that John Roebling and his son, Washington Roebling, were German immigrants to the United States.

Also a new book has just been published by the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and Rutgers University edited by Elizabeth C. Stewart with an introduction by Robert M. Vogel of the Smithsonian Institute, entitled *the Guide to the Roebling Collections*. The book contains many illustrations and describes the manuscripts, photographs, designs, plans as well as the library of the distinguished civil engineers, John and Washington Roebling. They designed many important American bridges, among them the Covington-Cincinnati bridge, Pittsburgh's Monongahela Bridge in addition to the world renowned Brooklyn Bridge. Available for \$15.00 including postage and handling, from Institute Archives, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y. 12181

Dolmetscher

Bekanntermaßen spricht Bundeskanzler Helmut Kohl außer Deutsch keinerlei Sprachen und ist daher vollständig auf die Hilfe von Dolmetschern angewiesen — eine Tatsache, die an den ersten Bundespräsidenten Theodor Heuss erinnert, der als Schüler eines humanistischen Gymnasiums ebenfalls keine moderne Sprache beherrschte, sich aber bei seinen Staatsbesuchen im Ausland vollständig auf seinen Chefdolmetscher Heinz Weber verließ. Nach einem Abendessen bei Englands Königin Elizabeth berichtete Heuss: "Es war wirklich sehr gemütlich, und der Weber hat sich mit der Königin ausgezeichnet unterhalten."

McKenzie UMC, Honey Grove

United Methodist Reporter

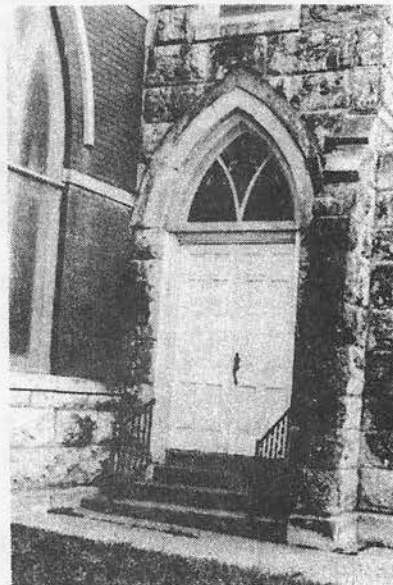
JULY 8, 1983

Built on stone, filled with history

Methodist preachers first came to Honey Grove over 125 years ago. Since that time, dedicated Methodists there have preserved reminders of their heritage.

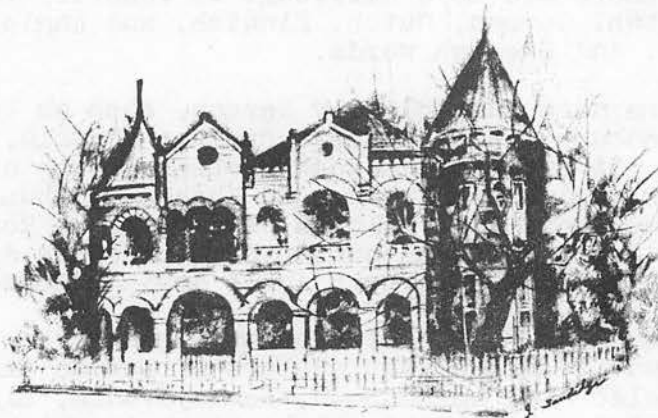
On August 1, 1879 the Honey Grove Lodge #164 AF & AM sold to McKenzie Church the lot on the corner of Seventh and Pecan. From 1879-82, Methodists met in the Honey Grove High School, which between 1874 and 1880 had been a Methodist-financed institution. In February 1882, a Gothic chapel built of native stone was dedicated.

The McKenzie United Methodist Church was remodeled in 1910 by Honey Grove's German stone builder and contractor, Jacob Fein. The building is one of a handful of remaining stone quarry churches in North Texas built or remodelled between 1880 and 1920. Most have been replaced by modern buildings.



Part of the handiwork of Jacob Fein.
PHOTOS BY VIRGINIA SMITH

The articles in this special edition were written by Lauren Ann Kattner of Ladonia, Texas. Ms. Kattner is a member of the Fannin County Historical Commission.



The Hill Country Museum at Kerrville was opened on April 3, 1983 with approximately 1,000 people coming to view the exhibits. Housed in the restored Chas. Schreiner Mansion, the museum has a fine collection of memorabilia of a century of living in the Hill Country of Texas. It is another step forward in preserving our proud Texas heritage.

-Herbert E. Oehler

THE HILL COUNTRY MUSEUM
226 Earl Garrett Street
Kerrville, Texas 78028

A historic residence restored to house the memorabilia of over a century of living in the Hill Country of Texas.

Johannes Christlieb Nathanael Romberg German Poet of Texas

By SELMA METZENTHIN-RAUNICK

IN THE COLLECTION of Johannes Romberg's poetry edited by Alfred Wagner (E. Pierson's Verlag, Dresden and Leipzig, 1900), we read in the last stanza of the introductory poem the following self-appraisal:

*Zwar es kann ein grosser Chor
Nicht den Wald durchdringen,
Aber für ein lauschend Ohr
Bleibt es doch ein Singen.*

Again we read in Romberg's philosophical poem, "Genie und Talent," this modest classification of himself:

*Wir kleinen Leute sind zufrieden
Mit dem was uns die Muse bringt.
Das Grosse ist uns nicht beschieden,
Wir freu'n uns, wenn ein Vers gelingt.*

Johannes Romberg's judgment of his own poetry is too modest. In pleasing unaffected style and with complete mastery of poetic form, he interprets life as he feels and sees it.

Johannes Romberg is not the only outstanding German poet of Texas. A few may perhaps be said to have surpassed him in certain qualities. There were, for example, Pedro Ilgen, a clergyman who spent a number of years in Texas (mainly in the town of Yoakum); Ferdinand Lohmann of Comfort; Hulda Walter of Fredericksburg, the first native Texan writing German verse; and Clara Matthäi ("Gertrud Hoff") of Bellville, another native Texan. Pedro Ilgen has given us some poetry of more depth and grandeur in his religious verse and in his poems on the First World War. Ferdinand Lohmann has written with greater fervor and eloquence his exhortations to the German pioneers to remember their mission, i.e., to contribute of the best of the old fatherland—home-making, music, a keen appreciation of responsibility—and to accept only the best in the new homeland. Hulda Walter, who, like Romberg, composed much regional poetry, employs a loftier language, gives more spiritualized images. Clara Matthäi, like Romberg, wrote much lyric poetry and sometimes surpasses the latter in the musical quality of her verse. And there were other writers from whom we have occasionally some exceptional gem of poetry. But there are only two poets, Clara

Matthäi and Hulda Walter, whose compositions are of the same consistent merit as Romberg's. And there is not one of our German Texas poets who equalled him in variety of subject matter, of form and metre. Several of Romberg's longer narrative poems, as well as a few shorter ones and one or two lyrics, are written in blank verse. Each poem seems to be poured into its own appropriate form. We find in Romberg's compositions lyric, narrative, and dramatic poetry—pastorals, romances, and brief dramas.

Much of Romberg's poetry is philosophical. Like many of the European emigrants of the early nineteenth century who were influenced by the French Revolution, Johannes Romberg was irreligious and even somewhat antagonistic toward the church. Still, he confesses that there is much we humans do not know and merely "abnen" (divine) and that there is a Great Spirit beyond our erring intellect and scientific reasoning:

*Wer steigt hinab bis zu der Quelle,
Woraus das Dasein strömt und springt,
Woraus das Leben Well' auf Welle
Durchs unermess'ne Weltall dringt?
Wer dringt zur Quelle der Bewegung,
Wer zu der Kraft verborg'nem Sitz.
Wer zu des Geistes erster Regung,
Zu des Bewusstseins erstem Blitz?
Wir können irren nur und träumen,
Wir sehen nicht der Wahrheit Strahl,
Doch in des Herzens heilig'gen Räumen
Wohnt still ein hohes Ideal.
Das ist das Gute und das Schöne,
Das Göttliche, das in uns lebt,
Und das uns arme Erdensöhne
Hoch über Staub und Stoff erhebt.
Der Philosoph baut sein System
Doch selbst mit Wissenschaft verbunden
Löst er nicht auf das Weltproblem,
Den Schlussstein hat er nie gefunden.
Was uns umgiebt, das ist Natur,
Die Welten laufen ihre Bahnen,
Wir können tief im Herzen nur,
Den Gott, den Quell des Daseins abnen.
Und unser Herz ist auch Natur,
Kann es uns eine Lüge sagen*

FEBRUARY, 1946

THE AMERICAN-GERMAN REVIEW

*Wenn wir des grossen Geistes Spur
Im All der Welt zu ahnen wagen?*

We find a touch of fine humor in Romberg's poetry which does not hesitate to create a laugh at himself or to include himself. An unusually clever piece of humor is his spring song, *Gefährlich*, which points out the natural dangers of that season, and his dramatic narrative, *Der Teufel und der Dichter*, in which Satan loses his wager to the poet rather than to be obliged to listen to the latter's poetry.

Romberg's poems of spring have a soft nostalgic note, not usually found in the author's compositions. It is in spring that his beloved wife died; this tragedy colors all his later spring poetry. So he writes the first spring following his wife's death:

*Seh ich auch die Frühlingsfeier
Und des Werdens schöne Zeit,
Deckt sich doch ein dunkler Schleier
Ueber all die Herrlichkeit.*

And again, three years later:

*Zwar die Wunde vernarbt, die damals
so beftigt geschmerzt hat,
Doch die Erinnerung bleibt, und noch
ist kein Tag mir vergangen
Dass ich nicht ihrer gedacht. Das Leben
ist öde geworden . . .*

Perhaps the most striking of Romberg's "home" poetry is *Idyll*, which brings to mind Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*. It is an attractive picture of the home of a pioneer family. The opening lines carry us to Texas, the crude bench under the wide-spreading, shade-giving live oak with its permanent green and picturesque hanging moss; so dear to Texans.

*Unter der Lebensleich, wo selbst am hessesten
Mittag,
Wenn kein Blatt sich bewegt, das leise
Säuseln des Zephyrs
Nimmer ruht, und die Sonne sich vergeblich
bestrebet,
Durch das dichte Gezweig in den tiefen
Schatten zu dringen,
Hier am eichnen Tisch auf Sesseln von Bret-
tern gefertigt,
Sass mit der Freundin vertieft im Gespräche
über Europa Ida . . .*

Again we join the simple meal of the pioneer family, which, in spite of its simplicity of living, has not quite given up earlier refinements:

*Auf des Tischzeugs Weisse und auf die
silbernen Löffel
Goss sein schimmerndes Licht von Osten,
der steigende Vollmond.*



Johannes Romberg
1808-1891

Romberg, like the majority of educated Germans of his time, was a complete individualist and a passionate defender of personal liberty. To see even an animal deprived of its freedom aroused his compassion. In the last stanza of his poem *Vogel im Bauer*, he has these characteristic lines:

*Riegle auf des Kerkers Pforte
Gieb ihm seine Welt zurück,
Gieb ihm Freiheit. In dem Worte
Liegt ein unaussprechlich Glück.*

One of Romberg's most tender lyrics was dedicated to a bird which came to its end shot by a young lad:

*Und endlich kam der Frühling auch,
Belebte alles wieder,
Das Vöglein sass auf gruenem Strauch
Und sann auf neue Lieder.
Es fuehlte in der kleinen Brust
Des Daseins ganze Wonne,
Und wärmte sich voll Lebenslust
Im Strahl der goldnen Sonne.
Bald flog es auf zu einem Baum
Besah der Knospen Fülle,
Die, bald erwacht vom Wintertraum,
Zersprengen ihre Hülle.
Schon übt es sich ein Liedlein ein.
Das es im Chor will singen,
Wenn aller Vögel Melodein
In Feld und Wald erklingen.
Doch ach, ein Knabe schlich daher
Der zielt und zieleet wieder,
Und schießt mit seinem Mordgewehr
Den kleinen Vogel nieder.*

We might expect to find among Romberg's productions poems of *Sehnsucht* for the fatherland, poems expressing disappointment in the new home. But there is practically nothing of depression or dissatisfaction. Even when his verse reports a sad event, Romberg ends his narrative on a cheerful note. Romberg accepted life as it was. Only one or two of his poems are reminiscent of the fatherland. One poem, however, *Vineta*, suggests that perhaps the harmonious and happy Johannes Romberg also held, deep within himself, some vague, unsatisfied *Sehnsucht*.

There were several political events in his fatherland which inspired Romberg to poetic expression—especially, the German victory over France in 1871 and the death of Emperor William I.

Johannes Romberg composed long narrative poems dealing with family life, of similar style as his shorter *Idyll*. These have not yet been published.

Romberg wrote two brief dramas based on German legends—*Ein kleines Bruchstück von einem grossen Epos* and *Rübezahl*. The latter presents the legendary figure of the Silesian Mountains, Rübezahl, who plays mischievous pranks on human folk, but occasionally helps a deserving person in distress. Both the brief *Fragment* and *Rübezahl* show the same poetic feeling and skill as Romberg's simpler verse. As far as I know, not one of the other Texas poets, except

the late Professor Sibbern of Texas Lutheran College, who composed a number of classical plays published in Germany, tried his hand extensively at serious drama. About 1936, F. Neuhäuser, editor of the *Freie Presse* of San Antonio, published a short play, *Die Pioniere*.

Johannes Christlieb Nathanael Romberg (1808-1891), although not a native Texan—he came from Alt-Bukow in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in 1847—lost no time in "planting both feet in Texas soil." How thoroughly he identified himself with Texas is shown in his poetry, of which more than half would come under the category of regional. There is no sentimental nostalgic verse, no emphasis on advantages left behind. Romberg lived in the present. He was filled with the determination to overcome all difficulties that might be encountered and to build a happy home-life for his family.

There were indeed many difficulties to overcome when the Rombergs arrived in Galveston. They had left a comfortable, cultured home to dwell now in a two-room log-cabin with a garret to which the children climbed by means of the high back of a bench which the poet had constructed. In fact, the poet, assisted by his brother, had built the entire cabin and some of the furnishings. He was very fond of cabinet-making and all sorts of carpentering and building.

Romberg's father was a Lutheran pastor, and the son would have studied theology, had his weak eyes not prevented this. It was decided that

Johannes go into business. He received training in the business house of his father-in-law, then set up a retail store of his own in Boitzenburg an der Elbe. But he disliked his work very much; in fact, he disliked all business transactions and the handling of money. He would have preferred to take up a trade like carpentry or cabinet-making, but at that time such a calling was considered unsuited for one of his social standing. Johannes then made carpentry his avocation, observing master carpenters and practising with saw and chisel and whatever tools he possessed. This stood him in good stead in his later life in Texas.

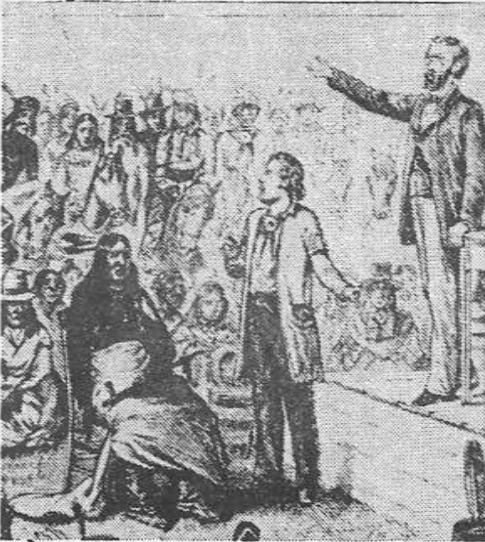
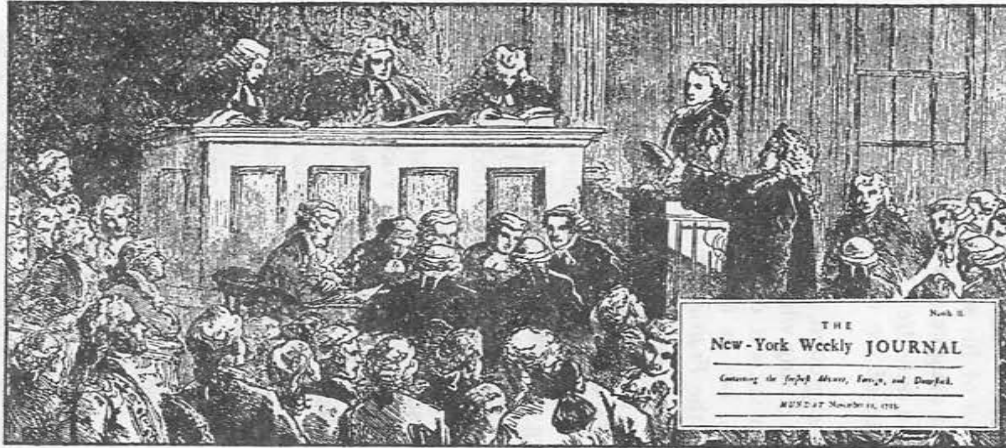
But Johannes Romberg's cultured background also stood him in good stead. It enabled him to teach his children during the years when there was no school, or at least no suitable school, available. His homes, both the early one on the San Bernardo River and the later one at Black Jack Springs, Navidad, became centers of attraction for other German Texans with background and interests similar to those of the Rombergs. Of these the family of Pastor Adolf Fuchs became most closely associated with the Romberg family. Adolf Fuchs was both poet and musician. He wrote the music for much of his own poetry and set to music verses of other poets he read and liked. Two of his sons, Wilhelm and Hermann, married daughters of Johannes Romberg.

Romberg not only drew his neighbors together within a radius of ten to fifteen miles, persons

of similar background, for impromptu *gemütliche Abende*, during which evenings the famous writers and musicians of the past and present were discussed but he also organized a modest literary club, the *Prairieblume*.

After many years of happy family life, Johannes Romberg's wife died. But even this tragic event could not break down the spirit of Johannes Romberg or cause him to withdraw within himself. He centered his affections on his children and children's children and continued to follow to the end of his life the writing of poetry.

It is interesting to note that among the descendants of the Romberg and the Fuchs families there were a number who became well known for their publications in literature and in music. Oscar Fox, nationally known musician and composer, is a grandson of Johannes Romberg and Adolph Fuchs. In the field of literature Louise Fuchs, a daughter of Johannes Romberg and a daughter-in-law of Adolf Fuchs has written a biography. Frieda Fuchs, a granddaughter of both Johannes Romberg and Adolf Fuchs wrote prose and poetry for German publications and, moreover, proved herself very able in collecting, translating and copying German writings. A contemporary writer, Judge John R. Fuchs, of New Braunfels, has published two books, *A Husband's Tribute to his Wife* and *Liberation from Taxation*.



Oben: John Peter Zenger stammte aus Speyer. In Amerika erkämpfte er die Pressefreiheit (1735). - Unten links: Deutsche als Freunde der Indianer, Innenminister Carl Schurz verhandelt mit Sioux-Häuptling Spotted Tail. - Rechts: Ein „Palatine“ im Unabhängigkeitskrieg, bewaffnet mit einer Pfälzer Büchse, der „Long Rifle“.



Daß die „Palatines“, die Pfälzer, wie die deutschen Einwanderer genannt wurden (weil die meisten eben aus der Pfalz kamen), gegen Unterdrückung und Verfolgung und für die freie Entfaltung der Persönlichkeit waren, ist nicht verwunderlich: Hatten die meisten doch dem alten Kontinent den Rücken gekehrt, weil sie dort zum Beispiel wegen ihrer Religion Verfolgung leiden mußten, oder weil die feudale Ordnung vieler kleiner und kleinsten Territorien nur den Herren ein „fürstliches Leben“ erlaubte, den Untertanen jedoch nur ein Vegetieren ließ. Nach Amerika, „ins Land der Hoffnung“ zu ziehen, das war selbstverständlich Verpflichtung, es besser zu ma-

chen. 1688 gab es so den ersten - von Quäkern niedergeschriebenen - Protest gegen die Sklaverei. Als Washington zum Kampf für die Unabhängigkeit rief, da waren die Deutschen mit dabei. Sie bildeten „deutsche Regimenter“. Einer ihrer Obristen war zum Beispiel der lutherische Pastor von Woodstock in Virginia, Johann Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg. Er stieg im Januar 1776 auf die Kanzel und verkündete: „Es gibt eine Zeit, da muß man predigen, und es gibt eine Zeit, da muß man kämpfen. Jetzt ist die Zeit zum Kämpfen!“ Sprach's, zog seinen Talar aus, unter dem er schon die Uniform eines Miliz-Obristen trug, und zog mit 300 Freiwilligen in den Kampf. Zwei Pfälzer Erfindungen halfen George Washington ganz wesentlich, den Krieg gegen die überlegenen Engländer überhaupt bestehen zu kön-

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Dreihundert Jahre deutsche Einwanderung in Nordamerika - das ist auch eine dreihundertjährige gemeinsame Geschichte im Kampf um Freiheit und Unabhängigkeit, gegen Sklaverei und für Menschenrechte. Daß Auswanderer aus den Gebieten des heutigen Rheinland-Pfalz dabei eine herausragende Rolle spielten, kann uns mit berechtigtem Stolz erfüllen, sollte aber auch Verpflichtung für die Zukunft sein.

nen: Da war einmal der „Conestoga-Wagon“, der Planwagen, wie wir ihn ja aus den „Trecks nach Westen“ im 19. Jahrhundert kennen. Diese schnellen Wagen erlaubten ein schnelles „Ausweichen“ - man könnte auch Flucht sagen -, so daß den Engländern kein entscheidender Schlag gelang. Zweitens waren die Palatines geschickte Büchsenmacher. Ihre „Long Rifles“ erlangten große Berühmtheit und verliehen den „Aufständischen“ eine gefürchtete Feuerkraft. Auf welche Weise Pfälzer damals mithalfen, Unabhängigkeit und Menschenrechte zu erkämpfen, hat zum Beispiel James Fenimore Cooper in seinem berühmten „Lederstrumpf“ festgehalten: „Dieser Herr in einer Mütze von Marderfell war ein deutscher Major namens Hartmann...“. Er meinte Johann Adam Hartmann, der 1748 in Edenko-

ben geboren war. Im amerikanischen Bürgerkrieg finden sich die meisten deutschen bzw. deutschstämmigen Einwanderer auf seiten Lincolns - für die Einheit, gegen die Sklaverei. Der bekannteste ist Carl Schurz, der später Innenminister (1877-1887) wurde, zu nennen ist aber auch der Mainzer Germain Metternich, oder der Wormser Ludwig Blenker. Sie waren nicht die einzigen Flüchtlinge der gescheiterten 48er Revolution in Deutschland. Dazu gehörte auch Nikolaus Schmitt aus Kaiserslautern.

Er hatte hier den „Bote für Stadt und Land“ herausgegeben und war 1849 Mitglied der „Provisorischen Regierung“ der Pfalz. In Philadelphia gab er die deutsche Tageszeitung „Volksvertreter“ heraus, in der u. a. eine Biographie Steubens erschien. Natürlich waren es in den al-

lermeisten Fällen wirtschaftliche Gründe, die die Menschen aus dem Rheinland und der Pfalz zum Auswandern verleiteten. Dies wird klar, wenn man einen Brief liest, den Philipp Jakob Irion, 1759 aus Kaiserslautern ausgewandert, 1766 aus „Jacobs-Vale“/Virginia den Zurückgebliebenen schrieb: „Das Erdreich ist fett und bringt Früchte reichlich. Die Wasser sind voller Fische, die Waldungen voller Wild, die Berge voll edler Erzte, die Luft rein und gesund und ein jeder genießt so große Freyheiten, dergleichen sonst nirgends zu finden sind“ - eine ähnliche Beschreibung, wie sie 1709 der „Kocherthal“ der lutherische Pfarrer Josua Harrsch in seinen Flugblättern „Von der berühmten Landschaft Carolina“ gegeben hatte. Sieben Millionen deutsche Einwanderer waren es schließlich. Jeder vierte Amerikaner, 52 Millionen von knapp 200 Millionen, sagen, daß ihre Vorfahren aus Deutschland stammen. Sie hatten als Farmer, Handwerker, aber auch als Künstler und Wissenschaftler ihren Beitrag zum Aufbau ihrer neuen Heimat geleistet. Die letzte große Einwanderungswelle aus Deutschland erreichte die USA in den 30er Jahren, als viele politische Flüchtlinge Asyl suchten.



Wochenchrift: Den Interessen der Rhein-Pfälzer in den Vereinigten Staaten gewidmet.
 Nummer 20. New York, 12. Mai 1888. 5. Jahrgang.



„Der Pfälzer in Amerika“ - ein Begriff und auch ein Zeitungstitel. - Der „Conestoga“-Wagen erobert den Westen, er ist eine Konstruktion Pfälzer Wagenbauer. - Jubiläumsbriefmarke im Jubiläumsjahr: Die Brooklyn-Bridge ist 100 Jahre alt, erbaut von dem Deutschen J. A. Roebling.

From ELFI Ochs

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GRASSROOTS COMMENTARIES

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Glen E. Lich
Schreiner College

Johan Bojer. The Emigrants. Trans. A.G. Jayne. Intro. Paul Reigstad. Lincoln: Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1978. Pp. xviii + 355, intro., biblio., glossary. \$4.95

Anyone interested in immigration history will find Johan Boyer's classic novel about Norwegians in the New World richly entertaining. First published in 1924 as Vor Egen Stamme, The Emigrants was reprinted five years ago with an interesting introduction by Paul Reigstad. The book will remind American readers of the style of William Dean Howells and Mark Twain. Readers familiar with German literature may compare Bojer's style to the writings of Gottfried Keller or Theodor Storm, and some readers might detect a tone similar to that of Gerhard Hauptmann's early plays.

Bojer's novel criticizes what Paul Reigstad calls "an entrenched bureaucracy, a cold and formal state religion, and a rigid class system which militated against impoverishment in the lot of peasant and laborer." The town of Trondheim near Bergen, the region where Bojer himself grew up, appears to be the setting of a small community of fishermen and cotters who pine away in a worn-out homeland where youth is spent in longing and where adulthood takes good, strong people further and further from their dreams. A quaint charm covers the countryside rising steeply from its scenic fiord, but rocky fields produce bleak prospects for the young men and women of the novel. One by one--tenant farmers, laborers, fishermen, yeomen, and gentry--they turn their hopes westward toward America following the return of one of their own, a prosperous emigrant who comes back from the new world to recruit a select group from his hometown to migrate with him to the Dakotas.

When this rich emigrant returns, the villagers note that he walks and talks and dresses like one of the "quality," the rural gentry, and not any longer like one from the day-laborer class to which he was born. The townspeople marvel at his transformation, and they come to understand that America offers financial promise and freedom from classes. Yet only the truly down-and-out fall in with the emigrant's plan. The others succumb gradually, as though to the spread of a disease, and they try to hide their contagion. They associate a kind of shame with leaving, the shame of admitting defeat and abandoning the village which gave them their identity.

An imprisoned arsonist is the first to break away. The second is a dissident schoolteacher. Slowly a cross-section

of society is reflected in the emigrant's small group--young members of the community who were too poor, too hungry, too impatient, too much in love, too wild, too beautiful, or too smart to stay and fit themselves into the molds of a stagnant society. One or two of them feel it will be easy to leave behind an uncaring and thankless country, but most are like young Morten Kvidal who leaves with the secret promise to return after he has made his fortunes in the rich new land.

Bojer focuses on these Norwegians as coming from the old world, as emigrants, rather than as newcomers or immigrants to the Dakota territory. Their old world outlook prevails, and the author's point-of-view is that of a Norwegian looking across toward America, as was indeed true for Bojer--in contrast with someone like his Minnesota contemporary, Ole Rølvaag. The plot is moving and poignant, and the characters are generally, though not consistently, well drawn. The novel is divided into three parts. The first section develops in Norway and emphasizes setting. The second part takes the group to the new world and narrates their trials, losses, and victories. This part emphasizes character, notably that of the maturing Morten Kvidal--a memorable figure who grows into a position of leadership in the colony and becomes the main character of the novel. The third and most touching part takes Morten Kvidal back to his village and family in Norway--as he had vowed he would return. He comes home, however, without immeasurable riches and the dreams of his youth do not flower. He leaves again, almost runs away, to America, but he knows that there too he may never be at home and that the blight which stunted his growth in the old world may spoil his chance for happiness on the other side of the ocean.

The novel documents social history with the grace of literature. It is psychologically insightful and warrants reading by any who would understand better the mindset of our immigrant ancestors.

"Wenn diese Hoffnungen sich verwirklichen,
dass die Menschen sich mit allen ihren
Kräften, mit Herz und Geist, mit
Verstand und Liebe vereinigen und
voneinander Kenntniss nehmen,
so wird sich ereignen, woran jetzt
noch kein Mensch denken kann."

—GOETHE.

Es sind nicht nur 300 Jahre Geschichte,

die uns verbinden. Die Auswanderer schufen in der „Neuen Welt“ eine Ordnung. Heute haben auch wir die gleichen Grundwerte und Freiheitsrechte - die Menschen anderswo auf der Welt noch immer vorenthalten werden, die wir aber uns und den nachfolgenden Generationen erhalten wollen.

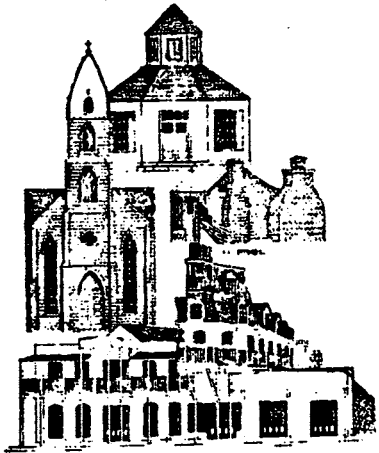
Anthony Philip Heinrich, the "Log-House Composer from Kentucky"

Anthony Philip Heinrich (1781-1861) was a native of Bohemia who exercised a significant influence on American music in the years before the Civil War. He was the chairman of the committee which founded the New York Philharmonic Society in 1842 and was a prolific composer and busy performer. Because he lived in a log cabin near Bardstown, Kentucky he was known to his contemporaries as the "log-house composer from Kentucky".

Heinrich composed in a flamboyant, high romantic style which today has more than a little quaintness and may not be to everyone's taste. The critic Nicolas Slonimsky has said of him, for example, that "the quality of his works easily accounts for the speedy and complete oblivion of even his name". Today, Heinrich's name is again familiar.

The current Heinrich revival is due to the pianist Neely Bruce who in 1975 brought out the record The Dawning of Music in Kentucky (Vanguard Records, SRV-349 SD, \$3.98). There is now a second Heinrich record available, The Ornithological Combat of Kings, or The Condor of the Andes and the Eagle of the Cordilleras (New World Records, NW-208, \$8.98) performed by the pianists Anthony and Joseph Paratore.

**GERMAN PIONEERS
IN TEXAS**



**GERMAN PIONEERS
IN TEXAS**

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A Brief History of Their Hardships,
Struggles and Achievements

By Don H. Biggers

German Pioneers in Texas was compiled by a free-lance writer, Don H. Biggers, who spent several years in Fredericksburg in the early 1920s doing extensive research on local history. Compiled for the Fredericksburg Standard and its German-language sister newspaper, the Fredericksburg Wochenblatt, the book was published in 1925 and has been out of print for many years.

Copies of this second printing retail for a limited time only in Fredericksburg for \$9.95, plus tax, [\$11.95 is the publisher's price]. They may be ordered by mail by sending a check for \$12 [includes tax and mailing]. Out of state residents, libraries and other tax exempt institutions will omit 50c state sales tax [\$11.50 total cost by mail]. Where it applies, please include tax-exempt number.

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S P R U E C H E

From Ingrid Kokiandz

Man kann nie neutral sein. Selbst Schweigen ist eine Meinung.
Edgar Faure

Das wichtigste Stueck des Reisegepaecks ist und bleibt ein
froehliches Herz. Hermann Loens

Der Soldat wird kriegerisch erziehen, der Dichter dichterisch,
und der Gottesgelehrte fromm.
Nur die Mutter wird menschlich erziehen. Jean Paul

Das Geld macht niemanden recht froehlich, sondern macht einen
vielmehr betruebt und voller Sorgen. Martin Luther

Wessen Brot ich ess, dessen Lied ich sing, dessen Lob ich sage.

Der Zufall ist die in Schleier gehuellte Notwendigkeit.
Eber-Eschenbach

Zufall ist das Augenzwinkern des lieben Gottes.

Thomas Jefferson was quoted as saying, "I've never been able to conceive how any rational being could propose happiness to himself from the exercise of power over others."

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS RECENTLY PAST by A. V. Goyne

My wife and I recently returned from a five-week vacation in Germany, a country we had visited several times during the past twenty years. This was, taken all in all, one of the pleasantest trips we've ever made. We had hotel reservations in only four of the twenty cities we visited but played the others by ear. We could do this fairly easily in that we had German Rail Pass, which meant we could go where we wanted to as long as we used second-class accommodations.

This point calls to mind an open-ended topic I should probably pursue now: highly generalized views of changes we noticed in Germany between our last visit--in 1974--and this one, nine years later. For one thing, there are far fewer first-class cars on German trains, no doubt the result of dwindling demand (including fewer people with Eurailpass?). So far as I could tell, there are no more first-class-only trains, and there are many trains with no first-class cars. German trains remain a marvel, especially to anybody who has tried the American ones during the past couple of decades, but they are not quite as good as they were. Three of the many trains we took were actually late--two of them by four or five minutes, one by about fifteen. The trains are also not quite as clean as a few years back.

Cities, too, are not quite as clean as in the past. Furthermore, there seems to have been precious little weed-pulling in that country during the past decade. Weeds--often the same kinds and often of equal size and vigor as those in Texas--thrive in flower beds and in the green areas of city parks (which, nonetheless, display huge signs warning one and all not to walk on the "grass"). When we commented on this to German friends, they acted a bit disconcerted but quickly attributed it not to negligence, laziness, or disinterest, but to the ecology movement. One has one's doubts.

The people, too, seem somewhat less carefully "pruned" than in the past--more relaxed, more amenable. Sometimes this relaxation is carried to lengths that are surprising in this once-rigid country. A group of thirty or so youngsters (10 to 12 years old, I imagine) on some kind of school outing were on our train for perhaps two hours (it seemed longer). They shouted at the top of their lungs; they shoved each other around; they chased one another down the aisles from car to car, slamming all train doors as they went. To our amazement, no adult said anything to them about their behavior, including officials on the train, whose presence in no way served as a restraint. As they left the train, still pushing and shouting, I said loudly, "Good riddance!" which evoked applause from the four German adults sitting with us. They then asked my wife to explain to them what I had said (the over-all import of which must have been pretty obvious).

Slightly older young people--perhaps mid-teens--also surprised us by their behavior at the Schauspielhaus in Düsseldorf, where we were seeing Goethe's Iphigenie in Tauris--to the delight of my wife, who had studied it years ago. These young people were apparently part of a large group that had been brought there for cultural uplift. Love might have lifted them, but Goethe definitely did not. There was considerable whispering among them throughout the performance and so much coughing (of the disruptive kind) that I longed for Jon Vickers to repeat his order to the Dallas Opera audience during the final act of Tristan und Isolde to shut up!

In Hamburg another theater group, also young but attentive, at the Deutsches Schauspielhaus production of Hebbel's Gyges und sein Ring, a terribly serious German classic, tried to exert self-control but without total success. Semi-suppressed giggles rippled around us, and I realized--to my amazement--that my wife was part of it. I had, alas, missed the humor because of my weak German. The second act had begun. The tragic heroine was alone on stage, facing the audience, ready for one of those block-buster German monologues. The first line rang out: "Was war dies Geräusch?" ("What was that noise?"), followed by a philosophical/metaphysical speech about the meaning of some earlier murky statement in the play (and, being German, probably about the meaning of meaning). But, poor soul, her line was said immediately after somebody in the lobby had blown his (her?) nose with the loud trumpeting sound typical of many Germans. The actress showed almost super-human concentration and dedication as she plowed ahead through the lengthy speech despite the tittering.

Those aforementioned remarkable trains gave us some of our most memorable contacts with Germans. This topic might be labeled Strangers on a Train, or The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly. Most were Good, several of them people we would have loved making permanent acquaintances. Then there was the mother of "Petrick" (with the -r trilled slightly; the Germans also have a

terrible time with the "ae" sound, as in "Pat," but love these foreign names nevertheless. Petrick was an unfortunate three-year-old who had recently spent six months in a hospital but was now on the mend--also badly spoiled and pesky. His mother--who looked like a homely (homelier?) Carol Burnett and acted like CB in one of her more frenetic skits--was a nervous wreck who talked constantly; fed him continually, all the while delivering lectures about his not eating so much and so messily; called his name incessantly; laughed loudly and pointlessly at her own inane chatter. Then, when Petrick set his sights on us, his mother loudly (and laughingly) kept telling him (once was never enough), "Nein, nein, Petrick," don't bother "die Tante und der Onkel"--sort of Old Auntie and Uncle--an approach that caused my wife and me to retreat behind newspapers (that we could not possibly read, given the distractions). This experience particularly stuck in the craw in that it happened during one of only two train trips for which we had gone to the trouble and expense of reserving seats.

And then there was Sister. Germans (actually Europeans in general) are notorious for the items they bring with them on a train. I gawked at one woman who carried an entire croquet set in her two hands. But Sister. She seemed to be a nursing nun. She came into our six-person compartment (in which there were three persons) with mammoth luggage, one piece of which she set on a seat rather than on the overhead shelf, though there was plenty of room and I offered to lift it up there for her. She also had an awkward two-foot-high cart on wheels, which she proceeded to set squarely in the middle of the compartment between the two rows of seats so that it was impossible to get in or out. She frequently broke open all kinds of gooey food (heaven knows what, though my wife says that some of it seemed to be yogurt) and devoured it forthwith. Whenever people opened the compartment door to ask "Are these places taken?" Sister would suddenly seem to be in deep sleep, though, oddly enough, she would waken shortly after they had closed the door.

Life in German railway stations is always lively, often frantic. Some of the bigger of them--in Frankfurt, Hamburg, Munich--are practically like a small city. The reconstruction process on the one in Dusseldorf has thrown the whole rhythm of the city off-balance. It's hard to be surprised by anything you see or hear in them. In the small station in Bayreuth we saw a little, bent, but not-terribly-old woman who walked through the station, then around the station, then back through the station over and over again, the entire time uttering, like a litany, a lengthy phrase about being alone and defenseless in a cold world. Outside the station she would stop and look at the inevitable, and gorgeous, flowers, the goodies, the magazines, never missing a beat of her lament. A sad and memorable vignette.

Our most memorable experience in a depot occurred, however, in Krefeld on June 25, the day Vice-President Bush appeared at celebrations for the 300th anniversary of the departure of the first Germans for the New World--from Krefeld, of all the (to me) unexpected places. My wife was particularly eager to go since Philipp Altgelt, one of her ancestors, was the first minister of the Evangelical Reformed Church in that city in the early 1700s. We were staying in Dusseldorf, perhaps half an hour away. One of her cousins insisted on driving us to Krefeld but (wisely) preferred not to stay for the festivities. At noon we found ourselves in the center of the city, watching a parade that very much played down current political matters (no flags, no national anthems from army bands, or the like). The parade, though, was an eye-opener in that several bands from rather small places in Germany, Belgium, and Holland sported drum majorettes. The members of one German band were dressed as cowboys; those of another were dressed like American movie gangsters from the 1920s. The crowd kept growing, helicopters kept flying over, and soldiers with guns kept appearing on the roofs of surrounding buildings. Then began street theater of anti-nuclear protesters, who were dramatizing various recent events, mostly from Latin America. Popular bands and combos and other entertainment groups spread throughout the streets of the city were trying hard to distract the multitude when, suddenly, shouts and screams rang out near us, followed by a wildly undulating mass of humanity, pushing first this way, then that--a kind of stampede effect. Somewhere nearby a confrontation between protesters and police had begun. The police, protected by helmets, masks, and shields, and with billy clubs held high, charged forward. This kind of movement within such a crowd is breath-takingly swift and unpredictable. As we were pushed in one direction, then another, we decided that this was really no place for a couple of middle-aged teachers from Arlington, Texas; yet when we tried to move away from the town square, we were prevented by barricades that had been put along both sides of the street. It was a spooky feeling. A soldier informed us that, every now and then, they removed a part of a barricade to let a few leave or enter. When we got away from that area, we tried (unsuccessfully) to find the church my wife's ancestor had served in so long ago (people kept insisting it still

stands, though we did not find it). Later, as we walked ten blocks or so to the train station, we heard sirens and saw police cars descending on some running, jeering protesters. Finding the streets to the depot blocked, we went by a different route. Then we found the police blocking the main entrance to the depot itself. They motioned us around to a small side entrance. Inside the depot was a scattering of protesters in a stand-off with the police--and with fierce-looking police dogs. It was not a pleasant place to be. Back in our hotel room in Düsseldorf we learned from TV that evening that the situation had gotten worse in Krefeld with, among other things, rocks damaging the limousine of Vice-President Bush. Government spokesmen said the level of violence was high enough to foretell bad things to come.

And this leads me to Fernsehen, or German television. We had it in only a few hotels--the more expensive, "Americanized" ones, naturally. Some of them still have it only in a sitting room off the lobby. In Düsseldorf and, amazingly, in mountain-surrounded Salzburg we had among the best reception we've ever had. We particularly enjoyed the low-key news reports (sort of like listening to BBC news in German; also with relatively few pictures of the events themselves; furthermore, with a single announcer rather than several of them indulging in witty interpersonal relations). At that time their stories were filled with discussion of "Maggie Satchuh"--about as close as most of them could get to pronouncing "Maggie Thatcher," who had just won the British election. Strictly for fun we watched a few old American films, primarily to hear the kinds of voices used for dubbing some of our most famous stars. Let me state categorically that it just isn't right to hear Cary Grant speak German (or anything else) without sounding like Cary Grant. The only major American performer for whom the voice seemed at least reminiscent of his own was John Wayne--in that great old film Stagecoach. The German was slow and laconic--perhaps because of the slow mouth movements (the synchronizing of words and mouth movements was generally very good indeed--sufficiently good to make us wonder why our networks don't try some of that with such superior German productions as Buddenbrooks). The very worst we saw on their TV was a German-made Western, in which everything was wrong, especially the body language. We did not get to see an episode of their current hit, Dallas, though we were told that the Germans have made no attempt to find a German equivalent of Texas accents. We did manage to see its closest rival, Dynasty, known in Germany as Der Denver-Clan. Friends there eagerly discussed both series and seemed impressed that we live near Dallas and that our son was born in Denver. Falcon Crest has not yet reached them but will probably arrive soon. Oh, yes, and let us not forget that the Muppets keep their charm in German.

Television leads to the general topic of culture, or "Kultur." Though we were there just before the end of their regular season and before the beginning of the numerous festivals, we managed to see several operas, plays, and musicals, and also to spend considerable time in museums, churches, and palaces. Occasionally, though, culture takes on unexpected forms. We had a terrible time in Hamburg getting hotel rooms (we had to change hotels several times) because our arrival coincided with a three-day convention of singing societies (mostly German, though some participants were from as far away as Japan). Since there were more than sixty thousand singers, space was at a premium. These people, generally in small groups, would be found singing here, there, everywhere--in a hotel lobby, out on a street corner, in the depot, in churches, and so on. They all wore a button with the motto "Singen heisst Verstehen" ("Singing means understanding")--a motto that greatly pleased my wife, a singer in her youth. We also found cultural tie-ins that delighted our four-year-old grand-daughter when we later told her of them. For instance, her beloved Strawberry Shortcake is all over Germany, but is known as Emily Erdbeer. And the Smurfs, known as die Schlumpfe, are wildly popular.

A change we (actually I, since I was vitally interested) noticed is that many more Germans now than in the past know at least some English. Some of them know a great deal. But many a key person--key in that one must deal with them in practical matters--seems to know none. My own German--the result of a six-week summer course taken nearly forty years ago--is woefully inadequate and often (I am told) downright hilarious. I am saved (and more than saved), however, by the presence of my very own Wunderfrau, my wife, Minetta Altgelt Goyne, whose handling of German is, to put it mildly, superior. She has always been told this in Germany, this time more than ever. A jovial Bavarian train conductor, having heard the two of us speak and having been asked a question by my wife, who explained that we were "Ausländer" ("foreigners"), widened his eyes in disbelief, then said (pointing at me), "Der Papa, ja" (then at her), "Die Mama, nein!" A lady from Cologne whom we met on the train said that my wife's grammar was "amazing--flawless!", at which point the two other women in the compartment (both solidly German) ceased talking altogether and said nothing more, at least not till we had left more than an hour later. At any rate, she was able to get us through German trains, railroad stations, post offices, hotels, restaurants, hole-in-the-wall stores, ticket offices, and all else with-

out a single hitch. Only once--late in the trip, in Hamburg--did she get sufficiently annoyed with me (I had inadvertently left her wandering about in a slow drizzle, unable to find our hotel) to quietly suggest that if I wanted these various opera and theater tickets, I should proceed forthwith to get them, but without her help. Her chilly tone convinced me that indeed I should get them--which I did, though after expending much time and monumental effort, and with tickets considerably more expensive than I had thought I was requesting.

Mercifully I am not the only person with language problems. Problems of English usage turn up in unexpected places. Our hotels in Frankfurt and Münster were both nice establishments whose cost was commensurate with their quality. Furthermore, the desk clerks in both spoke excellent English. Both hotels, in addition, were trying for more American business, including even meetings and conventions. Yet there were peculiar formal signs posted in the rooms. We quickly discovered a problem with getting hot water in Frankfurt. Said the sign in the bathroom, quaint and (we found) exaggerated, "Turn the hot water on and let it run, you get hot water for sure." When we arose very early on the morning of our departure, we let the faucet go full blast for perhaps ten minutes with no temperature change (and, dear reader, let me state that the cold water in Germany is not cold water as we know it in Texas). When we mentioned the problem later, the desk clerk informed us that the hot water equipment was five buildings away and that the earliest risers therefore had a considerable wait before that water got hot "for sure." Even more memorable was this announcement in Münster: "You must check out till 12 o'clock noon." Well, we thought, if that's the way you feel, we guess we must. The strange thing is that though the English in both instances (not to mention various others) was unidiomatic or misleading or downright incorrect, the translations into French were excellent.

Sometimes the customs in two countries, no matter how closely connected, differ widely. Here are three minor but surprising examples. Incidentally, I call this topic my Leipziger-allerlei, a German dish containing whatever left-over vegetables the cook can find. We often tried to subsist on the generally excellent breakfast that comes with a hotel room (much better than in the past) and with one additional meal per day. But restaurants in Germany have strict rules about what you can order when, so that things didn't always work out well. One evening in the ancient city of Aachen (whose drivers are the worst we encountered, by the way) we were hot and mildly hungry, so we went into a bar. We (actually my wife, of course) asked for beer and pretzels. They had no pretzels. Then she asked for beer and peanuts. No peanuts. In desperation she asked, "But isn't there something we could nibble with our beer?" Answered the waitress, utterly serious and pointing to the product, "Schokolade." We left the place without either beer or chocolate.

In Düsseldorf on a similar occasion I left my wife in the hotel room one evening while I went out to procure some kind of sustenance. I ended up at McDonald's (now fairly popular in Germany, though mostly filled with very young Germans). There I asked for two milk shakes to go, one vanilla, one chocolate. The girl informed me that they had no vanilla or chocolate. Incredulous, I asked, "Then what do you have?" She listed strawberry, cherry, and maracuya. No vanilla or chocolate but--maracuya??? Anyhow, we drank maracuya, which is very orange in color and which tastes like a mixture of orange and tropical fruit. Not bad at all.

And finally-- We were sitting with about fifteen other people in a small movie theater in Frankfurt waiting for the first feature to begin when suddenly a wild, loud bark rang out from only a row in front of us. We nearly jumped out of our skins, to the general amusement of the others. Two young women were sitting there with a dog--a creature that, to our surprise, stayed completely silent throughout the movie. They laughed at our reaction and informed us that one can indeed bring one's dog into a German cinema as long as he (it? anyhow, the dog) pays half price. We sort of doubted the veracity of all this till we read the detailed instructions for the fairly new Munich subway. Dogs may ride only if they pay half fare. When, laughing, I mentioned these matters to my wife's relatives in Salzburg, they smiled politely, then looked slightly puzzled. Finally one of them asked me, "But what do you do with your dogs in your country?"

Salzburg is, of course, not in Germany. Indeed, it is the only place we went outside that country. We were able to use our German Rail Pass to get both to and from it since it is so close to the German border and since the depot is divided into Austrian and German sections. In that enchanting city we visited some of my wife's relatives and also some places associated with her great-grandfather, Count Ernst Coreth, who emigrated to Texas in 1846. About ten miles outside Salzburg in the town of Oberalm we found Schloss Kahlsparg, now enlarged into a beautiful retirement home but then the Coreth residence. It is an impressive place

now and undoubtedly was so then. It is surrounded by a large green park-like enclosure with inviting walkways. On the horizon in every direction are mountains and hints of lovely Austrian villages. Once again, as so often in the past, we wondered how that man could have left it. The mystery remains. But my wife was gratified to find her ancestor's name as a past owner of the place emblazoned on a tablet on the wall of the entry. Near this tablet was one of those mottoes for which the German people and language are justly celebrated. My wife hastily wrote it down, and we both pledged to try to make it our rule for whatever life remains for us:

"Die schönste Kunst auf aller Erden
Ist frohen Sinnes alt zu werden."

("The most beautiful art in the whole world / Is to grow old with a joyful spirit.")

P L E A S E H E L P !

Two interesting queries have come recently from researchers in West Virginia and New Orleans. Both people are working on fascinating projects intended for publication, and they need your help. If you know anything on the following subjects, please write to the researchers directly.

➤ From West Virginia, Dr. Donnell B. Portzline writes to ask for assistance in locating the folk art of Francis Portzline. As readers may know, Francis Portzline created numerous frakturs during the first half of the nineteenth century. Francis Portzline's daughter Elizabeth may also have worked in this art form. Dr. Portzline, a professor of social sciences at West Virginia Institute of Technology and a descendant of Francis Portzline, is endeavoring to write a scholarly biographical work of the life and times of this artist. He has been able to locate numerous frakturs that were done by the family, and he asks for support in locating additional works, either publicly or privately owned, so that he can secure information about them.

If you can help Dr. Portzline, or recommend to him the name(s) of others who can help, please write to him at 153 Grace Street, Fayetteville, West Virginia 25840. He will be very grateful.

➤ The second inquiry comes from a Louisiana/Texas research team who plan to write the history of early Leon Springs. They need the help of anyone knowledgeable of the history and old roadways of Bexar and Kendall counties. Jeanne C. Dixon and Marlene Richardson have found that John O. Meusebach and Ferdinand Lindheimer figure prominently in the early days of Leon Springs. They have encountered difficulty, however, in locating exactly where Meusebach's farm at Comanche Springs was located. Is it now within the boundaries of Camp Bullis? They are also interested in learning the route the wagon trains took between New Braunfels and Fredericksburg in the first two or three years after the founding of Fredericksburg in 1846. That will give a clue to the location of Meusebach's farm. Could the Boerne Stage Road have originally been part of the old Fredericksburg Road? Ms. Dixon and Ms. Richardson have developed a good deal of excitement about their fascinating project, and they need help in order to lay a firm historical groundwork for their later history.

If you can help them please write to them at 401 Metairie Road, No. 714, Metairie, Louisiana 70005 as soon as possible. This sounds like a promising work of research. Many people will be interested in their results.



GERMAN HERITAGE TOUR VISITS NORTH ATLANTIC NATIONS

Thirty-five members of this year's annual German Heritage Tour explored the history and culture of six modern folk groups of northwestern Europe. For nearly three weeks this summer, the group studied the complex but fascinating historical development of the Low Countries, France, and the British Isles--the ring of little countries around the English Channel and North Sea that have contributed so prominently to the development of American culture and institutions.

Since 1977 the German Heritage Tours have focused on Austria, Germany, and Switzerland--the three major German-speaking nations of Europe. The 1983 trip, however, was dedicated to the great cultural block of nationalities to the west of the Germans. The 1984 trip is similarly devoted to the region south of Germany and the Alps.

The trip this summer was arranged to touch on the broader aspects of people, land, customs, food, folkways, language, art, architecture, and commerce. Highlights of the itinerary included visits to breath-taking French Gothic cathedrals, ancient fortresses in Flanders and in the Seine valley, and the awesome war cemetery at Omaha Beach.

The group crossed the English Channel in a hovercraft, a fascinating experience in its own right. At Canterbury, the seat of Christianity in England, the group attended evensong and listened to a concert of the assembled Royal Choir School. From London, the route continued northwestwardly through Oxford, Eton, Windsor, Stratford and the picturesque Cotswold hills, to Coventry, and on to the most beautiful part of England, the famous Lake District. Here the group stayed in a splendid old spa hotel on the shore of the Irish Sea. The group spent a day in the lakes region of northern England the Scottish lowlands visiting sites famous in the art and literature of Britain.

Three nights were spent in Edinburgh and the Scottish highlands, and then the group followed a southerly route down the eastern coast of England, pausing to see York and Lincoln cathedrals, old walled cities and thatched cottages, Sherwood Forest, and the hauntingly scenic fens of east central England--an area that still shows its cultural heritage to Holland and Scandinavia. Two highlights of the last days were brief visits to the hometown of Margaret Thatcher and Sir Isaac Newton and a stop in the lovely and charming university city of Cambridge. A short stay again in London for visits to Buckingham, various museums, and shopping districts completed the tour. When the Texans, New Mexicans, and Minnesotan that comprised this year's group departed England, they all shared Shakespeare's heady tribute to England in Richard III: "This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle, ... this fortress built by nature ... this precious stone set in the silver sea, ... this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

Next year's tour will focus on the cultural divide which separates northern and southern Europe. The group will visit Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Austria--giving equal time to cities and small villages, to landscape and lakes and ocean. Anyone interested in information about the 1984 tour should call or write Prof. and Mrs. Glen E. Lich, 718 Jackson Road, Kerrville, Texas 78028. Telephone evenings 512-257-3439.

ATTENTION ALL G.T.H.S. MEMBERS
WHO PUBLISHED BOOKS IN RECENT YEARS

As most of you know, I have written and published many mini essays on various themes in our Newsletter. Now I am preparing an article on our authors and their books.

If you have had a book or books published in recent years, please send me the following information as soon as possible:

1. Your name and full mailing address.
2. The title(s) of your book(s).
3. The place(s) of publication.
4. The name(s) of the publisher(s) or press(es).
5. The date(s) of publication.
6. The theme(s) and subject matter of your book(s).--Make this very short.
7. Your work and specialty, your occupation, and your interests.--Keep this very short.

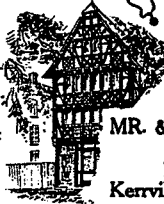
Send your answers to:

Dr. Gilbert J. Jordan
3228 Milton Ave.
Dallas, TX 75205

German Heritage Tour VIII
9 July - 23 July 1984

Germany - France - Switzerland Italy - Austria

For details and itinerary write:



MR. & MRS. GLEN E. LICH
Westland Place
718 Jackson Road
Kerrville, Texas 78028 U.S.A.

Lich - Textorhaus

THE TRAVEL GROUP

TOURS BY DESIGN

1805-B MEARNS MEADOW
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78758
(512) 834-0607

SUMMER 1984-

THE TRAVEL GROUP is a company formed by two school teachers in Austin, Texas. Its focus is on group tours custom-designed to fit the needs of the group traveling. One of the owners, Jackie Hastay, is a member of Texas German Heritage Society. She and Jerry Vaclav, co-owner, have been offering escorted tours to Europe since 1978. Below are travel opportunities for the summer of 1984 as well as miscellaneous tips and advice for those thinking of individual travel in the future.

It is not too early to begin planning for a summer trip in 1984. The Travel Group is making plans! Right now, The Travel Group has two trips to Deutschland. Each trip would be under \$2,000 including airfare, though negotiations are not quite complete. The first is a 16-day trip focused on Germany, but with some time in both Austria and Switzerland. Following is the itinerary of the 16-day, June 30-July 15 trip.

- 30 June- Air travel to Frankfurt.
- 1 July- Arrive Frankfurt. Travel to Rothenburg.
- 2 July- Free day in Rothenburg.
- 3 July- Travel from Rothenburg to München.
- 4 July- München city tour and free afternoon.
- 5 July- Travel from München to Salzburg.
- 6 July- Free day in Salzburg.
- 7 July- Travel from Salzburg to Innsbruck.
- 8 July- Travel from Innsbruck to Luzern.
- 9 July- Free day in Luzern.
- 10 July- Travel from Luzern to Gütenbach (Black Forest.)
- 11 July- Travel from Gütenbach to Heidelberg.
- 12 July- Free day in Heidelberg.
- 13 July- Travel from Heidelberg to Köln.
- 14 July- Travel to St. Goarshausen, then Rhein Cruise to Rudesheim.
- 15 July- Travel from Rudesheim to Frankfurt to Texas.

All sorts of goodies such as city tours, castle tours, museums, some meals, all continental breakfasts, will be included in the trip. By the time you receive this newsletter, the final price will be established. If you are interested in more information, call or write the address at the top of the page.

The second trip to Germany, June 25-July 18, is longer, includes more time in many of the same cities, plus it includes three nights in Berlin. It is a combinations student and adult trip. Do not let students put you off. Traveling with students can be an exciting experience! Continental breakfast and the evening meal would be included as well as all sorts of city, castle, museum tours. Call or write for the price. Here's the itinerary:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 25 June- Air travel | 7 July- München. |
| 26 June- Arrive Frankfurt to Rudesheim. | 8 July- München. |
| 27 June- Rhein Cruise and travel to Köln. | 9 July- Excursion to Neuschwanstein. |
| 28 June- Köln. | 10 July- München to Salzburg. |
| 29 June- Köln. | 11 July- Salzburg. |
| 30 June- Köln. | 12 July- Salzburg to Innsbruck. |
| 1 July- Köln to Berlin. | 13 July- Innsbruck to Luzern. |
| 2 July- Berlin. | 14 July- Luzern. |
| 3 July- Tour of East Berlin. | 15 July- Luzern to Gütenbach. |
| 4 July- Berlin to Rothenburg. | 16 July- Gütenbach to Heidelberg. |
| 5 July- Rothenburg. | 17 July- Heidelberg. |
| 6 July- Rothenburg to München. | 18 July- Heidelberg to Frankfurt to Texas. |

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TRAVEL TIPS

1. When you see wonderful trips at wonderful prices on wonderful charters, be sure and check the charter's point of origin. If the charter fare is \$400.00, that's great. If it is \$400.00 out of New York, then it is not so great, after you add the expense of getting to New York. Some charters leave from DFW and Houston and sometimes from San Antonio. When a great price comes along from those destinations, grab it!! Be sure and read all the fine print about cancellation policies and cancellation of the flight.
2. Regularly scheduled flights are now easing into their shoulder and low season airfares. From now until March is a good time for less expensive airfares. Beware, though, of the Christmas season hike, restrictions on ticket purchases and length of stay possible, etc. In other words, get all the details.
3. The Travel Group prepares trips for other destinations than Germany. Maybe you would like a 16-day escorted tour of Great Britain. (Then you might want to hop over the channel and continue your exploration on the continent.) Call or write The Travel Group for details.
4. Thanksgiving week (November 19-26,) The Travel Group is presenting Thanksgiving in London. The price is \$1375.00 per person and includes airfare from Austin (RT), 6 nights accommodations at the Norfolk Hotel (double occupancy), city tours, excursion to Stratford and Warwick Castle, tour Windsor Castle, medieval banquet, and theatre ticket. England is really quite beautiful in November—crisp, cool, and Christmas shopping at Harrod's! Call or write soon to book this trip.
5. The summer of 1984 is a special celebration for Oberammargau. The famous Passion Play will be performed and if you want to attend, arrangements should be made immediately. Tickets are already difficult to acquire. By the first of the year, it will be even more difficult.
6. It is not too late to plan a winter trip to Germany. The Travel Group can customize the trip for groups of various sizes. Let us know your ideas.
7. KLM Air Lines has a restricted airfare flying from Houston to Amsterdam for \$599.00. The fare is bookable up to 24 hours before departure and is good only for Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday departures and returning the following Sunday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, respectively. Fare must be paid when booked and is good for travel from October 15-December 14, 1983, and January 13-March 31, 1984. If you want a short trip or have need of an emergency trip, this fare can save you some dollars. There are cancellation and change penalties.

THE TRAVEL GROUP hopes the information above is helpful to you. If there are areas you would like us to research and print in this newsletter, write us and then look for the answer in the next installment. We'd like to hear from you.

S.A. teacher flew long before Wrights!

Auf den Spuren der Auswanderer



JACOB BRODBECK
... first flight in 1865

Officials of a new aviation museum claim that the first powered flight occurred in San Antonio in 1865, some 38 years before the Wright Brothers' historic flight.

German immigrant and school-teacher Jacob Brodbeck designed and flew the spring coil-powered aircraft at San Pedro Park, said Jim Richards, executive director of the new Museum of American Aviation, which will open this summer near Kelly AFB.

"This man was ahead of his time," Richards said.

About 120 of Brodbeck's descendants, including eight grandchildren, gathered at Randolph AFB Sunday to honor Brodbeck during the final day of Air Fiesta '82.

The air extravaganza featured the Blue Angels and the Canadian Snowbirds precision flying teams, rappelling demonstrations by Na-

tional Guard units, Air Force Academy parachutists and aircraft tours. Randolph security police estimated about 150,000 people attended.

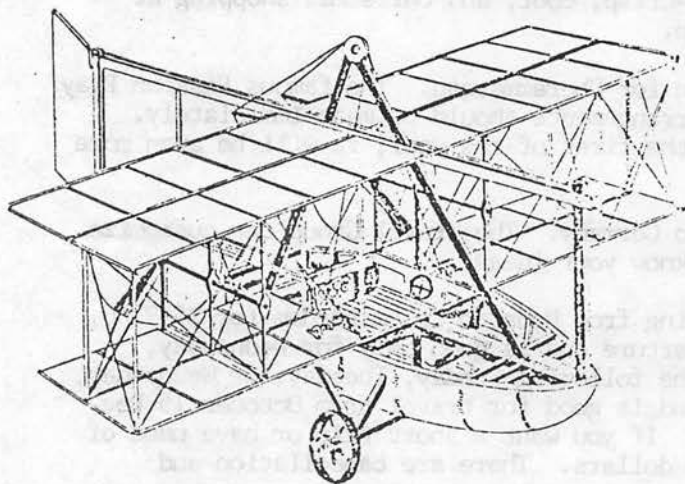
Richards said his studies show Brodbeck's flight Sept. 20, 1865, was the first by a mechanical airship.

"That first flight was 50 yards long and he went about 25 feet high," Richards said. The craft was powered by a spring which turned a shaft, Richards added.

The Wright Brothers, said Richards, adapted Brodbeck's plans to their craft and were given all the credit by historians.

Brodbeck never was able to get enough money to finance work on a craft to fulfill his dream of extended flight, Richards said. He died a poor man in 1910 in Luckenbach.

"He probably did not get recognized because he did not have the finances," Richards said.



IMMIGRANT TEACHER'S FLYING MACHINE
... spring coil-powered craft flew at San Pedro Park

Freude

Das Passagierschiff fährt an einer winzigen Insel vorbei. Ein Mann in zeretzter Kleidung springt dort wie verrückt herum und schwenkt die Arme. Fragt ein Passagier den Kapitän: "Was macht denn der dort?"

Darauf der Kapitän: "Der freut sich immer so, wenn wir hier vorbeikommen."

Test bestanden

Prüfungsfrage an den jungen Polizei-Anwärter: "Und wie zerstreut (disperse) man eine Volksmenge?"

Der Kandidat stutzt, überlegt kurz und sagt dann erleichtert: "Man nimmt die Mütze ab und sammelt!"

Schöner Schock

Als Talleyrand unter Napoleon I. Minister des Auswärtigen war, bat ihn einmal ein junger Mann um eine Anstellung. „Sie haben wohl ein ganzes Schock Empfehlungsbriefe mitgebracht?“ fragte der Minister einigermaßen sarkastisch.

„Exzellenz, ich muß gestehen, leider keinen einzigen!“ lautete die ziemlich verwirrte Antwort.

Talleyrand aber lächelte fein und sagte: „Junger Freund, Sie bilden eine rühmliche Ausnahme! Ständig bedrängen mich Bittsteller, die mir Empfehlungsschreiben zu Dutzenden vorlegen. Sie als einziger haben mich damit verschont. Sie sind der erste, den ich nicht abweisen werde. Sie sind hiermit angestellt!“

eb Bochum. Nahezu sieben Millionen Menschen sind im 19. Jahrhundert von Deutschland in die USA ausgewandert. Während ihrer ersten Jahre in Amerika hatten diese Deutschen viele Probleme, die jenen ähnlich sind, vor die sich heute ausländische Arbeitnehmer in der Bundesrepublik Deutschland gestellt sehen.

An der Ruhr-Universität Bochum bemüht sich jetzt eine Arbeitsgruppe unter Leitung von Professor Dr. Wolfgang Helbig, eine Dokumentation über die Schicksale jener frühen deutschen Auswanderer zusammenzustellen. Es gilt, erste Eindrücke der Einwanderer im Land ihrer Wahl, Hinweise auf ihre allmähliche Anpassung an fremde Bräuche und Lebensweisen, an Hand von Briefen

„festzuhalten“, die jene Deutschen wenige Monate oder viele Jahre nach ihrer Umsiedlung an Verwandte und Freunde in Deutschland geschrieben haben.

Auwandererbriefe solcher Art sind als Dokumente für Wanderungsbewegungen des vergangenen Jahrhunderts von skandinavischen Ländern, auch in England und in der Schweiz, schon längst zusammengetragen und durch Kommentare und Erläuterungen ergänzt worden. Für Deutschland gibt es jedoch – trotz der sieben Millionen Auswanderer – eine solche wissenschaftlich fundierte Sammlung nicht.

Bochum möchte nun möglichst viele inhaltsreiche Auswandererbriefe aus den Jahren 1800 bis 1920 sammeln – auch Briefe, die als Antwort darauf von Deutschland aus nach Amerika gesandt wurden. 600 entsprechende Briefe, die den Bochumern inzwischen zur Verfügung gestellt wurden, reichen bei weitem nicht aus. Gesucht werden deshalb Auswandererbriefe aus Privatbesitz, die womöglich vielleicht seit vielen Jahren in verstaubten Kartons auf Dachboden liegen.

Wer solche Briefe besitzt und bereit ist, das Projekt der genannten Arbeitsgruppe zu unterstützen, wird gebeten, Briefe der bezeichneten Art oder Kopien der Ruhr-Universität Bochum, Abteilung für Geschichtswissenschaft, 4630 Bochum 1, Postfach 10 21 48, anzubieten.

GRASSROOTS COMMENTARIES

In Commemoration of the State Visit of President Carstens

Glen E. Lich
Schreiner College

The thousands of visitors at the State Fair of Texas on the afternoon of 9 October 1983 divided into two groups: those who were waiting, and those who were not. The sky was overcast and the air was refreshingly cool, just the weather one would have wished. Those who waited clustered around the German Pavillion, a blue and white festival tent that would have looked as much at home on the Munich Oktoberfest grounds as it did here in the middle of Dallas. Secret service strolled about. City policemen --their badges said "tactical"--walked singly and in groups or sat in cars, or rode on horses for well over an hour before the arrival. Then the German ambassador arrived, the consul general, the consul, German legislators, military, their wives, the press, the secretary of state of Texas, and the mayor of Dallas.

At last the motorcade came into view, a quarter hour late, and a seven-year-old boy and girl moved forward under bouquets of yellow roses. The President's limousine stopped at the entrance, and its U.S. and German flags came to rest, their gold trim too heavy for the light breeze to furl them once the car stopped.

President Karl Carstens exited, followed by his wife, Veronica Carstens. Both of them are tall, and they moved toward the flower bearers with quiet dignity, spoke briefly with them--and with their grandmother who was from the Carstens' hometown--and then moved into the pavillion. Speeches followed but were frequently broken by applause from the audience of nearly a thousand who had claimed their seats hours before and passed the time with sausages and beer until the President's arrival. Carstens was charming, and the crowd loved him.

After this brief public appearance, the President and Mrs. Carstens climbed into a horsedrawn carriage and rode to the Hall of State as invited dignitaries followed afoot. The walk changed the mood. In a few minutes informality got the upper hand over protocol and calculated utterances and poised faces. No one walked in formation; the grounds were still soggy from recent heavy rains, and the horses going about all day had added to the slipperiness.

In the Hall of State, President Carstens unveiled a bronze plaque to commemorate the historic bonds between the German and American people. The crowd was still relaxed, the wine and cheese were some of Germany's best, and President and Mrs. Carstens mingled--their faces studies of character and experience.

And then the reception was roused from its German reverie by the appearance outside of the Kilgore Rangerettes who performed on the Hall of State terrace. We moved outdoors to the steps. The retreat ceremony and salute to Germany continued with a Marine Corps color guard and band, a German army choir from Fort Bliss, and a moving speech by President Carstens --"Professor or Dr. Carstens," as the master of ceremonies called him, introducing the German President as an academican, head of state, and great western leader.

Professor Carstens, as he was henceforth called during the ceremony, spoke from the heart. He referred to an earlier visit to Texas when a former governor had presented the then mayor of Bremen with a copy of a treaty from 1844 between the Republic of Texas and the Hanseatic Republics of Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck. "Why were these powerful German city-states interested in concluding a treaty with Texas?" he asked the multitudes. "Because they did foresee in 1844 that Texas would become great. We should commend them for their foresight!" The crowd interrupted with happy applause. Professor Carstens spoke on in a soft voice of freedom and service, of the Guadalupe songs by Hoffmann von Fallersleben, of the agrarian republic, and of the community of cultures and nations which form the Western world today. "You here in Texas and America are heirs to all because you remember your descent not only from Germans but from all the nationalities that came to America." His English was smooth, and the delivery was spellbinding. Thousands stood along the flag-lined esplanade and listened in solemn respect. Those who heard his voice recognized a great man, a compassionate man, a scholar with his mind bent to the good of not just his but all people.

From where I stood, in the reception party, I could watch the face of a man of honor, an educated man, from a small but powerful country where a doctorate is a credential for high statesmanship. I was reminded of Emerson's ideal of "Man Thinking." I was reminded of the slow and precarious course of history, of how fifty years ago this year the Weimar dream was taken prisoner, and of how long it takes to restore balance when once things get out of hand.

To me it was a moment of classical greatness. The sun was setting, and then it was all over. That night I bought a paper. Half of the front page was devoted to the Texas-Oklahoma game, 28-16, and the other half went to stiffer grade requirements for athletes, the Democratic choice of Dallas for the 1984 convention, Gary Hart's dark-horse campaign, and energy loan losses by major Texas banks. The metropolitan news section showed a picture of Professor Carstens and children with yellow roses.

MIT EINEM KLUMPEN GOLD

Von K. H. Kirchner

Da war doch diese Geschichte mit „Hans im Glück“. Der Knabe zieht in die Fremde, erwirbt einen dicken Klumpen Gold, und mit diesem Reichtum beginnen seine Schwierigkeiten. Am Ende ist er wieder zu Hause. Ohne alles und zufrieden. Vorher hatte er nichts als Beschwerden. Die Gebrüder Grimm haben die Geschichte hübscher und ausführlicher erzählt. Aber im Kern . . .

Im Kern sind wir heute diesem „Hans im Glück“ sehr nahe: Du verdienst Geld. Du kaufst dir davon eine Wohnung, neue Möbel, ein Radio, einen Kühlschrank. Die Wohnung kostet Geld, Radio und Kühlschrank schlucken Strom. Strom wird teurer. Du brauchst mehr Geld. Du arbeitest mehr, verdienst mehr, leistest dir mehr. Der Anspruch wächst. Die größere Wohnung, das erste Auto, der Fernseher. Alles zusammen kostet viel Geld. Du brauchst mehr Geld, du verdienst mehr Geld, du leistest dir mehr. Und irgendwo lauert er dann, der bekannte Herr Streß. Dir wird das alles zuviel: die Schulden, der Zwang, sich das alles teuer verdienen zu müssen. Die Ängste, das alles wieder verlieren zu können. Denn du hast dich ja an den Fortschritt, an das moderne Leben mit soviel Komfort gewöhnt. Du sitzt weich, du liegst noch weicher, du trägst dich nach der Mode, und irgendwo und irgendwann fühlst du dich weichgemacht von all dem Habenmüssen. Du willst nicht mehr, du kannst nicht mehr. Geht es dir gut?

„Hans im Glück“ – in ärmeren Zeiten war dieses Märchen kaum zu begreifen. Der Kerl hat nicht alle Tassen im Schrank . . . Mir sollte einer mal mit einem Klumpen Gold begegnen . . . Heute indessen . . .

Viel besucht

„Welche vier Wörter werden von Schülern am meisten gebraucht?“

„Das weiss ich nicht.“

„Richtig!“

Obst-Gespräch

Auf dem Markt. Eine Hausfrau will Birnen kaufen und fragt: „Sind das ausländische oder deutsche Birnen?“ — Darauf die Marktfrau: „Wieso, wollen Sie sich mit ihnen unterhalten?“

Energie-Krise

Der Sohn einer schottischen Familie wird immer „Ton“ gerufen. Ein Besucher wundert sich darüber: „Ton — das ist aber ein recht seltener Name?“

„Ja, eigentlich heisst er auch ‚Gaston‘, aber wir nennen ihn ‚Ton‘, um Gas zu sparen.“

DER WIND, DER WIND, DAS ELENDE KIND

Gilbert J. Jordan

Herr, ich bin der Wind,
 Ich suche Dich geschwind,
 Und keuchend klag' ich's Dir noch an:
 Man hat mir schrecklich weh getan.
 Ich strömte übers Feld dahin
 Und brauste durch den Wald,
 Als plötzlich--Gott, vergib es mir;
 Du weist, daß ich sonst artig bin--
 Da wurde mir's so öd' und kalt
 Und einsam, ach, gesteh' ich's nur.
 Ich streifte ja schon Jahre lang
 So hin und her in der Natur,
 Da dacht' ich nun bei mir und sang:
 "Ich möchte auch die Welt mal seh'n
 Und schauen, wo die Menschen geh'n."
 So kam es denn--Dir sei's geklagt--
 Daß ich mich in die Stadt gewagt.
 Da waren Türme riesengroß,
 Die schlugen mich bei jedem Stop.
 Und bin ich sonst auch noch so kühn,
 Hier mußte ich doch schnell entflieh'n.
 Da stoßte ich mich wund und weh,
 Und wirbelnd fuhr ich in die Höh'.
 Mir wurde es so bang ums Herz;
 Ich heulte laut im größten Schmerz.
 Und als ich endlich zu mir kam,
 Da hinkte ich und war so lahm,
 Daß mir das Toben fast verging.
 Und wo ich früher gerne hüpfte,
 Und pfeifend durch die Äste schlüpfte,
 Da fand ich nun--ich elend' Ding,
 Daß mir der Mut verschwunden ist,
 Zu seh'n die Menschen, die mit List
 Mir beinah' hätten Leids getan.
 Ach Gott, Dir klag' ich's nochmals an:
 Die Menschen sind doch gar zu bö's'.
 Mein Lebtag werd' ich's nie vergessen,
 Und heute macht's mich noch nervös,
 Wenn ich gedenke, was geschah,
 Als ich der Städte Elend sah.
 Und jetzt--ich will es gern gesteh'n--
 Ist mir der Wald auf ewig schön.

Ehrlich

"Wie war denn Ihr bisheriges
 Höchstgewicht?" fragt der Arzt
 den Patienten.

"Zweihundertdreissig Pfund."

"Und Ihr niedrigstes?"

"Fünfeinhalb . . ."

Rechnung bezahlt

"Stört es Sie, wenn abends beim
 Krimi das Telefon klingelt?"

"Überhaupt nicht, dann weiss
 ich wenigstens, dass mein Mann
 die Gebühren bezahlt hat."

(Alte Sage.)

Für Blätter und Blüten von Theo. Färber.

Als der Herr am Kreuz gestorben,
 Finstert sich der Sonne Licht,
 Trauern alle Kreaturen,
 Ja das Herz der Felsen bricht!

Über tief betrübt vor allen
 Steht ein Baum an dunkler Flut,
 Stille Weib' am stillen Bache,
 Drunter oft der Herr geruht.

Ah, die Arme muß' es dulden,
 Daß mit ihren Zweigen hart
 Bis aufs Blut mit Weidenruten
 Unser Herr gegeißelt ward!



UTD MERCURY March 21, 1983

Student Commentary

"Uni-lingual" Americans face distinct disadvantages

The international student who comes to UTD suffers from the adjustment to life in a different culture. It is stressful and uncomfortable. Then, after having lived and studied in a foreign culture for some time, another and similar discomfort appears upon returning home. American students in another country share similar problems. Perhaps they have more trouble than international students do in the U.S. Do you know why?

U.S. citizens have contented themselves with the belief that English is a world language which everyone else is obligated to learn. To a certain extent, it is true that many foreigners learn English as a second or third language, and they have advantages over Americans who are less willing to recognize the need for a second language.

Americans feel self-sufficient. They feel that they don't need another language. The inability to speak a foreign language and the lack of interest in learning a second tongue could have far-reaching implications for Americans who travel to other countries

France and Germany are very proud of their languages. If you were in Germany and spoke English, you seldom would hear a response. French, German and Japanese businessmen have a decided edge over their American counterparts in international trade dealing. Why are the Japanese, Germans and others doing so well in the international trade market? Because they not only learn other languages, but also learn the customs, cultures, and geography of the various countries they do business with. This is a super advantage over the Americans. It is also true that some Americans have difficulty remembering their own geography. The combination of not knowing how to converse in another country and being unfamiliar with local traditions and customs might sometimes lead to serious misunderstandings.

If institutions, colleges, and universities don't encourage learning about other areas of the world, these problems will continue and might get worse in the future. Americans will continue to have disadvantages.

Abbass Alkhataji

BOOK REVIEW

Glen E. Lich **THE GERMAN TEXANS, San Antonio: The University of Texas Institute of Texan Cultures, 1981. Pp. 240.**

Glen Lich, a specialist on German Texans and previous co-editor with Dona B. Reeves of *Retrospect and Retrieval: The German Element in Review* (1978), starts his fine new volume on German Texans with the remark: "This book attempts to introduce as many aspects of the German-Texans heritage as possible in a small volume conceived for a general readership." Small the volume is not. But he is right: the aspects of the German-Texan heritage are as manifold and varied as one can hardly imagine, ranging from the geographical and historical to the social, economical, political, from linguistic, artistic, architectural, literary to philosophic, psychological religious, from agricultural to martial, even geological and paleological.

The account starts with Charles Sealsfield's description of Texas in his "Kajütenbuch" and proceeds chronologically to the end of WW I. Lich recounts or recalls the trials and triumphs of early settlers and the thousands of immigrants who followed, some of them romantic rebels, some intellectuals, e.g., Ernst Kapp whose famous "I will be a free man in a free earth" expressed the yearnings of so many of the German pioneers. Some were adventurers, many farmers, almost all of them had felt oppressed or restricted at home in the "old world".

The chronicle is enhanced by numerous photographs, maps, poems and songs, anecdotes, even recipes, all of these items seperately boxed. Although fascinating or entertaining, the boxing distracted this reader from the text, until I decided to concentrate on the boxed material first and then returned to the first chapter to read Lich's narration without interruption.

At the end of the volume are two pages of German place names in Texas (fourteen alone in Comal County, thirteen in Fayette County.) I

Gemeinsamkeiten

Und dann war da noch die Telefonistin, die zu ihrem Arzt sagte: "Doktorchen, wir haben etwas gemeinsam: Wir beide verbinden..."

missed a few places such as New Ulm in Austin County, Luling and Lockhart in Caldwell County, Waelder in Gonzales County, Rosenberg in Fort Bend County, Heidenheimer in Bell County. But these are certainly very minor omissions. The names of settlements are followed by seven pages of a "Chronology of Central European Colonization in Texas" and a very extensive and most helpful "Reading List" (over 250 entries) for any scholar or lay-person in this field. Each page of the volume reveals that Lich has collected his material on the German settlers with love and care. The Texas Historical Commission named the book Best Specialty Publication of 1981, a well deserved award.

Having read **THE GERMAN TEXANS** once, one will not put it away for good, but pick it up again and again to look up historical dates, pictures, names, stories. the book should be considered as a gift to everyone interested in Texas history, and to anyone interested in American history, because it chronicles the timeless search of people for freedom in a vast new land of countless opportunities.

I enjoyed especially the comments by two pioneer women, one by Emma Murck Altgelt about a relative who had gone to Texas in the forties with the Adelsverein and paid a return visit to Germany. His stories about the new world thrilled her no end, "... and above all else, (the) golden freedom. Texas became the land of my dreams." The other remark is by Caroline Louise Sacks von Roeder (mother of Mrs. Robert Justus Kleeberg) who in a letter to her sister in Germany wrote: "Hurry, hurry and join us. Texas is truly the land of freedom and romance.

Lisa Kahn
Texas Southern University

Wecker

Sie haben sich nicht mehr viel zu sagen, die beiden. Abends legt sie ihm einen Zettel hin: "Morgen, 7 Uhr wecken!" Morgens um 9 Uhr 30 wacht sie auf und findet ebenfalls einen Zettel:

"Es ist sieben! Steh auf!"

ONE THIRD OF BERLIN'S SCHOOLCHILDREN ARE FOREIGN

The percentage of foreign students in West German elementary and secondary schools rose from 6.5 to 7.4 percent last year, or by 816,000 students. West Berlin has the most foreign students - one student in every three is non-German. Eleven years ago, 1.7 percent of schoolchildren were foreign; in the 1975-1976 school year, the percentage was 3.7. Most of the non-German children - 60 percent - are Turkish; others are Greek, Italian, Spanish, Yugoslav or Portuguese. Statistics are from the Permanent Conference of Laender (State) Ministers of Education.

Du deutsche Sprache!

Von allen Sprachen der Erde
Kommt keine Sprache dir gleich,
Es ist keine andre Sprache
In Wohlklang so reich.

Es gibt keinen Schmerz des Herzens
Und keiner Freude Luft,
Die du nicht in süßesten Lauten
Herborströmst aus der Brust.

Du bist die Sprache des Träumers,
Des Dichters und Denkers bist du;
Du bist die Sprache der Liebe
Und des flammenden Hornes dazu.

Du hast für den tiefsten Gedanken
Das glänzendste Wortgebild,
Gibst Färbung und Ton jeder Regung,
Die unserm Gemüt entquillt.

Du bist wie die Aeolsharfe,
Die der Wind zum Tönen bringt,
Geheimnisvoll hebt's in den Saiten,
Und es rauscht darin und fängt.

Und was durch deine Seele
Voll Harmonien zieht,
Das fügt in Dichters Worten
Von selber sich zum Lied.

Du bist vor allen Sprachen
Die Stimme des Heiligen Geists,
Und was er der Welt verkündet,
Die gläubige Seele preißt's.

Solang drum Welt und Menschen
Voll Sehnsucht nach Glück bestehn,
Wirft du, o deutsche Sprache,
Leben und nicht vergeh'n!

Newsletter Articles Are Listed in the Historical Quarterly

In the latest issue of the Southwestern Historical Quarterly, July, 1983, three articles from the German Texan Heritage Society's Newsletter are listed under "Periodicals: Bibliographies," Pages 93, 94, and 95. These articles are among the longer ones and they deal with historical themes: "The Pinta Trail" by Nina Nixon (Fall, 1982); "Hubert Heinen (1872-1965) on School in the 1880s and Becoming a Teacher," edited by Hubert P. Heinen (Summer, 1982); and "The Biegel Settlement: Where It Was and Where It is Now," by Daphne Dalton Garrett (Summer, 1982). Congratulations to all,
Gilbert J. Jordan

Works by Hermann Lungkwitz to Be Shown in Texas

Peter C. Merrill
445 N.W. 11th Street
Boca Raton, Fla. 33432

Carl Hermann Frederick Lungkwitz (1813-1891) was a native of Halle who studied in Dresden, where he was a student of the Romantic painter Ludwig Richter (1803-1884). Lungkwitz became involved in the Dresden uprising of 1849 and subsequently emigrated to Texas. He lived first in Fredericksburg and later supported himself as a photographer in San Antonio. Finally, he settled in Austin, where he died.

An important exhibition of works by Lungkwitz is scheduled to open this winter. Entitled "Hermann Lungkwitz, German Romantic Landscapist on the Texas Frontier," the exhibition will be seen first at the University of Texas Institute of Texan Cultures at San Antonio, where it will be on display from November 15, 1983 to January 8, 1984. It will then move on to the Blaffer Gallery at the University of Houston, where it will remain from January 15 to March 1, 1984. Finally, the show will go to the Texas Memorial Museum, The University of Texas at Austin, where it will open in mid-March and close April 30, 1984.

James P. McGuire, who is a notable authority on German immigrant artists in Texas, has written an exhibition catalog which will be published November 15, 1983 by the University of Texas Press at Austin. The title of the book is Hermann Lungkwitz, Romantic Landscapist on the Texas Frontier, which differs slightly from the title of the exhibition.



Romana-Loge No. 216

O. O. F. S.

Sekretär

Miles, Texas, _____ 192_____

Liedlich-Begehr

Zella der Romana Loge # 216 O. O. F. S.

Nach längerem Leidem wurde unser langjähriger
Freund und Bruder

Gerhard Becker

im Alter von 76 Jahren durch den Tod aus unserer Mitte
genommen. Durch sein ganzes Leben hat er sich
bedienen, so wie er sein

Begehr, dem nachfolgenden Bruder in Liebe
und Eifer gedient zu wollen, dem trauernden Hinter-
bliebenen seinet wegen innigst Liedlich ausdrücken
und seine Trauer unserm Freund den Freibring der
Loge für 30 Tage in Trauerflor zu stellen. Es sei uns

Begehr, diese Begehr die Protokolle der Loge beige-
fügen und eine Begehr verfahren mit dem Trügel der
Loge der trauernden Willen zu übermitteln.

Romana, Tex. den 22. Jan. 1939

Alto. Brasch

Wagner

W. F. Reberman Domitor

Geneva E. Tetley
234 Lakewood Drive
Granite Shoals, Tx. 78654

GERMAN-TEXANS' GENEALOGY SECTION

Compiled by Genealogy Editor Theresa Gold, 106 Ranchland, San Antonio TX 78213

The following section was compiled by your Genealogy Editor from letters received from our members. If you have an interest in any of the families mentioned, write directly to the member. To have your story appear in a future issue, write to your Genealogy Editor, Theresa Gold, 106 Ranchland, San Antonio TX 78213. Items are published free of charge for members. For non-members, there is a \$3.00 query fee. Please submit a concise paragraph or two, or simply a list of the surnames you are researching along with the Texas counties the families settled and the religion they practiced.

Lloyd Dippel, Box 335, La Grange TX 78945 is interested in finding copies of the Wochenblatt published between 1879 and 1883 at Bellville in Austin County. Lloyd hopes to find an obituary on his great grandparents since he has tried many other sources and has not found a record of their dates of death. They were Carl Friedrich Ehr Gott (Charles F.) Marx and Agnes Marx. They lived in Austin County, about four miles north of Bellville from the time of their arrival from Saxony until the time of their deaths. It is thought that Agnes died between 1879 and 1881 and that Charles died between late 1881 and 1883. They were both buried in Bellville, but there are no tombstones, and neither the cemetery nor the German Methodist church has records from that time. Lloyd is happy to hear that copies of the Wochenblatt are available in the library at the University of Texas at Austin and that the GTHS is underwriting the task of having the newspapers microfilmed. Copies of the microfilm will be available at UT-Austin and at Southwest Texas State University in San Marcos.

Louis A. Hartung, 1124 W. Woodlawn Ave., San Antonio TX 78201 is starting to make a study of the bodyguard that Prince Solms organized during his stay in Texas. Louis is interested because his great grandfather Johann Zacharias Hartung was a member of that Guard. He finds quite a bit of written material about the Guard, but has not been able to get a list of the actual membership. In The Cypress by Herman Seele, on page 69 (Breitkamp's translation, 1979) the names Wetzel and Hartung appear in an interesting description. If anyone has information on the Guard, Louis would like to hear from you. (His story on Jacob and James Lawrence Luckenbach appears elsewhere in this issue.)

Vicki Zucknick, 322 Shaw St., Taylor TX 76574 says that Zucknick/Zuchnick is a hard name to trace back to Germany. Reliable sources have told her that the first Zucknicks came over as a group to work for Henry Pfluger of Travis County. This story is that Pfluger paid for their passage and then they worked for him to pay the debt. However, according to the 1900 Census, Fredrick Zucknick immigrated in 1885, Emil in 1882, and Bertha in 1883. Vicki has found no information on their sister Alvina; it is said she committed suicide at an early age in Georgetown. Fredrick Zucknick was a tailor in Taylor and made beautiful wedding gowns. His first wife was Mary Schlikeson. They had one son, Edward Otto. Fredrick and Mary divorced and he married Helene Hamann. They also had one son, Herman. Fredrick died in 1937 and is buried in Taylor. Emil married Julia Schmidt, daughter of Fred Franz and Maria Elizabeth (Pfluger) Schmidt. Emil was a farmer at Coupland. They had eight children: Wilhelm, Mary, Alvina, Alvin Emil Jr., Dora, Emma, and Olga. Emil died in 1934 and is buried at Coupland. Bertha married Rhinehold Hamann, a brother to

Genealogy

Helene. He was a farmer in the Travis County area near Pflugerville. They had seven children: Gustav, Henry, Wilhelm, Lydia, Olga, Albert and Rhinehold Jr. Bertha died in 1950. Vicki is looking for additional information on this part of her husband's family. Besides the two Hamanns who married Zucknicks, there were three others, a brother Gus and two sisters Annie and Augusta. Gus Hamann married Alwine Roeglin and they had eight children: Emma, Alfred, Aword, Richard, Herbert, Augusta, August, and a daughter possibly named Helen who died young. Annie Hamann is said to have died during the 1900 Galveston storm, and Vicki has no information on Augusta Hamann.

Mary R. Peoples, Rt 23, Box 20-Old Castle Wav. Conroe TX 77304 wants to know if anyone has information about Frederick William Reinhard who was born Oct 3, 1825/29, at Balve, Prussia. She has been unable to locate Balve on a map. He married Julia Schutze in 1879 in San Antonio. These were Mary's grandparents. Frederick served as a Union soldier, enlisting at Salem MA and discharged at New Orleans. He died sometime in 1890, but where? Mary wants to know if August Clements Reinhard was related to Frederick William Reinhard. August C. died Oct 10, 1908, at the age of 71 years and was buried in the family plot at the Brockley Cemetery. Where is the Brockley Cemetery?

Dorothy Meyer, Rt 5, Box 161-A, Victoria TX 77904 is looking for additional information on her husband's family. Johann Heinrich Adolph Meyer, age 31, arrived on the "Hercules" at Indianola in 1845 from Friedrichshagen and went to DeWitt County. Adolph's father was Johann Georg Meyer, a retired schoolmaster, who came on the "Canapas" at age 71 in 1848 from Hohnsen. The town of Meversville was named for Adolph Meyer.

Lunes Schlinke, Rt 1, Box 10, Nordheim TX 78141 has been working on genealogy for only a year but is amazed how much she has learned in the past year! For example, the Biegel Settlement Research Report by Emily Carter and Crystal Ragsdale gave her quite a bit of information about Joseph Beigel and the December family. Joseph Biegel's second wife was a sister to Lunes's great grandmother. She did find an error in the publication, since her grandfather Joseph December was the firstborn of Christine W. December instead of John Batiste, as stated on page 77. She is interested to learn more about the entries in Ethel Geue's New Homes in a New Land since her great grandfather Adolph Meinert is listed as arriving on the "Neptune" with two unnamed persons. She is almost positive one of the persons could be Emilia Lebrecht, to whom Adolph was married the week after he landed. So she is looking for the original ship's list for the exact names. Also, she just received a copy of the birth record for her great grandmother Christine Weinsdorfer from the village of Fenetrange, Moselle, in France. To her this was a dream come true since she never expected any results when she wrote. Over five months went by before she received a reply, so she has learned never to give up hope! Her son Dennis Schlinke, also a GTHS member, is working on the Schlinke family.

Marcella Chapole, 1402 Wooten Dr. Austin TX 78758 is looking for a descendant of Ernest Frenzel, born April 28, 1866. He is a half-brother to her grandmother Martha Louise Frenzel. Known to have lived in Fashing, Atascosa County, Ernst had four children: Walter, Nora, Felix, and Laura. One of the sons had a son and two daughters. The daughters' last known whereabouts were in Dallas. She is also looking for additional information on the following families:

Genealogy

Sophie Hageman born Nov 16, 1823, Hanover (Germany); died July 19, 1899, buried Cherry Mt.; she married Johann Heinrich Thiele born in 1812, Peine (Germany). Marcella is looking for Sophie's parents' names; she has the names of Johann's parents and grandparents.

Nicholas Ochs born Jan 14, 1816, Coblenz (Germany); died Aug 30, 1885, Fredericksburg; he married (second wife) Lisette Koenig, born July 23, 1827. Marcella is looking for the parents of both. Nicholas came over with a brother and their grandfather.

Henry Brandes, born June 20, 1804; he married Maria Dorothea Sellman, born May 5, 1809.

Fredrich (Fritz) Barth, born 1830 in Germany; became a US citizen in 1874; he married Johanna Meier (sp?).

Christian Hamff/Hanf, born Dec 10, 1803, in Prussia; he married Caroline Richter (his second wife).

Anna Ludwig born Oct 13, 1849, died Aug 13, 1928, Lee County; she married Christian Fredrich Hamff, the son of Christian Hamff.

Louise F Christen, born May 3, 1856; she married Carl Fredrich Frenzel, born July 14, 1837. Louise's parents were Friedrich and Dorothea Christen. Marcella is looking for Dorothea's maiden name as well as the names of the parents of Friedrich and Dorothea and their origin in Germany. Carl is the youngest brother of Christian Andreas Frenzel, about whom a book is being written in La Grange.

Lera Witt Javor, P O Box 195, Smithville TX 78957 helped organize the reunion of the Carl Witt family held on October 16 on the Fairgrounds in La Grange. We are happy to help publicize family reunions, but due to our three-times-a-year publication schedule, the items must be sent far in advance to be published prior to the event.

Myrtle H. Muecke, 11044 Holly Springs Dr., Huntsville TX 77340 calls herself an elderly new genealogist. She is seeking the quickest help she can find to research the Muecke, Gehrels and Ummelman families in Germany--a last project for her children. She is looking for reliable genealogists in Germany who could do research for her in Hamburg, Oldenberg, and Czechoslovakia. We have referred her to the "Genealogische Gesellschaft" in Hamburg and Hannover, but if a member/reader has any other specific suggestions, please write to Mrs. Muecke.

Evelyn Ramey, 9615 Emnora, Houston TX 77080 is interested in information about the Franke and Matzke families. Christian Johannes Franke, born in 1819, probably in Germany, died in 1891 in the Thompson Community, Harris County. His wife Susanna Helena (maiden name unknown) was born in 1826 in Germany and died in 1916, also in the Thompson Community outside Houston. They had only one child Anna Rosina (1863-1935); she married Ernst Wilhelm Matzke. Evelyn would like to know when this couple immigrated to Texas and whether their relatives immigrated also. Ernest Wilhelm Matzke was born in 1865, probably in Maliers, Prov. Schlesien (Germany) the son of Gottlieb and Elizabeth Matzke. He came to Texas (Harris County) at the age of 18 years and lived with an uncle Christian Johannes Franke. The names of three siblings are known: William, Gustav, and Caroline, but it is believed that he also had half-brothers and sisters. He married Anna Rosine Franke (above) in 1887, and they had seven children: August, Ernestine, Ella, Anna, Ida Baden, Ernst Gustav (Gus), and Amelia. A story Evelyn submitted on the Beckendorf family appears elsewhere in this issue.

Thelma Kirchhoff Herschop, P O Box 337, Orange Grove TX 78372 is searching for descendants of the brothers and sister of her great grandfather Johann Behrens Kirchhoff. Johann Behrens's twin brother was Johann Harmens Kirchhoff; another brother was Olrich Ricklefs Kirchhoff; and their sister was Alget Margertha Kirchhoff. She has records of her great grandfather but nothing on the other three. The story goes that Johann Behrens and a brother (name unknown, but presumed to be his twin) immigrated to the U.S. as single young men, landed in the Galveston area, bid each other farewell, and parted to go their separate ways. They never heard of each other again. Johann Behrens settled in the Waldeck-Round Top area and, after he established himself, he sent for his fiancée Anke Margaretha Froling. They were married in the Lutheran church at Round Top in 1858 and raised five children. Three children died as infants. Thelma has baptismal and confirmation records on the Kirchhoffs from the Lutheran church in Butteforde, Ostfriesland (Germany) and on Anke M. Froling from the Lutheran church in Westerholt, Ostfriesland. Last fall, she visited three days with a genealogist in Esens (West Germany). He showed her where her ancestors lived and helped her obtain records back to the 1500s on the Kirchhoff family. Thelma's story on the Dullnig family of San Antonio appears elsewhere in this issue.

Norman M. Kneschk, 4800 Kelly Elliott Rd. #75, Arlington TX 76017 has ascertained that his great grandfather Samuel Meissner came to New York in 1869 and then in 1873 he came to Fayette County TX to join his brothers and sisters who had arrived at about the same time. These were: Karoline (1841-1899, Lee County) never married; Samuel (1844-1931, Hamilton County) married Pauline Hohertz in Fayette County (Norman's great grandparents); August (1847-?) married Louise Hohertz; Wilhelm (1849-1928, Lee County) never married; Friedrich (1850-1940) married Auguste Jesse; Juliana (1854-1928, Lee County) married George Kuhn and then Wilhelm Kissman. Samuel Meissner had 12 children: the oldest was Norman's grandfather Otto Friedrich Wilhelm born in Washington County. The next ten children were born in Lee County, and the youngest was born in Hamilton County after the family moved there in 1895. Norman understands that there are many records at Bethlehem Lutheran Church in Round Top, but he has not been able to search them yet. Another great grandfather Johann Petrick arrived at Galveston in 1882, a widower with three small children: Frieda, Clara, and Jennie. He first lived in Robertson County, later moved to Bell County, and moved to Hamilton County in 1895. Norman's grandparents Kneschk and Wolsch came to Texas and Lee County about 1878. Matthaues Knetschke/Kneschk had two daughters, Anna and Augusta, by his first wife (her name, unknown) and by his second wife Ann Wolsch he had five children: Mary, Christinnia, John Karl Adolph (Norman's father), Bertha, and Emma. For a while they attended the same church as the Meissners, the Ebenezer Lutheran Church in Manheim. The Wolschs moved to Haskell County, near Sagerton, Stamford, and Haskell.

L.D.S. Libraries

Be sure to check with the local branch library of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints (L.D.S, Mormon) for genealogical information. Their local branch libraries can get microfilms for you from the central location in Salt Lake City. In Texas, branches are located in: Austin, Vidor, Corpus Christi, Dallas (2), Plano, El Paso, Richland Hills, Friendswood, Houston (3), Longview, Lubbock, Odessa, and San Antonio.

GTHS MEMBERS' GENEALOGICAL EXCHANGE

Members are encouraged to use this column format in sending information for the Newsletter. It gives readers the names, areas, and other facts "at a glance." Also, it is quicker for for you to submit and easier for your Genealogy Editor to compile! Let's have more for this section!

Member	Researching Families	Tex. County Settled	Religion
Marcella Chapple 1404 Wooten Dr. Austin TX 78758	Hageman	Gillespie	Lutheran
	Koenig	Gillespie	Lutheran
	Brandes	Gillespie	Lutheran
	Ochs	Gillespie	Lutheran
	Sellmann	Gillespie	Lutheran
	Barth	Gillespie	Lutheran
	Hamff/Hanf	Bastrop/Favette/Lee	Meth or Luth
	Ludwig	Bastrop/Favette/Lee	Meth or Luth
	Christen	Bastrop/Favette/Lee	Meth or Luth
Frenzel	Favette/Atascosa	Meth or Luth	
Mrs. T.R. McCulloch 608 Union St. Richmond TX 77469 (713)232-3370	Adelseck*		Catholic
	Bergmann**	Colorado	Lutheran
	Braden*	Colorado	Catholic
	Brick*		Catholic
	Epeneker*		Catholic
	Frels***	Colorado	Lutheran
	Gadeke***		Lutheran
	Greiser*	Colorado	Catholic
	Holzmann^		Catholic(?)
	Krebs+		
	Schmidt**	Colorado	Lutheran
	Schneider%	Colorado	
	Schoellmann^	Wharton	Catholic
	Stephens%		
Weigel+	Colorado	Catholic	
Wink*	Colorado	Catholic	
Peggy A. Scott 4001 N. 22nd Waco TX 76708	Dillenburg	Tarrant/McLennan	
Vicki Zucknick 322 Shaw St. Taylor TX 76574	Zucknick	Travis/Williamson	Lutheran
	Hamann	Galvstn/Wmson/Travis	Lutheran
Durwood L. Franke % ARAMCO P O Box 8280 Dhahran, Saudi Arabia	Franke	Austin	Lutheran
	Freier	Austin	Lutheran
	Schwartz	Austin	Lutheran
	Hoppe	Austin	Lutheran
	Fick	Austin	Lutheran
	Chalupka/Chaloupka	Austin	Lutheran(?)
	Kadlecek	Washtn/Austin	Lutheran(?)
	Mikeska	Austin	Lutheran(?)

Member	Researching Families	Tex. County Settled	Religion
Arthur C. Oppermann 3409 55th St Lubbock TX 79413	Oppermann	Galveston/1848	Catholic
	(from Heidleheim.Hanover)		
	Knodell	Galveston/1850	Catholic
	(from Pennsylvania)		
	Graham	Wise	Methodist
	Barker	Briscoe	Methodist
	(from Purdy OK)		
Maryleen Bolen Christensen 287 McDuff Ave Fremont CA 94539	Bolen	Washtn/Bell/Limestone	Ch of Christ
		Runnels/TGreen/Milam/ Eastland	
	Murry	Haskell/Eland/Irion	Baptist.
		TGreen/Johnson	Methodist
	Childress	Runnels/Hunt/Fannin	Methodist
		TGreen	
	Tadlock	Guad/Comal/Favette	Methodist
Smith (Wm Garrett)	Comal/G'lupe/Gonz/Runnels		
Glaser/Glaeser	G'lupe/Runls/TGreen/ Howard	Lutheran. Methodist	

Family Roots

Searching for a name from a different age
Trying to scan history in each fascinating page.

Whoever they were from whatever distant land....
Even today I continue to wear their brand.

What inspired them to come to pioneer this great land?
Who did they leave behind....what was their plan?

To have tolerated the stormy Atlantic seas
They must have been brave dreamers seeking a land of the free.

Sometimes I wish I could have been there with them
To share in their trials....to have tolerated the mayhem.

To have helped erect the first house with pride
In their new found Mecca tears of joy must have been cried.

I shall continue what seems an endless search....
For a name, a place, a record in an old church.

God gave me this family and it's name.
Until I find answers to the questions my curosity will remain aflame.

Linda K. Zorn '82

Linda K. Zorn

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JULIUS HARMON GLASER

Julius Harmon GLASER, b. 26 Dec 1842, Germany. He came to TX in 1853 with an older brother, Johann Ehrenfried and wife, Christiana H. (HEINZ) GLAESER, and baby, Pauline. Pauline was about four months old. She died just before the ship was to land, and the distraught parents begged the ship's captain to allow them to wait and bury her on land. They were allowed to do this and the baby was buried at Indianola.

Evidently the family proceeded almost immediately to Seguin in Guadalupe county, TX.

Johann Ehrenfried was b. 2 June 1827 in Flinsburg, Neider-schlesien, Germany. There were several other brothers - Louis, Fritz, Gottlieb, and August, and three sisters - Christine, Ernestine and Caroline. It is not known when they all immigrated. All except August who was a baby when Julius and J. Ehrenfried immigrated. It is believed that August grew up in Germany and became a Prussian officer. The mother, Marie, and the father (name not known), came for at least one visit and returned to Germany. Later the mother came back to TX and is buried in the Riverside Cemetery in Seguin next to two of her daughters. The father evidently died and is buried in Germany.

During the Civil War Julius and Fritz served in Co. D, 4th TX Regt, Infantry (Hood's Brigade). Julius was wounded several times, and wore the Cross of Honor with pride. Fritz was killed at Gettysburg. J. Ehrenfried moved his family into San Antonio where he worked as a cobbler during the war.

On 11 June 1866 Julius married Melinda Berry SMITH in Comal county. She was b. 9 Dec 1849 in Guadalupe co., TX, and was a daughter of William Garrett and Mary Ann (TADLOCK) SMITH who had moved from Hancock county, Ill. to TX in 1837.

Julius and Melinda had the following children - Benjamin Garrison, Robert Julius, Mary Ann, Andrew Napolian, Henry Herman, Annie Louise and Dona Lee. They lived in Guadalupe, Runnels and Tom Green counties.

The GLASER/GLAESER families were Lutheran and Methodist.

Julius died 12 Dec 1912 in San Angelo and is buried in the Fairmount Cemetery. Melinda and several of her children moved to Globe, AZ, where she lived until her death in 1933.

From: Maryleene Bolen Christensen, 287 McDuff Ave., Fremont CA
94539

JACOB LUCKENBACH
JAMES LAWRENCE LUCKENBACH

I am reading HISTORICAL IMAGES of BOERNE TEXAS by Garland A. Perry which brings back many memories of my visits to Boerne.

There is an item about Jacob and Justina nee Ruebsam Luckenbach on page 98-99 of Historical Images and an almost identical article in Pioneers in Gods Hill, Vol 11. pages 84 85. These articles are in error and the information should not be carried on so that future research does not compound the error.

Jacob Luckenbach was never in Texas before 1845.

In 1956 my wife Anna and I started working on my family history. We were seeking information on the Hartung, Kunkel, Luckenbach and Sahn families. All of these families came to Texas in the 1844 and 1845 except Kunkel. The Hartungs were here before Texas was a State.

After checking graves and obtaining some dates the next place was the Archives of Texas in Austin. When I got to the Luckenbach name I was elated as a J. Luckenbach had fought for Texas freedom. My joy was short lived as I checked and found that J. Luckenbach was not Jacob but James Lawrence Luckenbach who was born at Easton, Pennsylvania and that he had never been to Germany.

James Lawrence Luckenbach emigrated to Texas in 1836 and served in the army of Texas. The company was commanded by Captain Abraham Matshall and was known as the Zavallo Volunteers. James enlisted in New Orleans in 1831. This Company had the responsibility of Guarding Santa Anna from the fury of the Texans. J.L. Luckenbach was also in Captain Marshal's Company, in General Green's division.

After Texas became a State James Lawrence moved to Oregon to make his home and in 1875 filed for his pension. He received a pension of 250.00 a month. James Lawrence received 250 acers of bounty land. Jacob Luckenbach received a land grant in the Fisher Miller Grant. The 640 acres was Section A 1082-1083-1084 and 1085 in Giddings Districe A 3. I have a copy.

in 1977 I visited Germany and visited the Luckensbach's in Bad Marienberg. There are four children a brother and one sister married and two spinsters who run a rooming house.

After visiting with the Geschwister Luckenbach we went to STEIN Germany and wentthru the Church Books. I found Luckensbachs dated back to the 1722. There are still older books but we didn't go further back.

Jacob and the rest of the family records are at the Church in Stein-Neukirch which is about 5 miles east of Bad Marienberg and is is a beautiful farming community. About 7 miles North West of Bad Marienberg which I did not visit.

In looking over the Church Books the minister says that Jacob

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in Texas in the 30's. He was farming in Stein and attending Church.

I understand that a retired PHD in History was comissioned to trace the Luckenbach Family. I am sure that as soon as he found J. Luckenbach he stopped his search and assumed it was Jacob Luckenbach and not James Lawrence. This is an easy mistake to make especially when I find no middle initial for Jacob.

I have all of the above statements substantiated if any one wants to check.

I hope that the BOERNE HISTORICAL PRESERVATION SOCIETY ARCIVES and THE GULLESPIE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY will make the correction so that any reseracher will not carry on the error.

Louis A. Hartung 1124 W. Woodlawn Ave., San Antonio TX 78201

Jacob and Justina were my maternal great great grandparents. I was fortunate as I got to know Jacob.

DULLNIG FAMILY

My grandfather on my mother's side JACOB DULLNIG, mid 1800s merchant of San Antonio, Texas, was first married to Catherine Sauer at San Antonio and they had four sons and an infant daughter named Maria, deceased. I need to know more about this family. We have no record of where Catherine (about 1873) is buried nor of the infants buried about 1870-71. They were Lutherans. The Chidlren's baptisms are in St. John's Lutheran Church, San Antonio.

My mother was Meta Emeila Dullnig Kirchhoff, daughter of Jacob Dullnig and his second wife, Johanna Schulz, of San Antonio, Texas. Her parents were Fredrick and Henrietta Schulz and we know very little of my mother's family of San Antonio and Monthalia, Gonzales County, Texas.

Mrs. Thelma Kirchhoff Herschop, Box 337, Orange Grove, Texas 78372

GTHS MEMBER IN PRINT

Arliss Trevbig has done it again. This time she has produced a book on the Hennecke Family--a partial history of the family of Joseph Hennecke, Sr., and Anna Maria Midike. The names are also found as Henneke and Mitige. The 52-page booklet is, by her own admission, far from complete, but since she was moving to Austin to start a new job, she wanted to get the information at hand into print. This booklet follows somewhat the same format she used in her prior works on the descendants of William Henry Trevbig and Lena Marx and of Jacob Hennecke and Marv Braden. Joseph Hennecke, Sr. was the grandfather of Jacob Hennecke, so this latest volume expands on the family relationships. As Arliss compiles additional information, she will add it to this volume and will index it later. Although Arliss is living and working in Austin, she receives her mail at PO Box 1236, El Campo TX 77437.

BECKENDORFF FAMILY

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Evelyn Ramey, 9615 Emmora, Houston, Texas 77080

We have considerable information on the Beckendorf Family in Texas but none prior to their emigration to Texas. The Beckendorf family has an annual reunion on the first Sunday of August each year at the VFW Park in Katy, Texas. Mr. E. R. Beckendorf of Giddings, Texas, has been secretary of the reunion organization for many years and has collected much information of the descendants of August and Caroline Beckendorf.

August Beckendorf, born July 9, 1813, died October 13, 1885, and his wife Caroline Schulze of Bismark, Germany, with two children, Johanna and August, arrived in Galveston, Texas, on July 7, 1847, on the ship "Helen and Elise" which departed from Apenburg, Germany. August Berkendorff came to Harris County, leasing land of Braes Bayou, near where Rice University is now located, and later moving his family to Rosehill, in northwest Harris County. Seven children were born after their arrival in Texas. The children of August and Caroline Schulze Beckendorff were; Johanna, born April 7, 1843, married Andrew Kleb. They had 7 children. August, born December 31, 1845, married Elizabeth Strock and had 3 children. Robert, born October 20, 1850, married (1) Laura Campbell (7 children), married (2) Eudora Phylips Gray Pearson. Caroline, born February 20, 1852, married Henry Theis and had 4 children. Fredericke, born February 22, 1855, married Jacob Verner and had 3 children. Mathilde, born March 25, 1857, married Henry Wied and had 1 son. Emilie, born October 17, 1861, married Henry Wied. They had 6 children. Fritz (Rev. Fritz Beckendorff - a Methodist minister) born June 28, 1863, married Mary Server. They had 5 children. Hulda, born December 17, 1866, married William Bloecher and had 7 children.

Robert Beckendorff and his wife settled in the Katy, Texas, area where he bought a section of land. This section of land was divided between his children and many of his descendants are still living in the Katy area where they are active in the Methodist church.

The Beckendorff reunion was held on August 7, 1983, at the VFW Hall in Katy, Texas. Two hundred seven family members registered and ate a bountiful dinner of barbeque and other food provided by those attending. In the afternoon a business meeting was held, presided over by Charles Peck, Jr., president and E. R. (Robert) Beckendorff, secretary. Next year the reunion will be held on the first Sunday of August at the same location as this year.

PUBLICATION OF EMIGRANTS' LETTERS

Nearly 7 million people emigrated in the 19th century from Germany to the US. Most of their children and grandchildren no longer speak German. But even after 40 years, there have been letters sent to the home country and letters came back to the relatives overseas.

These letters speak of the difficulties of the emigrants, they tell of the life in the new environment and the memories on the "old country".

Only recently have historians recognized the importance of these sources for the history-writing on the migration movements. There is, however, no publication on this as yet.

The Ruhr-Universität Bochum in Nordrhein Westfalen is at work now, to close the gap. As a first step, they are collecting letters, as many as possible, and from both sides of the ocean.

To all descendants of emigrants goes the call, to make available these letters to the University for their publication. Desired are letters written between the years 1800 and 1920 by people who emigrated from Germany to the US as well as the ones written from the US to those who stayed behind in Germany.

You are asked to either have copies made and send them to the address given below (cost will be reimbursed by the University) or to send the originals that will be copied and returned immediately.

Address is:
Ruhr-Universität Bochum
Abt. f. Geschichtswissenschaft
Prof. Dr. Wolfgang Helbich
Postfach 102 148
D 4630 Bochum 1
W. Germany

Immigrant Library Newsletter, July 1983

GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH INFORMATION

Genealogical research studies are performed in Poland by the following institution:

Naczelna Dyrekcja Archiwow Panstwowych (Central Office of
the National Archives)
00-263 Warszawa
ul. Długa 6
Poland
Phone: 31-32-06

If you desire the assistance of this institute you should write a letter stating your request to include the following information:

First and last name (The original spelling if changed)

Date and place of birth and death (as appropriate)

Date and place of marriage and the names of spouse

Religion at birth

Identification of places should include name of locality, administrative unit, province (województwo, gubernia) or nearby cities and rivers. Photocopies of any documents such as passports, old identity cards, documents pertaining to property, old letters may be helpful in searching for the required information. A comparison of pre-war and post-war atlases may reveal changes in place-names.

It is suggested that before contacting the institute, you do some research in the United States in order to establish the original spelling of family names. This information is often contained in old immigration records which may be found in the American Congress of Polonia, Buffalo, N.Y. or in the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. An Immigration file number is sometimes included in the documents granting titles to property.

Upon receipt of the necessary information the Polish National Archives will make a preliminary search to establish whether the necessary registers exist (many were destroyed during the war). If records exist, the Archives will ask you to make a preliminary payment in the amount of \$20.00.

The amount of time required to conduct the search and the number of documents prepared (reproductions, photocopies and so forth) will determine the total fee charged which usually ranges from \$100.00 to \$200.00.

courtesy Ted M. Goedeke, Houston, Texas

Search for roots leads to Hamburg's List

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The Houston Post
Tues., Sept 6, 1983

sent by Elizabeth Frick, Houston

HAMBURG, West Germany — There might be something here that interests you. Like how you got your name. And why you speak English. And have the religion you have. You see, 7 million Germans migrated to America, the largest number from any country, and today 10 percent of Americans claim direct German descent. According to the 1980 census, there are more than half as many Americans claiming to be all or partially German as there are Germans on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

What's in it for you? Let me explain. Many of the migrants went to Texas. Oh, it doesn't matter if your name is Miller. It was probably Mueller. A lot of Americans Anglicized their names later on. George Armstrong Custer's family came over as Kuster. Even the Rockefellers were known as Roggenfelder. Or your name could be changed by marriage. Like that of Katherine Niederhofer. Today she is Kathy Whitmire.

If you are German, and, as I noted, you well might be, then your bloodline probably came through here, through Hamburg. Your grandfather or his grandfather caught the boat in the port. And if he did, his name is on The List. In this modern building with glass and steel and air conditioning and elevators, there is The List. Its 320 volumes contain 5 million names, passenger lists of ships that sailed for the New World, and if they hadn't, today you'd be speaking German, or Russian.

THIS COLLECTION in Hamburg is about the only gathering of immigrant information left in Germany. (A similar collection in Bremen, where many Germans departed for the Texas Hill Country, burned during a World War II bombing raid.) They make it quite easy to find things if — if — you know what, or rather, who, you are looking for.

Specifically, the name your family used to get out of town, and you should know at least within five years of when. The passenger lists are kept by year and



Lynn Ashby

are roughly alphabetized. The records cover all ships out of Hamburg from 1850 to 1934, with the exception of January to June of 1853 and the four years of World War I. The cost is minimal. Of course, the big cost is getting to Hamburg in the first place, but you don't have to. There are professional genealogists who will prowl through these records for you.

If you wish to go that route, then write down this address right now. Don't come around next month whining that you lost it. Write: Staatsarchiv, ABC-Strasse 19, Eingang A, 2000 Hamburg 36, Federal Republic of Germany. The people here will send you a list of experts for hire. With any luck you can find out the first and last names of your ancestors, plus occupation, citizenship, date of departure, name of the ship, the ship's company, destination, and names and ages of all the children.

OLD BRAUNFELS: Because so many Texans of German descent moved to New Braunfels and other Hill Country towns, many assume that their families came from old Braunfels. Some did, but most didn't. They were rounded up all over Germany. Still, old Braunfels has a special relationship with Texans. The local museum has a small niche, the Texas Room, complete with boots and chaps.

In the castle of Prince Carl of Solms-Braunfels, known about town as "Texas Carl," you find among the collection of armor, swords and shields a copy of a treaty with the Comanche. It is signed by

Braunfels



Braunfels: something old, something New

the noblemen of the Society for the Protection of German Emigrants in Texas and marked by a half-dozen Comanche chiefs. That must have been quite a meeting.

The two Braunfels are sister cities, and in the city hall of the German version there is a city shield of the American version: A tree, the Lone Star and a river, the Guadalupe. New Braunfels must be the only Texas town with its own heraldic shield.

"We get Texans in here all the time," the Braunfels *burgermeister*, Peter Schneider, told me. "This week alone we had four families from New Braunfels." He said the German Texans still can speak fine German, without any evidence of being cut off for more than a century from the mother tongue in the fatherland. Then he showed me around the city hall. If New Braunfels is the only Texas town with a shield, old Braunfels must have the only city council chamber in Germany decorated with a Lone Star

flag, a collection of various kinds of barbed wire and a set of longhorns.

IN MY OWN CASE, I don't need to seek out ships' records as much as headlines (Johannes Gutenberg lived and worked not far from Braunfels). Ludwick Kessinger was born in Essen, Germany, don't know when, probably about 1700. Ludwick had two sons, one, William, who never married. The other son was Solomon Kesinger I (he dropped one *s*) who was born in Bad Kissingen, Germany, on the Rhine. Solomon did quite well in his chosen profession and was made head of the firm's Essen office. He married Eve Grunwelt or Greenwalt.

Unfortunately, Solomon was a Catholic priest and Eve was a nun, so they quickly departed Germany, arriving in Baltimore in 1756. But they remained good Catholics: They had 11 children. One son, Solomon II, was born in Pennsylvania in 1775, and he had a son, Benjamin Lynn.

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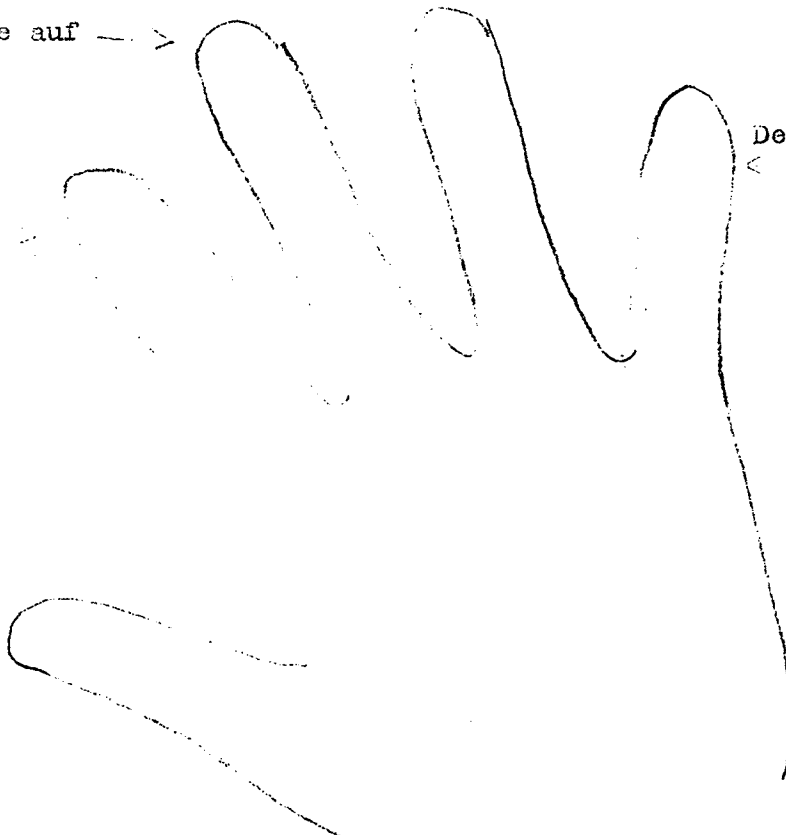
Der trag sie nach Hause

Der lese sie auf — >

Der schüttelt die
Pflaume

Der kleine asz
< sie alle auf

Dies ist der
Daumen



Ms. Moltz and I are interested in the background of her family, particularly in the circumstances that led to the emigration in 1857 of her great-great-grandmother from the village of Lotzbeuren in the Coblenz district of the Palatinate. A group from the immediate area, including three widows with children, came aboard the Anna Luisa to Indianola; Ms. Moltz and her sons settled in Seguin. Oops---that's the original Ms. Moltz, not the contemporary one. The original Mr. Moltz came from the village of Laufweiler, near Lotzbeuren---her maiden name was Mueller. We're aware of the turmoil after the 1848 revolution, and the famine about that time, as well as the problems of ever-smaller farms and the complexities of rapid industrialization of that area. We're particularly interested in tracking down the descendants of the other two widows with children, to try to put together the story of how and why this group summoned the courage to take such a bold step.


Jim Jones

614 South First St. #222
Austin, Texas 78704
August 21, 1983

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The Antique-Flea Market News, Thursday, November 4, 1982,

Gems and Minerals

by John Kothmann
GEMSTONE GRINDING
IN

IDAR- OBERSTEIN GERMANY

In 1975 I visited the twin West German towns of Idar-Oberstein. They are located about 105 km. southwest of Frankfurt. Idar-Oberstein are unofficially known as the Gemstone Cutting (Grinding) Capitol of Europe.

Agate has been found here since the time of Christ. Gemstone grinding (cutting) in this area started in the late 15th century. Early grinding was done on large sandstone grindstones. These stones are about 5 ft. in diameter and about 1 ft. thick. Until the late 1880's they were all driven by water power. Today most of those, still in use, are driven by electric power.

Agates, crystalline Quartz, Jasper, Amethyst, Rhodonite, Tourmaline, Malachite, and Rhodochrosite are a few of the gemstones utilized by the gemstone grinders of Idar-Oberstein.

Diamond cutting (grinding), gemstone carving, goldsmithing, and silversmithing are also practiced in this area.

There is an excellent gemstone museum in Idar-Oberstein. This is the Deutsche Edelstein Museum (German Gemstone Museum), located on the second floor of the Merian Hotel. Here is a worldwide representation of gemstones cut at Idar-Oberstein and their gem minerals. Large misshapen Quartz cavities filled Amethyst crystals from Brazil, fist sized

John Kothmann is president of the Dallas Gem and Mineral Society. He is a native Texan, hailing from the Hill Country, where he collected rocks, minerals and fossils as a youngster. He has travelled extensively to mineral localities both in the U.S. and abroad returning with specimens, pictures and information about the areas which he has developed into programs to present for others to enjoy. He is particularly interested in Texas-German architecture and is currently doing research which will lead to the writing of a book on the same.

faceted smoky Quartz, jewelry boxes constructed of Rhodochrosite and Malachite, and many other representatives of the art of gemstone grinding in the Idar-Oberstein area are on display.

Another fine museum is the Heimat museum. Here are many gemstone carvings. Especially interesting here is a large Brazilian Quartz crystal about 4 ft. in length and about 2 ft. in diameter.

When visiting Idar-Oberstein to be sure to visit the many shops displaying and selling gemstones, minerals, and carvings.

THE WESTERN HARZ LAND OF MINERALS

In West Germany is an area known as the Western Harz. May 1982 was the time of my visit to this area. This mountain range lies near the border with East Germany and is northeast of Frankfurt and southeast of Hannover.

There has been mining in this area since the beginning of the 13th century. The plague and many wars made mining hazardous during the 14th century. Full scale commercial mining started in the early 16th century. Some of the mining towns are Clausthal-Zellerfeld, St. Andreasberg, Bad Grund, Bad Lauterberg, and Bad Harzburg.

Minerals of silver, Copper, Zinc, Lead, and Iron were and are found here. These include native Silver, Proustite, Malachite, Sphalerite, Galena, Hematite, and Siderite. Other minerals also found here are Cerussite, Baryte, Calcite, Marcasite, Pyrite, and Quartz. At the 1982 gem and mineral show of the Dallas Gem and Mineral Society, November 13-14 will be an

exhibit of a few of the minerals from this area.

There are three museums of mining and minerals in this area.

In the old town hall of Zellerfeld is the Bergwerk Museum (Mining Museum). Here are housed representative minerals from the mines of the Western Harz area. Along with models of mining equipment there is a full-scale mining complex with underground shafts and tunnels.

The Technischen Universitat (Technical University of Clausthal) has a large collection of excellent worldwide minerals with primary emphases on minerals of the Harz Mountains. This collection is also open to the public.

Grube Samson was until 1895 the deepest mine in the world. This mine is located in the town of St. Andreasberg. Mining was discontinued here in 1910. Since then the mine has been opened to tourists. There is a small museum in one of the mine buildings, with minerals and mining lore.

Special Section

Conclusion

With the Packet Ship to Texas in 1853

The Travel Report of Christiane Haun

Edited and with an introduction by Rosemarie Pohl-Weber

Translated by Jeanne R. Willson*

Introduction

At the beginning of October 1853 there lay in the new wet dock at Bremerhaven the bark Neptune, sailing ship of the Bremen line of C. L. Brauer & Son, known to be an especially fast ship. For days on end chests and trunks were dragged onto it; 164 men, women, and children waited in the Emigration House for the ship to put to sea so they could set out on the journey to their new homeland. Texas was their goal.

On the twentieth we entered the Gulf of Mexico, and then the beautiful blue color of the true sea water was again transformed and became more cloudy, green and yellowish intermixed.--From the twenty-second on, the wind dropped exceedingly and on the twenty-third during a complete calm the captain all by himself caught with a hook a shark, which was eight feet long. We all watched as the monster with its beautiful steel-green color, twisting through the clear water, approached and then with a sudden movement devoured the piece of meat and bit onto the hook. After the catch was made, it exerted tremendous strength to free itself again, but after it

had been pulled onto the rear deck by four men and had even shattered one of the compasses there with a blow and had thrown over the lamp and the clock with the second hand, a sailor who had previously been employed in whale fishing subdued it by removing its tail with one blow. It had frightful jaws and teeth that were as sharp and pointed as needles. On that day we also saw jelly fish and medusas, round, slimy creatures, on which all colors play in the sun. Then for three days, in which time we could long since have been on land as near as we were already, we had to tack about becalmed or with a head wind. On the twenty-seventh a better wind finally rose, and toward noon Galveston Island became visible to us and finally the city itself. Countless gulls and pelicans swarmed around the ship, and everyone rejoiced at the sight of the longed-for land. But since it was Sunday, none of the American pilots came out to lead us safely into the harbor. The captain, of course, kept waiting for this, but toward evening he had to cast anchor. The lighthouse on the other end of the island was lighted, and we had nothing better to do than to dance vigorously once more in view of the city.

Then on the twenty-eighth we saw the pilot put to sea, and toward nine o'clock he came alongside us. Everyone was on deck, and I could scarcely control myself as I saw my dear Otto jump from the pilot boat into a smaller one resembling a nutshell and come alongside our ship. With a few leaps he was up the rope ladder and into my arms out of which now nothing could ever drive him again. I do not dare to describe the joy of our reunion, for it was too great, and I really had to pinch myself awake in order to be completely aware of it. So we sat there together, each delighting in the other, while

the pilot and the entire crew of the ship had to employ all their cleverness and strength in order to bring us successfully through the sandbanks. One single, slight jolt convinced us that we were on one of the most dangerous places, but the ship again took up its quiet course, and toward evening we came successfully to land. Only then was I really happy with all my heart when I stood on firm land by the side of my beloved Otto, and with sincere joy I greeted my new homeland. That I might well do, too, for luck smiled on me, and I only learned to appreciate that properly when I saw that others fared differently. The sad news awaited our colonel that eight days before the son whom he had come to visit for a year had died of yellow fever; and several others who awaited brothers or sisters at the harbor did not find them again, for they had been snatched away by that same disease. On our ship not a single death had occurred, which happens very seldom. The Hermann Theodor, a ship that had sailed three weeks before us from Bremerhaven, had almost sunk, buried fifteen bodies at sea, was thoroughly ravaged by a storm and driven to the Mediterranean Sea and came to harbor one hour after us. Another ship, the Reform, which had gone the same route as the Neptune, had come too close to the coast of Cuba, had suffered shipwreck three weeks before, and the crew and passengers could barely save their very lives.

On the twenty-ninth our ship was unloaded; the customs official had everything opened, but found nothing dutiable, and everyone received his baggage in order. Then I proceeded to the unpacking of my bridal outfit, and in my stead Madam Hagedorn restored it from

its wrinkled condition with a flat iron, while Otto and I enjoyed our short engagement. Very early the next morning, the thirtieth of November, we two walked in the company of Adele Hagedorn and a cousin to the market or rather into the great covered market building. Here a recently arrived European cannot see enough and cannot help being astonished by the unfamiliar. The merchandise was decked out and arranged most handsomely, always with a stand in between where one can always have coffee or chocolate. But one saw here neither the European bargaining nor the crowd of women as in the markets there. Almost exclusively gentlemen in the finest black dress-coats, though often enough with great holes in their sleeves or in their boots (which no American would give up for anything and in which they would just as likely appear in the foremost hotels), strolled about with large baskets or pails and shopped, or perhaps this was done by Negro women servants, who generally strutted along in the finest dresses with black silk shawls and hats with veils, which looked curious enough next to their homely, black faces.

From there Otto conducted us through the streets of the city and its outskirts, and I have never taken a more lovely walk. Already on the previous day I had been most delightfully surprised when, thinking but of November and completely unaccustomed to the verdant earth because of the sea, I saw Galveston from the ship lying before me, still adorned by leaves and blossoms. Now we could see all that close at hand. The houses, which are mostly made of planks, are painted with white oil paint and almost all lie adjacent to or within the most luxurious gardens. The most glorious roses

of all colors, walks wholly covered by myrtle and oranges, large cactuses and aloes, bananas, cypresses, and other things delighted our eyes. We stepped into one of these enclosures and picked most beautiful little bunches of flowers for ourselves, something the owners like very much to see and to which they frequently invite those who are passing by. The gardens and houses show evidence of great care, but the streets are rather poorly kept. Here one comes upon not only all kinds of livestock walking along or grazing, one also finds weeds, the excess of shoots and runners from the gardens, old, discarded shoes, broken containers, and other things of that sort. Toward noon we returned to our hotel, the Washington; the afternoon hours slipped by quickly, and toward evening my beloved Otto left me, but only so that after a few hours he could call me wholly his. Dear Adele, my bridesmaid, decked me out with the greatest care; and after she had placed a fresh myrtle wreath on my brow and dressed herself, she conducted me to the nearby house of the Brocke family where the wedding itself was held and where Otto was beforehand considered a friend. This charming family had taken upon itself much care and effort to see that we might pass this day joyously. A rather large room was decked out around the walls with large branches of orange blossoms, the most beautiful flowers covered the floor, while others stood around arranged in bouquets. Pastor Wendt, his brother-in-law Mr. Frantz, the Hagedorn family, Miss von Oels, the Brocke family, Cousin Hermann, Mr. and Mrs. Kaufmann, Captain Deetjen and the First Mate Nordenhold had already assembled; and just as we entered, Otto welcomed me at the door and led me without further ado

before the preacher.

The preacher then made a short but very beautiful speech and performed the marriage ceremony. I felt both very happy and sad. First I thought of you and regretted immensely that you could not be with us at least on this day and rejoice with us, then my heart rose up again when I thought that I had certainly been met with so much love in my new home already, and it had been demonstrated to me on just this evening over and over again by sincere congratulations and friendly offerings, and at last I became cheerful again. Then we partook of a cold supper, splendidly prepared, during which there was much laughing and joking, and before that came to an end, a band of guitars and violins outside began to play the "Bridesmaid's Dance." Quickly everyone agreed, everything was cleared away, and the ball began and lasted till one o'clock, after which the party broke up.

On the following day we paid several visits; the afternoon was spent in a delightful drive, which was undertaken by our party in three coaches along the seashore. Once more we saw the waves, by this time their intimate friends, how they foamed up in a million silver pearls and then broke. On a nearby farm we partook of coffee and all kinds of sweets that we brought with us, and after Otto and I had received from the friendly innkeeper's wife two seashells called lucky stars, such as are just thrown up out of the sea there, we set out on the way back. On the second of December in the morning I again saw something new. One of the families in Galveston preferred to establish their abode on another street from the one they had lived

on till now, and to this end the whole house, which as almost all houses in Texas is made of planks, was hoisted onto a type of moving van and so pulled away with the people in it by five yoke of oxen. I could not get enough of this sight, while it attracted no attention at all there.

In the afternoon at four o'clock we took leave of our dear ship and the harbor city. The steamboat Eclipse picked us up, and it was off through the bay and the Buffalo River up toward Houston. Too bad that we passed over the most beautiful part of this journey at night; for on the banks of this river there are splendid forests and nicely established farms, which I could only imperfectly distinguish in spite of the constant rain of fire from the steam engine. Now and then the river made such sharp turns and it became so very narrow between the banks, that the branches of the trees dashed against the decks of the ship, and it seemed as if the great riverboat could not help but crash and shatter into a thousand pieces, but it always came through successfully. In Houston we stopped for two days for the purpose of making all kinds of purchases and stayed at the City Hotel belonging to Mr. Engelke from Muhlhausen. The city is very unwholesomely situated and particularly has to contend with yellow fever, for which reason a more prolonged stay there can easily become dangerous particularly for immigrants.

So on the sixth of December at seven in the morning our splendid stagecoach trip began, which will long remain memorable for me. Try to visualize an elevated wagon (such as are nevertheless undisputably practical for the local roads), eight persons sit inside, and it can

get away through deep ruts and wet places in nothing flat. All of a sudden there appears a sort of bridge, made of wood. But a few pieces are missing so that the driver does not dare to pass over it. Consequently he gets down, gathers a few fence rails lying nearby, and quickly repairs it with them. So it goes across the enormous Houston prairie. At times one received jolts that cracked one's ribs, and still I was continually assured that, because of the previous constantly beautiful weather, the road was at the time as good as one could possibly wish. In the evening I felt completely racked, and then the coachman announced to us that because of the darkness he could not very well drive on. What was to be done? We had been driving past only a few isolated houses, and as we just now found ourselves in the vicinity of such a one, we proceeded to ask for lodging for the night there; altogether our group consisted of the Kloss family from Mecklenburg with their little daughter; an American lady with her companion, a dressed-up Negro woman; we two; and the driver. So we all went to the house. The good-natured owner of the farm, a former Hamburger, who had only lived in this place for two days, gave us everything he had, some flour, three eggs, and some salt, from which a gruel was cooked and devoured with great appetite. We spent that night making camp on blankets and traveling bags and arose the next morning more refreshed than we had expected beforehand. So the second day of the trip was begun then with renewed vigor. Right at the beginning again there were some very wet places, and we had not traveled even an hour when the coach became stuck in one of them. Now my spirit really sank, and I did not know what to do. But my

husband, Mr. Kloss, and the Negro woman got out, first pulled off their shoes and stockings, and by shoving came to the aid of our horse power so that we fortunately again had firm ground under us. Then we soon came to the woodlands along the Brazos that were in part still green but had grown densely together and were inhabited by countless squirrels. Our conveyance now progressed better, except that our driver met an acquaintance here and there next to whom he would then generally pull up and chat with him for awhile. At the ferry over the Brazos we met our baggage wagon, which an American was driving and which Hermann was accompanying on its trip. On the banks of this river one saw the trees still in leaf and with the most varied alternating greens. But soon this had disappeared, and then the woods appeared the way they are in the country up here, rather sparse, consisting of cedar and several kinds of oak, most of which look stunted and are far inferior to the German variety. On this day we ate at noon and in the evening with American farmers, served by Negro women, and also slept gloriously compared to the day before. Finally on the following day toward eleven o'clock in the morning we arrived in LaGrange and received an exceedingly friendly reception from a leading merchant family there by the name of Rhode. Therefore, we gladly accepted the invitation of this charming family to spend a few days with them. In this way we rested up again with German food and in German beds from the American transportation that we had just suffered through, took several excursions by wagon in the vicinity of the town, and at the same time made a number of visits in LaGrange itself, since Otto previously had his home there.

On Sunday, December eleventh, the Rhodes had their Negro "Tom" drive us in a beautiful carriage to Round Top. The Surmanns, their children, Brother-in-law Wilhelm, Cousin Hermann, and Mr. Ross were waiting for us already; a salute was fired, and we spent this day very joyously. At the same time, the Surmanns' Negro woman Sara amused me a great deal; for Otto, owing to her curiosity, had made her believe I was very short, terribly fat, had a humpback and a pair of very large teeth, and one need must be afraid of me, so that the girl continually stared at me with her big eyes and appeared clearly to be wondering what had become of these strange characteristics. Later she became very fond of me and always called me Aunt Haun, just as the children did. We then stayed with the Surmanns for more than two months, since none of our houses was finished before then. At Christmas stollen were baked and a beautiful cedar decorated as a Christmas tree, which made much pleasure for the children and for us; also, on New Year's Eve and for Grandpapa's and for my birthday, we drank eggnog so assiduously that my husband positively tried to persuade me that I would surely not be able to find the door any more, but I did not allow myself to be misled and found it right enough.

On February twenty-second we made the move into our new kitchen, which is rather big and is a building in itself. Although its interior presents a true hodgepodge since it unites living room, bedroom, and kitchen in one, it can nevertheless be called magnificent compared to a hundred other houses in Texas, and we will live in it until the house itself, to which a covered passageway will lead from the kitchen,

is finished. On the sides of Texas houses are to be found almost without exception verandas that are preferred to the rooms as a place to stay in the heat of the day as in the cool of the evening. The Americans know how to plan absolutely everything with extreme practicality, and as a newly immigrated person one can only learn from them. For this reason it often occurs to me that one needs to go through an entirely new school of life here, and still it can always be endured. Much, often the very thing that seems to one to be totally essential, one can sometimes not have at all or only in time. But that does not matter at all; the Texan is satisfied with everything that is there at the moment and does not ask for any more. Otto and I also yield to this Texas custom, and since we live with one another in peace and love as well, what more could possibly be necessary to be happy, yes, often more than happy? The greatest wealth of the local farmers consists of a very large herd of cattle that then constantly increases from year to year. So that we should also acquire such a herd, my brother-in-law Wilhelm has presented us with a pretty black cow named "Blossom" and its calf as an extra wedding present. Another by the name of "Brandy" was bought for me by my husband, and he will soon acquire a few more. So naturally I am never bored, and the unavoidable housewifely duties particularly are even now admonishing me to close this long letter. Therefore I now extend friendly, heartfelt greetings to everyone into whose hands this comes. The Lord be with you and protect you, especially now, from all threatening danger, and may he choose to protect us from the same. My brother-in-law Wilhelm, who is just on the point

of leaving for Germany, since he does not like it here at all, will take this quite incomplete description of my trip with him, and it will probably reach you by mail from Bremerhaven. Do not laugh at me because of the various particulars and the quantity of detail. Adieu and good fortune to you from this distant place!

This is the wish

of your

faithful daughter, granddaughter, and kinsman

Christiane Haun, nee Döring

Round Top, April 10, 1854

Liebe Freunde in der
Round Top Konversations-Gruppe

Unser 1. Zusammensein war wieder sehr gemütlich. Dr. Ritter aus Deutschland machte das Beisammensein besonders interessant.

Unfortunately, we have to change our fall schedule a bit due to a board meeting of the GTHS on October 8 and some other changes:

Wir treffen uns am

- | | |
|---------------------------|---|
| 19. November um 2 Uhr bei | Miriam York
1409 E Austin
Giddings
Tel. 409-542-2218 |
| 3. Dezember um 2 Uhr bei | Leola Tiedt
510 N Franklin
LaGrange
Teld. 409-968-5639 |
| 17. Dezember um 2 Uhr bei | Lisa Kahn
Farm , Round Top
(call for directions in Houston
713-665-4325) |

Bei Dorothy Leyendecker in Columbus werden wir uns erst im Frühjahr treffen.

Bis zum Wiedersehen herzliche Grüsse - bringen Sie Freunde!

Lisa Kahn

Dialects complicate Swiss communication

BY URS C. GRASSI
Associated Press

BERN, Switzerland — To Franz Kafka, the often guttural idiom seemed "filled up with lead." To Swiss playwrights-novelists Friedrich Durrenmatt and Max Frisch, it is a language which they speak but do not write.

A dictionary started a century ago has grown to 14 volumes and more than 100,000 entries, with only an off-chance that it might be completed before the

year 2000.

The entries are in Swiss - German or "Schwyzerdütsch," which is only one way to spell the collective label for the scores of dialects in Switzerland where German, or rather Swiss-German, speakers make up three-fourths of the population.

They developed in the Middle Ages and are still closer to the medieval idioms than the "High German" spoken in neighboring West Germany.

They can differ from valley to valley, from town to town, in a unique linguistic fragmentation.

Most are incomprehensible to West German visitors and some dialects of remote regions in the Valais pose problems even to many Swiss.

And they have brilliantly survived against the challenge of High German's domination in the media, films, theater, church sermons and the multilingual federal Parliament — because

French- and Italian-speaking members normally would not understand the German dialects.

Most Swiss-Germans readily admit they feel ill at ease in speaking what they call "written German." Some even prefer switching to French in talking to West Germans. Max Frisch says "written German" is a "semi-foreign language" but adds he is happy about this discrepancy because it helps him in his writing.

George Mikes, the Hungarian-born British author of the best-selling *How to Be an Alien*, was among the first to point to another advantage:

"It may not be beautiful as a language but it is brilliant as a conspiracy," he noted in his *Switzerland for Beginners*. "It is a splendidly secret language."

Recently, Swiss newspapers triumphantly published new evidence backing up this attribute. Evgeny Chernevski, an engineer of the Moscow Institute of Sciences who is described as "linguistic world champion," reported his encounter with what seemed to him first an "Asian or African language unknown to me."

Chernevski, who claims fluency in 32 languages, including High German, told an interviewer of the newspaper *Sovietskaya Rossiya* the "strangely articulated language" was used by "two white men" whom he met in an Irkutsk restaurant. "I asked them in English what language they were speaking and they told me they were businessmen

from Switzerland.

"German was the first foreign language I learned," said Chernevski, who claims he can simultaneously translate eight. "Each additional language becomes easier to learn because there are so many similar words. But Swiss-German is an exception."

Economy-minded Swiss diplomats are known to prefer the dialect to costly anti-bugging equipment. Insiders say deciphering tapes is assumed to be virtually impossible for foreign intelligence services.

Swiss newspapers said use of the dialect was also a popular weapon in sales talks, especially with state-controlled East European import agencies.

The representative of a Swiss machinery concern said that in countering "last-minute efforts" to bring the price down, "Schwyzerdütsch allows us to discuss our reaction even in the presence of German-speakers" although some may consider this impolite.

Melton Koch
102 W. Rampart Dr. Q103
San Antonio, TX 78216

Lange Paste

"Mutti, weisst du wieviel Zahnpasta (toothpaste) in einer Tube ist?" — "Nein, mein Junge!" — "Aber ich — fast drei Meter."

Zufall

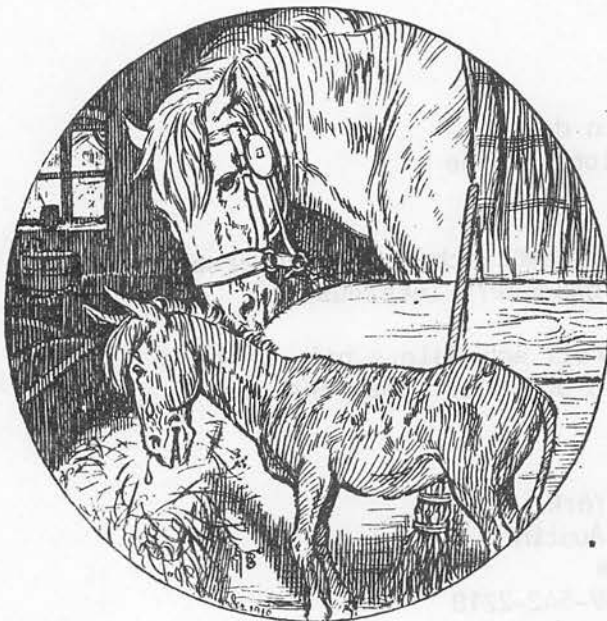
Arzt: "Der Scheck, den Sie mir gegeben haben, ist leider wieder zurückgekommen!" — Patient: "So ein Zufall (coincidence), die Krankheit auch!"

Erbe

"Das ist eine Krankheit, die Sie ererbt (inherited) haben", klärt der Arzt den Patienten auf.
Darauf dieser: "Gut, dann schicken Sie die Rechnung bitte an meinen Vater."

Grosse Frage

"Wenn Ihr Sohn mit der Universität fertig ist, was ist er dann eigentlich?"
"Weiss ich auch nicht. Mit Sicherheit vierzig."



Der Märtyrer.

Ein Pferd und ein Esel kehrten abends in den Stall zurück. „Weh mir,“ klagte der Esel, „wie bin ich müde und hungrig! Ist das ein Leben? Plagen muß ich mich den ganzen Tag und arbeiten, und schließlich werde ich noch geschlagen. Ach, ich bin ein Märtyrer unter den Tieren!“

„Weshalb jammerst du immerfort,“ entgegnete das Pferd, „ich arbeite doch auch und plage mich. Aber mich erfreut der Erfolg meiner Arbeit. Ich sehe daraus, daß mein Leben einen Zweck hat, daß ich anderen nütze, die sich wieder mir durch Kost und Pflege dankbar erweisen. So gewinnt mein Leben Wert und Inhalt.“

„Du kannst leicht lachen,“ rief der Esel, „du bist ein Pferd; du legst dir alles so schön zurecht. Was soll aber ich machen? Bedenke, ich bin doch nur ein Esel!“

FROM DONALD WILDER
BRENHAM

Cowboys for the Kaiser

IN THE DESERT

By Karl May.
Translated by Michael Shaw.
411 pp. New York:
A Continuum Book. The Seabury Press. \$10.95.

WINNETOU

By Karl May.
Translated by Michael Shaw.
749 pp. New York:
A Continuum Book. The Seabury Press. \$13.95.

ARDISTAN AND DJINNISTAN

By Karl May.
Translated by Michael Shaw.
654 pp. New York:
A Continuum Book. The Seabury Press. \$12.95.

By WALTER LAQUEUR

ONCE upon a time there was a German writer, Dr. Karl May, whose works sold 70 million copies; this assures him a place among the top 10 on the all-time best-seller list of world fiction. Einstein said that May's books had been dear to him in many a desperate hour. Albert Schweitzer praised his courageous stand for peace, Hermann Hesse called his fiction "indispensable and eternal." He has by now survived Wilhelmian Germany, Weimar and Nazism. In the 1960's I saw a film based on one of his books in Czechoslovakia; he will probably survive Communism too. Yet his name is familiar only to a handful of experts in the United States, and one looks in vain for him in most histories of German literature.

For the books of Dr. May (the doctorate was acquired from "Universitas Germana-Americana" in Chicago, an institution that does not appear in "The World of Learning") can hardly be regarded as serious or even middle-brow literature — in fact, a case could be made for not considering them literature at all. Yet they are still widely read in many European countries, and now, 65 years after his death, three of them have been published in the United States by the Seabury Press. Such an author is clearly a phenomenon.

Karl Friedrich May (1842-1912) was born in a little town in Saxony and studied to become a teacher. At 17 he was thrown out of school for stealing candles. He spent the next 15 years in and out of prison. According to the official files he was a dangerous criminal. But the thefts, the frauds and the imposture were always on a small scale, the acts of an amateur, or a sick man, not a master criminal. In later years May claimed that he had suffered depressions and that society should have helped him instead of regarding him as an enemy. When he was released from prison

Continued on Page 28

Walter Laqueur, director of the Institute of Contemporary History in London, is author of several books, including "Young Germany," "Weimar: A Cultural History," "Zionism" and, most recently, "Terrorism."

after his last major conflict with the law, he was 32, without friends and prospects. And then, suddenly, he discovered his true vocation as a writer. The beginnings were not too promising: *Kolportage*, penny dreadfuls, sensational rubbish written for popular magazines of the lowest sort. He went to work with incredible diligence and within a few years had composed some 30 monstrous novels that later on he unsuccessfully tried to suppress; such was his subsequent popularity that some of them are in print even today.

The books that made him famous and appealed to a quickly growing community of admirers began to appear in the 1880's. These novels describe what happened to the author in far-away countries, mainly in what was then the Ottoman Empire, and in the American Wild West. The most remarkable thing about these travelogues, full of color and minute detail, is that the author had never left his native country; the air of authenticity was conveyed through intelligent use of maps, encyclopedias and dictionaries.

It is impossible to summarize the contents of Karl May's works. There is an unending chain of exciting adventures. In the oriental novels, the first of which, "In the Desert," is published here, along with "Winnetou" and "Ardistan and Djinnistan," the author crosses the impenetrable North African salt marshes and the Arab peninsula in the pursuit of villains; he enters Mecca, the forbidden city; he falls into the hands of robbers, slave traders, cruel Turkish governors, is condemned to the *bastinado* and to be executed ("In the Desert"), but always escapes, owing to his courage, cunning and physical strength. There are the most detailed descriptions of scenery, of flora and fauna, the customs of the natives, their religion (including the festivals of the Yazidis), the Koran is frequently quoted and Arabic and Turkish phrases abound. The hero, Kara Ben Nansi (Karl the German) resembles a medieval knight *sans peur et sans reproche*; he has all possible virtues except a sense of humor. Some light relief is always provided, however, by the comic figure of his faithful companion and servant Hadji Halef

Omar, small of stature but brave and utterly reliable, who forever wants to convert him to Islam. There is a great deal of repetition and the American editors should not be blamed for substantial cuts.

But it is for his American novels that May became, and remains most famous. In "Winnetou" he first appears as a greenhorn-surveyor who reveals enormous physical strength, wisdom and judgment beyond his years and daring (he kills a grizzly bear with a knife); he is a crack shot, swimmer and horseman, and acquires by osmosis, as it were, an unrivaled mastery of woodcraft. Again there are most detailed descriptions of the scenery from Montana to Texas, of railway construction, of Indian pueblos and funeral rites and of animal lore. Again light relief is provided by a sidekick, Sam Hawkens, the hero's first tutor in the mysteries of the new country and his subsequent traveling companion. Some Indians, such as the Kiowas and the Sioux are up to no good, but the chieftains of the Apache, such as Winnetou, the author's blood brother, are depicted with sympathy and admiration.

"Ardistan and Djinnistan," the third of these three volumes, which present, roughly speaking, a typical cross-section of his work, is an allegorical-philosophical novel that the flower children might have liked. I found it unreadable as a schoolboy, and still do today. The publishers introduce Karl May as a writer concerned with "the ultimate human questions, and

with the lost soul of modern man." Symbolic meanings and the collective unconscious are invoked in this book, as well as protests against the age of imperialism and the "inevitable brutality of modern civilization." Although Karl May is virtually indestructible, he should not be compared (as his publishers do) with Stevenson, Conrad and Kipling, but with R. M. Ballantyne, Rider Haggard and Jules Verne. Of these, only Verne, with an imagination that spanned not only the globe but also the depth of the oceans and outerspace, is his superior; as a storyteller, May is at least his equal.

Karl MAY (End)

Will Karl May catch on in English? There is reason to doubt it, because science fiction and thrillers have largely cornered the fantasy market. It is not that the translations come too late. It would have been impossible to publish him in America before World War II, because the kind of Wild West pseudo-authenticity that made the Europeans happy simply would not have done in the United States. And what with regular flights to Khartoum, Baghdad and Ryad, the Orient has lost much of its exotic character. Yet who knows? As an imaginative storyteller, with all the false pathos, the childish psychology and the inevitable *Kitsch*, he is so much superior to the other laborers in the same vineyards.

Ignored by the literary establishment, ostracized by the authorities (much in contrast to Jules Verne), Karl May became a cult figure in his lifetime; pilgrimages were made to the house he had built, which after his death became a museum. Even today there are annual Karl May festivals in West Germany. He was, of course, a pathological liar, maintaining to the very end that he had visited all the places described in his books, fought all the battles and undergone all the hardships and adventures. He knew no foreign languages, yet he claimed to speak and write altogether some 40 languages. But the addicts are quite willing to put up with this and much more; after all, Dante had never been to Hell either, nor had Shakespeare been to Denmark or Italy. In the mansions of world literature there are many rooms. Somewhere a niche has to be found for Karl May; to keep him out has proved to be a hopeless endeavor in any case. ■

Fotograf und Präsidenten

Die Geschichte des Großvaters von Peter Anton July wäre es auch wert, erzählt zu werden: Wie jener um 1830 von Lissingen im Kreis Daun wegzog nach Alf an der Mosel, um in der dortigen Eisenhütte unter anderem die Schienen für die erste deutsche Eisenbahn von Nürnberg nach Fürth (1835) zu bauen.

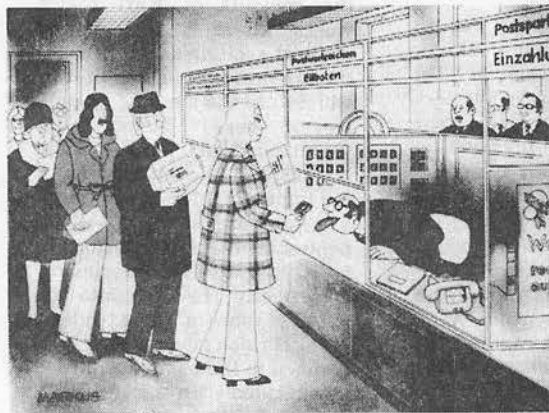
Dies gehört aber nicht hierher. Der Enkel des Lissingers, der genannte Peter Anton July, hielt es als Post-Assistent in Alf nicht aus. 1888 wanderte er aus nach Amerika, gründete zehn Jahre später ein Fotoatelier in New York und wurde, von 1901 bis 1909, offizieller Fotograf des Präsidenten Theodore Roosevelt. July, der sich „drüben“ July schrieb, starb 1919.

Sein Sohn führte das Atelier weiter. Das Archiv seines Vaters vermachte er 1975 dem Nationalmuseum für Amerikanische Kunst in Washington. Dieses ist nun dabei, die 130 000 Fotonegative zu sichten und eine Ausstellung über die July-Sammlung vorzubereiten. Die Auswanderer und ihre Nachkommen brachten es aber nicht nur zum „Hof-fotografen“, sie kamen sogar ins höchste Staatsamt. So wanderte im 19. Jahrhundert eine gewisse Familie Huber aus Oggersheim - heute bekannt als Wohnort des Bundeskanzlers - nach Amerika aus. 1874 wurde Herbert Clark Hoover dort geboren, der von 1929 bis 1933 Präsident der Vereinigten Staaten war. In Eu-

ropa kannte man ihn schon länger: Er hatte nach dem Ersten Weltkrieg die „Quäker-Speisungen“ organisiert. Nach dem Zweiten Weltkrieg gingen dann die „Hoover-Speisungen“ für unterernährte Kinder, besonders in Deutschland, auf diesen berühmten Nachkommen deutscher, Pfälzer Auswanderer zurück.

Später war er, der 1964 90jährige starb, noch im hohen Alter Berater eines anderen Präsidenten, der ebenfalls Nachfahr Pfälzer Einwanderer war: Dwight D. Eisenhower, „Ike“, wie die Amerikaner ihn nannten, stammt von jenem Nicholas Eisenhauer ab, der 1741 aus der Pfalz aufbrach, um sein Glück in Übersee zu suchen.

DARÜBER LACHT MAN IN DEUTSCHLAND



„Als Ausgleich für die höheren Telefongebühren haben wir unseren Service am Postschalter konsequent ausgebaut.“
Aus der Zeitschrift „Stern“

Der Ältere

„Klaus“, fragt der Lehrer, „bist du zu Hause der Älteste?“
„Nein, mein Vater ist älter.“

Ehrlich

„Bitte Herrn Direktor Ehrlich“, sagt der Anrufer zum Fräulein von der Telefonzentrale.
„Das geht nicht, bei uns ist kein Direktor ehrlich.“

Freitag

Was hatte Robinson Crusoe mit der New Yorker Börse gemeinsam?
Den Schwarzen Freitag.

Schwere Literatur

Eine Dame kommt in eine Buchhandlung und möchte ein Buch kaufen.
„Soll es was Leichtes sein?“ fragt die Verkäuferin.
„Das ist egal — ich habe den Wagen draussen ...“

Sprichwörter

Tradition: die Degeneration schreitet von Generation zu Generation fort.

Gedanken sind zollfrei (duty-free). Geschriebene oft nicht.

Der Aufrechte beklagt auch den Verlust eines Feindes.

In vielen Firmen beginnt das Sparen — beim freundlichen Wort.

Das Schönste.

FROM ANNA EBERLE

Ein Heim, von Liebe warm durchglüht,
Wo wandellose Treue blüht,
Froh sinn sich zum Glück gesellt,
Das ist das Schönste auf der Welt!



From The Highlander, Marble Falls, Texas,
Submitted by Geneva Tetley, Granite Shoals, Tex

Mayor's wife cooks German tradition

HARD TACKS

- from Caroline Pittman's Ancestor

MARBLE FALLS - "This first recipe was brought to Texas from Germany by my great-great-grandmother in the early 1800's," explained Caroline Pittman, wife of Marble Falls Mayor Robert Pittman.

Mayor Pittman can't wait for the holidays and the traditional, family favorite treats that Caroline prepares.

"This is the original recipe," Mrs. Pittman explained. "It will fill a 50-pound lard can and will last until all are eaten" according to the note on the antique card. Mrs. Pittman has reduced the preparations (in parentheses) to one fourth for our readers:

- 4 pounds of brown sugar (2 and three-eighths cups)
- 1 pound butter (one quarter pound)
- 1 quart of molasses (two cups)
- 1 quart raisins (one cup)
- 2 quarts pecans (two cups)
- 1 cup water (one quarter cup)
- 6 quarts flour (six cups)
- 3 teaspoons soda (three-fourths teaspoon)
- 3 teaspoons baking powder (three-fourths teaspoons)
- 3 teaspoons cinnamon (three-fourths teaspoons)
- 1 teaspoon cloves (one quarter teaspoon)

1 teaspoon nutmeg (one quarter teaspoon)

Heat sugar, butter, water and molasses. Mix with other ingredients. Take one-fifth of the mixture and knead in more flour until it makes a stiff roll (make 5 or 2 if reducing recipe).

Wrap roll in freezer paper and store in a cardboard box. Next day or week, cut in slices and bake until light brown. Store in a lard can or airtight container.

Caroline Pittman also submitted this quick and easy recipe from her maternal grandmother, which are also baked for holidays and parties:

Pittman's Pecan Macaroons

- 1 egg white
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 cups pecans

Beat egg whites until very stiff and fold in sugar, then the nuts.

Drop on greased and floured, tin cookie sheet with a teaspoon.

Bake in a slow oven or until set (about 20 minutes).

Cool on the tin cookie sheet and store in airtight container.



Hildegard Taylor's holiday lebkuchen (German gingerbread)

Hildegard Taylor, wife of Burnet City Manager Ken Taylor, says this German gingerbread recipe has been in her family for years. She was raised in Trier, West Germany.

"Everyone goes around to each other's houses during Christmas and samples goodies," says Hildegard. "This was what my mother liked to bake and it doesn't taste like the usual American gingerbread."

Hildegard feels that the Christmas traditions are so much different in Germany. She feels the visiting and sharing that goes on in America is sometimes

rushed during the holidays.

She likes to celebrate Advent daily and use this as a family sharing time. The family does not put up its tree until Christmas Eve, which has become harder to explain to their nine-year-old son. All of his friends will have had their trees up for days, but she likes this tradition and is holding on to it.

Here's her recipe:

- 1/4 cup honey
- 1 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 tbs. water
- 1/4 cup orange juice

- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup mixed candied fruit
- 1 package semi-sweet chocolate morsels, 12 oz.
- 2 3/4 cup sifted flour
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ground cloves
- 1 tsp. ground cardamon
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- orange glaze, made as follows: combine 1 cup sifted confectioners sugar, 2 tbs. orange juice, 2 tbs. water and 1/2 tsp. vanilla.

Blend until smooth.

Combine honey, sugar and water in saucepan. Place on medium heat and bring to boil. Remove from heat; cool.

Stir in orange juice, beaten eggs, nuts, fruit and chocolate. Sift together dry ingredients and stir into honey mixture.

Store dough in tightly covered dish for three days at room temperature to ripen.

Turn into greased and floured 15 X 10 X 1 inch pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes. Glaze with orange glaze while warm. Cut into 3 X 1 inch bars. Decorate with candied fruit.

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The story of good St. Nicholas

For many centuries, "Good Saint Nick" - Saint Nicholas or Santa Claus to American children - the patron saint of young people, has been associated with Christmas and gifts. His name, originally from the Latin, Sanctus Nicolaus, has had various forms, including the German, Sankt Nikolaus, Dutch, Sinter Klaas, finally becoming our modern "Santa Claus." Although it is customary to regard him as a myth, there actually was a real St. Nicholas, an early Christian bishop, who lived during the fourth century. It was because of his unusual generosity that our ideas of the modern saint have developed.

Nicholas, the only child of wealthy Christian parents, was born at the close of the third century, perhaps about 280, at Patara, a port in the province of Lycia in Asia Minor. Early in his childhood, his devout mother taught him the Scriptures. When both parents died during an epidemic, they left the young boy in possession of all their wealth.

Young Nicholas dedicated his life to God's service and moved to Myra, chief city of his province. There, after the death of their bishop, members of the Council balloted unsuccessfully, for some time, trying to choose a successor. Finally, in a dream, the oldest official was told to stand next day at the cathedral door and select as the new bishop the first man named Nicholas who entered.

When the young Christian went to the church as usual for morning prayers, he was asked his name; and soon afterward he was selected by the Council and consecrated to the high office. Nicholas, because of his youth, tried to refuse the position, but he was overruled.

Our well-known and popular Christmas poem honoring the saint, "A Visit from St. Nicholas," was written by Dr. Clement C. Moore, who taught in a theological seminary in New York. His verses popularized the new conception of Santa Claus driving his eight reindeer over the housetops.

It is said that Dr. Moore had heard a Dutch friend, a short, chubby man with a long white beard, telling stories about the saint. No doubt, the author drew inspiration for his noted descriptions of St. Nicholas from him. On December 22, 1822, Dr. Moore read the poem to his children for the first time. A visitor in the home was so delighted with the stanzas that she copied them; and next year she had the poem published in the Troy, New York, Sentinel.

At once it became very popular; but the author apparently thought it somewhat beneath his dignity, for he did not include the verses among his printed works until years later. After his death, on several occasions, Dr. Moore was honored on Christmas Eve at a chapel near his burial place. At these memorial services, there was a Bible reading,

followed by tableaux and carols. Then a procession of children carrying lighted candles made its way to his grave.

Clement C. Moore's description of St. Nicholas was read in all parts of the country. And our modern Santa Claus

was further developed when the well-known cartoonist, Thomas Nast, pictured him in Harper's Illustrated Weekly in 1863 in a red, fur-trimmed suit. Nast, a native of Bavaria in Germany, remembered "Pelze Nichol" ("Nicholas with the Fur") of his childhood, who brought children presents. During the Civil War, the cartoonist cheered the Union soldiers and their families when he patriotically depicted the saint in a red, white and blue outfit with his sleigh and reindeer, visiting the soldiers at their camp and giving them holiday gifts.



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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1983

Fredericksburg Standard

A Story Of Germans In Texas

As Told In Cologne Newspaper

(Editor's Note: This is the translation of a story written in German by Dr. Horst Schmidt-Brummer, that appeared in the June 25-26 edition of The Stadt-Anzeiger, Cologne, West Germany's leading newspaper. Dr. Horst-Schmidt teaches German literature and was a lecturer at the University of California at Los Angeles when he came to Fredericksburg earlier this year, accompanied by Gudrun Wasmuth. The two men are now preparing a travel guide to Texas, to be published next year. It will be the first of its type, written for Germans by Germans. Jim Hartmann, executive vice president of the Fredericksburg Chamber of Commerce, hosted the two while they were in the city.)

By Horst Schmidt-Brummer

Exactly three hundred years ago the first German immigrants arrived in the land of boundless opportunities, America. Today, about 60 million Americans of German descent are living in the U.S.A.

No one will dispute the valuable contribution the Germans have made to the development of the United States. The American melting pot, however, has almost completely swallowed up their influence. The big cities still have their Chinatowns, Koreatowns, Little Italys and Little Tokyos, but there is no Little Germany anymore. Those times have long gone by.

The German language is leading a shadowy existence in the United States. The enrollment in German language classes at universities is constantly dropping, it is hardly offered in high schools and on the streets you don't hear any German at all. In short, an independent German culture does not exist in the United States. Neither the Goethe-Institute nor Franz Beckerbauer, the VW Rabbit on the highways or Hanna Schygulla on the screen can change this.

In Texas, however, things

are different—especially in the so-called German Belt between San Antonio and the state capitol, Austin, in the Texas Hill Country. Led and protected by aristocratic organizations, the first German settlers came to Texas 150 years ago. The names of the towns are proof of the aristocratic patronage: Luckenbach, Muenster, Weimar, Boerne, Schulenburg. There are over 100 of them in this most American state—the home of juicy steaks, rough cowboys, oil and J.R.'s.

Surely, many here enjoy the T.V. series "Dallas" or even know that Chamber of Commerce President Wolf von Amerongen from Cologne owns a ranch in Texas, and farsighted Germans invest their money in summer homes on the Texas Gulf Coast. But there is still more that links Germans and Texans.

For example, Texas is proud to have the highest number of German descendants in the South. Only the Spanish-Mexican influence is stronger. It is estimated that about 5 percent of the Texas population is of German descent, nearly one million people.

In 1845, Prince Carl zu Solms-Braunfels settled a group of Germans a few miles north of San Antonio, this settlement was called New Braunfels. These new settlers did not sit around idly but started right away to make the Texas wilderness a place fit to live. Bumper stickers on many cars, among other things, announce what has become of this wilderness: "In New Braunfels ist das Leben schoen." Word for word in German, without translation. Also, the local daily paper in this town is still called the "New Braunfels

Herald Zeitung."

New Braunfels has indeed many pleasant things to offer. A scenic panorama with the picturesque Guadalupe River, a historical hotel, called of course Prince Solms Inn, which is especially appreciated by newly-weds because of its luxurious furnishings, and the old frame houses, built with timber and sandstone that remind you of the solid workmanship of early German pioneers. The houses are well kept and are still admired by many Americans. American wooden constructions seem poor and scanty in comparison.

The Germans were also successful ranchers in Texas. The largest ranch in the country, the King Ranch, situated in South Texas was founded by Robert Kleberg. With over 2½ million acres it is practically a state within a state. The fences around the ranch are nearly 2,200 miles long. The South Fork Ranch in comparison is not more than a patch of grass.

Life was not always smooth, however, for example there were political problems. During the Civil War many Germans spoke out against slavery. This created friction with the Southerners who were not interested in the least to give up their way of life. Because of this, Germans were discriminated against at every opportunity. In the end, the whole region of the German Belt (Gillespie County) was accused of siding with the Union.

Perhaps here lies one of the reasons why families held together like clans and why the continuation of the German heritage, the family, the community, and the Christian faith became

so important. This clan-like behavior was not as strongly developed in the cities. Consequently there is no salient German influence in Houston, San Antonio, Austin, or Dallas anymore. The fast growth of these cities has extinguished it over the years. This used to be different. Even well into our century street names in San Antonio used to be in three languages: English, Spanish, and German.

It is not surprising that the German past has been preserved more in the relatively secluded Texas Hill Country than anywhere else in the U.S.A. Also the language. Dona Reeves, assistant professor in the German department at U.T., remarks, "After three and sometimes four and five generations, about 142,000 inhabitants of the German Belt in Texas can converse in German with visitors from Germany."

This is proven most impressively in Fredericksburg, a genuine example of a German community, which is secretly called the "German Capitol of Texas."

Fredericksburg with its 6,000 citizens has dedicated all its energy to the preservation of its German heritage. Situated in the heart of Texas, or more precisely in the Texas Hill Country, it offers a living German colonial history with its 20 churches, restored stone houses, German shops and beer gardens.

Charles Schmidt, a local dentist, takes a two-volume family genealogy from his bookshelf. He spells the names of the cities his grandparents came from: Duren, Wachen. And Cologne? Yes, he would like

Continued →

Germans in Texas - as told in Cologne paper 222-

to go there, because of the cathedral and then go down the Rhine and visit real German cities; Heidelberg, Michelstadt, Nordlingen.

The showpieces in Fredericksburg are the so-called Sunday houses, the only ones in the U.S.A. The farmers from the vicinity built them for their families to stay in when they went to town to buy supplies, go to church, and to socialize. These cute little weekend houses in the style of Hansel and Gretel consist mostly of a sitting room, a kitchen and a veranda. An ideal place for practicing the German tradition of "Kaffee und Kuchen" in the afternoon. In the evening the family would return to the farm.

Since then, these minihomes have been changed and added on to and are now in most cases inhabited by the descendants of the original builder.

The trademark of the city is of course the stately "Vereinskirche" downtown. In earlier times it was church, school, clubhouse, and fortress at the same time. Now the octagonal building serves as a library and a museum. Because of its form it was nicknamed the "Coffee Mill."

Loretta Schmidt is even more dedicated to the preservation of German customs than her toothache-healing husband. She does it best in the kitchen of their beautiful old house just outside of town. Her waffles, pound cakes and gingerbread are not only appreciated by their two children, Stuart and Heidi, but by the whole family and their friends. Especially during coffee time on Sunday after church and Sunday lunch.

German cookies are in great demand by all Americans, not to mention a good loaf of bread. An excellent opportunity for the new baker, who opened up a shop just a few months ago on Main Street in Fredericksburg. He comes from the Federal Republic.

The German-Americans always welcome visitors from the fatherland, the Old Country. Then their German becomes alive, even if it consists only of a few rusty phrases and words.

German is spoken fluently by the 60 to 80 year olds in the streets, on the telephone, and in a number of shops.

Betty Klein falls into this age group. A few days a week she works at the LBJ Ranch, the estate of the former U.S. president, Lyndon Baines Johnson, which is only a few minutes from Fredericksburg by car. Among the places of interest on the ranch is an old-style German farm with a smokehouse, vegetable garden, and livestock, that still makes its own jams, sausages and soap. Frau Klein informs her visitors about the farm either in

German or in English. She explains the function of the "Gute Stube" as well as the usefulness of the German stove. (The Germans in the U.S.A. held on their cast iron stoves while the Anglo-Saxons preferred their open fireplace.)

During the tour through the farmhouse Frau Klein also mentions a German invention. She demonstrates a meat grinder for corn which separates with surprising speed the corn from the cob. She talks enthusiastically about the extraordinary tasks of the men of the first hour: "They did a lot of magnificent things here, the German people, the first who came from Germany. They could do a lot more than others. They were a lot smarter."

The good reputation stayed on. Two World Wars did not do much damage to it. Germans are generally known as definitely dependable, clean, thrifty, and above all industrious. If you ask Loretta Schmidt she will tell you: "When someone looks for a job in Houston and tells them he comes from Fredericksburg, he has a better chance."

Kitchen is a Favorite

One thing is clear, however, no one in Fredericksburg, New Braunfels, Austin, or Dallas thinks of

FREDERICKSBURG STANDARD,

himself as German. Their identity lies in Texas, they are Texans of German descent. And that is why they are good Texans—with their heritage as an amplifier. There is no sign of an inner conflict, an identity crisis or any other kind of self-doubt.

The source of this stability is perhaps certain essential similarities that seem to exist between Germans and Texans. Anyway, German folklore and Texan gregariousness complement each other at the many Wurst-Schutzen-Singer—and October Fests. Humpa music and country western tunes, German beer mugs and Texas barbecue are only two sides of the same coin.

The French cuisine is well established all over the U.S.A.: expensive import wines, cheese with names that are hard to pronounce for American tongues, and exclusive restaurants. The simple German kitchen is no match for this. It is known as the absolute tail light in the international world of gourmets. The Texans, however, lean more toward the German-style cooking. They don't think highly of small portions garnished with a lot of gourmet ado. They would rather have it German-style.

But love for the same kind of food is not the only common denominator. They also seem to have the same fascination for adventure. Everybody knows that German Air Force pilots soar through the sky over Fort Bliss in El Paso, Texas. The German community there has been built up accordingly. Very few, however, know that there were also Germans among the men who defended the Alamo in 1836 against the

Mexican army. Only the list of names of those who fell in battle reminds us of the German support.

A further bond between Texas and Germany is formed through the name and ancestors of Fredericksburg's great son, Admiral Nimitz. He is the son of Karl Nimitz from Bremen who married in Fredericksburg in 1848. Today, the proud Nimitz Hotel reminds us even through its architectural style of this hero of the Pacific. It is built like a ship.

Also German romanticism has penetrated Fredericksburg in a very touching and pensive way. I am talking about the popular Easter Fires of the Open Air Festivals which attract hords of visitors every Saturday before Easter. It is impossible to find a hotel room for miles during the festivities.

Marcella Weiershausen has been the organizer of the festival for sixteen years. This March she will need over one thousand performers, all of them volunteers: families, students, boy and girl scouts, and members of local clubs. After sundown, the entire history of the settlement will be shown on an open air stage with vast numbers of Indians settlers, elves, and Easter bunnies. And of course there is music, fireworks and dancing. The bunny band will play "In München steht ein Hofbrauhaus..." and the old evergreen "O, du lieber Augustin..."

Frau ohne Beruf

"Ohne Beruf", so stand es im Paß
 Mir wurden bald die Augen naß,
 Ohne Beruf, war da zu lesen,
 Und sie war doch das nützlichste Wesen.
 Nur für andere zu sinnen und zu sorgen
 War ihr Beruf vom frühen Morgen
 Bis in die Tiefe der kargen Nacht
 Nur für der Ihren Wohl bedacht.
 Gattin "Mutter" und Hausfrau zu sein
 Schließt das nicht alle Berufe ein?
 Als Koch von allen Lieblingsspeisen,
 Als Packer, wenn es geht auf Reisen,
 Als Chirurg, wenn ein Dorn sich im
 Finger versplittert,
 Schiedsmann bei Kämpfen erbot
 und erbittert.
 Färber von alten Mänteln und Röcken,
 Finanzgenie, wenn sich der Mantel
 soll strecken.
 Als Lexikon, das sicher alles soll
 wissen,
 Als Flickfrau, wenn Strümpfe und
 Kleider zerrissen.
 Als Märchenerzählerin ohne Ermüden
 Als Hüterin von des Hauses Frieden.
 Als Pupp doktor, als Dekorateur,
 Als Gärtner, Konditor, als Friseur.
 Unzählige Titel könnt ich noch sagen,
 Doch soll sich der Drucker nicht
 länger plagen,
 Von Frauen "die Gott zum Segen
 schuf".
 Und das nennt die Welt dann
 "Ohne Beruf"!

THE SEALY NEWS Thursday, October 6, 1983

Local Area Described In Early Book on Texas

San Felipe, the Brazos River and its bottomland, and roads from Houston to Gonzales through San Felipe are some of the many towns and areas described in an 1849 book, Roemer's Texas, which has been published this fall by the German-Texas Heritage Society.

Roemer's Texas has long been considered one of the best narrative accounts of life in early Texas. Dr. Ferdinand Roemer, a German scientist, traveled through Texas from late November, 1845 until May 1847 and recorded his observations in detail.

Although his visit was primarily for the purpose of geological studies, he was also interested in the plant life, animal life, and the daily life of the settlers and Indians. He was especially conscious of the German settlements, and attempted to evaluate all those aspects of Central Texas critical to the creation of a homeland for German immigrants.

His journey extended from Galveston to San Antonio, Fredericksburg,

and Glen Rose, an area of approximately 20,000 square miles. Working almost entirely without maps, without prior sound geological information, and traveling under difficult and primitive conditions, his work is considered remarkable for its time.

After Roemer returned to Germany he published his notes and travelog in book form, entitled Texas. This German language edition, published in Bonn in 1849, was translated in 1935 by Oswald Mueller of Houston, Texas and reprinted in 1967. The book has been out of print for many years and extremely hard to find.

The 1983 edition, published as a Texas Sesquicentennial project by the German-Texas Heritage Society, contains additional Prefaces which give a modern perspective of Roemer's work in Texas. The Society has also added an Index, which contributes greatly to the usefulness of the book. Each copy of the book includes Roemer's map, 14 to 16 inches, suitable for framing.

Written in a readable narrative style, the book (301 pages) is an important addition to any Texas collection. For purchase contact German-Texas Heritage Society, Department of Modern Languages Southwest Texas State University, San Marcos, Texas 78666.

Recorder-Times—Thursday, September 29, 1983—27
 (San Antonio)

Boehler's oldest Texas bar

When Fritz Boehler first opened the Liberty Bar in 1890, he had no idea it would become the oldest continuously operating bar in Texas.

The Liberty Bar, or Boehler's Beer Garden as it is known today, has been open seven days a week since 1890 and remained open in spite of prohibition.

Boehler's location was, and still is, ideal. In 1890, Josephine Street was the only access into and out of San Antonio so all the travellers passed by.

It was the only place travellers could get a "cool one" and buy feed for their animals at the same time.

Fritz died in 1923, but the Boehler's

legend continued. The bar was run by the Boehler family until 1930 when Fritz's daughter, Minnie, married Kenneth Kline.

The Kline family ran the business, off and on, until 1983 when it was purchased by John Roberts and Casey Rubey.

Today, the original solid mahogany bar and back are still in use.

So is the brass rail and hundreds of old photographs from days gone by that line the walls.

Boehler's has undergone few changes. One room has been remodeled and restored, as much as possible, to its original state.

It is the goal of the new owners to restore as much of Boehler's as possible.

Toleranz: sich selbst untreu werden.

Unübliche Flucht (escape): wenn Finanzsünder in Steuerparadiese (tax paradise) flüchten.

Sprache: das Mittel zum Schweigen.

Die neuen Helden schießen nicht Von Theodor Geus

Texas — widersprüchliche Bilder aus einem mythischen Land: Transatlantisches Arkadien und eine steinige Hölle I

Wenn sich die Blüten der Kakteen in allen Regenbogenfarben der Mittags-sonne zu öffnen, schlägt die Stunde der Geier. Dann heben sich die schweren schwarzen Vögel, vom heißen Wind getragen, leicht in die Höhe und kreisen als düstere Schatten des Unheils über diesem durstigen Land. Es ist eine gelbbraune Wüste, in die Wind und Wasser, Hitze und Kälte gigantische Dome, Schlösser und Burgen aus Stein gemeißelt haben zu einem heroischen Relief, über dem atemlose Stille liegt. Das ist Texas.

Hier im tiefen Süden, wo der Rio Grande die Grenze zu Mexiko bildet, ist jenes Texas zu finden, das jedes Kind kennt — mythisches Land, das vom Kriegsgeschrei der Comantschen und Apachen widerhallt, durch das Büffelherden stampfen, in dem Cowboys am Lagerfeuer traurige Lieder singen und Sheriff Higgins, ein Mann, der John Wayne verdammt ähnlich sieht, den Colt um den Bruchteil einer Sekunde schneller zieht als der Räuber und Mörder Alabama Kid. In dieser Nacht am Rio Grande, nachdem die Sonne gewaltig untergegangen war und die Berge jäh feuerrot aufglühten, ehe tausend Sterne aufzogen, war an Schlaf nicht zu denken vor lauter Erinnerungen an die Abenteuer der Fantasie im Wilden Westen. Hier muß es gewesen sein, als ich mit Billy Jenkins geritten bin.

In Wirklichkeit ist dieser Wilde Westen längst gezähmt durch endlose

Straßen, ist aufgeteilt worden unter den Reichen. Die Rauchzeichen der Indianer sind erloschen, und er ist gut versorgt mit Satellitenfernsehen und anderen Annehmlichkeiten der Zivilisation. Nur manchmal noch schleichen sich Mexikaner über den Großen Fluß. Aber wenn Staub und Durst den Körper quälen, spürt man doch etwas von der Erbarmungslosigkeit dieses Landes, das nur dem Starken ein Recht zum Leben gab, und man versteht, daß früher Richter ihren Delinquenten nur eine Wahl ließen: Gefängnis oder Texas. Die meisten wählten für ein wenig Freiheit das Schlimmere — Texas oder El Despoblado, wie die Spanier diese öde Unendlichkeit nannten.

Es ist kein Wunder, daß hier, wo die Natur eine grandiose Kulisse für die Heldensagen Amerikas geschaffen hat, immer neue Mythen entstanden sind — nach dem Mythos von der Überlegenheit des weißen Mannes und der blutdürstigen Rothaut der Mythos vom Land der Hoffnung, dessen Echo bis in die Alte Welt herüberdrang und einen Strom von Einwanderern auslöste. Sie alle suchten das neue Paradies, das ihnen Lügner und Scharlatane in romantischen Bildern vorgegaukelt hatten. Es waren die Armen Europas, die den Verheißungen eines goldenen Westens folgten: Engländer, Iren und vor allem Deutsche. Sie fanden nichts weiter als eine feindselige Wildnis. Daß sie überlebten und mit ihnen, Abertausende

Meilen von der Heimat entfernt, die Rekonstruktion deutscher Idylle, die von den Nachkommen in Landstädtchen wie New Braunfels oder Fredericksburg mit Liedertafel, Oktoberfest, Sauerkraut und Bratwurst liebevoll gepflegt wird, gehört zu dem, was Texas unbegreiflich macht.

Auch der Mythos von der großen Freiheit ist hier entstanden. Von dem Kampf einer Handvoll Männer gegen eine mexikanische Übermacht, die das kleine Fort Alamo bis zum letzten Mann verteidigten, rührt jener texanische Chauvinismus, etwas Besonderes zu sein — eine eigene Nation innerhalb der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika mit einem eigenen Unabhängigkeitskrieg, der Hort des wahren Patriotismus und Gottes eigenes Land. In den Ruinen von Alamo, um die längst die große Stadt San Antonio gewachsen ist, nimmt ein Texaner — und nur hier — den Zehn-Gallonen-Hut ab und läßt sich von den Reliquien rühren: Jim Bowies Messer und die Büchse David Crocketts, Handwerkszeug für Männer, wie sie noch heute die Straßen füllen und manche Party zieren.

Wer durch Texas reist, wird immer wieder spüren, daß Vergangenheit und Gegenwart ineinander übergehen. Nicht nur, daß die Landschaft ihrer eigenen, in Filmen, großen Romanen oder billigen Wildwestheften immer wieder reproduzierten Legende entspricht mit geheimnisvoll silbernen schimmernden Bergen, endlosen Weiden und Hügeln, die mit blauen Wogen wilder Lupinen überzogen sind, sondern auch die Menschen kultivieren den alten Geist eines Grenzlandes mit einer lauten Herzlichkeit, mit einem bis zur Überheblichkeit reichenden Selbstbewußtsein, bedingungsloser Hilfsbereitschaft und Großzügigkeit. Selbst im Spiel noch gelten die traditionellen Riten: beim brutalen Zirkus eines Rodeos und beim Football-Match, jenem uramerikanischen Kampf um jeden Fußbreit Boden. Daß die Dallas Cowboys in Amerika als die härteste Mannschaft gelten, kommt nicht von ungefähr, denn wer aus Texas kommt, will immer nur gewinnen. Es zählt nichts anderes als der Sieg.

Einiges aber hat sich doch geändert. Die neuen texanischen Mythen haben ihren romantischen Glanz verloren. Der Mythos vom unendlichen Reichtum durch das Öl und vom Land, in dem jeder Millionär werden kann, gilt nur noch für die Etablierten, obwohl gerade jetzt der alte Traum vom Glück im Süden Tausende von Arbeitslosen auf der Suche nach Jobs nach Texas treibt. Und der jüngste Mythos, durch die Fernseh-Serie „Dallas“ weltweit verbreitet, ist nur aus der Ferne betrachtet märchenhaft, tatsächlich aber eher das Protokoll einer trivialen Wirklichkeit. Denn der Stil der Ewings ist der Stil des Big Business in Dallas, und an der Lakeside Road wohnen hinter einem Wall blühender Azaleen in prunkvollen Palästen viele J. R.s — nach amerikanischem Selbstverständnis keine Bösewichter, sondern positive Helden im eiskalten Wettlauf um Gewinne und Rendite, falls sie erfolgreich sind.

Reisen durch Texas müssen noch weitgehend auf eigene Faust organisiert werden. Obwohl alle großen Veranstalter (zum Beispiel DER, Neckermann, Airtours, TUI, Inter Air Voss oder Nova-Reisen) ein umfangreiches Amerika-Angebot vorlegen, gibt es keine Rundfahrten durch dieses Land. Texas ist meistens nur eine Station auf dem Weg nach Arizona oder Nevada beziehungsweise Endpunkt von Flugverbindungen, etwa von ABC-Flügen der LTU von Düsseldorf und Frankfurt nach Houston (1389 bis 1729 Mark je nach Saison) und der Global von Frankfurt nach Dallas/Fort Worth (1558 bis 1798 Mark) beziehungsweise Linienflügen der PanAm von Frankfurt nach Houston über New York (1628 bis 1950 Mark) oder der Lufthansa von Frankfurt nach Dallas/Fort Worth (1630 bis 1950 Mark).

Einreise: Für einen Besuch Amerikas ist noch immer ein Visum erforderlich, das von den Konsulaten in der Bundesrepublik ausgestellt wird. Die Kontrollen bei der Ankunft sind oft peinlich genau. Die Einfuhr von landwirtschaftlichen Produkten ist streng verboten (auch Obst).

Reisen im Lande: Auf Grund der großen Entfernungen — Texas ist dreimal so groß wie die Bundesrepublik — ist der Mietwagen

immer noch das beste Fortbewegungsmittel. Es gibt die Möglichkeit, ihn schon in der Bundesrepublik vorzubestellen (Preis pro Tag je nach Wagengröße zwischen 53 und 99 Mark). Ebenso können Übernachtungsgutscheine für die großen Hotelketten gekauft werden, etwa bei DER (Preis pro Zimmer und Nacht um 100 Mark). Ein Liter Benzin (bleifrei) kostet derzeit etwa 60 Pfennig. Die Essenspreise, vor allem in den Kettenrestaurants, liegen meist etwas niedriger als in Europa (von 8 Dollar an).

Literatur: Reisehandbücher über Texas gibt es in deutscher Sprache außer einem kleinen Polyglott nicht. Die ausführlichste Übersicht bietet das Heft „Texas. Live the legend!“, erhältlich bei der Travel & Information Division 11th & Brazos Streets, Austin, Texas, 78701; zur Einstimmung ist das Buch „Texas, a picture tour“, Verlag Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 12,95 Dollar, zu empfehlen.

Information: Fremdenverkehrsamt der USA, Roßmarkt 10, 6000 Frankfurt am Main, Tel. 06 11 / 29 52 11, sowie die örtlichen Visitors-and-Convention-Büros, die meist sehr gut mit Prospekten, Stadtplänen und Karten sortiert sind.

Wenn sich die feine Gesellschaft von Dallas, in der sich allerdings der Adel des „old money“ säuberlich abgrenzt von den Emporkömmlingen des „new money“, im besten Hotel der Stadt zum Bürgermeister-Ball trifft, kann man die Doppelgänger von Sue Ellen, Bobby, Pamela und Lucy im Dutzend sehen. Die Jeunesse dorée von Dallas, tagsüber in verwaschenen Jeans aus allerfeinster Baumwolle und hochhackigen Stiefeln aus Schlangenhaut, trägt in dieser Saison am Abend weißen Frack und weißen Zylinder und Abendkleider der italienischen Haute Couture. Es scheint, als genösse ganz Dallas seinen Ruhm als Fernsehstar als kleinen Ausgleich für das tiefsitzende Trauma, jene Stadt zu sein, in der durch die Ermordung Präsident John Kennedys die Hoffnung Amerikas auf innere Erneuerung zerstört wurde. Es scheint, als läbe man sich daran, daß die Southfork-Ranch

am Highway nach Norden ein internationaler Wallfahrtsort geworden ist — mit einer Devotionalienbude, Hamburgers, Führungen durch das Gelände und einem gelb-weiß gestreiften Zelt, das für Ewing-Parties gemietet werden kann. Als Sehenswürdigkeit hat die Southfork-Ranch den gleichen Wert wie die Akropolis von Athen oder das Colosseum in Rom. Daß hier nur die Außenaufnahmen gedreht werden und das eigentliche Drama von Hollywood erledigt wird, stört niemanden. Dallas, das den Krieg der Wolkenkratzer und den Kampf um den Sitz von Ölgesellschaften, Banken und Versicherungen gegen Houston um Längen verloren hat, ist jetzt wenigstens wieder wer.

Manchmal regt sich Unbehagen in Texas. Gerade hat Houstons junge Bürgermeisterin der Stadt ein neues Image verordnet. Sie soll „more sophisticated“ werden und den Ruf verlieren, in den Schluchten von Downtown, in denen ein eisiger Wind bläst und der Himmel nur zu sehen ist, wenn man den Kopf weit in den Nacken legt, lebten nur Asphalt-Cowboys ohne Lebensart und Kultur. Es ist das gleiche Houston, in dem an den Mythen des 21. Jahrhunderts gearbeitet wird: im Raumfahrtzentrum der Nasa am Mythos von der Eroberung des Universums durch den Menschen und im Texas Medical Center am Mythos vom Sieg der Wissenschaft über die Schrecken des Todes.

Es sind bedrängende, bestürzende und überwältigend schöne Bilder, die nach einer Reise durch Texas im Gedächtnis bleiben. Da ist neue Welt aus Stahl und Glas in den großen Städten, eine Welt ohne Seele zwar, aber als Demonstration der Macht nicht ohne ästhetischen Reiz. Das ist das traurige kleine Provinznest Grandfalls inmitten einer von Ölpumpen verwüsteten, stinkenden Erde, das langsam verfällt, oder San Antonio, wo noch etwas spürbar wird vom hispanisch-mexikanischen Charme des Südens.

Da sind die großen Tanzhallen, bis unter das Dach gefüllt mit einer brüllenden Musik, in denen ein halbes Hundert Paare zum Cotton Eyed Joe einen großen Kreis bildet und immer wieder „Bullshit“ schreit, und gespenstisch-leise Flughäfen. Da ist River Oaks, das Nobelviertel von Houston mit Häusern, die von fünfhunderttausend Dollar aufwärts kosten, und der Slum von Dallas für die zwanzig Prozent Neger in der Stadt. Dazwischen liegt immer wieder meilenweites Land. Manchmal ist es

wie ein sanftes transatlantisches Arkadien und dann wieder eine steinige heiße Hölle. Es sind Bilder, die nie ganz zusammenpassen, ebenso wie die Menschen, die diese Bilder beleben: Emily aus Bamberg, die im Big Bend Nationalpark über ein Dorf und eine Touristensiedlung herrscht, der arme Tagelöhner Gonzales Garcia, der am Abend sein Pferd sattelt und über die grüne Grenze durch den Rio Grande in seine Heimat reitet, oder der bulgarische Opersänger, der in San Antonio ein Musikfestival organisiert mit Hilfe eines millionenschweren Gönners, den jeder, auch der Fremde, mit „Hi, John“ begrüßt.

Aber das alles ist dennoch Texas, ein starkes Land, das selbst seinen eigenen Widersprüchen trotzt. Man muß den Wind, der über die Wiesen weht, gerochen und den Staub der Wüste geschmeckt haben, um wenigstens etwas von der texanischen Seele zu spüren.



Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung

Donnerstag, 28. April 1983, Nr. 98

Bed-and-Breakfast in Texas

dsm. DALLAS/TEXAS. Texas hat sich jetzt dem „Bed and Breakfast“-Programm angeschlossen. Einzelheiten sind durch die gebührenfreie Telefonnummer 1-800-USA-Inns des Information Service zu erfahren. Die Anschrift: Information Service, Box 1376, Ashland, Oregon, 97520.

Articles
From
ELFI ochs
LANGENFELD, F.R.G.



300 JAHRE

Auswanderung von
Rheinland-Pfalz nach Amerika
**Deutsch-Amerikanisches
Volksfest**

Hambacher Schloß 10. und 11. Sept. 1983

Eigentlich könnten die Rheinland-Pfälzer das Jubiläum „305 Jahre Pfälzer in Amerika“ feiern oder gar noch weiter über jene Zahl „300“ hinweggehen, die derzeit Anlaß zu deutsch-amerikanischen Freundschaftsfeiern diesseits und jenseits des Atlantiks sind.

305 - das käme zum Beispiel hin, wenn man die Gründung von „New Paltz“ 1678 in der Nähe von New York nähme. Aber was soll's: Die Ankunft jener 13 Familien aus Krefeld 1683 bei Philadelphia und die Gründung ihrer Stadt „Germantown“ wurden als Beginn organisierter Auswanderung aus Deutschland erklärt.

Fest der Freundschaft

Was aber uns Rheinland-Pfälzer nicht hindern kann, uns unserer vielfältigen, jahrhundertealten Beziehungen zur „Neuen Welt“ zu erinnern. Wir wollen aber auch unser Verhältnis zu den rund 150 000 Amerikanern bei uns im Lande festigen, enger gestalten und beleben. Einen Beitrag dazu sollen die verschiedenen Veranstaltungen der Landesregierung in diesen Wochen leisten. Eine davon: ein zweitägiges deutsch-amerikanisches Volksfest auf dem Hambacher Schloß am 10. und 11. September. Siehe auch „report-Reportage“, Seite 6/7

dorothy meyer
 rt 5 box 161a
 victoria, texas 77901

In an old book which my husband's grandfather brought over from Germany is 52 pages on what Texas is like according to the author Traugott Bromme.

I am enclosing a page or two from the chapter on Texas plus the title page and index of the book. If you are interested in having me xerox the entire Texas article I will do so.

Traugott Bromme's
Hand- und Reisebuch

für
Auswanderer

nach den
Vereinigten Staaten

von
Nord-Amerika,

Texas und Californien, Ober- und Unter-Canada, Neu-Braunschweig, Neu-Schottland, Santo Thomas in Guatamala, der Mosquitoküste und Brasilien.

Erste vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage.

Mit einer Karte der Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika.

Bayreuth.

Verlag der Buchner'schen Buchhandlung.

1850.

33. Der Staat Texas.

Am der südwestlichen Grenze der Vereinigten Staaten, im Westen des Sabineflusses, eröffnet sich ein herrlich reiches, früher, noch vor kaum dreißig Jahren so wenig gekanntes Land, das, als Frankreich Louisiana an die Union abtrat, demselben nicht der geringste Werth beigelegt wurde, so daß dasselbe, obgleich damals in die Grenzen Louisiana's inbegriffen, als undurchdringlicher werthloser Sumpf, stillschweigend als mexikanisches Grenzland jenem Staate überlassen wurde. — Die Politik Spaniens, in den benachbarten Freistaaten einen Nebenbuhler fürchtend, hinderte die Kolonisation des Grenzlandes, und beschränkte selbst die Niederlassung einer spanisch-mexikanischen Bevölkerung, um in dem wüsten Texas eine Vormauer gegen die wachsende Macht der Vereinigten Staaten zu besitzen, und nur im Westen des Landes bestanden einige spanische Niederlassungen und die Städte Bejar, Soliad und Bahia, im Osten an der Grenze der Union aber nur ein Militärposten, Nacogdoches. — Beinahe zwei Jahrhunderte lag das Land im ursprünglichen Naturzustande, und mit den Thieren der Wildniß vegetirte darin die auf kaum 6000 Seelen geschätzte Bevölkerung spanischer Abkunft in einer gänzlichen Abgeschlossenheit von der Welt. Fremden jeder Nation war es bei Strafe der Einkerkierung untersagt, sich in Texas aufzuhalten, und selbst blos Durchreisende waren vielen Gefahren ausgesetzt. — Während des Kriegs, der mit der Unabhängigkeit Mexiko's endigte, wurde Texas in Verbindung mit den beiden nächsten Provinzen Tamaulipas und Coahuila ein Glied der mexikanischen Föderativ-Republik; der Kongreß ließ eine andere Politik, in Betreff der Kolonisation dieses Grenzlandes, eintreten, die eine Lieblingsache der neuen Regierung wurde; Gesetze wurden hierüber promulgirt, die an Liberalität wohl schwerlich übertraffen werden konnten, und die über Uebervölkerung klagenden Staaten des mittleren Europa's, die den außereuropäischen Ländern zu wenig Aufmerksamkeit schenken, ließen es sich nicht träumen, daß es ein Land gäbe, wo Dorfmarkungen, Grasschaften und Hirtenthümer so gut wie verschenkt wurden. Die Regierung kontrahirte mit einzelnen Unternehmern, Empresarios genannt, die eine Strecke ausfuchten und sich anheischig machten, eine bestimmte Anzahl von Familien darauf an-

From the August 29 1983 issue of the newspaper in Baytown Texas
 Sent to me by others and the name of this newspaper is unknown
 to me - but it's the only one in Baytown.
 J. Fred Buens

Houston Reflects German Influences

"... The desire for adventure, unfortunate circumstances of all sorts, love of freedom, and the fair prospect of gain had formed this quaint gathering. It was everyone's wish to be somebody in the general company, and therefore everyone threw the veil of oblivion over past deeds. Everyone stood on his own merit. . . . Only talent, or rather its useful application, is taken into account."

This is a description of Houston which could have been written last week by a personnel recruitment firm of perhaps in the persuasive details of Texas given a laid-off worker by a Detroit welfare office. But it was used nearly 150 years ago to persuade thousands of people to pack their belongings, leave their German homeland and travel thousands of miles to what they could only believe by the description, was the promised land.

The massive emigration from Germany to Texas, which took place between 1830 and 1860 and the two decades following the Civil War, had a significant impact on the growth and culture of Texas. Dr. Ted Gish, University of Houston Central Campus professor of German, whose research focuses on Texas Germans, recently completed a study on the social and economic influences of Germans in Houston as part of "Houston — Development of an International City," a project of the Houston Center for the Humanities, funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Gish says German influence in Texas was not limited to the Hill Country areas. "This pre-Civil War immigration led not only to the development of the 'German' Hill Country communities, particularly New Braunfels and Fredericksburg, but also contributed materially, during the important, formative years, to the development of Galveston, San Antonio and Houston.

"During certain periods of the nineteenth century, the populations of Galveston and San Antonio were estimated to be between one-third to one-half German, while the population of Houston was estimated to be between 20 and 45 percent German!"

Between 1815 and 1850, more than 50 books were published by Germans who had visited America. Gish says that in these books, Texas was better discussed and "advertised" than any other state in America. Even more persuasive were the fictional accounts by writers and poets who had never visited Texas. The

Austrian Charles Sealsfield never saw Texas, but his books, "Nathan the Squatter Overseer, or the First American in Texas" (1837) and "The Cabin-Book or Descriptions of Life in Texas," (1841) glorified Texas to many potential German immigrants.

"Sealsfield not only idealized American frontier life and American democracy, but he fictionalized as no other writer had done before the romantic life of the settler within the veritable 'paradise' of Texas," Gish says.

Nearly 15,000 Germans came to Texas in those 20 years before the Civil War (8,000 came in 1847) through the grandiose colonial schemes of the Adelsverein (the Society of Noblemen), Gish says. In addition to looking

"During certain periods of the nineteenth century, the populations of Galveston and San Antonio were estimated to be between one-third to one-half German, while the population of Houston was estimated to be between 20 and 45 percent German!"

for a better life in Texas, Gish believes the society also had vague dreams of an overseas empire for Germany. However, the major land grant area owned by the society was in Comanche territory in West Texas, so many of the immigrants enticed to Texas remained in the Houston area after their perilous two-month journey from Bremen, Germany to Galveston.

The very first Houston settlement within the present city limits, in an area south of Buffalo Bayou and west of Highway 59, became known as "Germantown" because of the predominantly German inhabitants of the area, a name which unofficially remained until the 1900's. Gish points to remnants of the historical German presence in Houston's street names like Binz and Studemont as well as former and current civic leaders like Hermann, Settegast and Hofheinz.

George Fisher, the first president of the German immigrant aid society, was an alderman, an associate justice of the Harris County

Commissioners Court and a founder of the Chamber of Commerce. One of his employees was a young German businessman, Gustav Dresel, who lived in Texas from 1838-1840 and wrote a "Houston Journal," a major historical record of the city and its German population, Gish says. The introductory description of Houston was from Dresel's journal.

The German immigrants also brought their culture to Houston, directing the city's first musical concert in May, 1840. Two German singing societies, founded in 1883, are still in existence today, and Gish found that Houston was often the host city for the state's annual German singing convention. The Houston Turnverein, or athletic club, considered the oldest German turner club in the country, was very active in civic affairs, establishing the city's first fire-fighting company and forming a militia unit during the Civil War.

"It is a popular belief among German-Americans that more people spoke German than any other European language, except English, in Houston during its formative years," Gish says. There were 15 different German newspapers published in Houston between 1859 and 1917, and in 1870 the Houston City Library widely advertised holdings of "2000 volumes in English and German."

Direct German influence in Houston became less apparent after the turn of the century, particularly as the U.S. became involved in World War I, Gish says. Anti-German sentiment in 1917 caused a decline in the use of German in Houston's Lutheran and German Catholic churches, resulted in name changes for Houston's German cemetery (to Washington Cemetery) and German Street (to Canal Street) and forced many families to Anglicize their names.

However, the recent resurgence of interest in ethnic origins has increased the visibility of German-Americans. Major celebrations are being held throughout the country to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the first German immigrants to the United States.

"The German heritage is one of the greatest ethnic forces in America. A recent newspaper report stated that 28.8 percent, nearly 52 million Americans, trace their roots to Germany," Gish says. "And that heritage is still adding significantly to the development of Houston. Just ask our German-American mayor, Katherine Niederhofer Whitmire!"



Deplaziert.

„Na, Herr Nachbar, was ist denn bei Ihnen wieder für eine Festlichkeit?“

„A paar Freund' hab' i' eing'laden. . . Wissen S', mei' Grundfaß is: „Leben und leben lassen!““



Deutsche in Texas: Freiheit, Wurst World und „das scheenste Language“

„Sie suchten ihr Paradies auf den Ebenen der Büffel“

Von unserem Redaktionsmitglied Uwe Witsch

Wer durch Texas reist, durch dieses weite Land im Süden der USA, stößt immer wieder auf deutsche Namen. In den Städten New Braunfels (nordöstlich von San Antonio) und Fredericksburg (westlich von Austin, unweit der Ranch von Lyndon B. Johnson) stößt der Tourist auf deutsche Vergangenheit in geballter Form. Hausnamen wie „Das Frankenstein“, „Der Kartoffelpuffer“, „Kleine Halle“, „Wurst World“, „Das Spielhaus“, „Krause's Café“ und „Schmitz Hotel“ sowie Hinweise auf ein „Wurstfest“, eine „Schlitterbahn“ oder gar auf eine „Amtliche Stadtwurst-Kapelle“ (Official City Sausage Band) lassen bei oberflächlicher Betrachtung auf exotisch klingende Relikte eines spärlich vertretenen Deutschtums schließen. In Wahrheit ist das Erbe beachtlich. Texas war einmal das Traumland freiheitsliebender Deutscher. New Braunfels und Fredericksburg sind dabei verschwisterter Zeugen dieser 140 Jahre alten Geschichte.

In den 30er Jahren des vorigen Jahrhunderts, schien der große Atem der Freiheit von Texas in das beengte Deutschland der vielen Fürstentümer zu wehen. Texas befreite sich von mexikanischer Vorherrschaft. Charles Sealsfield (eigentlicher Name Karl Anton Postl) beschrieb in seinem „Kajütenbuch“ ein Land als endlose See

Auswanderern sollte Land zur Verfügung gestellt werden, auch sollte ihnen ausreichend Schutz geboten werden. Es gab auch den Hintergedanken, im freien Texas eine Art deutsche Kolonie zu gründen, mit der bald gute Geschäfte zu machen seien.

Doch es kam ganz anders. „Sie suchten ihr Paradies auf den Ebenen der Büffel – aber auf dem Weg nach Westen starben sie“, heißt es einleitend zu Klaus Gröpers 1978 erschienenem romanhaftem Werk „Im Winter brach der Regenbogen – Der deutsche Treck nach Texas“. Prinz Carl von Solms-Braunfels war ein Schwärmer, der die rauhe Wirklichkeit nicht sehen wollte. Völlig unvorbereitet trafen im Dezember 1844 drei Schiffe mit deutschen Aussiedlern an der texanischen Küste bei Galveston ein. Prinz Carl gründete sogleich einen neuen Hafen, den er Carlshafen nannte.

Die Aussiedler fanden nicht die versprochene Ausrüstung vor. Sie mußten in einem selbsterbauten Schuppen notdürftig überwintern. Erst im Frühjahr konnten sie mit ein paar Ochsenkarren weiterziehen. Am 21. März 1845, einem Karfreitag, führte Prinz Carl die Aussiedler an eine Stelle des Comal Flusses und gründete dort eine Siedlung, die er nach der heimatischen Burg an der Lahn Neu Braunfels nannte. Seinen neuen Amtssitz nannte er nach seiner Verlobten Sophienburg. Ähnlich der Burg an der Lahn wollte er hier eine stolze Veste errichten.

Prinz Carl übersah geflissentlich, daß der Adelsverein bankrott war, nicht genügend Land für nachströmende Siedler vorhanden war und die Neuankömmlinge nicht versorgt werden konnten. Als er in der Heimat Prinzessin Sophie heiratete und diese keine Neigung zeigte, ins rauhe Texas zu ziehen, kehrte auch Prinz Carl nicht mehr in die Neue Welt zurück.

Der neue Generalkommissar, Baron Ottfried Freiherr von Meusebach, war ein vom Berliner Zirkel der Bettina von Arnim geprägter Idealist, aber auch ein Mann der Tat. Ihm gelang es in Neu Braunfels für Ordnung zu sorgen, so daß die Aufbauarbeiten zügig vorangehen konnten. Er organisierte sogar eine neue Expedition und gründete am 23. April 1846 die Siedlung Friedrichsburg, nach dem Prinzen Friedrich von Preußen benannt.

Während Neu Braunfels und Friedrichsburg bald florierende Städte wurden, ging es schnell bergab mit der Siedlung Bettina, benannt nach Bettina von Arnim. Von Prinz Carl von Solms-Braunfels angelockt, sollte hier eine Bruderschaft von Freidenkern eine neue Heimat finden. Die „Vierzig“, so wegen ihrer Mitgliederzahl genannt, vergaßen aber über dem Philosophieren von einer neuen Welt, diese mit ihrer Hände Arbeit aufzubauen. Die Ortschaft Bettina verfiel. Wenig später löste sich auch der Adelsverein auf. Doch da hatten die fleißigen Deutschen bereits Wurzeln in Texas geschlagen.

Die Deutschen bauten ihre Kirchen und ihre Schulen. Sie brachten Bildung in die westliche Einsamkeit. Heute schätzen die Texaner der Deutschen Gemütlichkeit. Das

RHEINISCHE POST
Nr. 216 – Samstag, 17. September 1983



„Auf geht's“ alle Jahre wieder beim großen „Wurstfest“ in Braunfels in Texas. Die Deutschen machen's möglich. Bilder: Archiv, Witsch

Wurstfest von New Braunfels (in diesem Jahr vom 4. bis 13. November) hat Oktoberfest-Ausmaße erreicht. Und der Gesangsverein „Friedrich Barbarossa“ hat viele Mitglieder, die kein Wort Deutsch sprechen können, aber das Singen in einem deutschen Chor schön finden. Im Museum Sophienburg führt der 75 Jahre alte Carlo Fischer

den Besucher vorbei an den Requisiten, die von der Kunst der Siedler zeugen. Sein Urgroßvater, Hans von Specht, kam einst von Hamburg herüber, seine Urgroßmutter ist im Waisenhaus groß geworden. Von der ehemaligen Lehrerin Margaret Fields, die ihn bei der Führung unterstützt sagt er: „Sie spricht das scheenste Language.“ Lächelnd erwidert sie: „Charly's wunderbar.“



Der „Adelsverein“ (1842) sollte deutsche Einwanderer in Texas schützen.

von Grün. „Hin nach Texas, hin nach Texas / Wo der Stern im blauen Felde / Eine neue Welt verkündet...“, beginnt euphorisch ein Abschiedsgedicht, das Hoffmann von Fallersleben seinem lieben Pastor Fuchs mit auf die Reise gab.

Getragen von diesem Optimismus wurde 1842 in Biebrich am Rhein von fünf Prinzen und 16 Adligen der „Verein zum Schutz deutscher Einwanderer in Texas“ gegründet, der sogenannte Adelsverein. Dessen erster Generalkommissar war Prinz Carl von Solms-Braunfels, sein Nachfolger in diesem Amt wurde Baron Ottfried Freiherr von Meusebach. Ein weiteres Mitglied war Prinz Friedrich von Preußen. Der Adelsverein hatte hohe Pläne. Durch die Auswanderung nach Texas sollte Abhilfe geschaffen werden gegen die Verarmung. Den



Aus früher Siedlerzeit: eine kleine Kirche bei Fredericksburg. Hierher ging Lyndon B. Johnson zum Gottesdienst, und hier wurde er getraut.

German-Texan Heritage Society

Founded in August, 1978, the German-Texan Heritage Society is a non-profit organization seeking members from the general public. Everyone is welcome to join! Descendants of all German-speaking peoples. Researchers. Educational institutions. Genealogists. Historians. Librarians. Biographers. Students. Interested persons.

The Society is an organization devoted to building pride in the heritage of German Texans through historical research and cultural preservation. It is a united effort in Texas to disseminate information about archives, research projects, cultural events, folklore, publications and meetings related to German Texan topics.

The Society publishes a NEWSLETTER of about 60 pages three times a year as well as supplements when needed throughout the year. The NEWSLETTER is compiled and edited by a group of dedicated volunteers. An annual meeting is held the second weekend in September.

Already serving about 800 members, we want this to be truly an organization for its membership. We need your help. Please join us. Fill out the form on the reverse side and mail it today. And please bring the organization and its objectives to the attention of your friends who might be interested in it. Tell your local newspaper, heritage or conservation society about us. We want to collaborate with all existing historical preservation organizations.

We would be happy to send information about the German-Texan Heritage Society to people who might be interested in our objectives. Just write their names and addresses below, and return to: Dona Reeves, Rt. 2 Box 239A, Buda, TX 78610.

NAME	ADDRESS
_____	_____
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GERMAN - TEXAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

MEMBERSHIP

Membership Classification.

All members receive the NEWSLETTER, published three times a year. Other classifications assist in special projects and publications.

- \$25.00 Patron
- \$10.00 Contributing and Library
- \$5.00 Regular
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- _____ Speaking German
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The German-Texan Heritage Society was founded in 1978 as a non-profit organization to promote the revitalization of German culture in Texas. An annual meeting is held the second week-end in September. A NEWSLETTER is published three times a year. Members come from all over Texas, from many other states and several foreign countries.

Please fill out and return to: Dona Reeves
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NEWSLETTER

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GERMAN-TEXAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

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GERMAN-TEXAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

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1986 - Houston - Flora von Roeder,
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1987 - Seguin - Marilyn Collins

1988 - Austin - 10th Anniversary

NEWSLETTER

The German-Texan Heritage Society publishes this NEWSLETTER three times annually. It is solely the creation of volunteers. See inside covers for names and addresses of editors. The publication schedule for 1983

(Deadlines for articles)

Spring.....February 20

Summer.....June 20

Fall.....October 20

Back issues for 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982 available for \$2.50 each, or \$5.00 per year for members. Order from Dona Reeves, Rt. 2, Box 239A, Buda, Tx. 78610

No more posters are available.

Announcements, articles, genealogical inquiries, reunion dates, news of events, etc., are always welcome from members. Send to the appropriate editor or to the editor-in-chief. All such articles should be typed, SINGLE SPACED on 8½" by 11" paper, with only a ¼" margin on all edges. For sharpness and clarity, try to use a film, or a new cloth ribbon. And don't forget to clean your typewriter keys!:

German-Texan Heritage Society

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