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NEWSLETTER

VOLUME VIII

NUMBER 3

FALL, 1986

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MEMBERSHIP DUES may be paid at the present rate up to January 1, 1987. After this date the price goes up for 1987. Please renew your membership NOW.

BROCHURE FOR GTHS

The GTHS Board has approved the production of a six-sided brochure to promote the Society. It has been designed and will be produced in its final form by Mike Wilson, Houston.

REGISTRY.

This project is bigger than any of us thought possible. We must have a qualified person to put it together. If you are interested, please send a resume of your editorial qualifications. If you know someone who might fit this need, please contact Mary El-Beheri. It is a massive job and must be done by persons with editorial/historical experience. We do have some suggestions which we are pursuing. Meanwhile all of the material is safely wrapped and stored. Our goal is a 1988 publication...for our 10 year anniversary! If you have more information and/or materials, please collect them and send them to Mary El-Beheri. THANKS.

BOARD MEETING.

January 10, 1987(Saturday) at 10:00 a.m. at the home of Leola Tiedt, 510 No. Franklin, La Grange. Tel: 512-968-5639. If you have questions, information or suggestions please direct them to a member of the editorial board or to the board of directors. Reports will be forthcoming on: various areas of the GTHS Five-year Plan and about the publication of the Biesele book, etc.

HOUSTON MEETING "FANTASTISCH!"

Every meeting of the GTHS has been special. Each German-related area of Texas is special! I thought the Houston meeting was truly amazing and a great inspiration to me. It included all of the ingredients of our Society's goals and dreams. Those who did not come because of the Houston traffic missed the reality of the only GERMANTOWN in Texas. It was in Houston.

BIG THANKS TO ANN LINDEMANN
 Few thought anything German-related existed in Houston. Ann and her committee made believers out of everyone. The information she and her helpers found may be read in the Sept. 1986 issue of DEUTSCHE WELT-USA
 P.O. BOX 35831
 HOUSTON, TX. 77235
 Send \$1.00 for costs.
 And thank Lieselotte Babin for her support!

GALVESTON....1987 MEETING
 SEE...all 1983 issues of the NEWSLETTER for information about the proposed meeting that died with the hurricane. There will be a few program changes for 1987 but the basic plan will remain the same. It will be an interesting and exciting get together. Plan now to attend.

TEXAS CALENDAR OF EVENTS
Holidays in Texas

- Dec.5: Christmas Tour of Homes, Beaumont, (409) 892-9206
- Dec. 5-7: Christmas at Old Fort Concho, San Angelo, (915) 653-3162
- Dec. 6: Morning Tea at Ashton Villa, Galveston, (409) 765-7834
- Dec. 6-7: Dickens on the Strand, Galveston, (409) 765-7834
- Dec. 7-8: Merry Mart and Homes Tour, San Antonio, (512) 824-9981
- Dec. 13: Kristkindl Markt, Fredericksburg, (512) 997-7071
- Dec. 14-15: Spirit of Christmas, Galveston, (409) 765-7834
- Dec. 27: Sun Bowl Football Classic, El Paso, (915) 534-0687 □

THANK YOU

I want to thank those who helped make this 1986 ANNUAL MEETING possible. THANK YOU also to GTHS for allowing me the privilege of becoming exposed to the expertise of this most talented group of individuals who served to bring you this event - LORENE WINDLE, DOROTHY JUSTMAN, JEFF LINDEMANN, MICHAEL WILSON, JOAN GRIGGS, MARGRET EDWARDS, DIANA WALZEL, KATHYRN POWELL, SUE LAWSON, IRENE HARIGEL, ELLEN LINDEMANN, and MARGRET TAYLOR.

Additional help came from: LISELOTTE BABIN, DORIS ANDERSON, BARBARA WILSON, THORNWELL KLEB, JOHN BARBER, RODNEY KOENIG, FREDERICKA DE BERRY, CORRELL CORBETT, GLADYS CLARK, and MEL STEGER.

Since this group was activated it was discovered that the Germanic thread that brought it together initially, turned out to be a great huge encompassing rope. For all the work and human hours spent in this project THANK YOU seems a little statement, but does carry a very sincere message.

THANK EACH ONE OF YOU!

Sincerely,
 ANN LINDEMANN

E.O. (Eugene Omar) Goldbeck died Oct. 26, 1986, at the age of 93. He was an internationally famous panoramic photographer--and a member of a pioneer German Texan family.

See our GTHS Newsletter, Summer, 1986 issue, page 92, for a feature story on E.O. Goldbeck.



Paper wins one over computers

Scripps Howard Service

WASHINGTON — The computer, at long last, is losing a battle with old-fashioned paper.

Faced with one of the world's most enormous data-storage problems — preserving billions of invaluable historical records in archives and other repositories — authorities are concluding that the computer probably will be of little help in the critical task.

At the National Archives, for example, there are 3 billion pieces of paper of all sizes and shapes that chronicle the names, places and other details of America's past. An estimated 530 million of these are crumbling or undergoing other forms of rapid deterioration that threatens historically important information.

Estimates suggest that nationwide, there are a total of 6 billion paper documents stored in archives. These range from water-stained logs of early sailing ships and Civil War chronicles to immigration records, accounts of military campaigns and other unique resources for understanding the past. Many are facing damage from the effects of aging and other factors.

Researchers now recognize that conventional approaches to preserving such records, including paper and microfilm, are far superior to computers, optical disks and other modern electronic data storage systems.

A National Research Council study has concluded that computers and other electronic data storage systems are designed primarily for speed, rather than for permanence of their storage capabilities. The magnetic tape and disks used in computers, for example, may last for 10 to

20 years — a short piece of history — if handled and stored properly.

But tapes stretch, and the binders fixing magnetic particles to the plastic surface become unstable. With enormous amounts of data packed into small areas on magnetic tapes and disks, even small areas of deterioration can mean the loss of enormous amounts of data.

The study said the National Archives collection would have to be recopied five or six times per century, a task researchers termed "out of the question."

Graveside ceremony set

DAWSON — A sesquicentennial ceremony placing a Citizen of the Republic of Texas medallion at the grave of a pioneer of the Republic of Texas is scheduled Sunday.

The 2 p.m. ceremony will be at Spring Hill Cemetery in Navarro County about 2½ miles northeast of Dawson off state Highway 31.

The medallion will be placed on the grave of Louis Jacob Staaden (1817-1888) who came to the United States from Germany in 1836. He eventually settled in Spring Hill in Navarro County and became an extensive landowner and the owner of a blacksmith shop.

Mrs. James Gallimore of Waco, a member of the Sterling C. Robertson chapter of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, is Staaden's great-granddaughter.

From:
 Andrea Walston
 919 Montclair Drive
 Waco, Texas 76710

Waco, Tx
Tribune-Herald
MONDAY
 June 2, 1986 *

EXCERPTS FROM MY "HILL COUNTRY" TALK
Gilbert J. Jordan

Last spring I presented a lecture on "The Texas Hill Country" to a luncheon group at SMU in Dallas. Most of the subject matter pertains to historical, geographical, and folkloric material, but several sections deal primarily with German Texana. Some of these portions are reproduced below for the readers of the German-Texan Heritage Society's Newsletter.

The Hill Country was first occupied by nomadic Indians, such as the Apaches, then the fierce Comanches, who lived on the plains farther north, and hunted and raided in the hills. Not even the Spaniards with their conquistadors and padres could conquer and Christianize these tribes, nor could the Mexicans do this later. When the Spaniards built missions in and around San Antonio, they could not enlist and hold the wild hunters from the plains. Instead they imported agricultural Indians from East Texas, and these were the people the Spaniards trained in the San Antonio missions. Meanwhile the northern, nomadic Indians continued to roam, raid, and hunt in the Hill Country and on the northern plains.

The Hill Country was settled by whites later than the southern part of Texas. These earlier settlers, Spaniards, Mexicans, Anglos, and Germans, had occupied the southern half of the state, and with the aid of newcomers from the USA--people like Sam Houston--had won independence for Texas from Mexico a decade or so earlier. The Hill Country itself was settled by whites in the 1840s and the 1850s.

It is of special interest to note that both the Anglo and the German settlers came from hilly areas in America and in Germany. The Anglos came mostly from the rugged country in Tennessee, from the Ozarks, and the Appalachian mountains, while the Germans came from hilly lands in central-west Germany, from the states of Hessen and Lower Saxony. They came to Texas at about the same time in the middle of the nineteenth century.

When the white men, Anglos and Germans, came to the Hill Country, they were confronted by the wild Indians who had never been conquered by the Spaniards. After the whites came to this part of the country, conflicts between the two groups began to grow in intensity. In spite of several Indian treaties, such as the Meusebach treaty, the situation grew worse, and Indian raids, horse stealing, kidnaping, and killings became too common for comfort in the Hill Country.

The best-known kidnaping was the capture of Herman Lehmann and his brother Willie. The brother escaped and returned home to Mason County, but Herman lived the life of an Indian so long that he became an Apache and finally a Comanche warrior. After Herman returned to Mason County, he became famous as an Indian storyteller and performer.

It seems rather tragic that the Anglo and German settlers, who were of a common north European stock, and who had fought against a common enemy, the Indians, should develop some very serious differences and conflicts. The antagonism came to a head during the American Civil War. Although a small number of German settlers in south-central Texas were slaveholders and some of them fought on the confederate side in the war, some of the more prominent and liberal German settlers held strong anti-slavery, pro-Union sentiments and expressed their views freely. This caused hard feelings and even lynchings of Germans and the burning of some of their homes.

The most notorious episode was the Nueces River Massacre. It started in the German settlements in 1862, when a number of young men from Comfort, Boerne, and Fredericksburg banded together and left their homes to go via Mexico to the North to join the Union forces. They resolved never to take up arms against the Union, which they considered

their new Fatherland. When they camped on the Nueces River, they were attacked by a Confederate, pro-slavery, vigilante militia, and were defeated. The wounded were shot, and the bodies of the dead were left unburied. Those that escaped were pursued all the way to the Rio Grande and were also killed. The bodies of the dead were left unburied on the battlefield. Later their bones were gathered up by friends and relatives and buried in Comfort; a monument was erected in their honor with the German inscription "Treue der Union" (to those who were true to the Union). This is one of the few pro-Union memorials still standing in the old Confederacy.

Soon after the end of the Civil War, further difficulties broke out that pitted Anglo outlaws and cattle rustlers against the German settlers and the law-abiding Anglos. In Mason County, where the feuds were the worst, the conflict was called the "Hoodoo War," so-called from several mysterious slayings and lynchings, and the people asked: "Who do it?" Although these fights did not last long, the events led to further hard feelings between the Anglo and German settlers. (From Gilbert J. and Terry G. Jordan, Ernst and Lisette Jordan: German Pioneers in Texas.)

The anti-German feelings of the Civil War days and the "Hoodoo" feuds were revived during World War I, when all things German were condemned and vilified, even German music and the German language. This anti-German attitude still lies latent in the minds of some people.

The German settlers of the Hill Country have preserved and established a number of interesting customs and events. Among these are the New Braunfels Wurstfest (Sausage Festival), the Llano Valley Methodist Hymnfests, the folk-life festival in San Antonio, the Fredericksburg walkfest, and the Easter Fires pageant.

Some of the old settlers' homes were preserved and are still standing, like the Sauer-Beckmann farm in LBJ Park. Here an old farm layout was restored as a living farmstead. (See the July 1986 issue of Texas Highways magazine.) Gardening, raising livestock, dairying, making butter and cheese, butchering farm animals, grinding meat, making and smoking sausage, bacon and ham are carried on in season to be viewed by tourists and schoolchildren. There is also a regular routine of cooking and baking. One of the more colorful activities is the baking and decorating of the old-fashioned German cookies before and during Christmastime.

Folklore has also played an interesting role among the German settlers. I myself have collected, "mined," if you let me put it that way, several books full of these treasures, some of which are based on Anglo-German linguistic problems. Here is one such folkloric tale about Sheriff Klaerner of Fredericksburg. The sheriff let it be known that he had a good horse for sale. When an Anglo buyer came to see the horse, Klaerner said, "Dat's a goot horse all right, but I must tell you, he don't look goot." Said the Anglo buyer: "Looks good to me; I'll take him." He paid for the sleek horse and led him home. A few days later he brought back the horse and said, "Say, Herr Klaerner, that horse is blind as a bat and can't see a darn thing. I want my money back." Said the Sheriff: "I tolt you dat horse don't look goot." (From my German Texana, p. 141.)

By and large, the Hill country people were and are church centered, but there were some German non-believers in Comfort, Boerne, and Sisterdale, in Kendall County. These agnostics were well educated and cultured people. They brought along musical instruments and books of German and classical literature.

The church people were Catholics, Lutherans, and reformed Evangelicals, now called United Church of Christ. A unique group were the German Methodists who converted to the new church under the influence of German-speaking missionaries from Cincinnati, Ohio. The movement started in Galveston and Victoria, and soon moved westward to New Braunfels and Fredericksburg. I described this unusual development in my book Yesterday in the Texas Hill Country and in a magazine article in Perkins Journal, entitled "Texas German Methodism in a Rural Setting."

The German church groups built large stone churches that are still standing today, even in thinly settled rural areas. They are one of the striking features of the Texas-German towns and settlements.

The most unusual buildings are the little Sunday houses built in Fredericksburg by some of the farmers and ranchmen. Their purpose was to serve as weekend homes for the rural people, where they lived while they were in town for Saturday shopping and dancing and Sunday church attendance.

The original homes of the settlers had walls made of pickets or logs, but these were soon superseded by Fachwerk (half-timbered) construction, and later by sturdy rock walls. Some of these old houses are unique enough to be called the Fredericksburg style, and in recent years homes like these were built in cities such as Austin. There are other structures in the Hill Country that can be observed by visitors who stay long enough to look around. Among these are the dry-wall rock fences, built without mortar and seen mostly in rural areas as ranch enclosures.

The German settlers preserved and protected these environmental assets and added to the charm of the land by building beautiful houses, churches, parks, rock fences, ponds, large lakes, and recreational facilities.

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Gutenberg press on display

Express-News

Wednesday, November 12, 1986

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

By TINA BARNEBURG

Express-News Staff Writer

For his efforts, the perfecter of the movable type press was shunned for years by the church and left near penniless by the "banker" who financed his invention, the story goes.

History, however, has not been so unkind to Johann Gutenberg. A replica of his contribution, on display at the University of Texas Institute of Texan Cultures through Jan. 11, is a fascinating reminder of the work ethic he employed.

On loan from the city of his birth in Mainz, Germany, the working model of the Gutenberg press is a copy of one he labored over while printing nearly 200 copies of the Bible in the 1450s.

"He spent 15 to 20 years carving the letters themselves. Six to eight hours were spent setting up the type for each page, and each Bible contained 1,282 pages," explained institute docent Ingrid Kokinda, who provided details about the man and the process while Fritz Soechtig donated the muscle to work the press.

Soechtig, on staff at the Gutenberg Museum in Mainz, came here with the replica to teach its operation to institute "apprentices."

Gutenberg's invention was born out of his trade as an engraver and metalsmith, and its mechanics are that of a grape press for winemaking.

"His hometown was a wine region; that's where the inspiration came from," Kokinda said.

Previously, printing had been limited to letters carved from stone or wood, both of which proved too fragile for the business.

"Gutenberg realized that it was very important that the letters did not move or bend out of shape. From that idea he perfected an alloy produced from lead, tin, zinc and antimony," Kokinda explained.

His hand-carved letters were then set on a composing stick, transferred to a frame secured to the press, inked and brought in contact with pa-

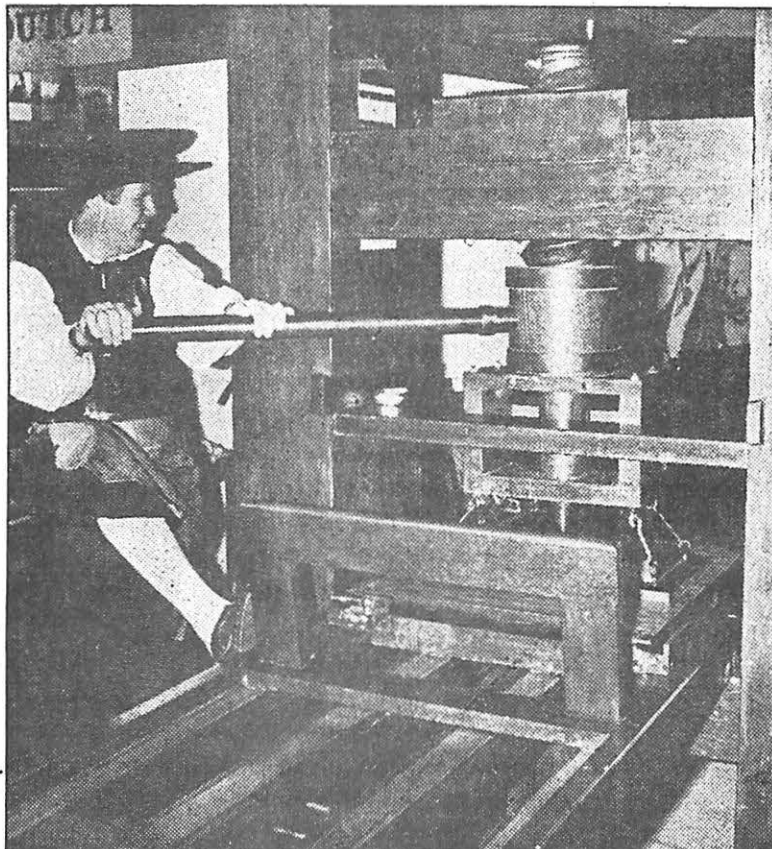


Photo by JOE BARRERA JR.

FRITZ SOECHTIG OPERATES THE REPLICA OF THE GUTENBERG PRESS

... replica loaned from Germany to Institute of Texan Cultures

per by a pull of a bar.

Letters carved and the press in place, Gutenberg and associates spent another three years printing the pages of an estimated 180 Bibles. Of the 48 remaining originals, only five are in the U.S.

One is owned by the University of Texas at Austin, where it is on display in the Harry Ransom Center.

Revered for the craftsmanship he perfected, Gutenberg was not so fortunate in life.

"Though he was a holy man, the church shunned him on the premise that only God can bring about perfection and this (his invention) was perfection," Kokinda said.

Adding insult to injury, Gutenberg lost his shop, associates and printed

Bible pages to a merchant who lent him the money to start his endeavor.

His original press was destroyed in a fire years later. The replica shown here is one of three which travel the museum circuit across the world.

Institute guides are available to demonstrate operation of the press from 1 to 3 p.m. each Tuesday through Friday, and 10:30 a.m. to noon and 1 to 3:30 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays.

The Institute of Texan Cultures is located at Durango Boulevard and Bowie Street on HemisFair Plaza. Exhibit hours are 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday. Admission is free and donations are welcome.

Chronicle of Higher Education

Sept. 17, 1986

A research institute devoted to ethnic studies has decided to establish a scholarly press for the publication of books in that field.

The Balch Institute for Ethnic Studies in Philadelphia is looking for scholarly monographs on ethnicity and immigration, general histories of ethnic groups in America, and collections of essays presented at scholarly conferences. Manuscripts

will be reviewed by outside specialists, and books will be published in conjunction with Associated University Presses in Cranbury, N.J.

In addition, the new Balch Institute Press has announced it will award a \$1,000 prize each year for the best manuscript it publishes.

Balch Institute
Temple University
Philadelphia PA 19122

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MY THIRTY-THREE DAYS IN THE GERMAN DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC....

A SPEECH By Mary M. El-Beheri
 President of the German-Texan Heritage
 Society
 1986 Rockefeller Foundation Fellow

DELIVERED: September 14, 1986 at the Annual Meeting of the
 German-Texan Heritage Society, Houston, Texas.

IT WAS THE LONGEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE.....THE ANTICIPATION...I WAS
A NERVOUS WRECK...I WAS GOING BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN ALONE IN A
CAR....WHAT IF...WHAT IF THE CAR BREAKS DOWN? WHAT IF I GET SICK?
WHAT IF I DO SOMETHING THEY DON'T LIKE AND THEY TAKE ME TO JAIL?
WHAT IF....FINALLY MY FRIEND WALTRAUD, WHO COULDN'T SLEEP
EITHER, TOLD ME SHE WOULDN'T LET ME GO IF SHE THOUGHT IT WERE
DANGEROUS AND THAT SHE WOULD COME GET ME IF ANYTHING
HAPPENED...THEN SHE MADE A STATEMENT THAT SET THE TONE FOR MY 33
DAYS IN THE GERMAN DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC..(THE GDR)...SHE SAID...
"DIE SIND DIE BESTEN DEUTSCHEN" (THEY ARE THE BEST GERMANS).

AND WHEN I CROSSED THE BORDER THE NEXT DAY...THE FRIENDLY YOUNG
BORDER GUARD HELPED ME FILL OUT THE FORMS AND THE NEXT ONE ASKED
ME IF I HAD ANY SOUND FILM PROJECTORS OR TAPE RECORDERS AND I SAID
"NO" AND HE PASSED ME DIRECTLY THROUGH WITHOUT EVEN LOOKING IN THE
TRUNK OF MY CAR OR IN A SINGLE ONE OF MY CAREFULLY PACKED
SUITCASES. AND THE NEXT 32 DAYS WERE EXACTLY AS EASY AND AS OPEN
AS THE FIRST DAY. THERE WERE NO KGB TYPES STALKING ME...NO
HOLLYWOOD THRILLER ANTICS....

MY FIRST ROAD OFF OF THE WELL-TRAVELED AUTOBAHN WAS A NARROW,
COBBLE-STONE STREET WITH POT HOLES...THE MAIN HIGHWAY TO POTSDAM..
I EXPECTED TO HAVE A GUARD OR A POLICEMAN STOP ME TO SEE ALL OF MY
VISAS AND PAPERS...BUT NONE EVER IN 33 DAYS STOPPED ME...I WENT
WHEREVER I WANTED...I REALIZED THAT DRIVING IN THE GDR WAS A
BREEZE...IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO GE LOST...EVERY BYWAY LED TO THE
ULTIMATE AUTOBAHN....AND ALL TAX THE BODY STRUCTURE OF THE CAR
TO ITS LIMIT...THE TINY LADAS, SKODAS AND TRABIS PUTTER LIKE LOUD
LAWNMOWERS, SPEWING OUT BLACK, NASTY SMOKE...THERE IS NO
POLLUTION CONTROL FOR CARS OR FACTORIES OR ANYTHING ELSE....
THE TREES ARE DEAD OR DYING IN THE THURINGERWALD.

EVERY DAY I WAS REMINDED OF THE AWFUL ROADS OF MY
CHILDHOOD FORTY YEARS AGO IN ARKANSAS...AND OF THE WAY-OF-LIFE IN
WEST GERMANY 25 YEARS AGO....THE GDR CITIZENS HAVE NEVER SEEN A
CLOTHES DRYER, A XEROX MACHINE, A MICROWAVE OVEN, A GARBAGE
DISPOSAL, STORES LINED WITH ANY FRUIT OR VEGETABLE THEY WOULD LIKE
TO BUY, A HOME COMPUTER, AND A LOT OF OTHER THINGS THAT WE TAKE
FOR GRANTED. THE SIMPLE ACT OF TAKING A SHOWER MUST BE PLANNED
FOR...WOOD IS LOADED INTO THE HEATER, A FIRE IS BUILT, BROWN COAL
IS ADDED...ONE MUST WAIT FOR THE WATER TO HEAT....

YES, WE ARE SPOILED.... WE ARE LUCKY... THEY DO NEED A FEW
GOOD CAPITALISTS TO BRING THEM INTO THE 21ST CENTURY....OR TO
JUST GET THEM OUT OF THIS CENTURY...

THE BUILDINGS ARE SHABBY ON THE OUTSIDE...APPARTMENTS AND HOUSES RENT FOR \$10.00 A MONTH AND NO ONE CARES HOW THE OUTSIDE LOOKS...IT BELONGS TO THE STATE...BUT THE INSIDES ARE NICE AND COZY AND CLEAN...THE PEOPLE ARE CLEAN. BUT THEY ARE ALSO SAD. THEY DRINK TOO MUCH ALCOHOL. THEY THINK TOO MUCH ABOUT SUICIDE. THE DIVORCE RATE IS TOO HIGH. YOUNG PEOPLE GET MARRIED TOO YOUNG. THE STATE REWARDS PARENTS FOR BABIES.

THE STREETS ARE DIRTY. THE SKIES ARE GRAY. THE PEOPLE LOOK OLD-FASHIONED..OUT OF A STORY IN THE 50'S..THE ONES THAT ARE STYLISH ARE RARE...THEY HAVE FRIENDS IN THE WEST.

THERE IS A DOUBLE STANDARD. THE BIG SHOTS, PARTY BOSSES,LIVE IN VILLAS AND NOT AS SOCIALISTIC BROTHERS. IN INTERSHOPS WESTERN MONEY BUYS WESTERN GOODS. WESTERNERS ARE WELCOME WITH THEIR WONDERFUL, VALUABLE MONEY...THE EAST BLOCK MONEY HAS NO GOLD COVERING AND IS PRACTICALLY WORTHLESS...THE RICHEST CITIZENS ARE THE PLUMBERS, CARPENTERS, CABINET-MAKERS AND OTHER HAND WORKERS WHO WORK AFTER HOURS. THEY EARN \$2.00 AN HOUR WORKING FOR THE STATE AND \$10.00 AN HOUR WORKING FOR THEMSELVES.

THE AVERAGE WORKER EARNS \$2.50 AN HOUR, WORKS A 45 HOUR WEEK AND EARNS ABOUT \$450.00 A MONTH. AN ORDINARY COLOR TV SET COSTS ABOUT \$3,500.00 AND A CAR COSTS ABOUT \$7,500.00 WITH A 13 TO 15 YEAR WAIT. THE GDR NOW HAS 3.3 MILLION CARS WITH A POPULATION OF 17 MILLION.

THE CHURCH IS ACCEPTABLE AGAIN AND GOING TO CHURCH OR BEING A MEMBER OF A CHURCH IS OKAY. MANY ARE ACTIVE IN THE CHURCH, IN THE CHURCH PARTY(cdu) AND ARE ALSO ACTIVE IN SOCIALISTIC CAUSES. IN FACT THE STATE GIVES NEARLY 10 MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR TO THE CHURCH FOR ITS ACTIVITIES...HOSPITALS, SENIOR CITIZEN HOMES, RESTORATION OF CHURCHES,ETC. MOST OF THE HISTORICAL CHURCHES OF THE GDR HAVE BEEN RESTORED...ERFURT, DRESDEN, WITTENBERG, BERLIN, LEIPZIG, NAUMBURG, TORGAU, AND OTHERS.....IT WAS A THRILL FOR ME TO HEAR BACH PLAYED IN THE CHURCH WHERE BACH PLAYED BACH. ARE YOU READY FOR THIS...DRESDEN HAS A NEW 2 MILLION DOLLAR MORMON TABERNACLE BUILT WITH AMERICAN DOLLARS.

I DID GET PERMISSION TO DO RESEARCH IN THE STATE ARCHIVES AND I WENT TO MERSEBURG, A TINY TOWN NEAR LEIPZIG. THERE I FOUND 82 PAGES IN A PROTOCOL BOOK FROM 1844 TO 1852 ABOUT JULIUS BERENDS AND FOR \$15.00 I GOT ALL THE PAGES ON MICROFILM. I'LL NEVER FORGET MERSEBURG FOR MANY REASONS,,,SOME TEEN-AGERS TOLD US THAT THEY GO TO VACATION IN HUNGARY BECAUSE THEY CAN SEE THE FORBIDDEN MOVIES AND THEY CAN BUY STYLISH CLOTHES. THE TEEN-AGERS OF THE GDR ARE MUCH LIKE OURS...LONG HAIRS, PUNKS, PREPPIES... AND THE LADY IN THE INFORMATION OFFICE LITERALLY DROPPED HER MOUTH OPEN WHEN SHE FOUND OUT I WAS AN AMERICAN...SHE HAD NEVER SEEN ONE BEFORE.

AT TIMES I FELT LIKE AN EXOTIC CREATURE FROM ANOTHER PLANET AND THEY REALLY DID NOT KNOW HOW TO TREAT ME...MY TEACHER IN THE COURSE AT THE KMU IN LEIPZIG HAD NEVER HAD AN AMERICAN IN A CLASS AND SHE WAS A NERVOUS WRECK...SHE HAD TWO SOVIETS, A BULGARIAN, A HUNGARIAN, A POLE, A CZECH, A BELGIAN, A NORWEGIAN, A PORTUGUESE, AND ME. AFTER I CAME EARLY ON THE FIRST DAY AND HELPED HER CLEAN THE TABLES AND MOVE DESKS AND WASH THE BOARD, WE BECAME GREAT FRIENDS AND SHE CONFIDED TO ME THAT SHE WAS GLAD TO BE ABLE TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE WEST, BECAUSE SHE HAD A ONE-SIDED VIEW. I FELT VERY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE AMERICAN IMAGE,,,THEY MAY NEVER MEET ANOTHER ONE. I GOT INVITED TO LENINGRAD, WARSAW, PRAGUE AND TO SOME SMALLER EAST BLOCK TOWNS....AND I WOULD LIKE TO GO.

THE POLES AND THE CZECHS AND THE HUNGARIANS ASKED ME WHY WE GAVE THEM TO THE SOVIET UNION. WHY DID WE ABANDON THEM? IT MADE ME VERY SAD. THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHY WE WENT TO VIET NAM TO STOP COMMUNISM BUT SAT BACK AND LET ALL THE UPRISINGS IN EASTERN EUROPE GO UNHERALDED.....WHY DID WE LET THE BERLIN WALL GO UP? THEY DON'T HATE US, BUT THEY ARE SUFFERING. I NEVER REALLY SAW OR FELT OR REALIZED LIFE FROM THEIR POINT-OF-VIEW BEFORE. AND I AM SAD FOR THESE LOST BROTHERS. AS A GERMAN-SPEAKER I FEEL IT IS MY RESPONSIBILITY TO SHOW THESE PEOPLE THAT AMERICANS ARE GOOD PEOPLE AND WE CARE ABOUT THEM. WE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO GIVE THEM FREEDOM BUT WE CAN AT LEAST OFFER THEM FRIENDSHIP.

THE GDR IS OCCUPIED TERRITORY. THERE ARE SOVIET TROOPS IN EVERY TOWN. THERE ARE TANKS. MARCHING SOLDIERS. HELICOPTERS. PLANES. ...THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO CONTACT BETWEEN THE SOVIET TROOPS AND THE GERMAN PEOPLE. IT IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN. WHEN I ASKED SOMEONE HOW MANY RUSSIANS THEY KNEW, THEY JUST LAUGHED. THE GDR CITIZENS MUST LEARN RUSSIAN, BUT NOBODY WANTS TO SPEAK THE LANGUAGE. THE MOST POPULAR LANGUAGE, EVEN IN RUSSIA, IS ENGLISH. THE FIRST TIME I SAW A COLLONADE OF RUSSIAN PANZERS I NEARLY FAINTED...IT WAS SUCH A WEIRD FEELING TO KNOW YOU WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF ENEMY TERRITORY. BUT THE SOVIETS WE SAW WERE VERY YOUNG BOYS AND FRIENDLY....

THERE ARE NO GOSSIPY MAGAZINES OR NEWSPAPERS...NO COMIC BOOKS...NO SIT COMS AND TRASH ON TV...NO SENSATIONALISM...NO NEWSY NEWS LIKE IN USA TODAY...IT WAS SO BORING!!! I COMPLAIN ABOUT THE SAN ANTONIO NEWSPAPERS, BUT THANK GOD FOR STORE ADS, CAR ADS, HOUSE ADS, AND MINDLESS TRASH...AT LEAST WE HAVE THE FREEDOM TO CHOOSE TO READ IT OR NOT. I MISSED SEEING HAPPY FACES, HAPPY CLOTHES, HAPPY COLORS, JUNK FOOD, SILLY TEEN-AGERS, ROCK AND ROLL WITHOUT A MESSAGE, NEON SIGNS FOR MACDONALDS, AND ALL OUR CAPITALISTIC WARES.....

BUT THE PEOPLE, FRIENDS...THE PEOPLE ARE INCREDIBLE. THEY KNOW THAT SOMETHING IS MISSING IN THEIR LIVES, BUT THEY MAKE THE BEST, THE MOST OF WHAT THEY HAVE. THEY HELP EACH OTHER FIND WHAT THEY NEED. I KNEW THAT IF I EVEN MENTIONED WANTING SOMETHING, I WOULD GET IT. GUNTHER RODE HIS MOTORCYCLE ALL OVER LEIPZIG TO FIND BOTTLES OF MINERAL WATER FOR ME. MONIKA PUT A FRESH ROSE BUD IN MY ROOM EVERY TWO OR THREE DAYS BECAUSE SHE KNEW HOW MUCH I LIKED FLOWERS. THEY STAYED UP HOURS AT NIGHT ASKING ME ABOUT AMERICA EVEN THOUGH THEY HAD TO GET UP EVERY MORNING AT 4:30....I OFTEN SCOLDED THEM AND GUNTHER WOULD SAY, "BUT WHEN WILL WE EVER SEE AN AMERICAN AGAIN?" THEY ARE FACTORY WORKERS AND THEY WERE MY FAMILY IN LEIPZIG. AND I KNOW I WILL ALWAYS HAVE A BED THERE. THEIR VOICES ARE IN MY HEAD AND IN MY HEART.

I TALKED TO EVERYBODY, EVERYWHERE AND I LEARNED SOMETHING FROM EACH PERSON. NO ONE EVER TURNED AWAY FROM ME. NO ONE WAS EVER UNFRIENDLY. NO ONE BELIEVED I WAS AN AMERICAN...FROM TEXAS...AND WHEN THEY REALIZED I WASN'T KIDDING...THEY TALKED AND TALKED AND TALKED....THE YOUNG GDR SOLDIER DRANK COFFEE WITH US AND TOLD HIS WHOLE LIFE STORY...THE LADY DOCTOR IN THE STREETCAR EXPLAINED HER JOY AT GETTING PERMISSION TO GO TO JUGOSLAVIA FOR HER VACATION....THE PROFESSOR IN THE RESTAURANT EXPRESSED HIS HOPES ABOUT AN IMPENDING TRIP TO OHIO TO LECTURE...A YOUNG WOMAN ENTHUSIASTICALLY ASKED ME TO FIND BOOKS FOR HER ABOUT LIFE IN AMERICA TODAY, BUT IN GERMAN BECAUSE SHE KNOWS NO ENGLISH.... IT WAS ALL SO EXCITING, SO THRILLING, SO DEPRESSING, SO SAD....

YES..I WILL GO BACK...I FEEL NOW THAT I AM A "WHOLE" TEACHER OF GERMAN, FOR I KNOW ALL OF THE GERMAN-SPEAKING COUNTRIES AND I LOVE THEM ALL FOR THEIR UNIQUE CHARACTERISTICS...BUT THE "OTHER GERMANS" ARE VERY SPECIAL TO ME...AND I WILL DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO PROMOTE CULTURAL AND EDUCATIONAL CONNECTIONS BETWEEN GERMAN-SPEAKING AMERICANS AND THOSE GERMANS WHO SO WANT TO KNOW US. AND I WILL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL TO THAT GREATEST OF ALL CAPITALISTS...MR. ROCKEFELLER...FOR AFFORDING ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXPERIENCE THE OTHER SIDE...



DR. HUBERTUS STRUGHOLD
... retired scientist was 88

'Father of Space Medicine' dies

Dr. Hubertus Strughold, who designed the first enclosed cabin for space travel and was known as the "Father of Space Medicine," has died at age 88.

The retired chief scientist of the School of Aerospace Medicine at Brooks AFB died at his South Side home at about 11 p.m. Thursday after a long illness.

Strughold overcame allegations as a Nazi war criminal during World War II to receive almost every honor and award the scientific community could bestow.

He was the first person ever honored with the title of professor of space medicine.

Strughold became an American citizen in 1956. He was born June 15, 1898, in Germany.

Strughold was recognized for hundreds of accomplishments in the field of space medicine. The best known were his design of the first space cabin simulator in 1954 and his research on jet lag.

He also led research into the highs and lows of biological activity of living creatures in relation to day and night on their home planet.

Strughold invented so many words for his new concepts that he occasionally forgot he originated the name and would credit others.

One such word was astrobiology — the study of life conditions beyond earth. He credited another researcher with the word until that researcher pointed out he had taken it from Strughold's papers published years earlier.

Strughold published more than 200 professional papers and books on physiology, aviation medicine and space medicine.

Although he received many honors, Strughold once told a reporter that five events were the highlights of his life:

- Becoming an American citizen.
- Watching a man set foot on the moon.
- Meeting Dwight D. Eisenhower, Lyndon B. Johnson and Walt Disney.

Strughold is survived by his wife, Mary Webb Strughold of San Antonio; a niece, Mrs. Herman Ueter, and a great-niece, Gabriela Ueter, both of West Germany.

Also surviving are his stepdaughters, Norma D. Smith of Houston; Laura D. Olle of Leming; and Carole D. Opiela of San Antonio; 12 step-grandchildren and 13 step-great-grandchildren.

A rosary will be recited Monday at 7 p.m. in the Porter Loring Mortuary chapel, at 1101 McCullough Ave.

Funeral services will be held at 11 a.m. Tuesday in the chapel, with interment in Mission Burial Park South, at 1700 S.E. Military Drive.

Strughold's love of space began when he was a curious boy with a telescope in Westphalia, Germany. His father was a school teacher and his mother was the well-educated daughter of a farming family.

"Even as a boy, I was always interested in things in the sky," Strughold once recalled.

He earned his doctor of philosophy degree in natural sciences from the University of Muenster in 1922 and

his doctor of medicine degree from the University of Wuerzburg in 1923.

In the late 1920s, Strughold came to the United States as a fellow of the Rockefeller Foundation to perform research at Western Reserve University in Cleveland and at the University of Chicago.

He returned to Germany and, in 1935, became director of the Aeromedical Research Institute in Berlin and professor of physiology at the University of Berlin.

He served as director of the Berlin Institute until 1945 and was a colonel in the German Air Force Medical Corps during World War II. He was never a member of the Nazi Party.

"I was against Hitler and his beliefs," he once told a reporter. "I sometimes had to hide myself because my life was in danger from the Nazis."

Strughold once said that in his research in aviation medicine there were never any prisoners involved in experiments — a charge made in a 1958 magazine article, but proved unfounded in an investigation by the U.S. Justice Department.

Strughold was part of the German scientific community that came to the United States following the war.

He taught at the School of Aviation Medicine, then located at Randolph AFB, before later moving to Brooks AFB.

"He lived in Schertz then, around the corner from us," said Oskar Langner, Strughold's co-worker and friend for 39 years.

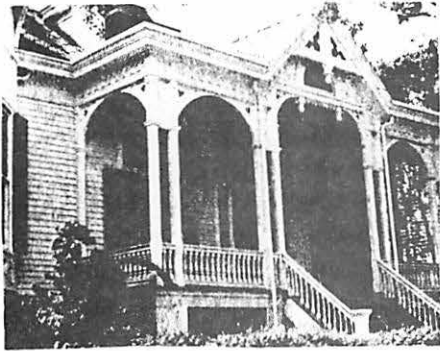
"He used to come over for a drink," Langner said, adding:

"Later, he moved to San Antonio and we would go visit him. We used to drive down to the coast. He liked to take long walks on the beach."

"He was a very intelligent, very knowledgeable person," said co-worker Ewald Koegel. "He was also easygoing, witty and had an eye for the girls."

Special to the German-Texas Heritage Society. Nancy Brooks of Fort Stockton writes that her town has entered into a sister-city program with Wasserburg am Inn in the Federal Republic of Germany. Fort Stockton has corresponded with Wasserburg regarding future banking, agriculture, hunting, hiking, school, and club exchanges. Six high schoolers from Fort Stockton traveled to Germany in Summer, along with the Water Carnival (Fort Stockton) Queen and Miss Pecos County. Fort Stockton hopes to host any German cultural or sports groups touring Texas. Nancy Brooks asks for advice and ideas that will help Fort Stockton make its sister-city program work. Her address is 2007 West Seventh Street, Fort Stockton, TX 79735

History is integral part of Galveston's charm



GALVESTON — Few places can boast of as much history contained in as small an area as Galveston Island, a sandbar only one and a half miles wide and 32 miles long.

The island was once a haven for Spanish explorers, a hunting ground for savage indians, and a hide-away for colorful pirates. Its natural harbor became known to adventurous settlers.

From its earliest day, through settlement, The Battle of Galveston during the Civil War, the devastating 1900 storm and reconstruction, Galveston's past is alive today for island guests to enjoy.

Ashton Villa, a three-story red brick, Italianate mansion, was built before the Civil War, and is now listed as one of the nation's major historic treasures. Constructed in 1859 by island pioneer James M. Brown, the house has been restored to its original ante-bellum elegance by the Galveston Historical Foundation. A well-documented presentation on the 1900 storm is included in the Ashton Villa tour.

Annual special events include morning teas, the July 4th Ice Cream Crank-Off, the Glow of Christmas, old-fashioned summer-time band concerts and more.

Located at 2328 Broadway, Ashton Villa is open daily. Call 762-3933 for information and group reservations.

The Strand, once known

as the "Wall Street of the Southwest" contains one of the finest examples of 19th century commercial buildings. This seven-block area has been designated as a National Historic Landmark District and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

Today, The Strand District is restored and packed full of unique shops, gourmet restaurants, theater, art and more.

Visitors should begin a Strand tour by stopping by The Strand Visitors Center, 2016 Strand. Audio walking tours of this historic area are available seven days a week. For information call the Galveston Historical Foundation at 765-7834.

Bishop's Palace, opened in 1893, has been designated as one of the 100 outstanding buildings in the country. Architectural experts point out that the Biltmore House in Asheville, N.C. is the only comparable structure of Victorian design in the United States.

Building materials for the mansion came from all over the world. The exterior is of gray sandstone with pink and blue granite in mosaic work. The interior has a handcrafted staircase, jeweled glass windows and several award winning fireplace mantels. The Bishop's Palace, at 1402 Broadway, is open for tours daily May through September. Group tours by appointment. For information call 762-2475.

The 1894 Grand Opera

House, 2020 Postoffice, was originally opened to include an adjoining hotel. During its era "The Grand" offered outstanding entertainment in drama, dance, opera and music. Reknown entertainers such as Sara Bernhardt, Anna Pavlova and the John Philip Sousa Band once performed at this Victorian showplace.

"The Grand" has been acquired by Galveston Arts! and is undergoing a complete restoration. Today performances by national artists, musicians and touring companies are regularly scheduled at the facility. For tour information and show schedules call 763-2403.

Greek Revival, Queen Anne, Moorish, Gothic, wood, brick, gabled...these and many other terms can be used to describe Galveston's variety of architecture.

Neighborhoods across the island hold a marvelous assortment of 19th century homes.

As people settled, houses were designed to fit the owner's life style, personality and nationality. Today, one of the best collections of historic homes still in use in Galveston's East End Historical District.

The East End Historical District has been designated as a National Historic Landmark. This once bleak, decaying area is now a progressive, thriving neighborhood through restoration efforts of its residents.

The East End Historical District covers approximately 40 blocks, stretching from Broadway to Market, and 19th to 11th Streets.

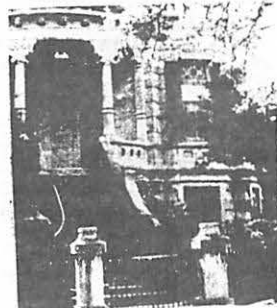
Bye-Lo Baby Dolls, beautifully detailed French and German dolls, ethnic and rag dolls are all on exhibit. Special display rooms feature nursery, circus and train station displays. For information call 762-7289.

The Galveston Daily News

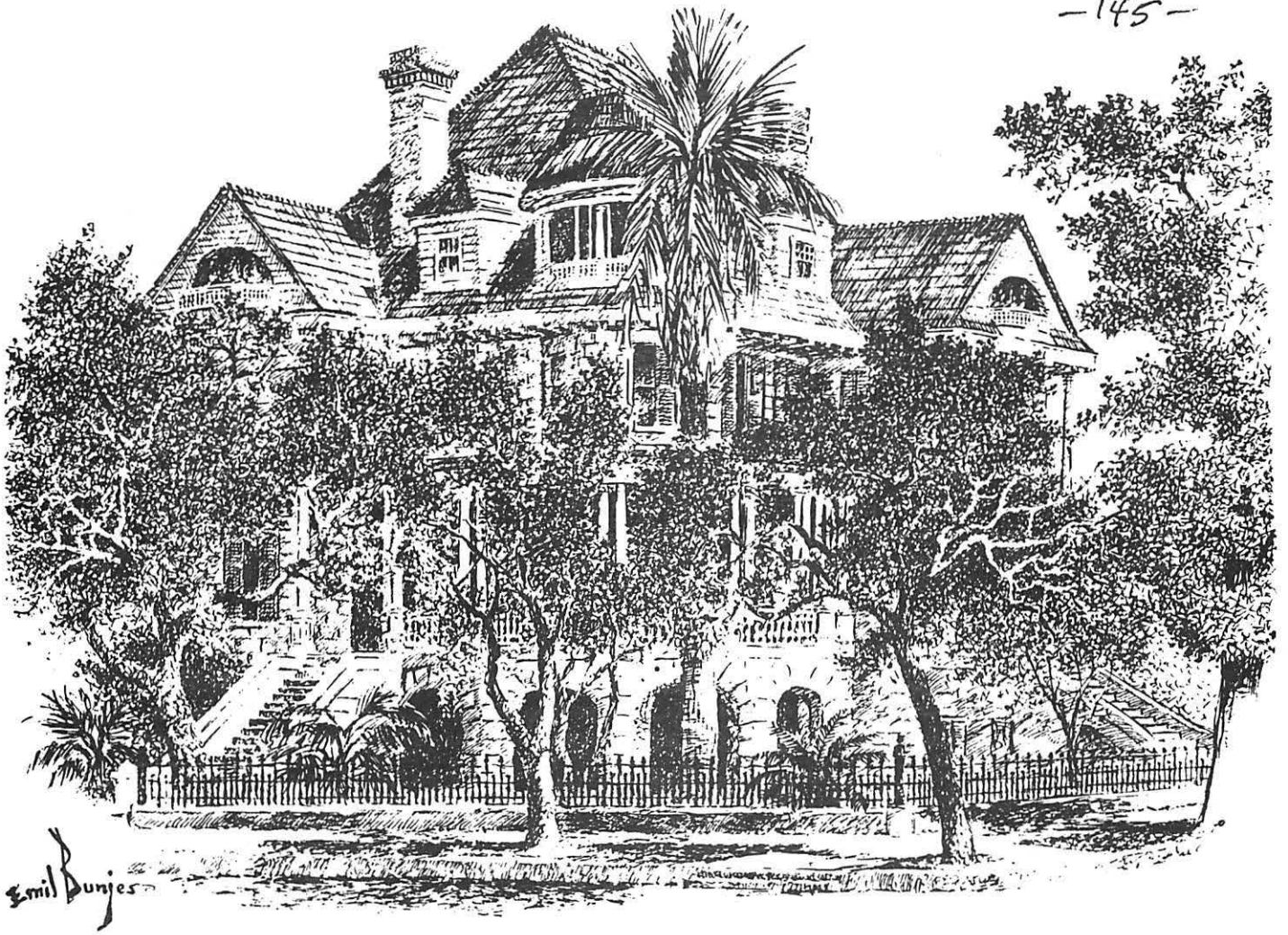


**SEE YESTERDAY TODAY
ON GALVESTON ISLAND**

NINETEENTH CENTURY ISLE TOURS



G.T.H.S.
1987
MEETING
SITE



Jockusch Residence

WELCOME!
 Visit the
STRAND
 &
HISTORIC GALVESTON

A hundred years ago The Strand and Port of Galveston were the lifeline of Texas and much of the Southwest. Cotton poured out to the East Coast and European markets, and manufactured goods and people poured in. From this great commerce, Victorian buildings rose grandly to line the Strand and Mechanic Streets. The Strand was called the "Wall Street of the Southwest."

Today, The Strand District is restored and alive again! Behind 14-foot cypress doors and elaborate Victorian facades you will find unique shops, galleries, restaurants and apartments. Watch candy being made in an old-fashioned confectionery, shop for gourmet foods and wines, handcrafted gifts, antiques, fine brass, Oriental imports, flowers, and more. You can find everything from children's books to French Foreign Legion sandals!

Eat fresh seafood and see the shrimp boats at Pier 19 and Pier 22 nearby. Tour the *Elissa* and the Center for Transportation and Commerce. And at night while the street is aglow with gaslights, enjoy live entertainment, disco, or professional theater.

Walk or drive through the East End Historical District, 40-blocks of lovely Victorian residences. Ask for a self-guiding brochure at the Visitors Center. Also, visit the Silk Stocking Precinct, an 8-block historic neighborhood. And use the map in this brochure to tour grand mansions like Ashton Villa and the Bishop's Palace, and to view the scores of special historic landmarks throughout our city.



MARRIOTT'S HOTEL GALVEZ

It's high time this great resort city had a great resort hotel. For decades, the Galvez was legendary for its sumptuous hospitality. Now Marriott has renewed, restored and revitalized this grand old landmark of Galveston Island. The hotel has been listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Today, Marriott's Hotel Galvez combines a long standing tradition of luxury and elegance with Marriott's superb reputation for excellence and professionalism in quality and service.

Marriott's Hotel Galvez has 224 beautifully appointed guest rooms and four elegant penthouse suites. All rooms have a color television, and AM-FM clock radio, direct dial telephone and an unparalleled view of historic Galveston Island. For our guests, we offer room service, complete valet service, and ample free parking.

Marriott's Hotel Galvez
 21st & Seawall Blvd.
 Galveston, Texas 77550
 713/765-7721

↑
 Home
 ON
 G.T.H.S.
 TOUR

GERMANIA FARMER VEREIN

The Germania Farmer Verein was organized in 1875 for the purpose of livestock protection from cattle rustling. The members soon became involved in studying methods of improvement for livestock, agriculture and horticulture. Field and garden products and livestock were exhibited at fairs held in spring and fall. These fairs were two day social events for the entire family.

The first hall, 26 X 34 ft. was built in 1879 at a cost of \$344.00, lengthened by 60 ft. in 1887 at a cost of \$666.60, again lengthened by 20 ft. and widened by 8 ft. in 1891 at a cost of \$751.80. A third addition, 60 X 80 ft. was built in 1908 at a cost of \$2523.17.

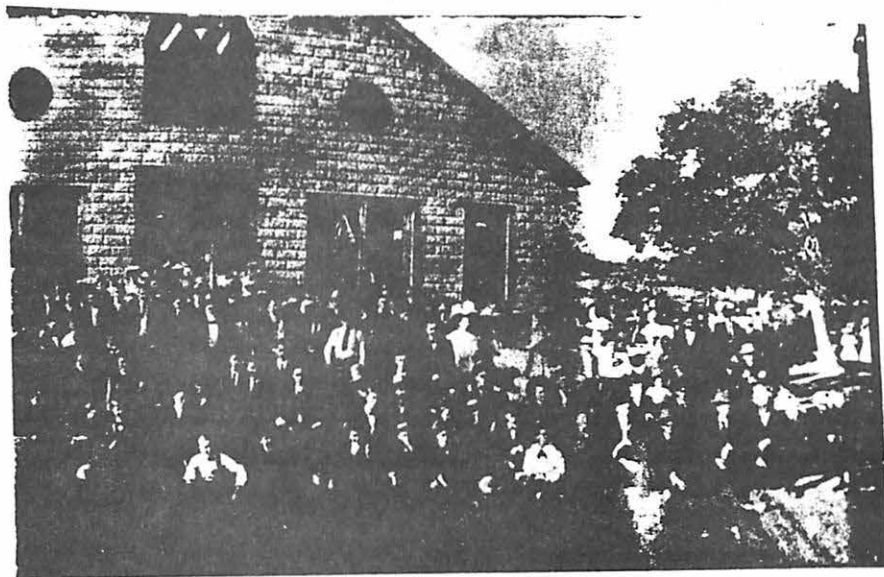
The branding of cattle using the GV Verein brand with a counter brand and offers for reward for cattle rustlers soon caused a decline in the need for livestock protection and by 1878 the Verein became a Mutual Assessment Life Insurance Company paying \$500 at the death of a member. 1500 persons have joined the Verein with membership presently at 600 - 700.

Anhalt, the site of the Germania Farmer Verein Halle has become famous for its Mayfest and Oktoberfest held on the third Sunday of those months. Thousands gorge themselves on the German food served family style as well as the brew. Two bands provide music for dancing and for those who come to socialize with a grand march held in the late afternoon. Anhalt is located 6 miles east of Bergheim and north of Highway 46 from 281.

Presently serving as president of this 110 year old organization founded by Germans, is Mr. Roland Anderson, Star Route 1, Box 33, Spring Branch, TX 78070. Anderson is only the seventh president to serve the Verein since its organization which certainly attests to its stability.

Submitted by:

Mrs. Willard (Alice) Dierks
Rt. 2, Box 2088
Wetmore, TX 78163



75th ANNIVERSARY OF THE GERMANIA FARMERS VEREIN

By Oscar Haas

From far and near folks will remember the third Sunday in the month of October as being the day on which to come back home to Anhalt for the traditional October Fest of the Germania Farmer Verein.

But this year there is a second meaning attached to this festival. It is the 75th anniversary since the founding of the society.

One writer, in 1918 wrote that is probably was the oldest farmers' cooperative society in Texas, and possibly the oldest in the United States, in point of continuous existence. That writer continued, and said that it was born of the necessity for the mutual protection growing out of the depredations of cattle rustlers, and thieves on the property of the people of the Anhalt section in the early days.

After the days of the "cattle rustlers" had passed, and property became more secure, the society found other means of useful service to its members and has continued to grow in numbers and in increased usefulness.

One of the important services it renders is to maintain a system of mutual life insurance for its members. The present officers of the society are: Andreas Engel of Bergheim, president; Alfred Gass of Spring Branch, 1st vice president; Friedrich Wehe, second vice president; August Schmidt, secretary; Gus Schaefer, treasurer, all of Route 1 Wetmore. Emil Laubach, Richard Specht of Rt. 1 Wetmore, and Hermann Hitzfelder, Spring Branch, constitute the finance committee.

The society now is using the seventh minutes book. The writer was handed the first five minute books, which contain the proceedings of seventy odd years of monthly meetings, all in the German language, and was asked to select from these five books, the highlights of the years' proceedings.

The Boerne Star some time ago printed the history of the Germania Farmer Verein as written up from the minutes by Oscar Schmidt up to 1898. Here's a quick resume to freshen the readers' memory.

According to minutes book No. 1, they organized as "The Stockraising Club" October 4, 1875. Carl Koch was elected

president; Friedrich Hofheinz, secretary; C. H. Sueltenfuss, treasurer, and Franz Schaefer, Casper Moos, E. F. Bergmann, Werner Krause, committee.

February 6, 1876, the name was changed to "Germania Farmer Verein." Koch served the society as its president until 1894. In February 1811 Hofheinz moved away for a number of years and Heinrich Wehe succeeded him as secretary and continued in that office until his death in June 1907. Charles Erben succeeded Wehe as secretary and served the society until his death in late 1927, when he was succeeded by the late Otto Voges, according to the minutes book No. 5.

Carl Koch resigned the presidency February 1894 and Heinrich Fink was the second president until his death in 1916. Theodor Bose, vice president, then signed the minutes until Hermann Pfeuffer was elected third vice president first Sunday, June 1917. According to minutes book No. 5, Pfeuffer still was president in 1932. President Andreas Engel of the Germania Farmer Verein is its fourth president.

During the first years the society held its monthly meetings alternatingly in the homes of the members.

On May 6, 1877 they held a picnic between H. Kabelmacher's and Carl Koch's houses. They had such a good time, that they repeat the picnic on May 12, 1878 and it was decided to hold Verein's Fairs of exhibits, first Sunday in May of each year for garden products, and first Sunday of October each year for field products and livestock exhibits.

So there you have your May and your October Fests at Anhalt, for which the third Sunday in May, and in October, have been reserved for many, many years.

In 1879 they built the first hall, 26x34, which, it is said, is now used for the kitchen. It cost \$344.00, Franz Erben was the contractor. It was furnished with a 6x8 three feet high band stand for the musicians.

So when you go to Anhalt Sunday, October 15, for their 75th anniversary, you can see that band stand. It is at the south entrance of the second addition, which addition now is used to seat spectators while dancing is going on in the third addition to the original hall. The band stand now is used by the president, secretary and treasurer when conducting the monthly meetings.

The first hall was lengthened 60 feet in 1887 at a cost of \$666.60. And again lengthened by 20 and widened by 8 feet in 1891 at a cost of \$751.80.

In 1908, at the suggestion of Theo. Bose, the third addition, 60x80, was built at a cost of \$2523.17. And during the nineties and early nineteen hundreds, extensive fairs were held in and around the hall.

To experiment and for the purpose of improving agricultural products, seeds were obtained from the Agriculture Department, Washington, D. C. In April 1877 for instance, six packages of cotton seed was distributed to the master farmers F. Bergmann, Sr., F. Bergmann, Jr., Carl Koch, Chr. Hofheinz, Hy. Richter, Louis Krause. One package seed corn was divided between Casper Sueltenfuss, Fr. Hofheinz, Hy. Theis, P. Seidemann. One package grass seed among Joseph Gersfers, C. Sueltenfuss, Vhr. Hofheinz.

In October 1876 Fr. Hofheinz was sent as delegate to the San Antonio Fair and was allowed to spend \$10.00 representing the Germania Farmer Verein. He spent a total of \$2.50.

In 1878 Chr. Hofheinz and Hy. Richter returned two bushels wheat raised from seed given them the year before, which was divided among others who were obligated to bring one-fourth part of the seed they would harvest from that to be distributed again to others.

In 1884 Mr. Bergmann decorated the hall with 50 varieties of grass that grew on his farm.

These five minutes books contain a large fund of data from which some day a historian can write an interesting book. And as one writer said, the influence of the society on the social life as well as the business interests of the community has been both far-reaching and useful.

See you at Anhalt October 15.

Germania Farmer - Vereins.

1875 members

- | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Kubert, Chas. | Hamer, Franz | Pfeuffer, Herm. |
| Kulermann, Christ. | Hallenberg, Herm. | Pfeuffer, E. V. |
| Koome, Willie | Haupe, Fritz | Pantermuehl, Heinc. |
| Kergmann, Friedr. | Hanz, Ferdinand | Preiß, Martin |
| Kergmann, Chas. | Hanz, Friedrika | Preiß, Philipp |
| Kergmann, Christ. | Heise, Theodor | Preuborn, Adolf |
| Kergmann, Anton | Koch, Chas. sen. | Richter, Emil |
| Kuehe, A. P. | Koch, Fritz | Ruff, August |
| Kuefer, Adam, sen. | Koch, Chas. | Ruff, Louis |
| Kuefer, Adam, jr. | Koch, Herm. | Rummler, Peter |
| Kuefer, Peter | Krause, George | Rathmann, Ferdinand |
| Kuefer, Sebastian | Krause, Louis | Sueltenfuß, Caspar |
| Kuefer, Chas. | Krause, Werner | Schaeferlocher, Wm. |
| Kergmann, Chas. | Krause, John | Spratt, Wm. |
| Krands, Wm. | Krause, Franz | Stary, August |
| Kuef, Emil | Krause, Henry | Schell, Robert |
| Kuef, Dennis | Krause, Edward | Schell, Herm. |
| Kuef, Albert | Kuebel, Emil | Schumann, Jakob |
| Kull, Georg | Kuiber, Herm. | Schulenberg, W. A. |
| Kuse, Theodor | Kuiber, Charles | Schwartz, Adam |
| Kusef, Friedr. | Kuepper, Willie | Steubing, Willie |
| Krewn, Joes | Kuepper, Anton | Schell, Wm. |
| Kreuels, Otto | Kabelmacher, August | Schell, August |
| Kreuth, Franz | Kunz, Val. | Schoerpe, F. Wm. |
| Krafft, Peter | Kunz, Hubert | Simon, Joe |
| Krohn, John | Kruschmeier, August | Schurz, Charles |
| Kroppschmidt, Adam | Krieger, Wm. | Schneider, Simon |
| Krohn, Chas. | Kriegner, G. L. | Schmidt, Heinc. |
| Koenberger, Oscar | Kabelmacher, Heinc. | Stapper, Joe |
| Kichmann, Henry | Klaus, Peter | Schlaifer, Adam |
| Kibel, Albert | Klaus, Jakob | Schwartz, Franz |
| Kugel, Andreas | Kreger, Wm. | Stein, Adolf |
| Kiser, Herm. | Kobler, Ernst | Torppelwein, Herm. |
| Kubsmann, Val. | Klabunde, Karl | Treus, Heinc. |
| Koerster, Richard | Kor, Peter | Traugott, John |
| Koerster, Friedr. | Koersch, Fritz | Ucker, Wm. |
| Koisher, Fritz | Koersch, Gottlieb | Uhr, Chas. |
| Kital, Henry | Kraubach, Simon | Voges, Fritz |
| Krochmer, Julius | Kudwig, Joe | Voges, Chas. |
| Georg, Adolf | Kiesmann, Heinc. | Voges, Herm. |
| Georg, Fritz | Kuehling, Heinrich | Vogt, Paul |
| Georg, Herm. | Kur, Martin | Vogt, A. G. |
| Galle, Fedor | Kupe, Ernst | Vogel, Louis |
| Gaß, Friedr. | Martin, Louis | Wehe, Henry |
| Grosser, August | Meise, Richard | Webe, Otto |
| Grosser, Emil | Marbach, John | Weidner, Heinc. |
| Graham, S. J. | Mayer, Adam | Wille, Robt. |
| Hofheinz, Friedr. | Mannich, Aug. | Wiesbrohm, Fritz |
| Hofheinz, Christ. | Eit, Louis | Wyrich, Adolf |
| Huag, Louis | Eppertmann, Louis | Wunderlich, Julius |
| Huag, Fritz | Eitrich, Ernst | Wolffen, Solomon |
| Hausler, Albert | Pieper, August | Zahn, Franz |
| Heidrich, Friedr. | Pog, Theodor | Ziegler, Wm. |
| Heidrich, Jacob | Pog, Joe | Zoeller, Heinc. |
| Heidrich, Rudolf | Poehner, Henry | |

125th Hermann Sons year

The oldest branch of the Order of the Sons of Hermann in Texas will celebrate its 125th anniversary in San Antonio next Sunday with a dinner-dance for 750 people at the Villita Assembly Building.

Mayor Henry Cisneros will deliver the keynote speech at the event for Harmonia Hermann Sons Brother Lodge No. 1, a fraternal organization with German roots whose ancestry traces to 1840 in New York. Louis Engelke, grand president of the order, will officiate.

Raymond Sultenfuss, co-chairman of the planning committee, said the order benefits from the long perspective: "We celebrate our anniversary every year, but every 25 years we have a big celebration."

The celebration, listed as a Sesquicentennial event in San Antonio, is being recognized statewide.

Since its beginnings in San Antonio, the Texas branch of the society has grown to 81,000 members in 160 lodges.

When Harmonia Lodge No. 1 was chartered in San Antonio on July 6, 1861, the lodge and later the Grand Lodge of the Sons of Hermann in Texas were part of a national organization.

But in 1921, the Sons of Hermann in Texas became a separate entity, completely autonomous and independent of any national affiliation.

The anniversary ceremonies will open with a concert by the Beethoven Band.

The order began in Texas when two members of the New York lodge, John Lemnitzer and Jacob Goll, came to San Antonio on New Year's Day 1860, and recruited citizens of German descent to organize

a lodge. The lodge received its charter 18 months later.

The organizers of the Sons of Hermann in New York named their society after a German hero of the 1st century called Hermann the Cherusker.

In his youth, Hermann was captured by the Romans and pressed into military service, where he moved to a leadership position.

When the Romans became increasingly oppressive to his people, he escaped and organized the German tribesmen for a military victory.

Roman legions were considered invincible in those years, but in 9 A.D., Hermann's tribal forces wiped out three Roman legions plus their support personnel, totaling 50,000 soldiers, in the Battle of Teutoburg Forest.

Hermann died 12 years after his victory.

New Boerne museum to honor agriculture

By **TOM BOWER**
Express-News Staff Writer

BOERNE — The early wealth of Texas was carved from the land by farmers and ranchers and their history now has a home here in the Agricultural Heritage Center.

During ribbon-cutting ceremonies Saturday, the museum was officially opened to the public on a three-acre site at Boerne City Park.

Originally the idea of the Boerne and Comfort sesquicentennial committees, the Heritage Center was established through the volunteer efforts of local citizens and businesses who donated labor and materials to the project.

"It's all been volunteer work except for the building and we raised the money for that," said Dick Magers, president of the Agricultural Heritage Center Inc.

The center features a 5,000-square-foot building with displays of farm equipment and machinery dating from the 1800s. Over 150 large pieces of equipment are among the more than 2,000 items that so far have been donated.

"In this case, other people's trash are our treasures," said Magers during a short tour of the facility.

The center is located near the entrance to Boerne City Park on Texas 46 East about a mile from downtown Boerne.

Beginning Nov. 2, the center will be open on Sundays from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. the same hours as the Kuhlmann-King House, a museum operated by the Boerne Area Historical Preservation Society.

"As we develop more interest, we are hoping to be open more often," added Kate Skinner-Klee, a director of the organization.

"Really, the history of Kendall County is here. Every one of the names you see in here are members of those families out there," Mayor Art Howell said, pointing to the crowd of area residents on hand for the opening.

Items on display include a 1907 horse-drawn, covered Studebaker wagon; an 1896 New Century thrasher; and the original pumper wagon and ladder wagon manufactured in 1908 and used by the Boerne Volunteer Fire Department.

Numerous other pieces of equipment have been donated from horse-drawn plows, seeders and manure-spreaders to terracers and early versions of the present day road-graders.

Magers said, however, the center is in need of other items such as old photographs, catalogs and other written materials.

Magers said a shallow water well will be dug on the center grounds complete with a windmill and 500-gallon cypress water tank.

Zungenbrecher

Fischers Fritz fischt frische Fische.

Wenn hinter Robben Robben robben, robben Robben Robben hinterher.

Selten küsst der Küster; küsst der Küster, küsst der Küster selten seine Frau.

Der Leutnant von Leuthen befahl seinen Leuten, nicht eher zu läuten, als bis der Leutnant von Leuthen seinen Leuten das Läuten befahl.

Zwischen zwei Zwetschgengzweigen zwitscherten zwei zwitschernde Schwalben.

Der Whiskeymixer mixt Whiskey, Whiskey mixt der Whiskeymixer.

Wenn hinter Fliegen Fliegen fliegen, fliegen Fliegen Fliegen hinterher.

Brautkleid bleibt Brautkleid und Blaukraut bleibt Blaukraut.

Ein tschechischer Chefchemiker. Der dicke Dieter trägt den dünnen Dieter durch das dunkle Dorf. Schwarze Borsten bürsten besser als weisse Borsten bürsten.

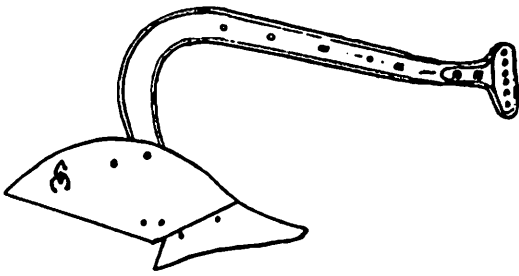
Flotte flinke Fellflicker flicken flink feine Felle.

Kleine Kinder können keine kleinen Kirschkerne knacken.

In Ulm, um Ulm und um Ulm herum.

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Agricultural Heritage Center
P.O. Box 1076 Boerne, Texas 78006



COMMITTEE:

- Edward Albrecht
- Walter Bergmann
- Richard Chapman
- Clarence Dietert
- Don Gourley
- Gilbert Langbein
- Dick Magers
- Louis Magers
- Gray Majirus
- Walter Pfeiffer



RICHARD H. MAGERS
DISTRICT LABORATORY ENGINEER
STATE DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS
AND PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION

4813 N.W. INTERSTATE LOOP 410
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS 78284

TELEPHONE
886-1110
EXT. 323

Dear Friend:

We organized the Kendall County Sesquicentennial Committee and it's support activities about three years ago.

From the beginning, one of our thoughts was to leave a permanent display for our Bi-centennial in 2036.

Boobie Herbst and Gray Majirus had the excellent idea of a display of old farm equipment - that equipment that is rusting in many pastures - and has not been used in years. Let the kids 50 years from now see what their ancestors used in supporting themselves thru farming and ranching in the 19th and early 20th century.

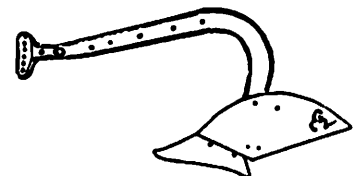
The City of Boerne has established an area of about 3 acres at State Highway 46 and the City Park. Redland-Worth, thru it's manager, Bill Worth has donated approximately 400 cubic yards of flexible base to build pads and walkways in the display area. We have begun moving equipment into the park.

But - we have had additional offers of equipment: a covered wagon used in Kendall County; a complete blacksmith shop; and like items - equipment that will be provided only if we provide secure structure to house the equipment, both from weather and vandalism. When this building is completed, we would welcome small items.



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We have finalized the building to be placed in the park. Bill Worth has donated 50 cubic yards of concrete for the foundation, and Bruce Ingram has donated an additional 50 cubic yards. SMI in Seguin will furnish the reinforcing steel for the foundation. C. A. Bolner, structural engineer in San Antonio has donated the design of the foundation, while Dan Bunker has furnished the engineering on site. Alvin Sauer has volunteered to handle the site grading.

The building will cost about \$18,000.00 erected. It will be 54' x 84' and the exterior will be about the same as the exhibit hall at the fairgrounds.

In due time, we would like to consider future siding - either rock or log to blend in with the old buildings in the hill country.

We will install permanent metal signs for each display: What it is, when it was used, and who donated it. We estimate about \$1,500.00 for these signs.

In an attempt to push these displays, we let time catch us, prior to making our area wide pitch for financial assistance.

Clarence Dietert has consented to act as Treasurer for this endeavor. Please consider what we are working on, and drop Clarence a good check. Make the check to: Agriculture Heritage Center, P. O. Box 1076, Boerne, TX 78006.

Sincerely,



Richard H. Magers
Co-Chairman, Kendall County Sesquicentennial
Co-Chairman, City of Boerne Sesquicentennial
Acting Chairman, Agricultural Heritage Center

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I am interested in contacting a researcher who is familiar with researching in the Palatinate, Germany.

I have considerable information on my emigrant ancestor, John Albrecht, the area of his origin as given on ship and Oath of Allegiance lists; however, he came prior to 1740, before it was a custom to give the name of the town of origin.

John Albrecht came to America on Ship Johnson, arriving at Philadelphia, Pa. Sept. 18, 1732, together with wife Anna Barbara and five children.

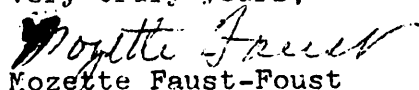
It is a family tradition that he, John was related to the Hapsburg, but this has not been proven.

Because of failing health and eyesight, I am unable to continue this research; I would greatly appreciate your help in locating a qualified, yet reasonable, researcher.

I am enjoying the publications but my knowledge of the German language is a handicap in enjoying it fully.

Rt. 3, Box 160
Thornton, Texas 76687

Very truly yours,


Mozette Faust-Foust

Bonn Helps German Farmers

Hit By Chernobyl Fallout

Bonn (DaD) - Radioactive fallout that spread over much of Europe after the Soviet reactor disaster at Chernobyl posed an immediate health hazard in the Federal Republic of Germany for a fortnight and has changed people's lives. An independent radiation protection commission advised the authorities and consumers on precautions to take. As measuring stations all over the country registered a distinct increase in atmospheric and soil radiation days after the incident, the experts advised against the consumption of fresh milk and vegetables, especially by children and pregnant women. An immediate, drastic decline in turnover of these products was reported by retail traders.

Farmers were hit hardest. In some parts of Germany they were unable to send dairy herds out on to the rich May pastures and had to plough ripe crops under because radiation counts were too high. They will be compensated. The 1959 Atomic Energy Act makes the government liable for damage suffered as a result of nuclear power station mishaps at home or abroad. Federal Agriculture Minister Ignaz Kiechle and Land Agriculture Ministers agreed on initial compensation totalling DM210m. Damage suffered by food processors for whom supplies were no longer available or by retailers whose turnover has plummeted is likely to amount to well over DM100m too. Herr Kiechle has assured farmers that compensation will be paid as soon as possible.

Aid to farmers whose crops were contaminated comes hard on the heels of financial support for some 315,000 small and medium-sized farms with incomes 25 to 30 per cent below those of industrial wage-earners. As straight national subsidies are not permitted in the European Community the Federal government is paying a larger share of these farmers' social security contributions. Small farmers stand to benefit by up to DM3,500 a year. The program is to cost DM660m. In this case, as in connection with Chernobyl fallout, the government feels obliged to lend a helping hand when entire communities suffer hardship through no fault of their own.

Rober Langen

Saturday, June 28, 1986 • 1986 Fort Worth Star-Telegram

Eric Braeden: from Nazi to a nice guy

By JERRY BUCK
Associated Press

LOS ANGELES — Eric Braeden's experience is typically American: working cowboy on a Montana ranch, sawmill worker, college athlete and river rafter.

Yet, Braeden is widely remembered for a role he did 20 years ago as a Nazi officer. He was Capt. Hauptman Hans Dietrich, commander of an armored unit in the Afrika Korps and nemesis of the four members of *The Rat Patrol* television series.

At that time Braeden was known as Hans Gudegast, the name he was born with in Kiel, Germany. He didn't set foot in this country until after he'd graduated from high school in Germany.

"I wasn't the usual kind of immigrant because it wasn't for political or religious reasons," said Braeden, who stars in the CBS soap opera *The Young and the Restless* as an American.

"To me, America meant a vision of adventure and freedom. Freedom from the constraints of bourgeois life. In Europe your life is very restricted and that's boring. When I landed in New York, it made an incredible impression on a boy coming from Germany."

Braeden went first to Galveston, Texas, then to Montana. "I worked on a ranch in Montana, which was a great experience," he said. "But the romance of being a cowboy vanished after the first day of hard riding. The ache goes right through your backside."

He attended Montana State University on a partial track scholarship, throwing the discus, shotput and javelin, and he worked at a lumber mill to help pay expenses. Later, he and a friend made a documentary of a rafting trip on the Salmon River, the so-called *River of No Return*. It was selling the documentary film that brought him to Los Angeles.

"I'd wanted to be an actor since I was 13 or 14," he said, "but I didn't come here for that reason. I started working as an actor about 1962." By 1964, he said, he was making a nice living at it.

Braeden refused to play Dietrich on *The Rat Patrol* as a Nazi monster.

"I don't think anyone would have learned from that period if we'd just shown caricatures," he said. "To understand the whole Nazi period, you have to accept that the whole Nazi persona appealed to a majority of Germans by 1938."

"What has been done in films has distorted the period. Hollywood makes it seem that anti-Semitism was the issue. Poverty and a lack of national identity and a fear of communism were the issues. The Jewish issue, which films emphasize, only



Eric Braeden

came later. So I wanted to portray a German soldier who was a human being but had the misfortune of fighting for a cause that turned out to be horrible and tragic."

After *The Rat Patrol* he changed his name. "I did a picture at Universal called *Colossus: The Forbin Project*, and Lew Wasserman said anyone playing the lead in an American picture should have an American name," he said. "I hated the idea of changing my name, but I was prepared for it. I was fighting an enormous uphill battle with the name Hans Gudegast."

Braeden has starred in such films as *The Ultimate Chase*, *Morituri*, *100 Rifles*, *Escape From the Planet of the Apes*, plus such TV movies as *The Judge and Mrs. Wyler*, *Happily Ever After* and *The Cry of the Rooster*.

In 1980 he was cast in *The Young and the Restless* as the suave American Victor Newman.

"They'd offered me soap opera roles before, but I'd shied away from it," he said. "I really didn't know what the soaps were. But I had a new agent who asked if I'd do a soap. I called a friend who'd done one, Dabney Coleman. He said, 'Do it, you'll love it.'"

He describes Newman as a romantic hero. He said, "He started out as a bad guy and evolved into what he is today, a very complex character. You deal with problems in soaps that are somewhat like real problems. Look what you deal with on *The A-Team* or *Charlie's Angels*—farical problems."

Braeden learned to play soccer in Germany and still plays it regularly. He is a member of a semi-pro team—"an old-timer's team for guys over 30"—and coaches his son's team.

"Soccer is the fastest-growing sport in America," he said.

"I think this country needs another international sport outside track and field. I think if it's handled correctly, this country could be a soccer force to be reckoned with in 10 years."

Comic cracks them up overseas

By MARK HEINRICH
Associated Press

MUNICH, West Germany — When Ron Williams impersonated President Reagan on German television, it was a brilliant move in the extraordinary career of an American satirist who delivers his punch lines in fluent German.

Buoyed by the wave of publicity from the Reagan parody, the former U.S. Army private will host his own nationwide TV show in 1986 patterned after *Saturday Night Live*—but in German.

Williams, 43, had been cracking up German cabaret-theater audiences for years before the May 1, 1985, Reagan spoof that briefly upstaged the political actors who were arriving for the annual economic summit meeting of major industrialized nations.

That day, German national television ran an "exclusive" audio tape of Chancellor Helmut Kohl chatting with Reagan upon the president's arrival in Bonn, the West German capital.

Astonished viewers heard Reagan

telling Kohl he wanted to fly over Berlin's Spandau Prison in a helicopter and "say hello to Rudolf Hess," as well as visit a former Nazi concentration camp, in order not to "hurt anybody's feelings."

The explosive "conversation" was concocted by Williams, the network commentator acknowledged with a grin right after it ended and the international phone lines lit up. Kohl, a close friend of Reagan, blasted the network for the "tasteless" gag and demanded an apology.

The Oakland, Calif., native has also become a TV personality in West Germany.

Williams carved out his niche in German pop culture after he quit the Army in 1963 while stationed in West Germany to pursue an acting and singing career in Europe.

"I was a real freak at some of these places, but I got to know all kinds of Germans this way. Now I've become the only American entertainer to achieve success in the German language, and being black on top of it is something extra for Germans," Williams said.

From

Minetta Goyne

1205 Sherwood Dr.

Arlington, TX 76013

Oral History Taping

What is Oral History? It is the systematic recording of interviews with individuals who have substantial personal historical knowledge. It serves to supplement written history by providing information not always available through published sources and by offering a glimpse of the personality of the interviewees.

In an age of verbal communication, in which written documentation of events has declined, the San Antonio Conservation Society has recognized the need to preserve our history in January 1986 including the Oral History chairman as a member of the Board of Directors.

During her first term as chairman, Bette Simpson conducted interviews with native San Antonian Earl Fuller, 92, now deceased; Ella Stumpf

(Mrs. Franz) Society member since 1924; Virginia Temple (Mrs. Seth) president of SACS 1948-49 and member Ilse Grif-fith.

This Fall, Jewel Dreiss conducted a tape interview with long time member Cordelia Gerner. The chairman completed an interview with Vivian Hamlin Terrett (Mrs. Dulany) one of two persons who served two terms of two years each as Society President.

Members of the committee have accepted assignments to record six long time members who have much to offer for a recorded history of the SACS. This year, Vice-Chairman Ingrid Kokinda will make a video tape of all those who are interviewed.

Anyone interested in becoming a member of the committee please contact Bette Simpson 341-2803.

BETTE SIMPSON

SA. CONSERVATION Society
Newsletter, Oct. 1986

GERMAN TEXANS' GENEALOGY SECTION

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

BITS AND PIECES AND NEWS

Comal County Records The Comal County Genealogy Society (formerly Comal County Family Historians) has published Cemeteries of New Braunfels in Comal County, Texas, a survey of the cemeteries within the city limits of New Braunfels, including: Comal, Sts. Peter & Paul, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, New Braunfels, Panteon-Hidalgo, Hortontown, Small Family, Eikenroth, and The Landing cemeteries. The 224-page book has a comprehensive surname index, and sells for \$18.00, plus \$2.00 for postage and handling. See address below.

This same group has also published four volumes of Comal County marriage records: Volume 1, 1846-1864; Volume 2, 1864-1877; Volume 3, 1877-1888; Volume 4, 1888-1897. Each volume is \$8.00, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling. Address all orders to: Comal County Genealogy Society, P O Box 583, New Braunfels TX 78130.

Your Genealogy Editor thanks members of the Comal County Genealogy Society for their kind invitation to speak to the group on August 5, 1986 about genealogy for German Texans.

Special Request from your Genealogy Editor Can a member furnish us with a sample copy of a Pedigree Chart and a Family Group Sheet with the printed entries in German?

Another Special Request Your Genealogy Editor frequently has inquiries from members (and others, too) for the services of a German translator, especially for old documents and letters. If YOU or someone you know can do this, please send your name, address, and fee schedule to your Genealogy Editor.

More Emigration Records Volume II of The Wuerttemberg Emigration Index will be available soon. Projected to be a six-volume set, Volumes I and II each have an alphabetical list of 11,500 individuals who applied to emigrate from Wuerttemberg. Volume I sells for \$15.95 in hardcover only, while Volume II is \$16.95 in hardcover and \$12.95 in softcover. Add for shipping, handling and insurance: \$3.25 for one volume or \$4.00 for two volumes. Order from: Ancestry, Inc., P O Box 476, Salt Lake City UT 84110.

Records from Poland Because many of our German-speaking ancestors came from territories now in Poland, the articles in the 3rd quarter 1986 issue of German Genealogical Digest will be of interest to our members. Of special interest is the article "Polish Genealogical Letter-Writing Guide" with sentences and phrases you can use to put together a letter of request. The Genealogical Library in Salt Lake City has a similar letter-writing guide for the German language.

Texas County Records Ingmire Publications has available the published marriage records of numerous Texas counties, including Bastrop, Bexar, Colorado, Fayette, Galveston, Goliad, Gonzalez, Guadalupe, Harris, Lavaca, Medina, Runnels, Victoria, and Washington--plus many others. The dates vary from the 1840s to the early 1900s. Prices vary from \$3.50 to \$12.50. Because the company wants you to use their order form, please write for a catalogue. The address is: Ingmire Publications, 10166 Clairmont Dr., St. Louis MO 63136, but AFTER January 5, 1987, the address will be: 211 Downshire, San Antonio TX 78216.

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Colorado County Cemeteries Roy Addicks, Sr., is documenting the cemeteries of Colorado County. Thus far, he has completed two cemeteries at Frelsburg: Sts. Peter and Paul Catholic and Trinity Lutheran, as well as the cemetery at New Berlin. He hopes to complete the others soon. For information, write to him at Box 682, Eagle Lake TX 77434.

Germanic Genealogist will no longer be published as a separate quarterly by the Augustan Society. Instead, the Society will publish Omnibus Augustan, which will include, in addition to the Germanic Genealogist, the Augustan, Colonial Genealogist, English Genealogist, Heraldry, Chivalry, Irish-American Genealogist, French Genealogist, Spanish-American Genealogist, Eastern & Central European Genealogist, Be-Ne-Lux Genealogist, Scottish-American Genealogist, and Genealogical Library Journal. Not every section will appear in every issue, but Germanic Genealogist will appear in each issue, along with The Augustan, Colonial Genealogist, English Genealogist, and Genealogical Library Journal. However, the price for the comprehensive Omnibus Augustan is \$40.00 a year. If interested, contact the Augustan Society, P O Box P, Torrance CA 90507. Due to the price, your Genealogy Editor has discontinued the subscription.

Fox Smith Books of Alexandria VA has discontinued its mail order services.

Southern Historical Press has four new books and one reprint of a valuable out-of-print title. Of possible interest to our members are: Texas Heroes Buried on Galveston Island, Vol. II (\$15.00) and Bounty and Donation Land Grants of Texas, 1835-1888 (\$60.00). This second book has, arranged alphabetically by surname, names of over 7,500 persons who received Bounty Land Grants and some 1,816 persons who received Donation Land Grants, with additional information on each. Postage and handling is \$1.95 for one book and \$.35 for each additional. Address orders to: Southern Historical Pres, Inc., P O Box 738, Easley SC 29641.

Biographical Memoirs of the Old South will be published soon, and Heritage Publishers Services wants Southern researchers and genealogists to place biographies of their ancestors born in the American South prior to 1866. There is no charge for submitting a 150-word biography, but in excess of 150 words, the fee is 10 cents a word. There is also a \$10.50 fee for publishing a photograph. The publisher's form (or a copy of it) must accompany each entry, and the DEADLINE for Volume I is November 30, 1986. The address is: P O Box 820169, Houston TX 77082.

Professional Genealogists in Germany Ordinarily we are reluctant to recommend services of specific professional researchers. However, GTHS member Mary Girard highly recommends the services of a professional she contacted, Herr Henning Schröder of Gummersbach. He specializes in the German states of Hesse, Rhineland, and Westphalia only. Mary received his report and documents within a month. Some of the documents were photocopied with his transcription and translation; others were complete extracts of the records (certified) with his transcription and translation. Herr Schröder is a member of our Association of Professional Genealogists, which also gives him a high recommendation. Mary also contracted the services of Sabine and Rolf Schaible in the vicinity of Stuttgart. Although it took them four months to reply, the report was worth the wait--five typewritten pages, with entries from church and family register records, photocopies and translations, covering four generations, and a map of the area. If you are interested in contacting either of these professionals, send a SASE to Mary Girard, 25006 Broad Oak Trail, San Antonio TX 78255. As a result of this research, Mary

now has a good deal more information on the Offer, Schlather, and Langbein lines that she is willing to share with others.

Tom Green County History We have now received additional information on the proposed "History of Tom Green County." The county historical commission is looking for family biographies of 450 words or less to be published at no charge. Longer articles will have a fee. The commission will also accept photos, memorials and tributes, as well as histories of businesses and organizations. Prepublication price is \$50.00 plus \$2.56 tax and \$2.50 postage and handling. After publication, the price will be \$60.00, plus tax and postage. Deadline for orders and materials is Feb. 1, 1987. For a brochure containing the guidelines for the family biographies and other details, send a SASE to Tom Green County Historical Commission, Book Committee, P O Box 1625, San Angelo TX 76902

Naturalization Records; Mobile, Alabama, 1833-1906 The Port of Mobile was one of the most important nineteenth century ports-of-entry in the South. This book contains complete data from naturalization papers on some 7,000 persons, including 1,000 from Germany or Germanic states. Containing 148 pages in hardcover, the book costs \$17.50 plus \$1.50 for postage and handling. Order from: Alabama Ancestors, 4075 Moffatt Road, Mobile AL 36618.

More Passenger Lists Czech Immigration Passenger Lists, Volume 2, identifies nearly 7,000 Czech and Slovak immigrants who arrived in New Orleans during 1879-1899 and in Galveston during 1896-1906. These data, which were abstracted from various microfilm sources, also list the home village in Czechoslovakia for a majority of these immigrants as well as their destinations in Texas, Oklahoma, and many Midwestern and Western states. Also included are pictures and information on immigrant ships as well as instructions on how to enlist the aid of the Czech Embassy in Washington DC to perform genealogical research in Czechoslovakia. Available for \$16.95 postpaid from Leo Baca, 1707 Woodcreek, Richardson TX 75081.

FROM OUR MEMBERS

The following section was compiled by your Genealogy Editor from information 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.

Another note: If you plan to submit an article for publication, please note the manuscript specifications published inside the back cover of each issue. Here they are again: We will consider only materials typed, single spaced, on 8 1/2" by 11" white paper, with only 1/4" margin on all sides. Although you see a nice margin in the final Newsletter, our printer does this for us. Remember, your typing must be almost edge-to-edge. Your Genealogy Editor and the Editor-in-Chief evaluate all materials for the readership value of both the content and the typing format.

Patricia L. Rabe Rt 4, Box 1325, Edinburg TX 78539 is especially interested in learning about Louis Schulenburg, who bought the W. B. Anderson home in Fayette County in 1867. The railroad depot of Schulenburg was built on his land and the town was given his name. Patricia believes his wife's name was Johanna. She is also searching for information about Karl August Rabe, who

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was born in Germany in 1830, immigrated to Fayette County in 1849, and died in 1891. He married the widow Ernestine Simank Sauer.

Thomas Bryan Box 2010, Sparks NV 89431 is trying to locate information on his grandmother's family and recently discovered she was a member of a German fraternal lodge around the 1920s. Her name was Sophie White, and her husband was Thomas Irvan Bryan. Sophie was born in Germany and immigrated to Texas in 1882. She lived in the small community of Polytechnic near Fort Worth. Does any member know of a German lodge in the Fort Worth area and if it has old membership records?

Betty DuLaney Kaiser 4200 Lullwood, Austin TX 78722 is interested in the origins of Christian Kaiser, born in Nordhausen in Prussia. His son Julius was born in Stolberg (Prussia). They lived in Union SC from 1847 to 1886, and later in Fannin County, Texas. The current postal directory for Germany lists three Nordhausens, but only one in the area formerly Prussia, and one town named Stolberg. We hope the information sent by your Genealogy Editor helps her.

Mr. & Mrs. H. R. Dettman Rt 2, Box 174, Stockdale TX 78160 are attempting to trace the Dettmann line. Mina Larch was married first to a Dettmann and then married Frederich "Fritz" Hinze. Mina, Fritz, her sister and brother-in-law a Winkenwerder (first name unknown) came to Texas from Germany, possibly in 1899. They arrived at Galveston and settled in Fayette County. Mina's three children from her first marriage came to Texas the following year. Hermann Dettmann, the eldest of these children, was Mr. Dettmann's father. They are looking for the port of departure, the name of the immigrants' ship, and the exact date of arrival in Texas.

Lola H. Cloninger 4301 N. 11th Place, Phoenix AZ 85014 needs more information on the Remschel and Rehner families. Augusta Schultz Remschel came to Indianola about 1845. She was widowed with three children, Julius Heinrich, Emma, and Otto. She married Benedict Rehner in 1848, and they had one child, Richard. Augusta died in 1879 in Indianola. Others in the family lived in Nueces, Goliad, and Gonzales counties.

Lynda Galloway P O Box 273163, Boca Raton FL 33427 and her cousin Bill Lehmann of Guthrie OK have been working on the Lehmann family. As far as they have determined, these Lehmanns are not related to Elizabeth Lehmann of Brenham. This particular Lehmann family came from Berlin to Indianola between 1854 and 1859. The immigrants were Gustav and Wilhemine Lehmann and two sons, Paul and Max. In 1862, their daughter Augusta was born in Indianola. They believe that Gustav was a member of the Indianola Hook and Ladder Company (fire department). The family apparently lived through the 1875 and 1886 Indianola storms, although Gustav purchased land in Cuero, DeWitt County, in February 1886. They did move to Cuero either before or after the devastating hurricane, and both are buried there in Hillside Cemetery. Their son Paul also lived at Cuero. Lynda and Bill are trying to find out more about the death of the son Max, said to have been murdered in either Stockdale, Cotulla, Carrizo Springs, or El Paso. They are also looking for the descendants of the daughter Augusta, who married either William Franke or Joseph Guegan.

Gaynel Conner 12616 Darryl Dr., Buda TX 78610 sent information on her great grandfather's family (Nixon) traced to 1275 in England. Her German ancestor is her great grandmother Lois C. Strackbein. She was born in Frohnhausen or Braunhausen, Germany, and married Andrew Jackson Nixon II in 1862 in Blanco. In 1865 they moved to Squaw Creek in Gillespie County. The old homeplace is

still standing and owned by family members. The descendants hold an annual reunion in August at Doss, Texas.

Luise Wesemann Green 507 Misty Lane, Friendswood TX 77546 is interested in the Wesemann, Blanke, Segelke, and Reinke families.

Patricia Baumer 3765 Grass Valley Hwy., #89, Auburn CA 95603 is researching her great grandparents Conrad and Louisa Baumer who immigrated from Germany in the mid 1800s. Her great grandfather and his brother were abandoned or orphaned as young boys.

Gay E. Langerhans 12106 Dakar, Houston TX 77065 is looking for more information on her great grandfather Johann Winkler. His wife was Josepha (Josephine) Pauler and his two daughters were Josepha who married Glenkler and Marie Helen who married Diekert. An arrival record was found for the daughters at ages 9 and 7 on September 10, 1873, on the ship "Strassburg," but no arrival record has been found for the parents. Gay does not know what happened to Johann, but Josephine remarried in 1874 to Ernst Otto in Fayette County. No death nor burial record has been found for Johann Winkler in Fayette County. Is it possible that he died before the others emigrated, or that he died on board the ship? Gay is hoping other GTHS members having Winkler or Pauler names in their line will write to her.

Frederick P. Mesch 2935 Nacogdoches #216, San Antonio TX 78217 has determined that his great grandfather Fred F. Mesch came to Texas, possibly from a midwestern state, between 1845 and 1850. The 1867-69 voter registration list for Bexar County shows he was from Baden, but naturalized in Gillespie County in 1856. However, the 1867-69 Bexar County voter registration list shows that he lived in Precinct 3 at that time and had lived in the state and county for 11 years and in that precinct for 7 years. He married Amelia Kremer in 1862 in Bexar County and they had five children, Fred Charles, Henry Jacob, Theodore, Bertha, and Lina. Frederick wants to know if any GTHS member knows of Amelia Kremer's family in Fredericksburg. He is also looking for documents to verify that Fred F. Mesch was a member of that community in 1856.

George Puls, Jr. 310 Cape May, Corpus Christi TX 78412 wants to learn more about his great grandfather and where he grew up in Germany. He was Adolphus Conrade Augustus Puls. He left Germany about 1849, possibly as a stowaway on a U.S. ship sailing from Hamburg. The only clue he has is that Adolphus had worked in the mail service as a coach driver between Berlin and Bielefeld. Does anyone know how to request records of the postal service in Germany?

Evelyn Ramey 9618 Emnora, Houston TX 77080 is searching for information on the family of Gottlieb Prowatschke from Silesia. The name is also found as Prowatzky, Prowatzke, Pravacky, and Prowelske. Gottlieb arrived in Galveston and Harris County in 1855 with his wife Susanne Matzke and daughters Susanna Helena and Johanne (Hannah). Susanna married Christian Johannes Franke, and Hannah married John Bode. Evelyn thinks that another child remained in the old country. Because she believes that Susanne had Matzke relatives in Harris County before the family's arrival, Evelyn would like to correspond with others related to the Matzkes. She would also appreciate correspondence with others knowing of the Prowatschke, Franke, and Bode families.

Frances Keck Jones P O Box 200098, Austin TX 78720 is currently writing a fictional account of a "real" German Texan family. She would also like to

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explore the town of Westphalia as it might relate to her husband's grandfather.

Myrtle McNiece 1623 S.E. Malden St., Portland OR 97202 is looking for information on William Imhoff and his wife Nancy who lived at Spring Branch, Comal County, in the 1800s. They had a mill there about 1888. In the same neighborhood lived the William Spect family.

Henry H. Hahn Curator, Roosevelt County Historical Museum, Eastern New Mexico University, Portales NM 88130 tells an interesting story about his Hahn ancestors, originally from Hesse. His great grandfather Henry Hahn was born in 1813 at Hahn, now Bollinger County, MO and came with his family to Red River County in April, 1841, from Greene County IL. He lived in Grayson and Collin counties, but traded all over northern Texas. Later, he settled on a land grant in Cooke County, between Gainesville and Callisburg. There he worked as a stonemason and manufactured brick. He had his own treaties with the Comanche, Kiowa, and Delaware, and was called "Big Bear" by them. Henry's father Joshua came from Illinois in the spring of 1842 and was one of the earliest residents of Gainesville, settling there before the town was named. In North Carolina, Missouri, and Illinois, Joshua made rifles. However in Texas, he bought hides, tanned them in his Gainesville tanning yard, and shipped the leather to the east. Henry would be happy to exchange information on the North Texas Germans with anyone interested in this group. Write to him in care of the museum at Eastern New Mexico University, address above.

Harold Mueller 518 Fourth St., Marietta OH 45750 has an unpublished typescript on the Matthew Kreisle family that arrived at Indianola in 1846. He also has in progress a typescript on the J. C. Mueller family. They arrived in Travis County in the 1870s. He is also interested in the Swiss Baldinger family and the Bleike family.

Eddie Wolsch Old Glory TX 79540 is a graduate student in history and is researching the German roots of his area. [Note: Old Glory, in eastern Stonewall County, was originally named Brandenburg, but the name was changed during World War I. It had a 1980 Census population of 125.]

W. L. Winham 1912 Oakhill Road., Bethany OK 73008 is seeking information about his ancestor E. D. (initials only) Peters. He was born in 1846 in Germany and was brought to this country at age 5. He lived as an adult in New Boston, Bowie County. Family tradition holds that his mother's maiden name was Jerdes and that his brothers and sisters were Rudolph, Betty, Sophie, and Belle. Mr. Winham has found that during World War I Peters, a German citizen, was the beneficiary of an insurance policy from a nephew lost at sea in the service of the U.S. When trouble came because of his German citizenship, he destroyed all correspondence from his family. Mr. Winham is also interested in the Joseph Peters who is listed as a passenger on the "Ocean" and was among the 1845 founders of New Braunfels. The Joseph Peters house still stands in New Braunfels, currently used as a real estate office. Does anyone in New Braunfels know the background of this Joseph Peters and his historic home?

Pauline Phillips 308 Crested Butte Dr., Eagle River AK 99577 is looking for information on four families: Franke, Heimann or Heymann, Krueger, and Henkel. Anton Franke was born in 1825 in Germany. His wife was Angelika Heimann or Heymann, born 1832, also in Germany. They came to Texas prior to the birth of their first child in 1859 in Fayette County. Pauline does not know if they immigrated as a married couple or if they met and married in

Texas. Another ancestor was John Moritz Krueger, born 1861, in Posen. He came to Texas with his mother, Julia, but Pauline does not know if she was married at the time they immigrated. Julia married G. J. Henkel and lived at Muldoon in Fayette County, where she ran a cotton gin and a molasses press. John Moritz Krueger is buried at Shiner, but she does not know where the others are buried. Can anyone help this German-Texan resident of Alaska? She has traced the English side of her family to 1700 and needs Texas help with her German lines.

Mike Hennech 2721 Stark, Fort Worth TX 76112 is searching for information on the Hennech or Henneck family from Williamson, Travis, or Harris counties.

Bruce Gill 9910 Omena Ct., San Antonio TX 78230 would like to correspond with descendants of William Kornrum or Kornrumpf and Emma Kuhlman. The Kornrumpf family immigrated from Hanover in 1857 and settled in New Braunfels or vicinity. Family members spread out to La Vernia, New Berlin, Zuehl, and the Cibolo Valley. Edward Kornrumpf died at Brackettville.

Olive Krigbaum Isaacson 1612 Oriole Street, Bossier City LA 71112 formerly of Victoria, Texas, would like to find descendants of the Krigbaum or Kreichbaum family in Texas. The original four brothers arrived in Philadelphia in 1747 and 1751. Some descendants came to Texas in the early 1800s. Olive belongs to the Kreichbaum Heritage Society in Missouri and attended the eleventh reunion this summer in Center MO. The family is conducting more research and so far has located 34 different spellings for the family surname!

The following message from Patsy Hand, 417 Cottonwood, Victoria TX 77904 (note new address) arrived too late for the previous issue. She refers to a letter from Bernice Mistrot in the Spring 1986 issue of the Newsletter and to the September 1985 GTHS annual meeting.

After reading Bernice Mistrot's "success" story in the last issue of the GERMAN_ TEXAN HERITAGE SOCIETY NEWSLETTER, I decided I should share my "success" story also.

First, let me give you a little background concerning my research. I am fortunate to have my immigrant ancestor's personal papers he brought with him when he emigrated to the U.S. in 1888, plus his declaration of intent to become an American citizen. Even though I knew the exact location of his birth, I hesitated in writing letters of inquiry because his place of birth is now in the Eastern zone of Germany.

After attending the talk given by Robert Robinson-Zwahr concerning research in East Germany, I came home with renewed hope and enthusiasm. With the help of my Genealogical Letter-Writing Guide I received from the Max Kade Institute for German American Studies in Madison, Wisconsin (I read nor write any German) I wrote a letter to the Lutheran church in the town of Voigstedt, DDR where my great grandfather and grandmother were married. Within a few short or long months, (it depends on your patience), I received a letter (in German) from a resident of the town and evidently a member of the local Lutheran church. His name is Fritz Quaas. He wrote in his letter that there are very few pastors in this part of Germany and they have many churches and communities to look after and cannot always afford a car. Mr. Quaas was asked to under take the task of answering my letter which he so kindly accepted. He wrote a brief outline of the materials he had found and stated that he had ridden his bicycle 15 1/2 miles to the neighboring village to locate data for me. He later wrote that he had owned a motor bike at one time but it was not operating and he could not afford

From Patsy Hand, continued

to have it fixed. He stated his fees for his services and asked the money be sent to an address in Bremen, West Germany if I would be in agreement with his proposal.

Needless to say, I certainly was in agreement with his proposal, so I hurriedly found someone to help me with a letter to him (this person just happened to be Bernice Mistrot). Within a very short time, I received a very professional report documenting my ancestor and his brothers and sisters.

I guess the most exciting part of his report was seeing the official seal of the church on his document and having the same seal on the marriage license of my great grandparents, dated 17 Feb. 1884 (I have enclosed copies showing the seal Mr. Quaas has offered to assist me in any way he can. In later correspondence I asked him if he could read and write in English and he wrote back IN ENGLISH. Evidently he had been a prisoner of war in England during WWII and had learned English. Now I can write to him without an interpreter and become better acquainted with him as a friend, I hope.

I am enclosing a family data page on my great, great grandfather, Carl RABENALDT. All six of the children listed came to the United States and settled in and around DeWitt County Texas. I have also included my surnames for the exchange.

SURNAME	GERMAN STATE OR PROVINCE	SPECIFIC TOWN OR VILLAGE	TEX. COUNTY SETTLED	TIME PERIOD
RABENALD(T)	SACHSEN	MÖNCHPFIFFEL GER.	DEWITT	1861-187?
RABENALD(T)	SACHSEN	VOIGTSTEDT,GER.	DEWITT	1879-1888
RABENALD(T)	SACHSEN	HALLE, GER.	DEWITT	1913
SCHUNEMANN	POMMERN	ZYDOWA,POLAND	GOLIAD	1867
KLUGE	-----	-----	GOLIAD	----
LUNDSCHEN (LUNDZIN)	OST PREUSSEN	ACKMINISZKEN	DEWITT	1829-1854
MERTINS	OST PREUSSEN	SCHAKUENAN	DEWITT	1825-185?
NOTE: the above families were mostly LUTHERAN				
GOLDMANN	SACHSEN	KÜLLSTEDT,GER.	DEWITT	1863
GOLDMANN	SACHSEN	KEFFERHAUSEN,GER.	DEWITT	1795-1834
VOGT	SACHSEN	KULLSTEDT,GER.		1800-1871
GEBHARD		GERMANY		pre 1795
ECKNAAT		GERMANY		pre 1795
SCHMIDT		GERMANY		pre 1800
NOTE: the above families were mostly CATHOLIC				

L O W R A N C E

From: Juanita Meyers Jones, 4413 55th St., Lubbock TX 79414

My great grandfather, Jason Lowrance/Lorance/Lorraine/Laurance/Lawrence settled in Parker County, Texas near Aledo, possibly in the early 1850's, coming from Illinois. The early records at Weatherford burned; so I have very little information on him.

I think he was born in one of the Carolinas, but have found no help in that area that would prove anything. Also I think his wife was an Elkins but have not been successful in verifying that either.

Please, I would like to write to anyone researching this line.

JULIUS HARTUNG

From: Charlotte Hartung, P O Box 624, Bastrop TX 78602

Julius Hartung was born approximately 24 March, 1824 in or near Weimar, now East Germany, according to Quihi, Texas, Bethlehem Lutheran Church records and the 1860 Census. He is not listed on the 1850 Census for Medina County, nor any other Texas county. Since this was the period of great German immigration to Texas, he may have landed at New Orleans, Galveston or Indianola during a period slightly prior 1850 and before his marriage to Barbara Catharina Loesberg at Quihi Bethlehem Lutheran Church on 17 February, 1853, (Medina County marriage record.) He has not been found under this or similar name on the existing ships lists for these ports.

Julius and Catharina's first child, Louis, was born 13 November, 1853 (church records and Louis' gravestone.) Our family is descended from him. A second son, Julius, was born in June or July of 1855.

On the 1860 Census, Julius is listed as residing in New Fountain, about three miles from Quihi, and was a Master Wheelwright (maker and repairer of wheels and wheeled vehicles.) New Fountain was a stage coach stop on the road from San Antonio to Uvalde, Texas. On the 1870 Census, Julius is listed as a farmer in addition to Wheelwright.

The area around Quihi was subject to Indian raids from the time the first German settlers arrived in 1846 until well into the 1870's. Many settlers were killed by Indians. Julius died an accidental death at Quihi on 1 June, 1872, but church records do not say how he was killed. He is buried in a private plot in a field next to the Quihi Bethlehem Lutheran Church cemetery, and has a stone.

On 1 November, 1873, his widow married Henry Bernard Brucks (b. 16 February, 1838, d. 22 April, 1921). Catharina died 19 May, 1908, and she, her second husband, and two children from this second marriage are all buried in the private plot with Julius, and each has a stone.

The name "Quihi" comes from the Comanche Indian word for a Mexican eagle which used to be common to the area. The Indian word is derived from the sound the bird made.

* * * * *

M E Y E R S

From: Juanita Meyers Jones, 4413 55th St., Lubbock TX 79414

My grandfather, Charles V. Meyers (Mier/Meier/Meyer/Myer), came from Germany, but I have been unable to learn when ~~or when~~ he was born. He and two brothers, so my family story goes, began the journey as teen-age orphans. One brother died during the trip and was tossed overboard. I have been unable to find them on a passenger list.

I find my grandfather first in St. Louis, Missouri but not anyone that could have been his brother. I have my grandfather's military papers from the Civil War, plus some land grant papers, and all various spellings are used. The military papers show he came from Erfurt, Prussia, but no dates are given.

My grandfather worked as a stone mason on the erection of the capitol in Austin, where he met and married my grandmother, Amanda Chambers. He was a boarder in the home of her parents, They were married in Austin in 1875.

Soon they ~~they~~ homesteaded land in Coryell County, Texas, near Izora, which was in Lampasas County. In 1890 they moved to Scurry County and purchased school land. Charles V. died there in 1892.

I would be delighted to hear from anyone who might see a faint connection with your line.

Der Familien Almanach

Münsterischer Wirtschafts-Anzeiger

Mittwoch, 2. Juli 1986

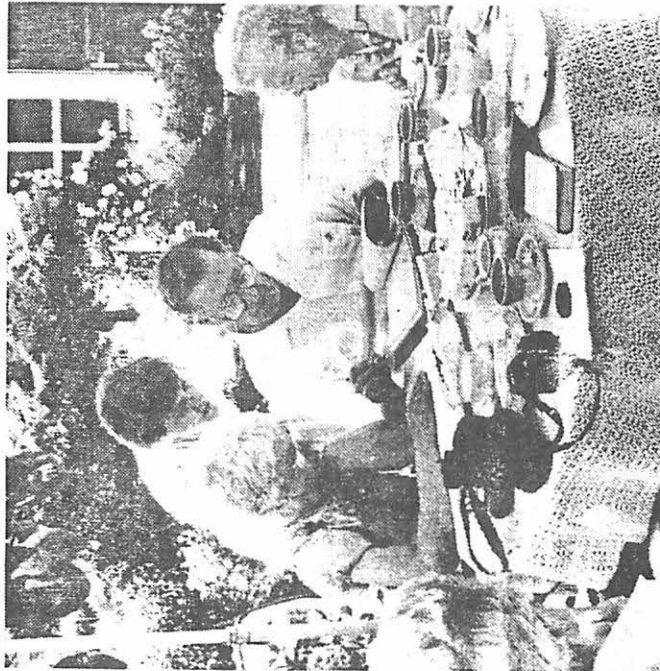
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Nummer 149

Stippvisite in Stadt der Urahnen

2.7.86

Großvater des texanischen Bischofs war vor über hundert Jahren nach Amerika ausgewandert



Hoher Besuch beehrte Bezirksvorsteher Peter Wossidlo. Bischof Leroy Matthiesen besuchte seine entfernten Verwandten in Münster.

Four GTHS Members in Münster, Germany, at the home of Peter and Angela Wossidlo. Left to right: Theresa Gold, San Antonio; Carolyn Meiners, Stafford; Bishop L. T. Matthiesen, Amarillo; and Geneva Tetley, Granite Shoals.

-eo- Münster (Eig. Ber.). Vor über hundert Jahren hatte sein Großvater während des Kulturkampfes die Koffer gepackt und den Weg über den „großen Teich“ angetreten. Die Geburtsstadt Münster aber hatte die Familie Matthiesen nie ganz vergessen. Ein Enkel, seinerseits in Texas bis zum Bischof avanciert, besuchte nun die Stadt seiner Vorfahren. Zehn Tage lang verbringt Bishop Leroy Matthiesen in Deutschland, vier Tage wurden aus dem dichten Programm für Münster abgezweigt.

Zum Kaffeetrinken bei entfernten Verwandten reichete die Zeit soeben noch. Peter Wossidlo, Bezirksvorsteher von Münster-West, empfing den hohen Gast, der, hemsärmelig bekleidet, so gar nicht an einen hohen Würdenträger erinnern wollte. Dennoch war es der Bischof aus Amarillo/Texas, der, wenn auch unter erheblichem Zeitdruck, im Garten seiner Verwandten Zeit fand, ein wenig zu plaudern und Vergangenes in Erinnerung zu rufen. Anlaß gab es genug, zumal zwei Anverwandte des Bischofs eingeladen hatten.

„Ich bin nur angeheiratet“, schmunzelte Peter Wossidlo. „Der Auswanderer und damit der Großvater von Bischof Matthiesen war der Bruder des Großvaters meiner Frau“, erläuterte er das komplizierte Verwandtschaftsverhältnis.

Schwäger
Annenmarie Lücking, deren Schwurmutter wiederum eine geborene Matthiesen war, hatte 1968 die umfangreiche Ahnenforschung aufgenommen. Das Staats- und das bischöfliche Archiv hat sie nach Urkunden „durchforstet“, bis sich da so einiges „zusammengelappert“ hatte, wie sie meinte. Angeregt worden war sie durch amerikanische Verwandte des Auswanderers, die für ihre europäischen Wurzeln lebhaftes Interesse zeigten. Mittlerweile sind in Texas sowohl mit amerikanischen als auch mit deutschen Namen, Daten und Fotos

umfangreiche Familienbücher in Druck gegangen. Der Kontakt zu Texas, der bis zum Ersten Weltkrieg vornehmlich durch die Familie von Annemarie Lücking aufrechterhalten worden war, hatte sich in den Kriegswirren vollständig verloren. 1919 sei noch eine Todesanzeige des Pioniers Bernhard Matthiesen in Münster eingetroffen, danach aber sei der Briefkontakt abgebrochen, erinnert sich Annemarie Lücking. Erst nach dem Zweiten Weltkrieg spannen sich neue Fäden zwischen Westfalen und Texas. In der Nachkriegszeit erreichten nicht nur Briefe, sondern auch umfangreiche Care-Pakete die Familie Lücking. Der diesjährige Besuch – 1978 hatte Bischof Matthiesen, damals noch Monsignore, ein erstes Mal die Stadt seiner Vorfahren besucht – galt neben dem Geburtshaus Bernhard Matthiesens an der Rothenburg und vielen anderen Erinnerungsstätten auch den Orten Olfen und Lüdinghausen. Denn „Olfen“ war auch die erste Siedlung getauft worden, in der Bernhard Matthiesen 1870 ansässig geworden war. eingedenk der ersten westfälischen Familie, einer Familie Holscher aus Olfen, die es schon 1846 nach Texas „verschlagen“ hatte. Ein umfangreiches Programm, das sich der Bischof und insgesamt 13 weitere Anverwandte für die Bundesrepublik vorgenommen haben. Nur die Verwandtschaft – die kam vielleicht ein bißchen zu kurz.

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This summer, 13 relatives from the Hoelscher-Buxkemper Family made a two-week family heritage trip to Germany. Planned by GTHS member Bishop L. T. Matthiesen, the trip included visiting sites significant to the family's ancestral heritage, meeting and visiting with German relatives, doing archival research--and sight-seeing. The first week was directed to family heritage in and around Münster. We were well received everywhere--by the families we had already contacted, as well as by those we met along the way, both relatives and non-relatives (see article below)--and by two of the three archives we visited. We looked at records at the Stadtarchiv and Bistumarchiv (city and church archives) but the officials at the Staatsarchiv (state) said they had nothing of interest for us.

THE FROELICH FAMILY \$20.00

Translated by Edward C. Breitenkamp.

Copies available from Edward C. Breitenkamp, 313 Fairway Dr.,
Bryan TX 77801. See also, GTHS Newsletter, Fall 1985 issue,
page 242, for additional information.

Translator's Preface, below, summarizes the contents:

In 1912, after what must have been tedious but dedicated years of genealogical research and inquiry, Reinhold Froelich of Radebeul-Dresden, Germany, published privately *Die Familie Froelich (Ostpreussen)*. This work was brought to my attention by Dr. Jack Autrey Dabbs, emeritus professor and former head of the Department of Modern Languages at Texas A&M University. Dr. Dabbs was also able to supply a copy of the narrative portion of the work with the family trees or genealogical tables. Froelich also published a collection of pictures, to which he makes frequent reference. This volume was not available to us, but it is hoped that a copy may yet be found.

Reinhold Froelich was able to trace his family back to the days of the Protestant Reformation in the sixteenth century. Most of his ancestors were Lutheran pastors, members of town councils, judicial officials, military officers, and owners of estates and managers of large farms. Their lives were centered around the cities of Königsberg, Memel, Tilsit, Insterburg, and Ragnit.

What gives this work special interest for Texans is the fact that in the fall of 1849, Peter Carl Johann von Rosenberg with his numerous family left Memel and settled at Nassau Farm in Texas. The second half of the work (pp. 105-150) is made up of letters of his wife Amanda and other family members, in which graphic descriptions are given of the trip across Germany in the early trains, the voyage from Bremerhafen to Galveston, and then through early Texas to Nassau Farm; part of the trip being made on a Brazos River steamboat. While this work will have the greatest interest for the Von Rosenberg descendants, whoever is curious about mid-nineteenth-century Texas will not want to miss it.

Edward C. Breitenkamp
Bryan, Texas, 7 April 1986

PRESERVATION OF OLD LETTERS AND DOCUMENTS

From the excellent program given by Dr. Don Carleton of the Barker Texas History Center, University of Texas at Austin (GTHS meeting, Spetember, 1986, Houston, Texas), we learned the first principle: **DON'T DO ANYTHING TO A LETTER OR DOCUMENT THAT CAN'T BE UNDONE.** This means: **NEVER LAMINATE** an old piece of paper. Why? The paper contains acid and laminating locks in the acid. True, the paper will be protected from touching, but it will also continue to deteriorate inside the lamination. Instead, encapsulate the document in mylar. This will not solve the acid problem, but it will protect the paper from handling and is not permanent. Also, keep the document or letter out of the light--don't frame it and hang it on the wall! It is best to keep it in a dark place with constant low humidity, such as a closet in an air conditioned home.

Mylar protectors, acid-free boxes, and other preservation supplies are available by mail order from:
Genealogy Unlimited, 789 So. Buffalo Grove Road, Buffalo Grove IL 60089, and
Preservation Emporium, P O Box 226309, Dallas TX 75222.

Woolford's Tales

GHOST TOWN LIVES
by
SAM WOOLFORD

Published in the San Antonio Light Newspaper, Sunday, September 7, 1958.
Reprint courtesy San Antonio Light, September 2, 1986.

Stark and spectred against a blazing-blue August sky it stood, the searing sun beating down on its rambling and decaying gables, its turrets like dead sentries - with lightning rods stiff as bayonets pointing ever upward toward the unhurled bolts that could have destroyed it in its lifetime: lone sentinel of a ghost town, the old Offer home on the hill.

It looked across weed-grown lawns to the ruins of what had once been a thriving town, but today is a ghost town - a ghost town come to life for one brief moment as men and women gathered from over the State of Texas to re-live the days of their youth.

Such was the Sunday at Waring, Texas, 45 miles north of San Antonio, when several hundred people came to meet in an old-school reunion and keep alive the things of the past - as so many Texas folks believe is the right thing to do.

And of all of them, none could so accurately remember when Waring was one of the up-and-coming frontier towns - in the days of wagon trains and new railroads, of big country stores and dancing and fish fries on the river - none could tell so well of the old days as Katinka Offer, eldest of eight children of that August Offer who made his bid against the frontier by backing Waring against all the other German settlements, and there were so many of these, settled by the thousands of Germans who landed at Indianola, lured by the promises of Prince Solms-Braunfels and his dream of a new world.

Katinka Offer, Miss Katie to old-timers, who actually is Mrs. Kate Walsh of Moore, Texas, had come back to the reunion; and of all the persons who gathered in Waring that day, she was the most soughtafter because she was her father's right hand "man" when he tried to put Waring on the map. Even at the age of 16 she ran the big general store, bargaining with drummers over a carload of flour, the price of 1000 pounds of Arbuckle's coffee, or dispensing credit to those who deserved it.

Old August was kept busy with his cotton gin, grist mill and power plant from a dam on the river, and was occupied with his lumber yard and livery stable; also, with his job as postmaster, operating his two farms, running the first telephone company in the hill country, and watching over the first school to be established for the children of his customers. For he was trying to make a big town out of Waring.

I drove into Waring along the old country road two hours early: Past the gutted store buildings which had succumbed to one of the memorable fires of the hill country towns, past the dug-out basements of old mercantile establishments to the community dance hall where the noon reunion meal was to be served.

Katie Offer Walsh was there to tell me all about it; and with her was an old school friend, a former teacher in the Waring school, who had boarded in

the Offer home - by name, Dannie Vogt of Boerne. The three of us walked over to where the gray ghost of a house stood in solitary if senescent dignity, high against the skyline of adjoining detritus of a town that had once loved. Miss Katie said: "Papa said we had to have a big house. We did lots of entertaining, and he'd always wanted a 2-story house with lots of cupolas. He had lightning rods on everything, even the livery stable." I held down the rusty wires which fence off what was once the front yard, and we walked toward the sagging old structure, with its windows staring out bleakly because vandals have ravished it elegance. "We had two rows of arbor vitae on each side of the walk, and the grass was green, and on the north side there was a beautiful pear orchard."

Through the grassburrs and the needle grass and the native brush which routed out every semblance of the kindly and home-like plants and flowers which used to grow, we approached the sagging steps and the front porch of the home Katinka Offer knew as a child. "I left there 30 years ago and I never came back." She walked ahead and the doors creaked as they swung open, revealing the bare interior of a large room containing a few pieces of abandoned furniture of no value, not worth carrying off. These were relics of other people who had occupied the Offer home after the original owner had gone. "This was the parlor. The piano sat there." We walked on through the dining room and into the old kitchen, its threshold worn deep by the many feet which had stumbled under the burden of the generous dishes of the pioneers, who tempered their isolation with the best there was to eat. The old bathroom was larger than most modern living rooms.

I wondered, as we walked through the rooms and looked out on the porches of the lower floor and into the yard which once had been so neatly kept, if the eldest daughter (who had left here 30 years ago and had never been back) felt as many people do who revisit the scene of their youth: "It never pays to go back." We came to the stairs leading to the upper room. Dannie said: "Kate, do you think you can make it." She laughed. As the old cypress treads creaked to her step we ascended, and she said: "Well, I used to make it." We walked into a large front room, with five great, wide windows looking out over the hills of home. "This was my bedroom. It sure was cold in the winter when the wind blew."

Outside, the heat beat down over the remnant of the little town as cars poured in, bringing the old-timers, come for a day's visit to the Waring of their youth. Miss Katie began to reminisce: "My father was born in New Braunfels in 1859. He reached Waring in 1892 by way of Sisterdale. He thought Waring was the place to start a town. He first built a store with a beer saloon in the back. There were lots of ranches and Waring began to grow, largely because my father had great confidence in this particular location. He build a dam on the Guadalupe and established a grist mill, then a cotton gin. He opened a livery stable to furnish transportation to the drummers going to the other towns, when they came here on the new railroad from San Antonio. He had a lumber yard, bought a couple of farms and became the postmaster. To make Waring the best town he knew how, he built a telephone line so that we could talk to the outside world. Of course we had to shout at the top of our lungs. Next, he started a school. The campyard he operated for the freighters was one of his greatest joys. . . Sometimes there would be as many as 24 wagons camped there overnight. He would go over and stay up until midnight with the drivers, talking and singing old German songs; and if the weather was bad he would invite everyone to sleep in his dance-hall, which he had built for the

neighbors."

"The hills around here were full of guest ranches for people from the north and east and from San Antonio. They were operated by the old families, the Nichols, Nowlins, Saffords and others. Then there were the Robinson cottages and the Waring ranch where a good many people from the east spent the summer. The rock quarry was going full-blast and long lines of flatcars were loaded by gangs of Mexican laborers, shipping out the stone. The San Antonio City Hall was built out of Waring stone in the 80s. "And everywhere were the tents of the tubercular patients, scattered through the hills and along the river - people seeking to regain their health by drinking milk and eating raw eggs."

Someone was coming up the stairs, someone who also remembered the old days and had heard Miss Katie was over in the old house that still looked like a castle on a hill. A man came into the room. "Miss Katie, do you remember me?" Said Miss Katie, who had not seen her childhood friend in over 30 years: "I don't recognize your face but I remember your voice. You are Percy Waring." And so did two old friends have a reunion because they remembered much more than the sound of one another's voices. Soon, however, the Offer story was resumed by Miss Katie. "Papa had great hopes for Waring. He was always out taking care of his enterprises, and whenever a salesman came along and wanted to sell him a big bill of goods he would tell him to see Katie; sometimes they couldn't understand about doing business with a 16-year-old girl. We wanted everything to look nice, like this house. Well, he had the house and the livery stable covered with fancy lightning-rods, and then he built a new cotton gin. One evening he looked out of that window there and said: "Here comes Uncle Jake Reinhold. He'll want to sell me some more lightning-rods but he's out of luck this time." Well, to make a long story short, the next morning they started putting lightning-rods on the cotton gin. "Yes, this was a fine old house. And Papa was going to build a big town and get rich."

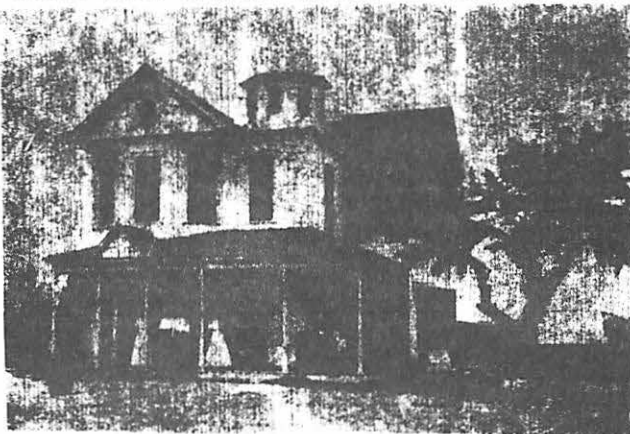
We started down the stairs. At the bottom Miss Katie looked around once more before we stepped into the bright sunlight to go over to the old dance hall, where the crowd was gathering. "But the new railroad junction to Fredericksburg, and the detouring of the old San Antonio highway through Comfort instead of Waring, put an end to it all. The auto ruined what was left of Waring." "Yes," said Percy Waring, "the auto did it."

But the hills still remain, and people live on the comfortable ranches; the river is crystal-clear again and the prosperity of those who live thereabout only proves that old August Offer knew a good piece of country when he saw it.

Copywrite, 1958, by Sam Woolford

* * * * *

Submitted by Mary Offer Girard, permission of San Antonio Light. The photo to the right is of the Offer home in Waring, built in the late 1800s and destroyed by fire shortly after Woolford's article was published in 1958. August J. Offer was Mary's great, great uncle. He was the son of German immigrants Adam Hermann Joseph Offer and Maria Katharina Schlather.



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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 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
Marion M Freeman 2163 Swift Houston TX 77030	Rhode/Rohde Jungbecker Mersenburg	Colorado Fayette, Lavaca Fayette	Lutheran Catholic ? Ger.Meth
Trula E Gustafson 1304 N Maxwell McPherson KS 67460	Foster Kapa Gustafson Rosen	Austin Austin Austin Austin	Methodist Lutheran
Gay Langerhans 12106 Dakar Houston TX 77065 713 469-8871	Langerhans Jalufka Roitszche/Roitsch Winkler Pauler Dieckert Otte Otto Engelmann Inglet/Inglett/ Englet/Englett Sivley/Sievly Seively/Sivy/ Ziebly/Zeibly Opitz Kern/Kerrn	Gillespie Fayette Galveston Fayette Fayette Fayette Gillespie Fayette Galveston Montgomery/Walker Montgomery/Walker	Lutheran Catholic Lutheran Catholic Catholic Catholic Lutheran Catholic Lutheran Baptist Baptist
Valerie Holcomb P O Box 12194 Austin TX 78711 512 480-0827	Henke Holcomb Burkhart	Bastrop/Caldwell Brazoria Williamson	
Sylvie Klaeveman 803 W Magnolia #1 San Antonio TX 78212	Klaeveman Joast Jochen Bolling	Fayette Fayette Fayette Fayette	Lutheran Lutheran Lutheran Lutheran
Linda Bahner Duncan 3103 Lazy Pine LaPorte TX 77571 713 470-0335	Bittner/Büttner Bahner Berger Freis	Austin/Fayette Fayette/Colorado Fayette/Colorado? Fayette/Colorado?	Lutheran Catholic Catholic? Catholic?

Genealogical Exchange, continued

Member	Researching Families	Tex. County Settled	Religion
Harold Mueller 518 Fourth St. Marietta OH 45750 614 373-3086	Kreisle Thomas Mayer Mueller Baldinger Bleike	Victoria/Goliad/Travis Victoria/Goliad/Travis Travis Travis Galveston/Harris Galveston/Harris	Luth/Presby Lutheran Presbyterian Lutheran Luth/Epis Catholic

Dale E Wilde Box 292 Wall TX 76957 915 653-0471	Wilde	Colorado	Catholic

Carl D Hennersdorf 734 Arrowhead Cir Garland TX 75043 *two different families; unknown if they are related	Hennersdorf* Fabian Schulze Jost Peter/Peters Hennersdorf*	Bell/Lee/Williamson Coryell Bell/Bastrop/Lee W'mson Coryell/Bell/Travis Lee Gillespie/TGreen/ Tarrant/McCullough	Lutheran Lutheran Lutheran Lutheran Lutheran ?

Lynda P Lehmann-Galloway P O Box 273163 Boca Raton FL 33427 305 392-5253	Lehmann Miller Cohron? Lindley Wallace Halliburton McCan	Calhoun/DeWitt/ Gonzales, Travis/ Wilson/Lampasas Limestone/Falls/Bexar McLennan/Ganzales Limestone/Falls Limestone/Falls/Milam/Bell Gonzales/Bell Gonzales/Wilson Lampasas	Lutheran, Ch.of Christ ? ? ? ? ? Ch.of Christ

Marjorie Darden Hogan 4927 View Dr San Antonio TX 78228 512 434-2809	Frenzel Glaeser Hahn Lingsweiler Heidemeyer Moeller Kraft Ebert Sames Wiederhold Betzer	Fayette Fayette Fayette/Lee Bexar Comal Comal/Bexar Comal Comal Comal/Bexar Fayette Bexar	Lutheran Lutheran Lutheran Lutheran Lutheran Cath, Luth Lutheran Lutheran Lutheran Lutheran Lutheran

Juanita Meyers Jones 4413 55th St Lubbock TX 79414	Mier/Meier/Myer/ Meyer/Meyers Lowrance/Lorance/Lorraine Parker	Travis/Coryell	Baptist ?

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Genealogical Exchange, continued

Member	Researching Families	Tex. County Settled	Religion
Patricia L Rabe Rt 4, Box 1325 Edinburg TX 78539 512 383-4359	Rabe Simank Schulenburg	Fayette Fayette Fayette	Protestant Protestant Protestant
Myrtle McNiece 1623 S.E. Malden St Portland OR 97202 503 232-4949	Imhoff Broickee Nigabauer Spect	Bexar/Comal Guadalupe Bexar/Comal Comal	Catholic Lutheran Catholic ?
Charles F Kalteyer 70 St. Stephens Austin TX 78746 512 327-9279	Kalteyer Pressler Luckenbach Kallenberg Doerk Sens Listich von Manteuffel Von Roesler	Bexar Gillespie/Bexar/ Travis/Bexar Gillespie/Bexar Gillespie Fayette/Travis Comal/Bexar Comal/Bexar (Polzin/Pommern) (Polzin/Pommern)	Evang.Luth Luth, Epis ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
Roy Addicks, Sr Box 682 Eagle Lake TX 77434	Addicks Tesch Pawleck/Pawelwck Grienthal	Colorado/Lavaca Lavaca Colorado Colorado	Lutheran Lutheran Lutheran Lutheran
Irene L. Davis 7400 Clarewood Houston TX 77036	Kunze Addicks Weiman Prunier	Waller Harris Harris Harris	Methodist Methodist Lutheran
Wallie Mitchell 1920 Aspen Lane Glendale Heights IL 60139	Seeliger Flöter	Caldwell Caldwell	Lutheran Lutheran
Frederick P Mesch 2935 Nacogdoches Rs #216 San Antonio TX 78217 512 824-9445	Mesch Schmidt Barron	Gillespie/Bexar Bexar/Medina Bee	Methodist Protestant Methodist
Charlotte Hartung P O Box 624 Bastrop TX 78602 512 237-5019	Hartung	Medina	Lutheran

Dedication Of Scherrer Cabin Held At Henkel Square Recently



La Grange Journal, Wednesday, Oct. 1, 1986

Helen Micklitz, Norma Gross, Davy Gross and Leo Micklitz.

Die Grosse Kapelle

By Marjorie Lawson

Over in New Ulm there is a most unique and entertaining band that plays in a restaurant called "The Parlour" every Friday and Saturday night. The band is called "Die Grosse Kapelle" (The Big Band) and is made up of four German-speaking senior citizens who play German music and sing in German. The instruments they use are rather unusual, to say the least.

For example, Helen Micklitz plays the bench. We're talking plain old wooden bench like people sit on. She uses the handle of a leaf rake to rub across some salt on the bench and the sound is much like the "um-pa-pa" that a tuba makes. Her husband, Leo, plays an instrument that he made. It is called a Teufel's Violin (Devil's violin), or one might call it a bass guitar. The quaint looking instrument has one end of a string attached to it and the other end attached to an inverted wash tub. Leo plucks the taut string to get the sound of a bass guitar; but part of the time he unfastens the string from the tub and holds the instrument like a guitar and plays it that way. He also plays the drums. He recently purchased an accordion but he did not play it the night we were there. He did change places with Helen for awhile and played the

bench while she played the drums.

The other couple in the band is Norma and Davy Gross. Norma plays the triangle and Davy plays a "c" harmonica, which looks like a small accordion with round buttons instead of keys like a piano. The Grosses live in New Ulm. They have four sons and to my surprise, one of them is Wilbert Gross, our county commissioner for precinct 3.

The Micklitzs came from Germany in 1952. They lived in Del Rio for one year and in Houston for 20 years before moving to Kenney, which is between Bellville and Brenham. The two couples have been playing at "The Parlour" since it opened in 1975. They all go to a German Club called the Liederkrantz in Houston pretty often, said Alton Haverlah, owner of the restaurant. He also said that the band recently performed in the Washington County Fair.

"Die Grosse Kapelle" may have only a few members but it lives up to its name by making big music. For a special evening of good food, wonderful German music and German conversation, if you can speak German, a trip to "The Parlour" in New Ulm is the place to go. The band starts playing around 7:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.

A dedication of the cabin of Bernard Scherrer, a pioneer of Texas, was held at Henkel Square in

Round Top. The ceremony was led by Julia Meinert Collins of Columbus, great-granddaughter of Scherrer. Louise Schimmel of Corpus Christi and Caroline Scott of Nixon, also great-granddaughters, assisted. The honoree of the day was Lawrence Meinert, formerly of La Grange, the only surviving grandson, on his 88th birthday which was Sept. 20.

There were 50 descendants attending, coming from all over the state. Many were Knolle and Meinert descendants.

The cabin dedicated is a two-room log cabin, furnished with furniture and mementoes of Bernard Scherrer and his children. It was originally located in the Biegel Settlement, where the Fayette Lake now is located. Built in the 1820's, it was the home of Scherrer when he first settled in Texas in 1832. In 1974, Mrs. Bybee of Houston, purchased the cabin and had it moved to Henkel Square in Round Top and restored.

Bernard Scherrer was an early Swiss immigrant to Texas, and became a friend of Sam Houston. During the Texas Revolution he was a scout for Sam Houston, according to one of his grandsons. He was a highly educated man; therefore Joseph Biegel chose him as a neighbor. Also, Scherrer was made Justice of Peace of Fayette County in 1838, by Sam Houston. In addition he was appointed County Commissioner of Fayette County in 1842 and 1847.

It was to the memory of Bernard Scherrer, that the Scherrer Cabin was dedicated. A family style picnic was held on the grounds with the singing of "Happy Birthday" to Lawrence Meinert.

Rodney C. Koening

1301 McKinney Street
Houston, Texas 77010

Telephone: 713/651-5151

Der Lutherische Kalender, 1868.

Lutherische Synoden in Amerika.

Vorbemerkung. — Hier folgt ein vollständiges Verzeichniß von allen Synoden (kleinen und großen) in Amerika, die sich lutherisch nennen und sich also zur Lutherischen Kirche bekennen, allein damit halten wir uns nicht verantwortlich für die Richtigkeit noch für die Entstehungsgeschichte einer jeden einzelnen Synode, sondern überlassen es Andern, diese Punkte zu unterluchen und darüber zu entscheiden. Hier fühlen wir uns jetzt nicht berechtigt, ein entscheidendes Urtheil darüber zu fällen.

	Prediger.	Gemeinden.	Communicanten.
1. Die Synode von Pennsylvanien und den benachbarten Staaten (die schon 118 Jahre alt ist) zählt	125	300	50,500
2. Das Lutherische Ministerium von New York und den benachbarten Staaten,	50	48	12,100
3. Die Synode von Maryland,	35	44	7,615
4. Die Synode von Nord-Carolina,	16	37	4,110
5. Allgemeine Synode von Ohio,	151	295	36,000
6. Die Synode von Tennessee,	26	82	7,000
7. Die Synode von Süd-Carolina,	28	50	5,000
8. Die Synode von West-Pennsylvanien,	50	103	12,483
9. Die Synode von Virginien,	20	55	3,525
10. Die Hartwid Synode (im Staat New York),	26	31	4,353
11. Die Dit.-Ohio Synode,	39	67	4,232
12. Die englische Synode von Ohio,	12	26	2,280
13. Die Frankean Synode (in New York),	26	29	2,479
14. Die Wegban Synode (in Pennsylvanien),	42	96	6,314
15. Die Ost-Pennsylvanische Synode,	76	133	12,700
16. Die Synode von Süd.-West-Virginien,	22	44	2,872
17. Die Pittsbuurger Synode, (in Pennsylvanien),	59	124	10,069
18. Die Miami Synode (in Ohio),	35	45	3,393
19. Die Synode von Illinois und andern Staaten	32	40	4,600
20. Die Buffalo Synode (in New York und andern Staaten),	23	34	3,700
21. Die Wittenberg Synode (in Ohio),	36	47	3,098
22. Die Celsweg Synode (in Indiana),	21	36	1,807
23. Die Synode von Wisconsin,	51	97	14,027
24. Die Synode von Nord-Illinois,	23	40	2,250
25. Die Synode von Texas,	20	23	2,020
26. Die Synode von Süd-Illinois,	12	27	1,250
27. Die Allgemeine Synode von Missouri und andern Staaten,	289	284	38,480
28. Die Synode der Norwegisch-Evang.-Lutherischen Kirche in Amerika	47	220	30,000
29. Die Synode von Central-Pennsylvanien,	34	78	6,737
30. Die (englische) Synode von Iowa,	23	30	1,027
31. Die (deutsche) Synode von Iowa,	52	80	7,000
32. Die Synode von Nord-Indiana,	31	71	3,615
33. Die Michigan Synode,	13	24	8,035
34. Die Melancthon Synode (in Maryland),	16	46	4,271
35. Die Union Synode (in Indiana),	17	17	2,110
36. Die Canata Synode,	23	55	7,211
37. Missisippi Synode	7	11	2,000
38. Augustana Synode (schwedisch und norwegisch.)	48	96	11,277
39. Die Synode von New-Jersey,	9	12	1,585
40. Die Synode von Minnesota,	22	48	3,000
41. Die Heiden Synode (in Tennessee),	12	25	2,000
42. Die Synode von Georgia,	7	12	900
43. Die deutsche Evangelisch-Lutherische Synode von New-York und andern Staaten	10	10	1,800
44. Die Central Illinois Synode	14	18	2,000
45. Die Evangelisch-Lutherische Synode von New-York	15	16	1,900
	1,748	3,111	351,860

Obige Angaben in Bezug auf die Zahl der Prediger, Gemeinden und Communicanten, werden wohl im Einzelnen nicht alle ganz richtig sein, einige Synoden mögen mehr, andere weniger haben, denn wir konnten keine vollständigen Berichte bekommen, aber im Ganzen, glauben wir, daß unsere Angaben dem wahren Zahlverhältniß sehr nahe sind. Sollte jedoch irgendwo ein bedeutender Irrthum gefunden werden, so eige man es uns gutig an, damit wir denselben berichtigen können.

Lutherische Prediger gestorben.

Anspach, Dr. F. R., Baltimore, Md., Sept. 16. 1867, 49 Jahre.	Hunt, W., Hicksville, D., Dez. 13. 1866, 64 Jahre, 7 M., 27 J.
Baird, W., Lancaster, Pa., Aug. 17. 1867, 90 Jahre, 2 M. u. 3 J.	Krauth, Prof. C. F., Gettysburg, Pa., Mai 30. 1867, 70 Jahre
Barnier, J. W., Mill Hill, N. C., 1867, etwa 28 Jahre.	Kunert, C. F., Plympton, D., Nov. 4. 1866, 74 Jahre.
Beilburg, J. J., Fert Seneca, D., Mai 22. 1867, 72 Jahre, 3 M.	Meier, J., Newberry, S. C., 1866, 70 Jahre, 9 M., 20 J.
For, D. E., Newton, N. C., Sept. 4. 1866, 31 Jahre.	Rauch, W., Germanville, S. C., 1866, etwa 72 Jahre.
Overding, J., Chicago, Ills., 1866, etwa 40 Jahre.	Stingley, J. D., Attala, Miss., April 10. 1866, 50 Jahre.
Harrison, Dr. W. S., Cincinnati, O., Nov. 8. 1866, 48 Jahre.	Simon, J., Prospect, D., Nov. 14. 1866, 26 Jahre, 1 M., 29 J.

Durchschnittliches Alter obiger vierzehn Prediger 56 Jahre, 5 Tage.

HAROLD T. GANSHIRT
 5506 Valerie
 HOUSTON, TEX. 77081

Amish make Texas their home

Associated Press

GONZALES — It may be only a couple of miles to the Sonic and the Shamrock. But John Yoder's home on the banks of the San Marcos River here is in many ways a hundred years from town.

At least, that's the goal in Yoder's home and business — a repair and sales shop for horse-drawn buggies.

Like the other 14 or 15 Amish families in the Gonzales-Lockhart area, Yoder is struggling to maintain the traditional values that provide for a simple life devoid of such 20th-century claptrap as radio and television, air conditioning and automobiles.

It's a life in which Yoder's wife and daughters keep their hair covered with prayer caps. His 16-year-old daughter presses her clothes in the afternoon on the porch outside the Yoder home using a gas-heated iron. His four sons speak Pennsylvania Dutch as they work on the surreys and fold-downs and other buggies that find their way to the Yoder home for repair or sale. And the youngest of Yoder's 17 children — a 13-year-old boy and a 10-year-old girl — are taught at home instead of in the Gonzales public schools.

At the same time, Yoder, 55, occasionally may find himself using a little electricity these days in his booming buggy-repair and sales shop. The rent house in which the Yoders live also is equipped with a telephone, a device the family has found useful for keeping in touch with the other Amish families scattered around the area.

"The (Amish) shops back in Indi-

Yoder family repairs buggies

ana don't use electricity. But they do have air (driven) equipment. If I owned my own place, if I was in my own shop, I would prefer to go to air," Yoder said.

"But we're just renting here, and when you're renting, they require you have electricity. We just go along," said Yoder. "We aim to be considerate."

The Yoders represent one of this state's newest ethnic groups, a sampling of families from the Amish communities in the Midwest who moved to Texas to improve their financial situations. Many stay here just long enough to earn enough money to buy land back home. Others have indicated they might settle here permanently.

The Texas Amish communities now include 35 to 40 families, or about 200 people, and are concentrated primarily in the Gonzales-Lockhart area and the Stephenville-Dublin area northwest of Waco, according to William P. Kuvlesky, a Texas A&M University sociologist who has studied the communities.

The Amish families, who began to settle in Texas in 1980, are providing a new source of farm labor here. They are replacing illegal migrants from Mexico, Kuvlesky said.

"The farmers prefer the Amish families, even if it costs them more. They're much more mature and stable. And they come from their own

agricultural enterprises and have good management skills. They have a work ethic that goes beyond almost anything that exists in this world. To them work is life," said Kuvlesky, who has studied the Amish communities in Texas.

Yoder, who came to Texas from northern Missouri, moved his family to the Gonzales area in May 1982. "We had an offer for a job on a turkey farm where we could make more than on the (Missouri) farm. But we were sort of sorry, because the man who owned the turkey farm went broke in about eight months," he said.

After another job in which the family cared for 100,000 chickens on a farm near Gonzales, Yoder and his sons decided to go into the carpentry business with a little buggy work on the side.

That buggy sideline grew into his main business after Yoder was featured in an article in "Texas Highways" magazine. "I got more work in my shop than I knew what to do with," he said. "I've had inquiries from as far away as Australia."

Most of the work comes from Texans. Some comes from individuals who sell buggy rides for tourists in cities such as San Antonio. And some comes from individuals who simply want a buggy for joy riding or "to

have it to ride to church," Yoder said.

None of it comes from other Amish families, who rely primarily on buggies for transportation. "I've got more business from outside people. That's where my business is. The other (Amish) families send up north for their buggies. They say I'm too high-priced," he said.

Yoder and his sons do most of their buggy work beneath their home, which sits up off the ground on posts. The house was built originally as a lodge for deer hunters, and it rests near a river bank among pecan trees that climb 150 feet in the air.

With the men and boys in suspenders and the women in bonnets, with the big black buggies attached to seemingly ever-patient horses, with cows grazing in a nearby pasture and ponies romping in the adjacent field, the Yoder family home is a compelling and serene invitation to step back into the past.

And Yoder and his family do like their home, although they long for "a little more breeze" in the summer. And they also miss living in a community of what Yoder terms "our people." But, for the most part, the Gonzales community has been friendly and receptive to the Amish families.

"People here didn't know much of our people," Yoder said. "The ice had to be broken. But they finally found out we were human just like they were."

While business is good and people are nice, Yoder prefers to keep his children at home for their education.

German settlement thrives along mighty Missouri River

This past month, driving through the Midwest, my wife and I went 90 miles out of our way to visit the town of Hermann, Mo.

What took us to Hermann?

We had no relatives or friends there. No business to transact.

It's a little hard to explain but Hermann is the home town of my old teacher and dear friend, the Rev. Herbert Kramer, who struggled with me through Latin and art appreciation classes when I was a teen-age student at St. Mary's University.

Kramer and I have maintained a close association through the years and he visits us once a week or so to talk about art, music, photography — and Hermann.

Hermann was only a small town when Kramer, now 79, was a boy there — and it's still only a small town (population about 3,500), but it's not the ordinary American small-town.

"Someday you have to visit Hermann," Kramer has said to us over and over again.

We told him we would — someday. This was the year.

We were not disappointed.

Hermann is about 80 miles west of St. Louis on the south bank of the Missouri River. The foothills of the Ozarks begin here and some of the town sits on bluffs overlooking the mighty Missouri River while the rest of Hermann flows up and down as the ground undulates.

Anyone interested in the German settlement of Texas in the last cen-



tury, anyone who likes the German character of New Braunfels and Fredericksburg, will find Hermann equally interesting and likeable.

For with that name what else could Hermann be but a town settled by Germans — and for the same reasons that German immigrants came to Texas.

In the early 1800s many Germans who otherwise loved their land and culture became tired of the harsh militarism and aristocratic rule in Europe and began to immigrate to America.

Some came to Philadelphia but were not entirely happy there because it wasn't long before their children were adopting the English language and customs.

They wanted to go somewhere where they could live in freedom and yet retain their German language and culture.

Thus was organized the Deutsche Ansiedlungs Gesellschaft za Philadelphia (the German Settlement So-

cety of Philadelphia) which immediately sent out agents to hunt for a place somewhere on the American frontier where they could realize their dream.

In 1836 their agent, George Bayer, found just the place — some 80 miles west of St. Louis, on the south bank of the Missouri.

Not only was it a strategic location on a major waterway which reached almost to the Pacific Ocean, not only was there valley land between the hills for farming, but, except for the absence of some castles the hills and bluffs, it looked exactly like those along Germany's River Rhine.

It also seemed logical that if the land looked like that on the Rhine it could also grow grapes from which fancy wines could be made rivaling the famous wines of the Rhineland.

But those early dreams of a Rhineland on the Missouri were rarer than the reality.

The first settlers, having bought lots from the Settlement Society back in Philadelphia, arrived without a map showing where their lots were.

While they camped out waiting for a map, a hard winter set in. They would have died of starvation or frozen to death if they hadn't been helped by the scattered settlers who lived in the vicinity.

Fortunately, many had been trained in the Old Country as artisans — carpenters, stonemasons, blacksmiths, cabinetmakers — and after the first couple of hard years of living in lean-tos and log cabins, a

town began to emerge that reflected the amenities of a civilized society.

Purchasers of lots were required to build strong, sturdy homes on them, costing at least \$300, and so-called wine lots were sold cheaply (as low as \$25) if the purchaser promised to grow grapes on them.

Many of the homes had deep cellars in them for making and storing wine, and they were built so sturdy and strong (some of native limestone like the German homes in Texas, but most of red brick from the Hermann brick factory) that many of them are still standing, today, as strong and sturdy and beautiful as when they were first built.

With typical German thriftiness, the houses were built mostly right up to the sidewalk so that there would be room for kitchen gardens in the rear.

Today there are 108 of them listed in the National Register of Historic Sites, and they are one of the reasons that historic preservationists and tourists come from all over the United States to visit Hermann.

"When I visited my great-grandfather's hometown of Monchen-Gladbach-Hardt in Germany in the 1950s," said Kramer, "the houses looked exactly like those in Hermann except that they had stables attached. You know, German farmers weren't like American farmers who usually lived on their farms. They kept their work animals in the stables attached to their homes."

During the Civil War the people of

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Wine helping town rebound

Hermann, like the German Texans, were strongly pro-Union and anti-slavery.

Gasconade County, of which Hermann is the county seat, and St. Louis County were the only two counties in Missouri that voted for Lincoln in 1860.

During the war, with all of its young men fighting in the Union Army, the town was left with old men, women and children. Confederate Gen. John Marmaduke knew this when he approached Hermann in 1864 en route to western Missouri, so he was greatly surprised when suddenly there was a loud retort and a cannon ball came from Hermann in the direction of his troops.

A short time later there was another shot coming from a different point within the town, and then later, a third shot from still another point.

Scouts were sent to investigate and they found that the old men of Hermann were carrying a six-pounder cannon from hill to hill to fool marmaduke into thinking they were a full-sized army.

Dumped cannon

The Confederates captured the cannon and dumped it into the Missouri. It was later retrieved and today rests on the courthouse lawn in Hermann.

Hermann had two great periods of prosperity. One came before the Civil War, as it developed into one of the busiest river ports on the Missouri.

At one point it even seemed as if Hermann rather than St. Louis would be the entry port into the great American Northwest. "In those days the town was never out of sight of steamboat smoke," says one local citizen.

The story of those exciting river port days is so dramatic that I'm afraid I shall have to save it for a later column.

Both the Missouri and the steamboats which went puffing down it were extremely unpredictable.

I asked Kramer if he ever went swimming in the river as a boy. "Only twice," he said. "The current's really too swift for swimming. In fact, I only crossed the river twice and both times were in Buddy Brewer's skiff, which wasn't much of a boat."

In the River Room in the Hermann Museum there is a list of all the people who drowned after falling off steamboats. According to one report, quite a few people had to jump in the river when the steamer Washington caught fire off of Hermann.

"Mrs. Redhorst, a slender woman, jumped into the river and was drowned. But the two Price girls,

each weighing 200 pounds, bobbed up and floated like corks."

The coming of the railroad in the 1850s spelled the end of Hermann's river trade and traffic.

For some years Kramer's father was stationmaster at Hermann and trains stopped there several times a day. "I spent a lot of time at the station helping out in one way or another," said Kramer. "I even carried ticket money to the bank" (no armored cars needed in Hermann back in those halcyon days).

Today, trains still pass through Hermann but don't stop and the station has been torn down.

Hermann's second great period of prosperity came from its wine industry. Beginning with the few small wineries in the cellars of local homes, the industry was gradually expanded until at the turn of the century Hermann was being called "The Wine City of Missouri."

One single winery, Stone Hill, produced 1.25 million gallons a year to become the third largest winery in the world (second in the United States) and its wines won many gold medals at international fairs.

Prohibition in 1920 ended that industry and for some decades the people of Hermann had a hard time earning a living.

The country's Great Depression of the 1930s only added to the distress.

But they survived somehow, with a shoe factory and locally made artifacts, and today, with the help of a revived wine industry and a booming tourist trade, Hermann is relatively prosperous again.

In time for parade

We arrived there on a Sunday morning, just in time for Hermann's Sesquicentennial parade, celebrating its founding in 1838.

In the parade there were two oompah bands, and I don't know how many grown-ups and children dressed in lederhosen.

No question about it that Hermann is still a very German town that consumes a lot of beer as well as wine and eats a lot of bratwurst.

The first settlers would be disappointed: Not many of their descendants speak the language anymore.

"It's disappearing," said Kramer. "It's hard to find anyone anymore that you can have even a two- or three-minute conversation in German with."

Oh, I almost forgot: As a remembrance of his hometown we brought Kramer a bottle of Hermann's best wine, which we are hoping that he will share with us when my wife, Barbara, cooks him an old hometown meal of German sausage, potato salad and sauerkraut.

A former writer and editor for *Life* magazine, Claude Stanush is author of "The World in My Head."

German-Texan Heritage Society Meets In Houston

The German-Texan Heritage Society met in Houston Sept. 12-14 at the Stouffer Greenway Plaza Hotel and had a very successful meeting.

A tour of the Clayton Genealogical Library was held Friday afternoon and in the evening a social get-together and a view of the exhibits was enjoyed.

Saturday morning Dr. Don Carlson's topic was "Preservation and Better Texas History Center." In speaking of preserving pictures and papers in our own homes, he stressed one rule, "never do anything that cannot be undone." Years ago laminating was used, but they found there was a chemical reaction that was harmful. He suggested keeping your pictures and papers in a box in a dark, cool place like under your bed.

Mrs. Patricia Collins, a private conservator, spoke on conserving textiles — your quilts, embroidery, crochet etc. She said to get your articles, that you hope to keep for your children and grandchildren, off the walls or out of the light, either natural or artificial. She stated that if you want to display your quilts, you do not do so for longer than a period of three months. If you need to restore articles that have been moth-eaten, you reinforce the back side.

Michael Shoup, horticulturist spoke on his research work in

preserving the native plants and specially roses. Not only are the roses planted from cuttings, but they research the history of that rose.

Jeff Lindemann of the Industry Lindemanns gave an illustrated talk on early Houston. The Allen Brothers were part of German Town, an early German settlement that was later known as Frost Town.

After a noon meal at Bavarian Garden a tour taking the group to this early part of Houston, as well as all the other parts of Houston, that were influenced by the Germans, was most interesting and informative.

At the banquet that night, the group was entertained by the Houston Liederkreis and the Rathkamp Dancers.

Sunday morning, Dr. Joseph Wilson of Rice University spoke on "German Language in Texas." Dr. Wilson has a farm in the Ward community. He has done research of the Wendish and German settlers and told of the usage of the German language in Fayette County.

Majorie von Rosenberg from Dallas gave an illustrated talk on Hermann Lungkwitz and Richard Petri, early artists in Texas. She has also written a book *Max and Martha*, telling of Lungkwitz and Petri's children's experiences in Texas. One page is in English and the opposite page is in German.

The Hosanna Lutheran Church Choir under Gay Zimmerman's direction gave a religious music program.

Mary El-Beheri, a German teacher at MacArthur High School, related her experiences in Communist Germany last summer. It was most revealing to hear of the primitive way these Germans are living.

Many people have been wondering about the relationship of the above German-Texan Heritage Society and the Texas German Society. Both groups have the same aim — the preservation of the German heritage, language and customs of their forefathers.

The first group meets only once a year (Galveston next year); the second group meets monthly at a local place and has a yearly meeting.

The German-Texans spend their income by reprinting German books that have become difficult to buy. Roemer's Texas was reprinted in 1983. Last year a calendar showing early German buildings was printed. For 1987 *The History of the German Settlements in Texas 1831-1861* by R. L. Biesele is being reprinted.

The Texas Germans put out a small, but interesting newsletter under the editorship of M. Meisner. The German-Texans put out three newsletters yearly, each containing around 80 pages, including a genealogy section. Both groups have a \$10 membership fee.

Anyone interested to join either or both groups, may write to Dr. Dona Reeves-Marquardt, Rt. 2 Box 239A, Buda, Tx. 78610, for a German-Texan membership and to T.J. Schuts, 401 Rolling Hills Dr., La Grange, Tx. 78945 for a Texas German membership.

Mrs. Leola K. Tiedt historian and scrap book editor, attended the Houston meeting.

THE FAYETTE COUNTY RECORD Tuesday, September 23, 1985

Oldenburg in Texas wird 100 Jahre alt

Wechselvolle Vergangenheit – 200 Kilometer bis zum Golf von Mexiko

wjs Oldenburg. Ein kleines Faltblatt informiert die Einwohner von Oldenburg und der ganzen Umgebung darüber, wie sie sich im Freien beim Hereinbrechen eines Tornados zu verhalten haben: Flach in einen Graben legen und den Kopf mit den Händen bedecken. Gedacht ist dieser gute Ratschlag bei einem Wirbelsturm mit Spitzengeschwindigkeiten von 800 Stundenkilometern im Zentrum allerdings für Amerikaner, denn jenes Oldenburg liegt in Texas und auch über diesen dritten Namensvetter gibt es einiges zu berichten...

Die Tornado-Vorsichtsmaß-

F. Lotto aus dem Jahre 1902 zu entnehmen ist, lebte in diesem Gebiet neben deutschen Siedlern auch eine nicht geringe Zahl von Einwanderern aus Böhmen. Aus Deutschland waren es Männer wie Gerh. Behrens, F. Oppermann, John Imken, Aug. Gau, Hy. Alhorn, Albert Meinardus und J. B. Meinardus, die in der Pionierzeit die Weichen stellten für eine hoffentlich gute Entwicklung ihres neuen Gemeinwesens.

„Damals“, so meint Mrs. Ore Nell Frerichs, die als Sekretärin bei der Handelskammer in der 15 Kilometer entfernten Kreisstadt La Grange arbeitet, „muß es viele Einwanderer gegeben

Jahren Louis Völkel, der in seinem Gemischtwarenladen alles verkaufte, was für den täglichen Bedarf notwendig war, angefangen von Stiefeln und Schuhen bis hin zum Hut der neuesten Mode und allen Gerätschaften für die Landwirtschaft. Außerdem befaßte er sich mit dem An- und Verkauf von Baumwolle und landwirtschaftlichen Produkten. Auch er war einer der Mitbegründer von Oldenburg.

J. und Ed. Müsse dagegen machten mit Whiskey und Wein ihre Geschäfte. Die beiden damals noch recht jungen Brüder führten den Saloon und in einer großen Halle, die sich in einem kleinen Wäldchen befand, arrangierten sie unterhaltsame Feste, die in der Umgebung bekannt und beliebt waren. Sie

nicht. Auch heute noch ist die Gemeinde recht klein. Nur sechs bis sieben Häuser stehen an jeder Seite der Straße, die durch den Ort führt und auf der man in Richtung Südwesten zur Kreisstadt La Grange gelangt. Diese zählt fast 3800 Einwohner und hat die Funktion eines Zentrums für die Region. Dort sind auch sämtliche Einkaufsmöglichkeiten gegeben. Die Schmiede allerdings, das Wahrzeichen aus Pioniertagen, gibt es nicht mehr.

In früheren Zeiten hatte Oldenburg auch eine Schule, doch sind als Folge länger andauernder Bemühungen, die in ganz Texas zu beobachten sind, die Schulbezirke zusammengelegt worden. So wurde Oldenburg Teil des Schulbezirks der Kreisstadt La Grange. Das hindert jedoch nicht die Schülerinnen und Schüler, die einst die harten Schulbänke in Oldenburg drückten, dort jährlich einmal ein großes Wiedersehenstreffen zu veranstalten.

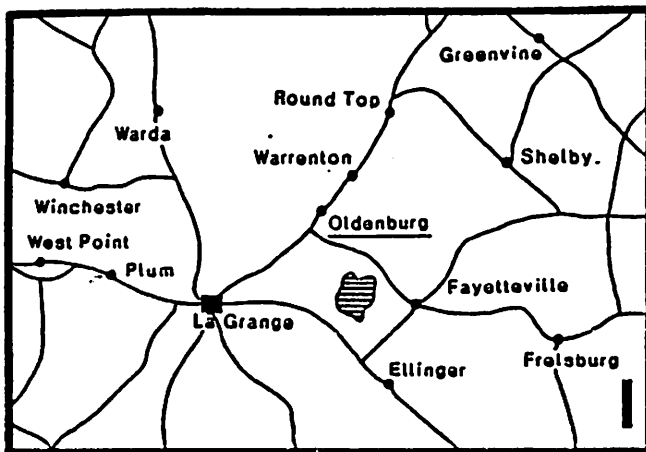
Die Gegend um Oldenburg ist fast ausschließlich landwirtschaftlich strukturiert, doch wurden die früher intensiv bewirtschafteten Acker mit der Zeit in offenes Weideland umgewandelt. Die meisten Einwohner im Ort haben aber noch immer große Gärten.

Das texanische Oldenburg liegt fast genau auf dem 30. Breitengrad und somit auf gleicher Höhe wie ein Ort im südlichen Marokko. Das bedeutet natürlich viele schöne sonnige und warme Tage und wer dann einmal Abstand vom Alltag gewinnen möchte, braucht nur einige Kilometer zu fahren bis zum Lake Fayette, einem schönen See mit manchen Erholungsmöglichkeiten. Wer ein wenig mehr Zeit hat, kann auch über die Highways 77 und 87 zu den weißen Stränden am Golf von Mexiko fahren, die nur etwa 200 Kilometer weit entfernt liegen und ausnahmslos der Öffentlichkeit zugänglich sind. Für amerikanische Verhältnisse nicht weit (rund 185 km) ist es auch bis zur 1,6 Millionen-Stadt Houston, die in Europa vor allem durch die Weltraumfahrten der NASA bekannt geworden ist.

Ob sie nun in Texas, Indiana oder Mississippi liegen – allen drei Gemeinden, über die in dieser Serie berichtet worden ist, ist eins gemeinsam: Dort siedelten einst Deutsche, die allein schon durch die Namensgebung ihrer Orte ganz deutlich zum Ausdruck bringen wollten, daß sie ihre Heimat jenseits des Atlantik nicht vergessen haben...



Oldenburg in USA



Südlich von Oldenburg in Texas liegt der Fayette-See und bis zur Kreisstadt La Grange sind es etwa 15 Kilometer. Über Fayetteville und Ellinger erhält man den Anschluß an die Autobahn, die in Richtung Osten zur Millionenstadt Houston führt. Grafik: Schulte

regeln, herausgegeben vom Texas Department für öffentliche Sicherheit, bestimmen natürlich nicht das tägliche Leben der Oldenburger in diesem südlichen Staat der USA, der fast dreimal so groß ist wie die Bundesrepublik. Allerdings haben diese Warnungen der Regierung durchaus einen sehr realen Hintergrund, denn von März bis September muß immer mit Stürmen dieser Art gerechnet werden.

Begonnen hat alles im texanischen Oldenburg bereits im vergangenen Jahrhundert, als die deutschen Einwanderer Gus. Steenken und A. Heintze im Jahre 1886 diesen Ort im Fayette County (Landkreis Fayette) gründeten und ihm in Erinnerung an die deutsche Heimat seinen jetzigen Namen gaben. Wie einer Veröffentlichung von

haben, die aus Norddeutschland und speziell aus dem Oldenburger Raum kamen, denn auch ein anderer Ort hier im Landkreis Fayette hatte in jener Zeit die Absicht sich „Oldenburg“ zu nennen“. Auch die Vorfahren von Mrs. Frerichs, einer geborenen Brandt, und die ihres Ehemannes Alfred (Mädchenname seiner Mutter: Jansen) stammen aus dem Norden Deutschlands. „In unserer Verwandtschaft“, erinnert sie sich, „gibt es auch noch Familien mit den Namen Stahmer und Gerdes“.

Um die Jahrhundertwende hatte Oldenburg bereits zwei Geschäfte, eine Schmiede, die in jenen Zeiten natürlich unerlässlich war, und selbstverständlich einen Saloon. Führender Kaufmann in Oldenburg und der Umgebung war in jenen

setzten damals schon auf Werbung mit Anzeigen, in denen sie nicht nur ihr frisches kühles Bier anprieser, sondern u. a. auch Kunden suchten für ihre heimischen und importierten Zigarren.

Oldenburg hatte zu jener Zeit natürlich bereits ein Postbüro, doch nicht so selbstverständlich war es für einen Ort dieser Größenordnung, daß hier auch ein Arzt seine Praxis hatte. In Oldenburg war dies jedoch der Fall. Zu einem eigenen Wahlbezirk reichte es aber nicht und zur Stimmabgabe mußten sich die Einwohner auf den Weg zur etwa sechs Kilometer entfernten Nachbargemeinde Warrenton machen.

Die großen Erwartungen, die die Gründer des Ortes bezüglich seiner Entwicklung gehabt haben mögen, erfüllten sich

GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Many Texans, of both Czech and German background, can trace their ancestral origin back to villages in Czechoslovakia. Beginning in the 1850's Czech families and their German neighbors left their ancestral homes in the former Austrian provinces of Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia for a new life in Texas.

Today many of the descendants of these immigrants are caught up in the craze of researching their family history. Church records, the United States census, tombstone inscriptions, ship passenger lists -- all are tools that have been used to paint the family chronicle on this side of the Atlantic. When that picture is complete, and one has gone back as far as he can here in the United States, what is there left to do? He can go to Czechoslovakia where genealogical research is quite feasible.

The great thing about genealogical research in Czechoslovakia is that church birth, death and marriage records (they are called matriky in Czech) have been deposited in some ten regional archival collections. One does not have to spend days wandering from village to village hoping to find the parish priests or pastors at home and in a cooperative mood. A few minutes' wait will suffice to bring whatever volumes of records one needs to his table in the archival reading room.

The following notes are the result of two weeks I spent researching my Mikeska family line in the regional archive (Státní Oblastní Archív) in Brno in 1985. The archive in Brno contains the records for southern Moravia. Records for northern Moravia are held in Opava.

In order to gain access to the archives in Czechoslovakia it is necessary to obtain permission from the archival headquarters (Státní Ústřední Archív) in Prague. This may be done by letter through the Czechoslovak embassy in Washington, D.C., or one may visit the archival headquarters personally on Obrancu Miru Street number 133. Perhaps it is better to secure the necessary permission before leaving for Europe. It would be a shame to show up at the archival headquarters, all eager to begin ones research, only to find the proper authorities on vacation, sick or away at a conference.

One should find out from the archival headquarters which of the ten regional archival collections holds the records for his ancestral village. Then it would be a good idea to contact that particular archive to find out what records they have for that village. Sometimes there are gaps in their holdings, and it would be another shame to travel to Czechoslovakia, all keyed up with anticipation, only to find out that the volumes containing ones ancestor are missing.

Certain basic research should be completed in Texas before any

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research is possible in Czechoslovakia. Of course one must know the name of the village of any family he is interested in studying. It frequently happens that there are several villages with the same name in different parts of Czechoslovakia, and even in different parts of the same historical province. In that event one must find out which particular village was that of his ancestors. Was it the Hustopece between Brno and the Austrian border, the records of which would be found in Brno, or the Hustopece east of Hranice, the records of which would be found in Opava?

Since entries in the church records are listed chronologically, one should be able to tie his ancestors down with some dates. He should realize, however, that dates remembered by family tradition are quite possibly in error. And he should not be confused by the fact that the name of a child who died in infancy was frequently used again for later children. Thus a family may have had three daughters named Anna, only the last of which survived childhood. Obviously that would be ones ancestor.

Finally, one should gather all possible information on his European relatives. The entry on a brother or sister may contain more information than that on ones own ancestor. It also is possible that for one reason or another the most desired record is missing, and one will have to build his research around it.

A bit of personal preparation will greatly facilitate ones research efforts in Czechoslovakia. At various times church records were written in Latin, German and Czech. So one should take advantage of community education courses offered in various schools in Texas to study both Czech and German. In Czech one should have a good understanding of declinations. The phrase vdova Frantiska Nedbalka may not mean the widow Frantiska (Frances) Nedbalka, but the widow of František (Frank) Nedbálek. In German one should be able to read the old German handwriting.

It is a good idea to take along a Czech and a German dictionary if one wants to learn more than just names and dates. Many of the records give occupations of parents and grandparents, and the death records generally list the cause of death. If one does not know the meaning of the Czech word souchotiny or the German word Lungensucht, he will miss out on the fact that a certain relative died of tuberculosis.

There are two approaches one can use in his archival research. One is to look up a few targeted individuals. This is fine if one has limited time and if one is satisfied with little more than extending the family tree. The other approach is to spend ones time in the archive copying down all the entries under a given surname, and then to spend the evenings in ones hotel room sorting them out and fitting them together in family groups.

This second approach has several advantages. In the first place one is likely to find unexpected bits of information, such as the births of illegitimate children before marriage, or additional marriages. In the second place one may find errors in some of the entries. When they wrote down the marriage records, for example, the priests and pastors often added information taken from the couple's birth records. Sometimes they made mistakes. Maybe they copied the birthdate wrong, or even confused the birthdate of the individual with that of a sibling of the same name who died in infancy. Perhaps they did not check the birth records, and wrote down the name of a stepmother instead of the name of the mother.

Finally, this approach will give one a feeling for what was happening in his ancestral village while his family was still living there. He may see phenomena such as tremendous infant mortality, several families living in the same house, marriage between cousins, numerous births outside marriage, widespread respiratory afflictions and occasional outbreaks of cholera.

What working conditions can one expect to find in the archives? The archive in Brno is open on weekdays from 9:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. One should come early to get a seat by a window, since the lights are not turned on except on heavily overcast days. One should bring a magnifying glass, since the script in the old records often is hard to read. Pencils are supposed to be used in the reading room, but I have seen people using pens. One should come prepared. And of course one should not forget his Czech and German dictionaries and grammar books; he may want to look up a word or unconjugate a verb or undecline a noun.

There is perhaps one most important thing to remember. We are their guests in Czechoslovakia. These are their records. We do not have "a right" to see them. We are allowed access to the records only through the generosity of the Czechoslovak government. The archivists have their own jobs to do. They are very professional and tremendously competent, and they are as helpful as they can possibly be, but one should not expect to take up too much of their time. One should come adequately prepared to do his own research.

If one plans to publish any of the data thus acquired in the archives, he must get permission from the Archives Administration of the Ministry of the Interior. I got the required permission by applying through the Czechoslovak embassy in Washington, D.C. on my return to the United States. It is also necessary to give proper credit in ones publication to the regional archive where one gathered the information, as well as to send the Archives Administration a copy of the work.

For anyone who is consumed by the genealogical virus, a trip to Czechoslovakia to research his family history is like dying and going to heaven. Given the necessary permission, proper preparation and preliminary research, one can find a treasure

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of information and banish forever that old specter, "I've gone back as far as I can here in the United States."

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-- Robert Janák
Beaumont, Texas

In May and June, 1986, Msgr. George Rabroker, Msgr. Ed Rabroker, Mary Ann Rabroker Ehler, and Gladys Rabroker Dorskocil visited their paternal grandfather's parish church where he was born and reared his family. St. Regina's Catholic Church is in Drensteinfurt in Westfalen, Germany. Grandfather Rabroker came to Texas and was the founder of Westphalia, Texas, which is in Falls County. The community was named for the area from where he came. On November 9, 1978, a state historical marker was put on the farm in Westphalia, Texas, where he had settled one hundred years earlier.

The two brothers and two sisters visited Ascheberg where their grandfather married his first wife. The grandfather's second wife, Theresia Halfmann, whom he married in Texas, is their paternal grandmother.

The group also visited in Ludinghausen and Bork with Cecilia Halfman Greining. They also visited with the Heinrich Halfman family who still live in the original Halfman house that dates back to 1725. This is the paternal grandmother's father's ancestral home.

The trip included a tour through Europe and a visit with a second cousin, Dieter and Ingrid Marquardt on their maternal grandfather's side. Dieter Marquardt has two brothers in East Germany whom he had just visited.

The group also visited Lourdes, France, and spent several days in Rome before flying home.

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Tiroler Mundart in Amerika

Wer ein Tirolerisch (Tyrolese dialect) des 16. Jahrhunderts hören will, kann das – so paradox dies klingen mag – in Amerika tun. Dort gibt es die Sprachgruppe der Hutterer, die heute noch den altösterreichischen Dialekt sprechen. Diese Gemeinschaft der Wiedertäufer (anabaptist), benannt nach ihrem einstigen Führer Jacob Hutter, stammt aus dem Pustertal in Südtirol, von wo sie nach abenteuerlichen Irrfahrten über den Balkan und die heutige Sowjetunion schliesslich in die USA gelangte.

Prof. Dr. Maria Hornung (Universität Wien), die auf einer 16.000-Kilometer-Studienreise in den USA die Sprache der Hutterer untersuchte, erklärt hierzu: "Die Hutterer leben isoliert von der amerikanischen Bevölkerung unter anderem in South Dakota (Bonhomme). Deshalb hat sich der alte Tiroler Dialekt dort so unvermischt erhalten, wie er in Europa kaum mehr zu finden ist. Für die

Sprachforschung ein wahres Glück."

Die Tiroler Hutterer, ursprünglich eine Gruppe von 400 Menschen, sind im Laufe der Jahrhunderte auf eine Gemeinde von 25.000 angewachsen. Zu ihren Geboten gehört nicht nur die Pflege der altösterreichischen Tradition – sie tragen nur alte Trachen – sondern auch die der Sprache sowie die Heirat nur innerhalb der Gemeinschaft.

Untersucht hat die Wiener Wissenschaftlerin auch deutsche Sprachinseln in

- Pennsylvania. Diese deutsche Volksgruppe wanderte im 17. Jahrhundert aus der Pfalz am Rhein nach Amerika aus. Die heute dort lebenden rund 200.000 Nachkommen sprechen immer noch die westmitteldeutsche Schrift- und Umgangssprache.

- Und die Gottscheer, die aus Südkrain kommen und eine altösterreichische Mundart sprechen. Von ihnen leben heute 10.000 in Toronto, 12.000 in Kitchener und 20.000 in New York.

Deutsche Welle

News: 6-10 p.m.
every hour at the full hour
Kommentar
Mo - Fri at 6:10 and 8:10 pm
Funkjournal
Mo - Fri at 8:15 pm
Weltpolitik aktuell
Mo - Fri at 6:15 pm
Presseschau
Mo - Fri at 7:10 pm
Musik - Variety
Mo - Fri at 7:45 and 9:40 pm
New Books - Reviews
Mondays 9:25 pm

6085 kHz 49 m
15210 kHz 19 m
9735 kHz 31 m

Die Schulmeister von Neu-Rostock. (The Schoolmasters of New Rostock)
Texanisches Volk(s)stück in zwei Akten. (Texan Folk Play in Two Acts)
 von (by) William Andreas Trenckmann, translated by Hubert P. Heinen

(Bellville Wochenblatt. Supplement to No. 13, Vol. 13, Dec. 24, 1903)

P e r s o n e n :

Burkhardt, Lehrer zu Neu-Rostock. Etwa 60 Jahre alt.
 Carl Walther, ein junger Lehrer.
 Wüster, wohlhabender Farmer und Viehzüchter.
 Murr, 'Store'- und Hallenbesitzer.
 Menzel Baldrian, ein wohlhabender Deutsch-Böhme.
 Brause, 'County Commissioner'.
 Franz Freese, Burkhardts Faktotum.
 Pat Muckleroy, irischer Postreiter.
 Gertrud, Burkhardts 18jährige Tochter.
 Adelgunde, Wüsters Frau.
 Elisabeth Alice, Wüsters Tochter.
 Aribert Johnnie, Wüsters Sohn.
 Marcus Junius Brutus Johnson, ein Negerjunge.
 Kartenspieler und Musikanten.

C a s t :

Burkhardt, teacher in New Rostock. Around 60.
 Carl Walther, a young teacher.
 Wüster, wealthy farmer and stockraiser.
 Murr, store and dance hall owner.
 Menzel Baldrian, a wealthy German-Bohemian.
 Brause, county commissioner.
 Franz Freese, Burkhardt's servant.
 Pat Muckleroy, Irish mail rider.
 Gertrud, Burkhardt's 18-year-old daughter.
 Adelgunde, Wüster's wife.
 Elisabeth Alice, Wüster's daughter.
 Aribert Johnnie, Wüster's son.
 Marcus Junius Brutus Johnson, a Negro boy.
 Card players and musicians.

Der Schauplatz ist Neu-Rostock, deutsche Ansiedlung in Texas, die nicht auf der Landkarte steht; der Zeitpunkt vor 12 bis 15 Jahren.

The play takes place in New Rostock, a German settlement in Texas that is not on the map; the time is 12 to 15 years ago.

E r s t e r A k t.

F i r s t A c t.

E r s t e r A u f z u g.

F i r s t S c e n e.

'Parlor' bei Wüsters, geschmacklos ausgestattet.
 Adelgunde und später Wüster.

Parlor at Wüster's house, tastelessly furnished.
 Adelgunde and later Wüster.

Adelgunde (eine etwas ältliche hagere Dame im schwarzen Seidenkleid sitzt, einen Roman lesend, im Schaukelstuhl. Eine große Kaffeekanne und geleerte Kaffeetasse stehen neben ihr auf dem Tische. Legt das Heft bei Seite und gähnt). Schon wieder "Fortsetzung folgt" und ich kann ganze zwei Wochen lang warten, ehe ich weiß ob der Graf den Schatz in der Tottenkammer finden und die liebliche Hirtentochter befreien wird. Und Wüster kommt immer noch nicht und wenn er kommt, dann ist er sicherlich betrunken. Ich arme, unglückselige Frau muß rein vergehen vor Ungeduld und ungestilltem Durst nach Rache. Endlich, endlich darf ich hoffen die Schmach zu rächen, die Burkhardt mir anthat, als er mich, die Tochter eines königlichen preußischen Oberkolonisten, des wohlhabensten Mannes in Neu-Rostock, und einer Mutter aus adliger Familie, um einer bettelarmen Nähterin willen verschmähte. Unser Aribert Johannes ist Wüsters Augapfel und wenn ihn dessen Mißhandlung durch Burkhardt nicht in lodernden Zorn setzt, dann fließt Fischblut in seinen plebejischen Adern. Ja, mein Herz lechzt nach Rache, wie das der verrathenen Pretzelbäckerstochter und Rache muß mir werden. Ach, wenn doch Wüster nur bald kommen wollte!

Adelgunde (a somewhat elderly excessively thin lady in a black silk dress sits, reading a novel, in a rocking chair. A large coffee pot and an empty coffee cup are beside her on the table. Puts the novel aside and yawns). "Continued" again, and I will have to wait for two whole weeks before I know whether the count will find the treasure in the crypt and free the charming shepherdess. And Wüster is still not here, and when he arrives he'll be drunk again for sure. Poor unfortunate woman that I am, I'll simply have to perish from impatience and unslaked thirst for revenge. Finally, finally I can hope to revenge the insult Burkhardt paid me when he spurned me, the daughter of a royal Prussian colonist of stature, the wealthiest man in New Rostock, and a mother with noble lineage, for the sake of a desperately poor seamstress. Our Aribert Johannes is the apple of Wüster's eye, and if our son's mistreatment by Burkhardt does not enrage my husband, then fish blood flows in his plebian veins. Indeed, my heart thirsts for revenge like that of the betrayed daughter of the pretzel baker, and revenge must be mine. Oh, if Wüster would only come home soon!

(Gepolter auf der Gallerie, wie wenn ein Sattel geschleppt wird; Wüster tritt, gestieft und gespornt und stark angeheitert in die Hausthüre, stolpert über die davorliegende Fußdecke und wirft beinahe den Kaffeetisch um, in dem Bestreben sich zu halten.)

(Loud noise on the porch as if a saddle is being dragged; Wüster, wearing boots and spurs and in an advanced state of inebriation, enters the door, trips over the doormat, and almost knocks over the coffee table while trying to catch himself.)

Wüster. Dieser infame Dohrrock.

Wüster. This cursed doorrug.

Adelgunde (aufspringend). Pfu! schon wieder betrunken. Solch pöbelhaftes Gebahren muß eine Frau aus guter Familie zur Verzweiflung bringen. (Führt ihr Taschentuch an die Augen.) O ich arme, unglückselige Frau! Oh, meine Nerven!

Adelgunde (jumping up). Disgusting, drunk again. Such vulgar behavior has to cause a woman of good family to despair. (Dries her eyes with her handkerchief.) O poor unfortunate woman that I am. Oh, my nerves!

Wüster. Newer meind, Gundelchen, mein Schuggerlomp!

Wüster. Never mind, Gundy, my sugar lump.

Adelgunde. Nenne mich nicht so, Du weißt, diese ordinären Kosenamen sind mir verhaßt. Sie sind eine neue Beleidigung für mich armes, zertretenes Wesen.

Adelgunde. Don't call me that! You know I hate that sort of vulgar nickname. It is a fresh insult for me, poor down-trodden person that I am.

Wüster. Oh, Fiddelsticks, Gundell! Well, ich meine, sei man wieder gut. Siehste, ich hab' 'nem Fuhl von Njukommer die beiden alten gefaunderten Grehs für en Paar gute Ponies getrehdet un hab' noch fufzig Dollers tu Buth gekricht. Ich mußt' den Szocker erst voll kriege un da hab' ich auch en Schwips abgekricht; das hört zum Biss-neß.

Wüster. Oh, fiddlesticks, Gundy. Well, I mean, don't be mad. After all, I traded the two lame old grays to a fool of a newcomer for a pair of good ponies and got fifty dollars to boot. I had to get the sucker drunk first and wound up a bit tipsy myself; that's just part of the business.

Adelgunde (beifällig). Oh das ist ja schön, liebes Männchen. Gieb mir doch gleich das Geld, daß ich es

Adelgunde (praisingly). Oh, that's wonderful, dear hubby. Just give me the money so that I can lock it away

einschließen kann, bis wir's auf die Bank schicken. . . (Im Affekt). Wüster, theurer Gatte, ich habe Dir Schreckliches zu verkünden. Unserm Hause ist Unerhörtes angethan worden.

Wüster. What's the matter, hot die theure Poland Tscheina Sau ihre Pieks gefresse?

Adelgunde. Oh, tausend-, millionenmal schlimmer! Denke Dir nur, der Schulmeister, der elende rachsüchtige Mensch, der es nicht vergessen kann, daß ich, damals das schönste Mädchen weit in der Runde, seinem Liebeswerben Gehör versagte, er hat heute, am letzten Schultage, unseren armen Aribert grausam mißhandelt, hat ihn braun und blau geschlagen, sodaß der arme Knabe nicht einmal zu Mittag am Tische sitzen konnte, bis ich ihn mit süßer Sahne einsalbte und ein Polsterkissen unterlegte.

Wüster. The devil, you say! Was hot denn Johnny wieder ausgefresse?

Adelgunde. Ach, denke Dir nur, dem armen süßen Kinde ist nur ein Stückchen Papier aus der Hand geflogen und an der Decke hängen geblieben, und dafür diese unmenschliche Strafe mit einem armsdicken Knüppel.

Wüster. Hahaha, Hohoho! Schpitbahls hat er geschmisse, der Feger, that's what's the matter with Hannah. Just wie sein Däd! Das hawwe mir immer gemacht, wie ich ein Kid war, aut West, und wie der Tjetscher uns mal geketscht hot und uns wippe wolt, da hot'n der lange Bill getrippt, un mir Beus hawwe ihn gelickt, daß er riseint hot und geschkippt is. Hohoho!

Adelgunde (bei Seite). Fürchterlich, dieses ordinäre Kauderwelsch! (Laut) Oh Wüster, theurer Gatte, wie vermagst Du zu lachen, wenn unser armer, lieber Aribert Johannes, dein eigen Fleisch und Blut, gefoltert worden ist. Ach, wenn Du gehört hättest, wie unser Herzensjunge so bitterlich geweint hat! Wüster, wenn Du diese Schmach ungesühnt läßt, dann tritt mir nie wieder vor die Augen.

Wüster. Recht haste, Gundelchen; un mit dem Alten hab' ich so noch en Schkor zu setzeln, weil er den Diel mit dem Schneider Schulze geschpeult hot. I'll break his neck, damn him!

Adelgunde. Ach liebes Männchen, Wüsterchen, das getraust Du Dich ja doch nicht. Aber ich, Deine Gattin, weise Dir den Weg zur Rache. Burkhardt muß sein Amt verlieren; das wird ihn tiefer verwunden als alles andere, was Du ihm anthun könntest. Geh' und besprich Dich mit Wurm, der haßt ihn auch und ist viel klüger wie Du.

Wüster. Well, komplimentäry biste grade nich, awer ich thu's, Dir zu pliesen. Ich reit gleich nach dem Schtohr, und der Schulmeister soll sein Fett schon kriegen. So long, Gundelchen. (Ab.)

Adelgunde. Fürchterlich dieser Fuselgeruch - und so etwas muß eine Dame von besserer Herkunft ertragen!

Z w e i t e r A u f z u g .

Vorzimmer in Wurm's Store.
Wurm, Freese, Baldrian und Pat.

(Links, hinten ein 'Bar Counter' mit Gläsern; Flaschen auf dem Rück an der Wand. Rechts, hinten eine nach dem Ballsaal im 2. Stock führende Treppe. Weiter nach vorn an der Seite ein Fenster. Rechts, vorn ein Kartentisch an welchem Wurm und Pat Muckleroy, Freese und Wenzel Baldrian als Spielgenossen 'Euchre' spielen. Wüster tritt ein und kibitzet.)

Wurm (beim letzten Stich). Heda, ich hab' noch den Rechten, Ihr seit gejuckert und müßt berappen. (Wischt das Kreidekonto aus.)

Freese. Schtopp! Ji hewwt mogelt. Ick heww't woll seihn, as Wurm den rechten Bauer ut'n Deck pullt het.

Wurm. Ach Unsinn!

Pat. It's lying he is, the Dutch shpalpeen.

Baldrian (angetrunken, steht auf und wirft die Karten hin). Beschummelt haste und Hallunkelendes biste. Denkst woll, Freese und dummes Böhm Wenzel sein dalkete Leit, was nicht kann kucken wenn wird beschummelt von deitsche und eirische Spitzbub. Werd ich bezahlen Zeche meiniges so: (wirft Karten und Glas auf den Fußboden. Im Hinausgehen.) Werd ich kommen wieder, wenn Wirth is ehrliche Mann, catrocinnii! - B'hüt Ihne gesund.

(Baldrian, Freese und Pat ab.)

Wüster. Well hawe se Dich mal geketscht, Du verdollter alter Humbegger? Bist doch sonst so schlick wie 'n Ih!

till we send it to the bank. . . (Angrily.) Wüster, dear spouse, I must disclose something terrible to you. Our house has had unheard-of injury befall it.

Wüster. What's the matter, did the expensive Poland China sow eat her piglets?

Adelgunde. Oh, something a thousand, a million times worse! Just think, the schoolmaster--the despicable vengeful man who cannot forget that I, at that time the greatest beauty far and wide, refused to listen to his pleas for love--has mistreated our poor Aribert savagely today, on the last day of school, has beaten him black and blue, so that the poor boy was not even able to sit at the lunch table until I salved his wounds with sweet cream and gave him a cushion to sit on.

Wüster. The devil you say! What did Johnny do this time?

Adelgunde. Oh, just imagine, a little piece of paper flew out of the poor sweet child's hand and stuck to the ceiling, and for this such an inhuman punishment with a cudgel as thick as your arm.

Wüster. Ha ha ha, ho ho ho! He threw spitballs, the brat, that's what's the matter with Hannah. Just like his Dad! We always did that when I was a kid out West, and when the teacher once caught us and wanted to whip us, then Bill, the tall one, tripped him and we boys licked him so that he resigned and skipped out. Ho ho ho!

Adelgunde (aside). Frightful, this vulgar gibberish! (Aloud.) Oh Wüster, dear spouse, how can you laugh when our poor dear Aribert Johannes, your own flesh and blood, has been tortured. Oh, if you had heard how bitterly our dearest boy cried! Wüster, if you allow this insult to remain unavenged, then never appear before my eyes again.

Wüster. You're right, Gundy; and I still have a score to settle with the old man because he spoiled my deal with tailor Schulze. I'll break his neck, damn him!

Adelgunde. Oh dear hubby, my little Wüster, you know you don't dare do that. But I, your spouse, will show you the way to get revenge. Burkhardt must lose his position; that will wound him more deeply than anything else you could do to him. Go and discuss the matter with Wurm; he hates him, too, and is much more clever than you are.

Wüster. Well, you're not very complimentary, but I'll do it to please you. I'll ride to the store right away, and the schoolmaster will get his just desserts. So long, Gundy. (Leaves.)

Adelgunde. Frightful, this rotgut smell - and a lady of my high station has to endure this sort of thing!

S e c o n d S c e n e .

Front room in Wurm's store.
Wurm, Freese, Baldrian, and Pat.

(To the left, in back, a bar with glasses; bottles on the shelves on the wall. To the right, in back, stairs leading to the dance floor upstairs. Further to the front on the side a window. To the right, toward the front, a card table at which Wurm and Pat Muckleroy, Freese and Wenzel Baldrian as partners are playing euchre. Wüster enters and kibitzes.)

Wurm (taking the last trick). Hey, I've got the right bower (jack of trumps), you've been euchred and have to fork over. (Erases the chalk tab.)

Freese. Stop. You cheated. I saw clearly how Wurm pulled the right bower out of the deck.

Wurm. Oh nonsense.

Pat. It's lying he is, the Dutch rascal.

Baldrian (tipsy, gets up and throws the cards down). You cheated and you're a wretched scoundrel. You seem to think Freese and the dumb Bohunk Wenzel are stupid people who can't notice when they are cheated by German and Irish rascals. I'll pay my bill this way! (throws cards and glass on the floor. In parting.) I'll come back when the innkeeper is an honest man, catrocinnii! - God keep you well.

(Baldrian, Freese, and Pat leave.)

Wüster. Well, did they catch you this time, you crazy old humbug? You're usually as slick as an eel.

Wurm. Ich dachte, die Kerle wären zu voll um aufzupassen. Der alte Schafskopf, der Pat, hat Schuld, sonst hätte Freese nichts gemerkt.

Wüster. Well, never mind, mir kenne uns ja. Say, Wurm, Du gleichst doch unsern Schulmeister nich.

Wurm. Weshalb, was meinst Du?

Wüster. Weil er dazu getendet hot, daß Du der alten Husemann ihre Penschen nich gepocket hast.

Wurm. Verdammt, halt's Maul!

Wüster. Never mind! Es hört's ja keiner und mir beide, wir kenne uns schon lang. Un die Postoffis hat er auch dem Mister Wurm wegnehme lasse, weil zu viel Briefe mit Spondulicks drin nich deliverd sein, you know. Un die Commissioner-Offis hot er den Mister Brause verschafft, schtatt den Mister Wurm.

Wurm. Ja, wenn du's denn schon weißt, ich hasse den alten Schleicher, der die Bauern gegen mich aufhetzt.

Wüster. Un Dir die fettsten KeeBes wegnimmt, weil er immer die Leut' zum Compermeisen kricht.

Wurm. Ja und die 'Deeds' schreibt er ihnen auch ganz umsonst, und ich kann mir den Mund wischen. Oh, ich werde ihm mal in die Suppe spucken, daß er an den Wurm denkt.

Wüster. You're my man, Wurm, un fufzig Dollers geb' ich, wenn wir ihn rauskriege könne, aus der Skuhl. Un davor bin ich grad' gekomme.

Wurm. Na, Wüster, mit den fünfzig Dollers, das glaub ich Dir altem Knicker schon lange nicht, aber laß mal nachdenken. - Ich habe eine Idee. Ja, bei Gott, so geht's! Jetzt sperr' die Ohren auf und halt's Maul zu. (Flüsternd.) Sonnabend Über vier Wochen ist Trustees-Wahl und Lehrerwahl. Da werden wir beide Trustees, und wir wählen einen anderen Lehrer.

Wüster. That won't work. Die alten Huscher hier schticke zum Burkhardt, und wo kriegste en andern Tiet-scher?

Wurm. Wird gemacht. Wir setzen eine Anzeige nach einem Lehrer in eine Zeitung, die hier in der Gegend kein Mensch liest. Da meldet sich mein Neffe, Carl Walther. Das ist ein sehr tüchtiger junger Mann und hat ein 'Normal School Certificate'. Zur Wahl kommen außer dem Postmeister, Commissioner Brause und Doctor Rohrbach doch blos ein halbes Dutzend Leute.

Wüster. Un wote alle für Burkhardt.

Wurm. Schnack doch nicht immer dazwischen, wenn ein vernünftiger Mensch redet. Die beiden Pollacken auf dem Johnson's Platz habe ich am Bündel, die müssen thun wie ich will; den Doctor lassen wir zu einem Schwerkranken nach dem 'Bottom' rufen, und Baldrian kriege ich auch dran.

Wüster. Mit dem haste's heut' verdorbe mit Deiner Tschieterei.

Wurm. Laß mich nur machen. Der alte Saufaus kann von meinem Cider nicht weg bleiben und wenn ich noch einen Schluck aus der großen Pulle drauf setze und ihn dran erinnere, daß Burkhardt mal gesagt hat, er wäre nicht pffiffig genug um in 'futures' zu speculiren, dann stimmt er wie wir wollen. Die dummsen Kerle, wenn sie Geld haben, können es nicht vertragen, wenn man sie nicht kluge Leute schimpft. Und Schneider Schulze stimmt auch für meinen Neffen, wenn er vier Bit Schulgeld sparen kann.

Wüster. Bully for you, Wurm. Schmart biste un hättest en ordentlicher Lahjer werde solle oder en Congreßmann. Ja wenn einer ne feine Edikeschen hot! Un nau wollen wir Einen teeken.

Wurm. Heut' nicht, sonst verplapperst Du Dich zu Haus, und die Weiber können nicht reinen Mund halten. Geh' jetzt heim und sag' Deiner Älten, sie soll Dich nicht zu arg ausschelten. Und nun mach', daß Du nach hause kommst.

Wüster (ab. In der Thür, bei Seite). Schmarter Kerl, der Wurm, büt der Deibel soll ihm troste. (Laut.) Good bye, Wurm!

Wurm. Leb' wohl. (Bei Seite.) Ekelhafter Kerl, aber die Sorte kann man brauchen, wenn man solche Geschäfte machen muß wie ich.

D r i t t e r A u f z u g .

Vier Wochen später.

Trauliche Stube in Burkhardt's Wohnung.

Gertrud. Später ihr Vater und Brutus, ein Plattdeutsch redender Negerjunge.

Wurm. I thought the jerks were too drunk to pay attention. The old dummy Pat is to blame; if it hadn't been for him, Freese wouldn't have noticed a thing.

Wüster. Well, never mind, we know each other. Say, Wurm, you don't like our schoolmaster.

Wurm. Why, what do you mean?

Wüster. Because he saw to it that you didn't pocket old lady Husemann's pension.

Wurm. Damn! Shut up!

Wüster. Never mind! No one is listening, and we two have known each other for a long time. And he managed to get the post office taken away from Mister Wurm too, because too many letters with "spondulicks" (money?) in them weren't delivered, you know. And he got Mister Brause made commissioner instead of Mister Wurm.

Wurm. Yes, if you already know, I hate the old sneak who turns the farmers against me.

Wüster. And takes the fattest cases away from you by getting the people to compromise.

Wurm. Yes, and he writes the deeds for them for free, and I can only lick my chops. Oh, I'll settle his hash (spit in his soup) so that he'll keep Wurm in mind.

Wüster. You're my man, Wurm, and I'll give you fifty dollars if we can get him out of the school. That's why I've come.

Wurm. Well, Wüster, I can't believe the part about the fifty dollars, you're too tight for that, but let me think. -- I have an idea. Yes, by God, that's how we can do it! Open your ears and shut your mouth. (Whispering.) Saturday in four weeks is the election of trustees and the teacher. We'll both become trustees, and we'll elect another teacher.

Wüster. That won't work. The old hoosiers here will stick with Burkhardt, and where are you going to get another teacher?

Wurm. I'll do it. We'll put an ad for a teacher in a newspaper that no one around here reads. Then my nephew, Carl Walther, will apply. He's a very capable young man and has a normal school certificate. Besides the postmaster, Commissioner Brause, and Doctor Rohrbach, only half a dozen people will come to the election.

Wüster. And they'll all vote for Burkhardt.

Wurm. Don't always interrupt with your jabbering when an intelligent person is speaking. The two Polacks on the Johnson's place I've got in my hip pocket, they've got to do what I want; we'll have the doctor called to the bedside of a severely ill person in the river bottom, and I'll get Baldrian in line.

Wüster. You've spoiled things with him today with your cheating.

Wurm. Just let me handle it. The old sot can't stay away from my cider, and if I add a swallow from the big bottle to it and remind him that Burkhardt once said he wasn't bright enough to speculate in futures, then he'll vote the way we want. The stupidest guys, if they have money, cannot bear it if people don't call them clever. And tailor Schulze will also vote for my nephew if he can save four bits in school fees.

Wüster. Bully for you, Wurm. You're smart and should have become a real lawyer or a congressman. Ah yes, if someone has a fine education. And now lets take a drink.

Wurm. Not today, or you'll spill the beans at home-- women can't keep their mouth shut. Go home now and tell your old lady not to scold you too much. And now get going toward home.

Wüster (Leaves. In the doorway, aside). A smart guy, Wurm, but only the devil can trust him. (Aloud.) Good bye, Wurm.

Wurm. Good bye. (Aside.) Repulsive fellow, but you can use that sort when you have to pull off the kinds of deals I do.

T h i r d S c e n e

Four weeks later.

Cozy parlor in Burkhardt's house.

Gertrud. Later her father and Brutus, a Negro boy who speaks Low German.

Gertrud (sitzt am Tische auf welchem ein Korb mit gestopften Strümpfen steht und ein Butterbrot auf einem Teller liegt. Legt ein Buch, in welchem sie eben gelesen, bei Seite, erhebt sich und, während sie die Strümpfe aufrollt, singt sie - Mel. "Bald gras' ich am Neckar, bald gras' ich am Rhein"):

Ich les' von der Liebe und kann's nicht verstehn,
Wie mir könnt' vor Herzweh das Essen vergehn,
Wie ich könnte küssen 'nen wildfremden Mann -
Ja wär's noch mein Vater!, das ginge noch an.
Mein Herz sollt gar brechen, weil's Einer verschmäht,
Und ist doch kein Streichholz - das wär doch verdreht,
Es flunkern die Dichter, 's kann anders nicht sein,
Sonst hörten Verliebte in's Narrenhaus 'nein.

(Beißt in das zur Hand liegende Butterbrot) - Ob ich mich wohl je verlieben werde! Es wird einem bald warm, bald kalt, wenn man solch schöne Gedichte von dem 'wonnigen Weh' liest, daß man's wohl mal erfahren möchte, aber wenn ich dabei den Appetit auf ein gutes Butterbrot verlieren sollte, dann doch lieber nicht. . . Väterchen muß wohl bald von der Versammlung nach Hause kommen.

Burkhardt (mit der Bienekappe und Imkergeräthen, tritt ein, hat die linke Hand mit dem Taschentuch umwickelt). So, Töchterchen, die Ausreißer hab' ich glücklich wieder. Fing sie noch grade in der untersten Ecke der Pasture ab, ehe sie in den Busch kamen. 's ist ein schöner starker Schwarm.

Gertrud. Und da freut sich mein Väterchen, und ist doch ganz ermattet von der langen Jagd. Konnte ich das nicht für Dich besorgen, oder der alte Franz.

Burkhardt. So, damit sie Dir die Hände oder gar die roten Bäckchen zerstechen, wie mir. Und unser alter Franz mit seinem lahmen Bein, der hätte sie bis Neujahr nicht gekriegt.

Gertrud. Was, zerstoehen bist Du auch. Da muß ich schnell Hirschhorngest drauf thun. (Thut es.) So, ist's jetzt wieder besser?

Burkhardt. Thut kein Bischen mehr weh, und Du weißt ja, der Doktor Rohrbach hat neulich gesagt, Bienenstiche wären gut für Rheumatismus. Das Mittel ist ja billig.

Gertrud. Aber Vater, Du hast wohl vergessen, daß heute Schulversammlung ist.

Burkhardt. Vergessen nicht, Kind, aber ich habe mir vorgenommen nicht wieder hinzugehen, außer wenn ich gerufen werde. Ich meine, es paßt sich besser, wenn die Leute unter sich bleiben. Der Lehrer sollte nicht helfen seinen eigenen Vorgesetzten zu erwählen.

Gertrud. Aber es ist doch auch Lehrervahl.

Burkhardt. Nun, das ist doch nur Formsache. Ich habe nun fast ein Vierteljahrhundert hier gewirkt, habe immer nach Pflicht und Gewissen meine Schuldigkeit gethan und da habe ich doch nichts zu befürchten.

(Es klopf.)

Burkhardt. Herein!

(Marcus Junius Brutus tritt ein, bleibt aber zögernd in der Thüre stehen.)

Burkhardt. "Auch Du mein Brutus!" Na, was willst Du denn? Gewiß einen von Mamsell Gertruds Kaffeekuchen? Gib ihm einen, Tochter.

Brutus (die ihm gebotenen Küchelchen schnell in die Tasche steckend). Professor, hier is en Breiw von Mister Wüster, un ick möt schnell na Hus, ich hew keen Tied. (Läuft davon.)

Burkhardt. Ein putziger Bengel, dieser schwarze Brutus. - Ein Brief von Wüster, was das wohl zu bedeuten hat? (Öffnet und liest - beginnt wieder von vorn.) Bin ich denn blind? Das kann doch nicht möglich sein - und doch, oh schändlich! - bei Gott das habe ich nicht verdient.

Gertrud (angstvoll). Was ist's Väterchen, laß mich lesen! Doch kein Unglück?

Burkhardt. Ein Unglück vielleicht für Dich, mein Kind, doch für mich ist es mehr, ist's eine niederträchtige und ungerechtfertigte Ehrenkränkung, wie sie nur ein ganz gemeiner Mensch seinem ärgsten Feinde zufügen kann. In diesem Briefe - er ist in Wurms schönster Kalligraphie - wird dem Lehrer zu Neu-Rostock mitgeteilt, daß man sich die Ehre nimmt ihn in Kenntniß zu setzen, daß die Schulgemeinde von Neu-Rostock, wegen zunehmender Altersschwäche des derzeitigen Lehrers, Herrn Carl Walther mit sechs gegen drei Stimmen für das nächste Jahr als Lehrer erwählt hat, und der Lehrer Burkhardt ersucht wird etwaige demselben zugehörige Habseligkeiten

Gertrud (sitting at a table on which there is a basket with darned stockings and a bread and butter sandwich on a plate. Puts aside a book she's been reading, gets up, and sings as she rolls up the stockings--to the tune "Bald gras' ich am Neckar, bald gras' ich am Rhein"):

I read about love and cannot understand
How I could lose my appetite because of heartache,
How I could kiss a total stranger--
If it were my father, that would be all right.
My heart should break if someone rejected it,
But it isn't a matchstick--that would be silly,
The poets are just fooling, there's no other way,
Else those in love would belong in the insane asylum.

(Bites into the nearby sandwich)--Will I ever fall in love? You get warm and cold flashes when you read such beautiful poems about the joyful pain that you would sort of like to experience it, but if I would lose my appetite for a good sandwich, then I can do without it. . . Daddy should be returning home from the school meeting soon.

Burkhardt (with beekeeper's hood and equipment, enters, has the left hand tied up in his handkerchief). So, my little daughter, I got to the errant swarm in time. Caught it in the lower corner of the pasture before it could get into the brush. It's a big, beautiful swarm.

Gertrud. And my daddy is happy about that, but he's all worn out from the long hunt. Couldn't I have taken care of that for you, or old Franz?

Burkhardt. So that the bees sting your hands or even your red cheeks like they stung me. And our old Franz with his lame leg wouldn't have caught up with them by New Year's.

Gertrud. What, you've been stung as well. I'll put some tincture of hartshorn on it. (Does so.) So, is it all better now?

Burkhardt. It doesn't hurt a bit any more, and you know that Dr. Rohrbach said recently that bee stings were good against rheumatism. That's cheap medicine.

Gertrud. But Father, you seem to have forgotten that there is a school meeting today.

Burkhardt. I didn't forget, child, but I decided not to go again unless I was called. I'm of the opinion that it is more fitting for those people to remain amongst themselves. The teacher shouldn't help elect his own bosses.

Gertrud. But they are electing the teacher, too.

Burkhardt. Well, that's just a formal matter. I've been active here for almost a quarter of a century, have always done my duty with a good conscience, and now I need not fear anything.

(Someone knocks.)

Burkhardt. Come in!

(Marcus Junius Brutus enters, but remains hesitantly in the doorway.)

Burkhardt. "Et tu Brutel!" Well, what do you want? I'll bet you want one of Miss Gertrud's coffee cakes. Give him one, daughter.

Brutus (putting the small cakes offered him quickly into his pocket). Professor, here is a letter from Mister Wüster, and I have to go home right away, I don't have any time. (Runs away.)

Burkhardt. A cute scam, that black Brutus. -- A letter from Wüster, what might the meaning of that be? (Opens it and reads--starts again at the beginning.) Have I gone blind? That can't be possible--and yet, oh shameful!--by God I don't deserve that.

Gertrud (anxiously). What is it, Daddy? Let me read it. Not some misfortune?

Burkhardt. A misfortune for you perhaps, my child, but for me it is more, it's a base and undeserved slur on my honor of the sort that only a thoroughly worthless man could inflict on his worst enemy. In this letter--in Wurm's most beautiful handwriting--the teacher in New Rostock is informed that one has the honor of conveying the information to him that the school district of New Rostock--due to the increasing frailty caused by age of the present teacher--has elected Mr. Carl Walther, with six votes to three, to serve the next year as teacher, and that the teacher Burkhardt is requested to remove any of his possessions from the schoolhouse that may be

aus dem Schulhause abzuholen. Unterschrieben von Wüster, Wurm und Baldrian als 'Trustees'.

Gertrud. Oh, ich ahnte, daß Wurm und Wüster, denen Du so oft ihre schurkischen Speculationen durchkreuzt, sich rächen würden.

Burkhardt. Ja, sie haben sich gerächt - wie Schurken. Es ist ihnen gelungen, der Schlag trifft mich hart. Das ist nun der Dank für eine zwanzigjährige pflichttreue Amtsführung; dafür daß ich in den Zeiten, da unsere Nachbarn noch auf fremder Erde um ihre Existenz kämpften, fast umsonst ihre Kinder unterrichtet habe und nicht nur bemüht war, die Letzteren lesen und schreiben zu lehren, sondern auch sie zu gesitteten und braven Menschen zu erziehen, daß ich das Schulhaus, aus dem ich ausgewiesen werde, wie ein Verbrecher, fast gänzlich mit diesen Händen gebaut. Ja es ist wahr, ich bin alt geworden, ich stehe vielleicht als Lehrer nicht mehr auf der Höhe der Zeit, aber fortgejagt zu werden wie der lahme Esel, dem man nicht das Gnadensbrot gönnt, das habe ich nicht verdient.

Gertrud (den Vater umhalsend). Vater, lieber Herzensvater, nimm es Dir nicht so zu Herzen. Jeder einsichtige und recht denkende Mensch im weiten Umkreise ehrt Dich hoch, jeder weiß, daß Du mehr für Neu-Rostock gethan hast, als Dir je mit Geld gelohnt werden kann. Alle Deine ehemaligen Schüler lieben Dich wie einen Vater. . .

Burkhardt. Und blieben zu hause, als es galt ihre Schuldigkeit in der Schulversammlung zu thun, über die Schule zu wachen, in die sie jetzt selbst Kinder senden, sie überließen Diesen das Feld.

Gertrud. Weil niemand von ihnen einen solch tückischen Anschlag gegen Dich auch nur im Entferntesten ahnen konnte, niemand ihn für möglich gehalten hätte, und seine Ausföhrung wird sie alle mit Entrüstung erfüllen. - Und, Väterchen, weißt Du was, Deine selbstsüchtige Tochter Gertrud ist ein wenig froh, daß es so gekommen ist, denn sie wird ihren lieben Herzensvater jetzt ganz für sich allein haben können, wird ihn besser pflegen und noch mehr von ihm lernen können. Väterchen aber wird nicht mehr bei Regen oder 'Sleet'-Wetter hinaus müssen nach der Schule, wird sich nicht mehr zu ärgern brauchen über unartige oder begriffsschwere Kinder und unverständige Eltern. . .

Burkhardt. Und wird zu hause sitzen bleiben, ein alter nutzloser Mann, der ein wenig mit seinen Bienenkörben und Obstbäumen herumantirt und seinem Kinde zur Last fällt.

Gertrud. Zur Last fallen! - Väterchen, so darfst Du nicht reden, denn das thut bitter weh. Du weißt ja, daß Du meine einzige Stütze bist und bleibst, daß ich keine größere Freude kenne, als Dich, der Du mir seit Langem Vater und Mutter zugleich warst, ein wenig zu hätscheln, und Dir zu dienen.

Burkhardt. Liebes Kind, Du meinst es gut und ich danke Dir dafür, aber dieser Schlag trifft nicht mich alten Mann allein, sondern auch Dich. Du weißt, ich bin nicht vermögend. . .

Gertrud. Du bist reicher als Millionäre, an Liebe und guten Werken.

Burkhardt. Doch davon kann dereinst meine Tochter nicht leben und deswegen füllt mir der Verlust meines Amtes doppelt schwer. Ich habe wohl ein Heim, aber wenig Geld, denn, so wenig ich für mich bedurfte. . .

Gertrud. So viel hast Du für die Bedürftigen und für das allgemeine Wohl geopfert.

Burkhardt. Wohl hoffe ich, Dich einmal der Hut eines meiner Tochter würdigen Mannes übergeben zu können. . .

Gertrud. Vater, ich werde Dich nie verlassen.

Burkhardt. Und wenn dereinst der Rechte kommt, dann wirst Du mit ihm ziehen, denn das ist des Weibes Pflicht.

Gertrud. Wenn Einer kommt, und ist wirklich der Rechte, dann wird er mich nicht von Dir trennen, sondern mit mir vereint dein Alter sonnenhell gestalten helfen.

Burkhardt. Kind, vor Deinen Tröstungen, dem Ausfluß Deiner Kindesliebe, schwinden alle Schatten dahin, erwacht mein Mannesmuth wieder und ich fühle, daß ich mich nicht beugen lassen darf durch unverdiente Kränkung. Als ich hierher kam, war ich, zwar nicht so alt wie heute, doch muthlos geworden durch eine Reihe von schweren Schicksalsschlägen. In der Liebe Deiner unvergeßlichen Mutter und in meinem Wirkungskreise fand ich Muth und Kraft wieder. Der Tod Deiner Mutter war das Schwerste, was mich je betroffen, doch Deine treue Kindesliebe und

there. Signed by Wüster, Wurm, and Baldrian as trustees.

Gertrud. Oh, I suspected that Wurm and Wüster, with whose villainous speculations you have interfered, would get revenge.

Burkhardt. Indeed, they have gotten revenge--like villains. They've succeeded. The blow strikes home. That is the thanks for twenty years of faithful service in my office, for my having taught the children of our neighbors for next to nothing in times when these neighbors struggled on foreign soil for their existence, for my having not only striven to teach their children to read and write but to educate them to become moral and upright human beings, and for my having built the schoolhouse, from which I am being driven out like a criminal, almost entirely with my own hands. It is true that I've gotten old, I may no longer be modern in my pedagogical techniques, but to be chased away like a lame donkey whom one doesn't want to feed in his old age, that I do not deserve.

Gertrud (embracing her father). Father, dearest Father, don't take it so to heart. Every perceptive and right-thinking man from near and far esteems you highly; everyone knows that you have done more for New Rostock than could ever be repaid you with money. All of your former students love you like their father. . .

Burkhardt. And they stayed home when they should have done their duty at the school meeting and watched over the school to which they now send their children. They left the arena to these people.

Gertrud. Because none of them could even begin to suspect such a sneaky plot against you, no one would have thought it possible, and its execution will fill them all with horror and anger. -- And Daddy, do you know what, your selfish daughter Gertrud is somewhat happy that things have happened this way, for now she will have her dear father all to herself, will be able to take care of him better and learn even more from him. My daddy won't have to go out to the school in rain or sleet, won't have to be aggravated by naughty children or slow learners and parents who don't understand their duties.

Burkhardt. And he'll sit at home, an old, useless man, who fiddles around a bit with his beehives and fruit trees and is a burden to his child.

Gertrud. A burden! -- Daddy, you shouldn't speak that way, that hurt's. You know that you are and will continue to be my only support, that I know no greater joy than to pamper you a bit, you who have been both a father and a mother to me for so long, and to serve you.

Burkhardt. Dear child, you mean well, and I thank you for that, but this blow not only hits me, old man that I am, but also you. You know that I am not wealthy.

Gertrud. You are richer than millionaires in love and good deeds.

Burkhardt. But from that my daughter will not be able to live when the time comes, and thus I regret the loss of my position doubly. To be sure I have a home, but I have little money, for, as little as I need for myself--

Gertrud. All the more you have sacrificed for the needy and for the common good.

Burkhardt. I certainly hope to be able to give you over to the protection of a man worthy of my daughter someday.

Gertrud. Father, I will never leave you.

Burkhardt. And when someday the right one comes, then you will go with him, for that is a woman's duty.

Gertrud. If one comes and he is really the right one, then he will not separate me from you but will help, in union with me, make your old age a sunny one.

Burkhardt. Child, in the face of your consolation, the outpourings of your filial love, all the shadows disappear, my courage reawakens, and I feel that I cannot let myself be bowed by an undeserved slight. When I came here I had become dispirited, though I was to be sure not so old as now, by a series of heavy blows of fate. In the love of you unforgettable mother and in my sphere of action I found courage and strength again. The death of your mother was the worst thing that has ever occurred to

mein Beruf, sie ließen mich wieder froh werden, lehrten mich wieder lachen; diese Amtentsetzung thut weh, doch mein Goldtöchterchen wird mir auch darüber hinweg helfen. Und nun komm', laß uns draußen in die Laube gehen, die Deine Mutter gepflanzt, und den Sonnenuntergang bewundern.

Gertrud (sich an den Vater hängend). Und von meinem Mütterchen plaudern.

Zweiter Akt.

Erster Aufzug.

Abend des jährlichen Maskenballes in Neu-Rostock.
'Parlor' bei Wüsters.
Familie Wüster.

Aribert Johnnie (lugt vorsichtig in's Zimmer und tritt dann ein). Die Oldfohks sind noch im Deiningruhm und gässen - and now is my time - werd' schon mit ihnen iwen werden! Wollen mich nicht auf den Meskerehtbahl nehmen, for Ponishment, weil ich den neuen Professor getrippt hab' mit ein Weier über den Schultrehl - akkrat wie's der Old Man für seine Tietschers gefixt hat. Und die Haue sind gesund gewesen für Johnnie, un wie mich der alte Burkhardt ebaut häf so hart gehaut hat, haben sie en Foß gemacht, und ihn aus der Skuhl gekickt. (Hat inzwischen aus dem Romanheft seiner Mutter das Lesezeichen heraus genommen, ihre Brillengläser mit Talg beschmiert und Tinte aus dem Schreibzeug auf ihr daneben liegendes Taschentuch gegossen.) And now for the old man. (Praktiziert eine Stopfnadel aus seiner Mutter Nähkorb in den gepolsterten Lehnstuhl seines Vaters.) Wo'nt he jump? Und Schwester Leise hat auch ihren Mund rein geputtet, daß ich nicht mit sollt'; ich werd' schon mit ihr setteln. (Nimmt ein großes viereckiges Stück Papier und schreibt darauf in großen Buchstaben.)

F L O U R K W I E N
L E I S E
W U E S T E R

Na, die wird feiting mäd sein, wenn alle Leut' sie rekonenisen. Und nau muß ich schkippen, the old woman is coming. (Ab.)

Adelgunde. So jetzt kann ich doch meinen Roman weiter lesen, ehe meine Elisabeth fertig wird mit ihrem Kostüm, und bis sie und Wüster zurückkommen, kriege ich ihn vielleicht zu Ende. (Nimmt das Heft auf, blättert, setzt die Brille auf.) Was ist denn das mit meiner Brille, ich kann ja nichts sehen! (Johnny guckt durch die Thürspalte oder durch das Fenster mit Anzeichen höchster Freude.) Ich muß meine Brille abreiben. (Thut es und schwärzt dabei ihre Hände und, als sie die Brille aufsetzt, auch ihr Gesicht.) Das hat der infame Bengel, der Johnnie gethan! oh, der Nichtsnutz. Wüster! Wüster! (Johnnie verschwindet.)

Wüster (kommt hereingestürzt). What's up! Haste 'ne Maus gesehn oder kriegste wieder Heisteriks?

Adelgunde Sieh nur, was Dein Johnnie, Dein Goldsöhnchen, gethan hat, wie er mich, seine leibliche Mutter zum Gespött macht. Du mußt ihn sofort exemplarisch bestrafen.

Wüster (beginnt beim Anblick seiner Frau zu lachen). Hohoho! Dschiwillikens, na, Du bist mir ein Szeit. (Läßt sich vor Lachen in den Lehnstuhl fallen, um gleich darauf mit einem Schmerzenschrei und einem Fluch aufzuspringen; er findet die Stopfnadel und stürzt hinaus mit dem Ruf: 'I'll break his confounded neck!')

(Johnnie, welcher inzwischen am Fenster vor Freudens einen Kriegstanz ausgeführt hat, verschwindet wieder.)

Adelgunde (welche anfangs gekichert hat, eilt ihrem Manne nach). Wüster, erkühne Dich nicht, meinen armen Aribert zu mißhandeln.

Elisabeth Alice (kommt, als Blumenkönigin gekleidet, doch ohne Maske, aus dem Nebenzimmer). Oh Mamma, I have something to tell you. - Why mother, you look like a nigger!

Adelgunde. Sprich Deutsch mein Kind! Du weißt ja,

me, but you faithful filial love and my profession allowed me to recover my happiness, taught me to laugh. Being removed from my office hurts, but my dearest daughter will help me get over that too. And now come, let us go out into the arbor that your mother planted and marvel at the sunset.

Gertrud (clinging to her father). And chat about my mommy.

Second Act.

First Scene.

Evening of the annual masquerade ball in New Rostock.
Parlor at the Wüsters' house.
Family Wüster.

Aribert Johnnie (looking cautiously into the room and then entering). The old folks are still in the dining room and are eating--and now's my chance--I'll get even with them for sure! They don't want to take me to th masquerade ball, for punishment, because I tripped the new professor with a wire over the school trail--just like the old man did to his teachers. And the paddling was good for Johnnie, and when old Burkhardt paddled me about half as hard they made a fuss and kicked him out of the school. (Has in the meantime taken the bookmarker out of the installment of the novel his mother had been reading, smeared the lenses of her glasses with tallow, and poured ink from a pen on her handkerchief that lies next to the glasses.) And now for the old man. (Extracts a darning needle from his mother's sewing basket and puts it in his father's upholstered easy chair.) Won't he jump? And Sister Liza put her two bits worth in, saying I shouldn't go; I'll settle with her. (Takes a large square piece of paper and writes on it in large letters.)

F L O U R K V E E N
L I Z A
W U E S T E R

Well, she'll be fighting mad when everyone recognizes her. And now I've got to skip, the old lady's coming. (Leaves.)

Adelgunde. Now I can continue to read my novel before Elisabeth finishes with her costume, and by the time she and Wüster return I may have finished it. (Picks up the installment, leafs through it, puts on her glasses.) What's the matter with my glasses, I can't see anything. (Johnny looks through the door, which is slightly ajar, or through the window with visible signs of great glee.) I'll have to wipe off my glasses. (Does so and gets her hands black and, when she puts on the glasses, her face as well.) That cursed brat Johnny did this. Oh, that good-for-nothing. Wüster! Wüster! (Johnnie disappears.)

Wüster (rushing in). What's up! Did you see a mouse, or are you getting hysterics again?

Adelgunde. Just look what your Johnnie, your dear son, has done, how he has made a laughing stock of me, his own mother. You must punish him immediately and teach him a lesson.

Wüster (beginning to laugh upon catching sight of his wife). Ho ho ho! Gee willikins, you're a sight. (Sits down, weak with laughter, in his easy chair, only to jump up with a scream of pain and a curse; he finds the darning needle and chases out with the cry): I'll break his confounded neck!

(Johnnie, who in the meantime has been dancing a war dance for joy at the window, disappears again.)

Adelgunde (who at first had giggled, hurries after her husband). Wüster, don't you dare mistreat my poor Aribert.

Elisabeth Alice (coming, dressed as a flower queen, but without a mask, from the next room). Oh, Mamma, I have something to tell you. -- Why Mother, you look like a nigger!

Adelgunde. Speak German, my child. You know that I

ich verstehe kein Englisch und hasse das rohe Kauderwelsch.

Elisabeth. Mamma, ich hab' eine Fehler zu fragen. Du weißt, ich habe meine Kappe für Professor Walther gesetzt, der einzige steilische Junge Mann in's Settlement, und wenn er auch noch nicht zu mir propohst hat, ich weiß er adohrt mich.

Adelgunde. Ich weiß es meine Tochter und ich bin entzückt, denn als gebildete Mutter ist es mein Ziel, daß meine Tochter einen gebildeten Hosband kriegt und keinen Farmerrüpel.

Elisabeth. Well, Mamma, denn hilf mir den Old Man männedschen; er will ich soll einen reichen Stockrehsler oder sowas heiraten.

Adelgunde. Sei ruhig, mein Kind, Du bist meine Tochter und Wüster wird thun, wie ich will.

Wüster (kommt herein, stöhnend und sich die Nase reibend). Der verdammte Schkämp! läuft unter die Waschlein durch, daß ich mir fast den Kopf abreiße, und gegen die Schweinepenn fall' und muß ihn lachen höre. But I'll get him yet, und dann schkinn ich ihn eleif.

Adelgunde. Theuerster Gatte, echauffire Dich nicht so über die Streiche eines muthwilligen Knaben.

Wüster. Schöner Muthwillen!

Adelgunde. Wir haben jetzt etwas Wichtigeres zu besprechen; es gilt die Zukunft und das Lebensglück unserer Elisabeth. (Elisabeth liebkost den Vater.) Elisabeth hat mir eben ein rührendes Geständnis gemacht. Sie liebt den jungen Professor Walther, einen hochgebildeten Mann.

Wüster. Und en purer Schlucker von Skultietscher, mit den sie Hungerpfoten Bocken kann.

Adelgunde. Unterbrich mich nicht immer, Du weißt ich kann das nicht leiden. Professor Walther ist ein hochgelernter Jentelmann und durch seine Bildung kann er Dir viel nutzen.

Wüster. Well, da is was drin. That's no lie, aber sie kann mehbi Einen kriegen, wo plenti Tin hot.

Adelgunde. Ruhig Wüster. Ich sage Dir, meine Elisabeth heirathet den Professor, und damit basta. Und Du bist mein liebes vernünftiges Männchen und ich weiß, Du willst nur das Glück der Deinigen.

Wüster. Well, das setzelt den Häsch. Perhäps kenne mir aus dem Hungerleider von Skultietscher noch en vernünftigen Mertschant oder Lahjer machen. Komm Alice, mir müsse schtarte.

Elisabeth. Dear old Daddy! Good-bye, Mamma. (In der Thüre stehend.) Oh, Mamma, mach' Johnny gleich in's Bett gehn, er ist noch hier autseit bei die Boggy.

Johnny (eintretend). Good-bye, Leise. - Die hab' ich gut aufgefixt.

Zweiter Aufzug.

Stube bei Burkhardt's.
Burkhardt, Gertrud und später Freese.

Burkhardt (am Schreibtisch vor einem großen Hauptbuch sitzend, legt das Buch bei Seite). Ob mein Goldtöchterchen noch nicht fertig ist; Freese wartet schon lange. Sie ist doch sonst so flink mit ihrer Toilette, wie wenige von Eva's Geschlecht.

Gertrud (als Fischerin sehr niedlich gekleidet, ist in die Stube gehuscht und steht plötzlich vor ihrem Vater). Ist's so recht, Väterchen.

Burkhardt. Der tausend noch mal, ja mein Goldkind! Bin ordentlich betrübt, daß ich nicht mit kann, um mit Dir Staat zu machen. (Neckend.) Ich glaube wahrhaftig, Du wärst im Stande in Deinem Netz einen recht großen Fisch zu fangen. Sieh dann aber zu, was für einen, denn in Ballsälen haben manchmal die faulen Fische die gleißendsten Schuppen.

Gertrud. Nicht necken, heut' abend, Väterchen! Mir ist gar nicht tanzlustig zumuthe und am liebsten mücht' ich bei Dir bleiben, damit Du nicht wieder, wie letzte Nacht bis nach Mitternacht über den Rechnungen des durchgegangenen Schatzmeisters sitzt.

Burkhardt. Ja Kind, ich ginge auch gern mit, aber, Du weißt, ich habe versprochen bis Montag die Bücher ganz durchzugehen, damit wenn nun an Stelle Allen's ein neuer County-Schatzmeister erwählt wird, man doch wenigstens weiß, um wieviel derselbe die County betrogen hat, und bei der Confusion in den Büchern ist das kein leichtes

don't understand English and hate crude gibberish (German mixed with English).

Elisabeth. Mamma, I have a favor to ask. You know that I've set my cap for Professor Walther, the only stylish young man in the settlement, and though he hasn't proposed to me yet, I know he adores me.

Adelgunde. I know, my daughter, and I am thrilled, for as an educated mother it is my goal that my daughter gets an educated husband and not a rustic hick of a farmer.

Elisabeth. Well, Mamma, then help me manage the old man; he wants me to marry a rich stock raiser or something like that.

Adelgunde. Stay calm, my child, you are my daughter, and Wüster will do what I want.

Wüster (enters, groaning and rubbing his nose). The damned scamp! runs under the washline so that I almost tear my head off and fall against the pippen and have to listen to him laugh. But I'll get him yet, and then I'll skin him alive.

Adelgunde. Dearest spouse, don't get so worked up about the pranks of a head-strong boy.

Wüster. Head-strong, indeed.

Adelgunde. We have something more important to discuss now. It's a question of the future and fortune in life of our Elisabeth. (Elisabeth caresses her father.) Elisabeth just made a stirring confession to me. She loves young Professor Walther, a highly educated man.

Wüster. And a poor wretch of a schoolteacher with whom she can suck on stripped pig's feet for hunger.

Adelgunde. Don't always interrupt me; you know I can't stand that. Professor Walther is a highly trained gent, and his education could be of use to you.

Wüster. Well, there's something to that. That's no lie, but she can maybe get someone who has plenty of tin.

Adelgunde. Quiet, Wüster. I'm telling you that Elisabeth will marry the professor and that's that. You are my dear sensible hubby and I know you only want the happiness of your family.

Wüster. Well, that settles the hash. Perhaps we can turn the starveling of a schoolteacher into a merchant or a lawyer. Come, Alice, we have to get started.

Elisabeth. Dear old Daddy! Good-bye, Mamma. (While standing in the door.) Oh, Mamma, make Johnny go to bed now; he's still outside here by the buggy.

Johnny (entering). Good-bye, Liza. -- I fixed her up good.

Second Scene.

Parlor at Burkhardt's house.
Burkhardt, Gertrud, and later Freese.

Burkhardt (sitting at his desk with a large account book lying before him, puts the book aside). My dear daughter still doesn't seem to be ready. Freese's been waiting for a long time. She is usually so quick to get dressed, more than most of Eve's sex.

Gertrud (very cute in her fisher girl costume, rushes into the parlor and stands suddenly in front of her father). Is this all right, Daddy?

Burkhardt. By golly yes, my dear. I'm quite sad that I can't come along to show you off. (Teasingly.) I really think you would be able to catch a very big fish in your net. Watch out, however, what kind of fish, for in ball-rooms the rotten fish sometimes have the most attractive scales.

Gertrud. Don't tease, not tonight, Daddy. I'm really not in the mood for dancing and I'd prefer to stay with you so that you don't stay up till past midnight, like last night, working on the accounts of the treasurer who absconded.

Burkhardt. Well, child, I'd like to go along, but you know that I promised to go through the books by Monday so that when a new county treasurer is selected in place of Allen it is at least known how much Allen embezzled from the county. And with the confusion in the books that is no easy task. It's not a good thing for

Unternehmen. Es taugt nichts, wenn die Jugend sich von der Jugend absondert, und Du sollst nicht beim alten Vater versauern. Unsere jungen Leute mögen zwar nicht so sorgfältig nach dem Modejournal gekleidet sein, wie die Städter, auch ein Bischen hölzern im Ballsaal, aber es sind brave und anständige junge Männer. Du vergibst Dir nichts, wenn Du mit ihnen tanzt, und außerdem weiß ich, daß meine Tochter so erzogen und geartet ist, daß ihr niemand zu nahe treten wird. Auf der Fahrt wird Dich unser alter Franz behüten, wie seinen Augapfel.

Gertrud. Es wird mir schwer, das Lokal des Mannes zu betreten, der so ruchlos gegen Dich gehandelt hat.

Burkhardt. Wurm hält ein öffentliches Lokal, das noch dazu für diesen Abend von der Schulgemeinde für den Maskenball gemiethet ist.

Gertrud. Doch Vater - es mag töricht klingen - am meisten scheue ich mich Deinem Nachfolger, dem jetzigen Lehrer, zu begegnen. Ich weiß nicht weshalb, doch wenn ich ihn nur sehe, überläuft's mich bald kalt, bald heiß; ich fürchte fast, ich hasse ihn.

Burkhardt. Das klingt ja gefährlich. Ein Romanleser würde vielleicht aus Deinen Äußerungen etwas herauslesen an das Du nicht denkst. Doch im Ernst, mein braves Mädchen braucht niemand zu scheuen und - man soll immer gerecht sein - nach allem was ich auf Umwegen erfahre - ich glaube, daß der junge Walther ein ordentlicher junger Mann, jedenfalls ein tüchtiger und gewissenhafter Lehrer ist, der seine Zöglinge besser unter Kommando hält, als vormals der alte Burkhardt und nun geh', Herzenskind, und amüsir' Dich!

Freese (von draußen rufend). Fröhlinichen, de Pier wullen nich mehr stahn, un de Fidel un Harmonika hör ick ok schon.

Gertrud (küßt ihren Vater). Gute Nacht, lieber Vater; ich komme bald wieder.

Burkhardt. Nur nicht zu früh; bleib' so lange es Dir Spaß macht. Gute Nacht. Paß' mir gut auf auf unser Kind, Franz. . . . Das herzige Mädel! - gebe Gott, daß sie das reiche Glück findet, daß sie verdient. (Nimmt die Feder zur Hand.) So ist der alte deutsche Schulmeister, weil er rechnen gelernt hat, doch noch zu etwas zu gebrauchen, wenn es gilt das Fazit eines verlorenen Lebens zu ziehen. Der arme Allen - er war ein lieber freundlicher Mensch, den Jeder schätzen mußte und nun ist er ein landesflüchtiger Dieb geworden, und die Schuld trägt eine verschwenderische Modenärrin, die nicht verstand ihrem Manne ein Heim zu bieten, sondern ihn finanziell zu grunde richtete, ihn zum Glücksspiel und schließlich zur Unterschlagung trieb, weil ihm der feste Charakter fehlte.

D r i t t e r A u f z u g .

Vorzimmer in Wurm's Lokal.

(Wurm hantirt hinter dem 'Counter', auf welchem viele leere, auch einige volle Flaschen stehen, desgleichen ein großer Zuber für Limonade. Links steht der Kartentisch, an welchem Wüster, Pat und zwei etwas abgerissene Subjekte Solo spielen. Freese sitzt rechts, vorn an der Wand. Während des Spiels kommt Walther, als Jäger maskirt, ohne Maske die Treppe hinunter und stellt sich an's Fenster.)

Walther (bei Seite). Der Tabaksqualm ist auch nicht viel besser als oben der Staub. Aber der schrecklichen Blumenkönigin, der ein böser Bube den lächerlichen Zettel angehängt, bin ich doch glücklich entwischt, gedeckt von Promenirenden, als sie nach der Demaskirung zur Damenwahl auf mich lossteuerte. Galanterweise hätte ich sie auf den Bubenstreich aufmerksam machen sollen, aber sie ist mir all zusehr zuwider und mein Mütterchen sagt immer: "Wer sich in Gefahr begibt, kommt darin um". Ja, wär's die liebliche Fischerin gewesen, das wäre was anderes. Zweimal habe ich doch mit ihr tanzen können, doch jetzt, nachdem die Masken gefallen, ist's wohl damit vorbei.

Wurm (bei Seite). So jetzt geht mir der Cider aus, und Wüster allein ist noch gut für ein halb Dutzend Flaschen, denn heut abend wird er stiermäßig besoffen. (Schöpft aus einem Eimer Wasser in ein paar halbbelegte Flaschen.) So geht's auch, die Kerle schmecken's ja doch nicht mehr und ich erweise einmal der heiligen Temperantia einen Dienst.

(Inzwischen ist das Spiel seinen Gang gegangen. Man hört Rufe wie: "Hier ist Hochzeit!" "Schippenaß unbekannt

youth to separate itself from youth, and you shouldn't go sour here with your old father. Our young people may not be as carefully dressed according to the fashion journal as the townspeople, and they are a bit stiff in the ball-room, but they are upright and decent young men. You are not lowering yourself to dance with them, and besides I know that my daughter is so well bred and of such a nature that no one will try anything untoward with her. On the way there our old Franz will protect you like the apple of his eye.

Gertrud. It will be hard to enter the establishment of the man who behaved so badly toward you.

Burkhardt. Wurm runs a public establishment, and besides it has been rented for this evening by the school district for the masquerade ball.

Gertrud. But Father--it may sound foolish--I am most reluctant to meet your successor, the present teacher. I don't know why, but every time I see him I get cold chills and hot flashes; I'm almost afraid I hate him.

Burkhardt. That sounds dangerous. A reader of novels might read something in your statements you haven't thought of. But seriously, my dear girl need not draw back from anyone and--one should always give people their just due--according to everything I have learned indirectly, I believe that young Walther is an upstanding young man, in any case a capable and conscientious teacher who keeps his pupils in order better than old Burkhardt did in his day, and now go, dear child, and have fun.

Freese (calling from outside). Miss Gertrud, the horses don't want to wait any longer, and I hear the fiddles and accordion already.

Gertrud (kissing her father). Good night, dear Father; I'll come back soon.

Burkhardt. Don't come back too early; stay as long as you're having fun. Good night. Take care of our child, Franz. -- The sweet girl. -- May God help her find the rich good fortune that she deserves. (Takes up a pen.) So the old German schoolmaster, since he learned arithmetic, can be useful for something when it's a matter of summing up a lost life. Poor Allen--he was a nice, friendly man whom everyone had to like and now he is an absconded thief, and a spendthrift foolish follower of fashion is to blame who didn't understand how to offer her husband a home but rather brought about his financial ruin, drove him to gambling and finally to embezzlement, because he lacked a firm character.

T h i r d S c e n e .

Front room in Wurm's establishment.

(Wurm is busy behind the bar, on which many empty bottles are standing as well as a few full ones, and also a big tub of lemonade. To the left stands the card table, at which Wüster, Pat, and two rather shabby characters are playing solo. Freese is sitting to the right, along the wall toward the front. During the game Walther, disguised as a hunter but without a mask, comes down the steps and positions himself by the window.)

Walther (aside). The tobacco smoke isn't much better than the dust upstairs. But at least I've given the horrible flower queen, on whom a bad boy hung that ridiculous sign, the slip, covered by people promenading--I could see how she was aiming my way for the ladies' choice after we took off our masks. If I were gallant I should have called her attention to the trick some boy played on her but I just can't stand her and my mom always says, "He who puts himself in danger suffers the consequences." Now if it had been the sweet fisher girl, that would have been a different matter. I was able to dance with her twice, but now that the masks are off that's probably a thing of the past.

Wurm (aside). So, now I'm running out of cider, and Wüster alone is good for another half dozen bottles, for tonight he's getting blind drunk. (Dips water out of a bucket into a couple of half-emptied bottles.) That'll do the job just as well, the guys can't taste it any more anyway, and I can for once serve holy Temperance.

(In the meantime the game has run its course. Cries such as "Here's a marriage!" "The ace of spades goes

geht mit!" "Ecksteinsolo!" "Eck späl en Null!" "Rum is kein Kümme!" Von oben her hört man zuweilen ein Rumpeln wie von Tanzenden, auch vereinzelt Töne einer Handharmonika.)

Wüster (nachdem er seine Karten besehen). Kreuzsolo! Hier ist die Alte, Spitze, Baste, AB; so, vier Eckstein hinterher. Schwarz ihr Ludersch! Hurrah for we, us and Company. Na, seht nur nicht so betrippt aus, Ihr Sockler, heut setzt der Wüster auf. Zeider her, Wurm, oder gebt den Kerle en Schluck aus der Pülle, von der der Revenjuh-Mann nichts weiß.

Pat. Hurrah for Mister Wooster! Give me a drop of the craythur. (Sie trinken.)

Wüster. Fill'em up again. Gib Ihnen wieder Schlangengift, Wurm, den Lohfers, weißt Du auch warum? weil meine Alice den Schulmeister heirathet.

Wurm (warnend, da er Walther eben bemerkt). Halt's Maul, Kameel! Walther ist hier unten.

Wüster. That's all hunkey dorey. Komm her Schwieger-sohn! (Aufstehend und ihm das Glas entgegenhaltend.) Hier, Son in Law, sauf eins mit. Du sollst meine Alice haben, und wenn Du auch en hungrier Brotfresser bist.

Walther. Entschuldigen Sie Herr Wüster, Sie sind im Irrthum.

Wüster. Irrthum, oh stuff. Stell' Dich doch nich so dumm an. Ich sag' ja, Du sollst meine Alice haben und zehntausend Blanke kriegt se mit un 'ne Farm un fufzig Kopp Herefords tu Buth. Meine Alte will's ja so haben.

Walther. Aber ich habe keine Absicht mich um Ihre Tochter zu bewerben und Fräulein Alice denkt auch nicht daran, mich zum Manne nehmen zu wollen.

Wüster. Waaaa! Du willst nich, Du verdammter Fuhl! Du - willst nich; bei Gott, I'll knock you down. (Tritt mit erhobener Faust auf ihn zu.)

Walther (ihm fest in's Auge sehend). Wagen Sie es nicht! Ich mag mich nicht mit einem Betrunkenen prügeln, doch wenn es sein muß, ich kann mich wehren.

Pat. Go it, Wooster, give it to him, begorra!

Wüster (tritt zuerst zurück, zieht dann ein Dolchmesser und geht schwankend auf Walther zu). Damn you, I'll kill you. (Freese ist inzwischen aufgesprungen und schlägt mit seinem schweren Gehstock dem Wüster das Messer aus der Hand, der, als Walther auf ihn zutritt, fluchend aus der Seitenthüre davon läuft, dabei rufend): I'll get you yet!

Pat. Hip, Hip, Hoorah for the shkooltacher! You're my man. Set 'em up, Professor.

Walther. Not to-night, Pat. Ich danke Ihnen Freese, das Sie mich vor dem Angriff dieses Menschen bewahrt, oder davor, ihn niederschlagen zu müssen. (Drückt ihm die Hand.)

Freese. Nicks to danken, het mi sulwsten Spaß matt, den Swinegel wat up de Poten to gewen. Un nu will ich man de Pier wedder anspannen, denn uns Frölen will ball na hus. (Ab, mit ihm Pat und die anderen Kartenspieler.)

Wurm. Hör' mal, Neffe, was machst Du denn für Dummheiten, beleidigst den reichsten Mann in Neu-Rostock und noch dazu Deinen Vorgesetzten, und verscherzest Dir das reiche Mädle. Sie ist zwar ein bischen dumm, aber das schadet nichts und zehntausend Dollars sind kein Pappentiel.

Walther. Onkel, es wird mir schwer Dir zu antworten, denn Du bist meiner theuren Mutter Bruder, und ich verdanke Dir mein Amt. Und dennoch muß es gesagt sein, Deine Wege sind nicht die Meinen. Ich bin kein Schuft, der sich verkauft für Geld. Du hast im Verein mit jenem rohen Wüster ein schweres Unrecht begangen, als Ihr beide durch Betrug meinen braven Vorgänger aus dem Amt stiebt.

Wurm. Sei doch kein Narr!

Walther. Magst Du mich für einen Narren halten - ich will keine Gemeinschaft haben mit Betrügnern und Ehrabschneidern und morgen leg' ich das Amt nieder, das mir nicht auf rechten Wegen zugefallen ist. Leb wohl Onkel! Ich will frische Luft schöpfen.

Elisabeth (stürzt demaskirt die Treppe hinunter mit den 'Flour Kwien'-Plakat in der Hand). Oh, Papa, Papa, take me home, I've been insulted. The schoolteacher insulted me, he stuck this paper on my back.

Wurm. Miß Alice, Ihr lieber Herr Vater befindet sich draußen, um den Mondschein zu genießen. (Elisabeth eilt zur Thüre hinaus.)

Wurm. Die dumme Gans! Meinem Neffen so etwas zuzutrauen. - Ein kompletter Esel, dieser Neffe, oder, wie

along face down!" "Diamond solo!" "I'm playing null ou-vert!" "Rum is not kümme! schnapps!" From upstairs a shuffling can sometimes be heard as if from dancers, also individual notes from an accordion.)

Wüster (after looking at his cards). Club solo. Here is the queen of clubs, the seven of clubs, the queen of spades, the ace of clubs; so, then four diamonds. You've been skunked, you sots! Hurrah for we, us, and company. Well, don't look so sad, you suckers, today Wüster is setting up. Bring on the cider, Wurm, or give the guys a slug from the bottle the revenue man doesn't know about.

Pat. Hurrah for Mister Wooster! Give me a drop of creature comfort. (They drink.)

Wüster. Fill'em up again. Give them snake poison again, Wurm, the loafers. Do you know why? Because my Alice is going to marry the schoolmaster.

Wurm (warningly, since he just notices Walther). Shut your trap, camel! Walther is down here.

Wüster. That's all hunky dory. Come here, son-in-law! (Getting up and offering him a glass.) Here, son-in-law, slug one down with us. You may have my Alice, even if you are a hungry sucker with only bread to eat.

Walther. Excuse me, Mister Wüster, but you've made a mistake.

Wüster. Mistake, oh stuff. Don't play dumb like that. I've told you that you may have my Alice, and she gets ten thousand blank ones and a farm and fifty head of Herefords to boot. My old lady wants it that way.

Walther But I have no intention of wooing for your daughter's hand, and Miss Alice has no thought of wanting me as her husband.

Wüster. Whaaat! You don't want to, you damned fool! You--don't want to; by God, I'll knock you down. (Goes up to him with upraised fist.)

Walther (looking him firmly in the eye). Don't dare! I do not wish get into a knock-down drag-out fight with a drunken man, but if it must be, I can defend myself.

Pat. Go to it, Wooster, give it to him, begorra!

Wüster (first steps back, then draws a bowie knife and, swaying to and fro, approaches Walther). Damn you, I'll kill you. (Freese has in the meantime jumped up and knocks the knife out of Wüster's hand with his heavy walking cane. Wüster, when Walther approaches him, runs away through the side door cursing, crying out): I'll get you yet!

Pat. Hip, hip, hurrah for the shkooltacher! You're my man. Set 'em up, professor.

Walther. Not tonight, Pat. Freese, I thank you for saving me from the attack of this man or from having to knock him down. (Shakes his hand.)

Freese. It's nothing, I enjoyed it myself that I could hit the dirty pig on his trotters. And now I want to hitch up the horses again, for Miss Gertrud wants to go home soon. (Exits, with him Pat and the other card players.)

Wurm. Listen, Nephew, what kind of stupid things are you doing? You've insulted the richest man in New Rostock, who's also your boss, and are throwing over the rich girl. She's a bit dumb, to be sure, but that does no harm, and ten thousand dollars are no trifle.

Walther. Uncle, it's difficult for me to answer you, for you are my dear mother's brother and I owe my position to you. Nevertheless, it must be said: your ways are not my ways. I am not a scoundrel who sells himself for money. You committed a grievous injustice in concert with that crude Wüster when the two of you removed my predecessor from office through deceit.

Wurm. Don't be a fool.

Walther. You may consider me a fool--I don't want to have anything in common with cheaters and scoundrelers and tomorrow I am going to resign from the position I did not attain through legitimate means. Good-bye, Uncle. I want to catch some fresh air.

Elisabeth (rushes, without a mask, down the stairs with the "Flour Kveen" sign in her hand). Oh, Papa, Papa, take me home, I've been insulted. The schoolteacher insulted me; he stuck this paper on my back.

Wurm. Miss Alice, your dear father is outside enjoying the moonlight (moonshine?). (Elisabeth hurries out the door.)

Wurm. The stupid goose. What a mistake to think my nephew would choose something like that. -- A complete

andere Leute sagen würden, ein deutscher Ehrenmann - kommt ja auf eins 'raus. Mag er laufen! Aber da fällt mir ein - zehntausend Dollars und 'ne Farm und fünfzig Kopf Herefords und was noch drum herabhängt, das wäre was für meines Vaters Sohn. Wenn die Cotton noch drei Tage an der Börse 'raufgeht bin ich pleite. Vielleicht nimmt Wüster's Gänschen jetzt den Onkel, wenn sie den Neffen nicht kriegen kann. Besser 'ne dumme Frau, als nichts zu fressen. Ich will das Eisen schmieden, so lange es heiß ist. (Zwirbelt sich den Schnurrbart und geht hinaus.)

Walther (eintretend). Am liebsten ginge ich nach diesem wüsten Auftritt nach hause, doch es sähe feige aus und einmal möchte ich doch noch die Fischerin sehen - vielleicht zum letzten mal.

Gertrud (von oben rufend). Freese! Freese! (Tritt ein.) Hier ist er auch nicht. (Bemerkt Walther und tritt zurück.)

Walther (bei Seite). Ja so ist's, sie verabscheut mich und ich kann es ihr nicht verdenken. (Laut.) Fräulein Burkhardt, Herr Freese ist draußen beim Anspannen, soll ich ihn rufen?

Gertrud. Oh nein, ich danke, ich gehe zu ihm, denn wir fahren jetzt nach hause.

Walther. Fräulein Burkhardt, ich weiß, daß Sie mich nicht achten können; morgen scheidet ich von hier auf immer und ich möchte nicht, daß Sie meiner gedenken, als eines Menschen, der im Bunde mit Wüster und meinem Onkel - ich schäme mich ihn so nennen zu müssen - Ihren Vater den ich hoch verehren muß als Lehrer und als Mann, aus seinem Amte vertrieben, ihn darum bestohlen. Ich bitte Sie, gönnen Sie mir ein Wort.

Gertrud (bei Seite). Er will fort von hier - und wie gern glaub ich's, daß er nicht mitschuldig ist! (Nach kurzem Zögern.) Herr Walther, ich bin bereit zu hören was Sie mir zu sagen haben.

Walther. Ich danke Ihnen und ich bitte Sie noch um einen anderen Beweis Ihres Zutrauens. Darf ich Sie hinausbegleiten zu Freese?

Gertrud. Ich werde Ihnen folgen. (Er bietet ihr den Arm und beide verlassen das Vorzimmer.)

Wurm (stürzt herein). Na, da bin ich schön reingefallen. Diese Gans von Weibstück - ein krumpuckeliges, schieläugiges Kameel schimpft mich diese - diese lebenswürdige Dame. Na, 'ne große Schönheit bin ich zwar nicht, aber dafür nicht so dumm, wie die Familie Wüster. Damit wär's also nichts. Na 'ne kleine Pleite mit 'nem 'Settlement' zu 10 Prozent am Dollar ist am Ende nicht so schlimm, wie solch eine Furie als Frau. Man wird doch eher damit fertig. Aber zu 'nem ordentlichen 'Assignment' gehört Geld und die 'Stock Brokers' haben mich rein ausgebeutelt.

Stimme von oben ruft: Fünf Limonaden, ein Sodawasser!

Wurm. Mein Limonadenfaß ist leer, aber Wurm weiß sich zu helfen. (Leert beide Wassereimer in den Limonadenzuber.) Kerne sind ja noch drin und die sechs Nickels kann Wurm jetzt gebrauchen.

V i e r t e r A u f z u g .

Früh morgens am folgenden Tage.

Burkhardt, Gertrud, Freese, Walther, Brause, Wenzel
Baldrian, Schneider Schulze und die Musikanten.
Burkhardt's Stube. Gertrud im Hauskleid mit der weißen Küchenschürze vorgebunden, legt den Staubwedel bei Seite. Stellt sich einen Augenblick sinnend an's Fenster.

Gertrud (singt. Mel.: "Ach wie ist's möglich dann"):

Ob Er wohl kommen mag,
Den ich im Herzen trag,
Der mich zur Liebe zwang? -
Mir ist so bang.
Käme er nimmermehr,
Möcht' ich nicht atmen mehr;
Würde doch denken sein,
Im Todtenschrein.

Ja, was singe ich denn da für Unsinn? Wer soll denn wohl kommen! - Walther? Er will ja heute fort von hier. Mir ist Alles wie ein Traum: bald höre ich die Weisen der Tanzmusik, bald den Klang seiner Stimme in den Ohren. (Sinnend.) - Habe ich ihm wirklich gesagt, daß er hoffen dürfe, wenn es ihm gelänge die Achtung und das Zutrauen

ass, my nephew, or--as others would say--a German man of honor: it's all the same. Let him go. But it occurs to me that ten thousand dollars and a farm and fifty head of Herefords and all that goes with those things would be something for the son of my father. If cotton goes up for another three days on the exchange I'm bankrupt. Perhaps Wüster's little goose will take the uncle if she can't get the nephew. Better to have a dumb wife than nothing to gobble down. I'll strike the iron while it's hot. (Twirls his mustache and goes outside.)

Walther (entering). I'd like best to go home after this wild scene, but it would appear cowardly and I'd like to see the fisher girl once more--perhaps for the last time.

Gertrud (calling out from above). Freese! Freese! (Enters.) He's not here either. (Notices Walther and steps back.)

Walther (aside). That's the way it is, she despises me and I can't blame her. (Aloud.) Miss Burkhardt, Mr. Freese is outside hitching up. Should I call him?

Gertrud. Oh no, thank you. I'll go to him, for we're going home now.

Walther. Miss Burkhardt, I know that you cannot esteem me. Tomorrow I am departing from here forever, and I wouldn't like for you to remember me as a man who, in concert with Wüster and my uncle (I'm ashamed to have to call him that), drove your father, whom I must esteem as a teacher and as a man, from his position, stole it from him. I implore you, grant me a word.

Gertrud (aside). He wants to leave here. How gladly I believe that he is not at fault. (After a brief hesitation.) Mr. Walther, I am ready to hear what you have to say to me.

Walther. I thank you and ask you for yet another proof of your confidence. May I accompany you to Freese?

Gertrud. I will follow you. (He offers her his arm and the two leave the front room.)

Wurm (rushing in). Well, I really messed up on that one. This goose of a woman--she called me a hunch-backed cross-eyed camel, this--this amiable lady. Well, I'm no great beauty, but I'm not as dumb as the Wüster family. There's nothing doing there. Well, a small bankruptcy with a settlement at ten percent on the dollar is in the end not as bad as having such a fury as a wife. You can live with that a lot better. But a proper bankruptcy proceeding will cost money and the stockbrokers have squeezed me dry.

Voice from above cries out: Five lemonades, one soda water!

Wurm. My lemonade tub is empty, but Wurm knows how to help himself. (Empties both water buckets in the lemonade tub.) There are still some seeds in there, and Wurm can make good use of the six nickles now.

F o u r t h S c e n e .

Early in the morning on the following day.

Burkhardt, Gertrud, Freese, Walther, Brause, Wenzel
Baldrian, tailor Schulze, and the musicians.
Burkhardt's parlor. Gertrud in a housedress with a white apron puts the feather duster aside. Goes to the window and stands there pensively.

Gertrud (sings. Mel.: "Ach wie ist's möglich dann"):

Will that man come
Whom I have in my heart,
Who forced me to love?
I'm so fearful.
Were he never to come,
I'd not ever want to breath again;
I'd still think of him
In the coffin.

What sort of nonsense am I singing there? Who is supposed to come?--Walther? He wants to leave here today. Everything seems like a dream to me: first I hear the melodies of the dance music, then the sound of his voice in my ear. (Pensively.) -- Did I really tell him that he could hope if he succeeded in gaining the respect and confi-

meines Vaters zu gewinnen? Ich bin doch ein rechtes Schaf. - Und heute ist Väterchens Geburtstag und ich muß eilen den Tisch zu decken ehe er von seinem Morgenspaziergang zurückkehrt. Väterchen soll kein verträumtes, unfrohes Gesicht sehen.

(Stellt einen Kuchen und einen Blumenstrauß auf den Tisch und legt einen Schlafrock und ein Sammetkappchen daneben. - Burkhardt tritt ein, Gertrud fliegt ihm entgegen und umhalsst ihn.)

Gertrud. Liebes, liebes Väterchen, ich gratulire Dir zu Deinem Geburtstag! (Küßt ihn.)

Burkhardt. Der tausend, Mädel, so stürmisch hast Du mich ja noch nie umarmt, und Dein Kuß - gerade als ob ich Dein Herzliebster wäre und kein Graubart von einem alten Vater.

Gertrud (erröthend und verschämt). Bist Du doch auch Väterchen. (Legt ihm den Schlafrock um, setzt ihm die Mütze auf und führt ihn an den Geburtstagstisch.) Und jetzt Vaterle, komm zum Frühstück.

Burkhardt. Kind, erst muß Du mir von dem Maskenball erzählen. (Es klopft an die Thüre.) Herein. (Franz tritt ein mit einem großen versiegelten Brief.) Wo kriegst Du denn den großmächtigen Brief her, so früh am Morgen?

Freese. Jo! Den ward woll de oll Däskopp von Pät in'n Dusel näben de Box stickt hewwen, denn up en Irdboden hew ick em funnen.

Burkhardt. Bin doch neugierig (öffnet den Brief mit dem Federmesser, liest ein paar Zeilen) - komm her, Gertrud, Herzenstochter, diesen Brief sollst Du mitlesen.

(Gertrud liest, an den Vater geschmiegt, den Brief mit, um gleich darauf einen Freudentanz durch die Stube anzuheben und wieder ihren Vater zu umarmen und zu küssen.)

Gertrud. Vater, wie glücklich macht mich diese Nachricht, welche die Erinnerung an den Undank und die Ungerechtigkeit, die Dir angethan, in Deinem Gedächtniß auslöschen wird. Wußte ich's doch, daß ein jeder recht denkende Mensch Deine Verdienste anerkennen müßte, und daß Du noch viel, viel Gutes thun wirst für Deine Mitmenschen.

Burkhardt. Auch mich macht dieser Brief, die Nachricht von meiner Ernennung zu einem wichtigen Vertrauensposten, glücklich. Ich müßte lügen, wenn ich sagen wollte, daß die Worte der Anerkennung aus dem Munde unseres braven Countyrichters und der 'Commissioners' mir nicht wohl thäten. Auch das Alter schützt ja nicht vor der kleinen Schwäche der Eitelkeit. Aber mehr noch als dieses beglückt es mich, daß ich, wenn der liebe Gott mir noch ein paar Jährchen länger zu leben gestattet, werde besser für meine Gertrud sorgen können. Doch nun komm zum Frühstück, Töchterchen, denn ein gutes Mahl ist nach solcher Aufregung wohl zur Nervenstärkung thunlich. Komm Freese! (Wollen gehen.)

Freese. Nanu, da kümmt jo Een.

Gertrud (sieht durch's Fenster; bei Seite). Himmel es ist Walther. (Läuft zur Seitenthür hinaus.)

(Es klopft.)

Burkhardt (bei Seite). Der Besuch kommt mir eigentlich zur falschen Stunde. (Laut.) Herein! Na, wo ist denn Gertrud hin, ist doch sonst kein schüchternes Gänschen!

Walther (tritt ein und auf Burkhardt zu). Herr Burkhardt, entschuldigen Sie, daß ich zu so früher Stunde zu Ihnen komme. Ich heiße Walther und ich fühle es, ich hätte schon viel früher kommen sollen.

Burkhardt. Sie sind mir auch heute und zu jeder Zeit willkommen. Nachdem ich so lange als Lehrer hier gewirkt, ist es natürlich, daß meine Antheilnahme an der Schule nicht mit meinem Wirken darin erloschen ist, und es war mir eine große Freude zu erfahren, daß mein junger Nachfolger mit Eifer, Gewissenhaftigkeit und gutem Erfolg sein Amt ausübt.

Walther. Ich danke Ihnen für diese Worte, die ich von einem so schwer gekränkten Manne kaum erwarten durfte. Und dennoch beschämen sie mich tief. Sobald ich hier mein Amt angetreten, mußte ich erkennen, daß mein Vorgänger nicht nur ein ausgezeichnete Lehrer, ein Vorbild für seine Amtsgenossen, sondern ein edler Mann sein mußte. Seit wenigen Tagen aber weiß ich, daß ich selbst durch eine erbärmliche Kabale an Ihrer Stelle hier Lehrer geworden bin und ich kann nur ahnen, wie tief Sie verletzt worden sein müssen durch das, woran mein naher Blutsverwandter die Hauptschuld trägt. Seitdem ich das wußte, reift bei mir der Entschluß, das, was ohne mein Vorwissen

dence of my father? I'm a real muttonhead. -- And today is Daddy's birthday, and I've got to hurry to set the table before he returns from his morning stroll. Daddy doesn't want to see a dreamy, sad face.

(Puts a cake and a bunch of flowers on the table and lays a bathrobe and a velvet cap next to it. -- Burkhardt enters; Gertrud flies to him and embraces him.)

Gertrud. Dear, dear Daddy, happy birthday! (Gives him a kiss.)

Burkhardt. By golly, girl, you've never hugged me as stormily as that, and your kiss--just as if I were your sweetheart and not an old graybeard of a father.

Gertrud (blushing and embarrassed). You are my sweetheart, Daddy. (Puts the bathrobe on him, puts on his cap for him, and leads him to the birthday table.) And now, Daddy, come to breakfast.

Burkhardt. Child, first you have to tell me about the masquerade ball. (There is a knock at the door.) Come in. (Franz enters with a large sealed letter.) Where did you get that enormous letter so early in the morning?

Freese. Well, the old sleepyhead Pat in his usual drunken state must have stuck it next to the mailbox, because I found it on the ground.

Burkhardt I'm curious (opens the letter with a pen knife, reads a few lines)--come here, Gertrud, dear daughter, this letter you should read along with me.

(Gertrud reads the letter with her father, leaning up against him, begins a dance of joy through the parlor, then hugs and kisses her father again.)

Gertrud Father, how happy this news makes me that will erase the memory of the ingratitude and injustice shown you from your memory. I knew that every upstanding man would have to recognize your services and that you will still do much good for your fellow man.

Burkhardt. This letter, bringing news of my appointment to a position of high confidence, makes me happy, too. I'd have to lie if I wanted to say that the words of recognition from the mouths of our upright county judge and the commissioners didn't please me. Age is no protection against the minor sin of vanity. But more than this it makes me happy that I--if God should allow me to live another few short years--will be able to take care of my Gertrud. But come to breakfast now, my little daughter, for a good meal is soothing for the nerves after such excitement. Come along, Freese. (They want to go.)

Freese. Hey, there's someone coming.

Gertrud (looks through the window; aside). Heavens, it's Walther. (Runs out the side door.)

(There is a knock.)

Burkhardt (aside). He's picked an inconvenient time to visit, I must say. (Aloud.) Come in. Well, where has Gertrud gone to? She's not usually a timid little goose.

Walther (enters and approaches Burkhardt). Mr. Burkhardt, please excuse me for coming to you so early. My name is Walther and I feel that I should have come much earlier.

Burkhardt. You are welcome today and at any time. After I was active as a teacher for so long it's natural that my interest in the school has not vanished with the cessation of my activities there, and it was a great pleasure to hear that my successor carries out his office with eagerness, conscientiousness, and good success.

Walther. I thank you for these words, which I could scarcely expect from a man who has been so grievously wronged. And yet they shame me deeply. As soon as I took up my position here I had to recognize that my predecessor had to have been not only an outstanding teacher, a model for his fellow teachers, but also a worthy man. For the past few days I have known that I myself came here in your place as teacher through a heinous conspiracy, and I can only surmise how deeply you must have been hurt by something for which my close blood relative deserves the primary blame. Since I learned this, the decision has solidified that I must make retribution for all that

geschehen war, wieder gut zu machen so weit ich's vermag; meine Resignation ist jetzt in den Händen der 'Trustees'.

Burkhardt. Das hätten Sie nicht thun sollen, nicht thun dürfen. Sie sind auf diesen Posten gestellt worden, Sie haben ihn treu behauptet und Sie müssen darauf verbleiben. Ich selbst werde nie wieder hier als Lehrer wirken. Aber eine größere Freude konnten Sie dem alten Burkhardt nicht machen, als Sie es eben durch Ihre männliche Erklärung gethan haben. (Drückt ihm die Hände.) Ich bin stolz auf meinen jungen Freund und Nachfolger Walther. Und nun setzen Sie sich einen Augenblick. Ich will nur meine Tochter rufen, die uns eben ausgerissen ist. Die soll Sie auch kennen lernen und dann müssen Sie unser verspätetes Frühstück mit uns theilen. (Will gehen.)

Walther. Herr Burkhardt, ehe ich mich als Gast in Ihrem Hause niederlasse, muß ich als ehrlicher Mann noch mehr sagen, etwas, was mir vielleicht Ihr kaum erworbenes Zutrauen kosten mag. Herr Burkhardt - ich liebe Ihre Tochter, ich bitte Sie um das Recht mich um Gertrud's Liebe, um ihre Hand bewerben zu dürfen.

Burkhardt. Wa--s, Sie lieben meine Gertrud, begehren sie zum Weibe. Aber um Himmelswillen, - wie geht denn das zu. Freilich, wenn meine Tochter Sie will, ich gebe gern meinen Segen, denn ich baue auf die Stimme ihres reinen Herzens. Aber da muß ich sie doch erst selber fragen. (Will gehen.)

Gertrud (langsam eintretend, wirft sich an die Brust ihres Vaters). Vater, ich will. Ich liebe ihn, mehr als ich sagen kann.

Burkhardt (küßt sie auf die Stirn). Dann ist dort Dein Platz nach Gottes Gebot und dem Deines Herzens, jetzt und immerdar. (Löst ihre Arme von seinem Hals, führt sie Walther zu und legt ihre Hände in die seinen.) Nimm sie hin, mein Sohn, und zeige Dich ihrer werth. Ich gebe Dir in ihr mein theuerstes, mein einziges Kleinod und ich thue es gern. Seid glücklich, meine Kinder! (Walther und Gertrud stehen wortlos in inniger Umarmung.)

Gertrud. Gott, mein Vater weint!

Burkhardt. Es sind Freudenthränen, wie Hoffnung und festes Vertrauen in die Zukunft sie rinne lassen. Möge Euch Beiden solch reines Glück erblühen, wie ich es mit Deiner Mutter in diesen engen Räumen genossen habe!

Freese (der schon seit einigen Minuten mit Zeichen lebhafter Antheilnahme in der offenen Thüre stand, eintretend). Nee, sowat hew ick all mien Dag nich sehn, dat de Lüüd flennen un rohren, wenn se sick verlawen. - Gratulire ok, mien leiw Trudchen und Herr Schulmeister, un maken's mi de Diern glücklich!

Gertrud. Ich danke Dir, Du braver alter Franz. Aber Du hast ja auch was Nasses in den Augen.

Freese (während Walther ihm kräftig die Hände schüttelt). Ach, dumm Tüg, wo weer ick ölle Kierl woll rohren! ick hew blot en dägten Schnuppen. (Wischt sich die Augen mit dem großgeblühten Taschentuch und humpelt eiligst hinaus.)

Burkhardt. Und nun Kinder, zum Frühstück! Euch Beiden mag vielleicht die junge Liebe satt machen aber ich bin vor Freude und Rührung schon ganz wackelig auf den Beinen. - Töchterchen, sieh Du erst zu, ob nicht etwa der Kaffee schon kalt geworden ist!

(Streich- oder Blechmusik auf der Gallerie: "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz" oder eine ähnliche für eine Ovation geeignete Melodie.)

Alle. Was soll denn das bedeuten?

(Ein Tusch, hierauf wird angeklopft.)

Burkhardt. Herein!

(Brause, Baldrian und Schneider Schulze treten ein; Musikanten vor der offenen Thüre.)

Burkhardt. Seid herzlich willkommen, liebe Nachbarn! Setzt Euch!

(Alle bleiben stehen.)

Brause (vortretend). Schulmeister, justement bin ich heim komme von der Kauntysiet, mit der gloriose Nachricht, daß unser alter Burkhardt eischtimmig zum Treschurer von der Kauntysie isch gewählt worre, weil mir im ganzen Land kei bessere un brävere Mann hent finde können, der use Kassa bewoara soll. Mer wolla Dir a Alle groatulire und mer hoffa, daß Du's Amt oanimst, aber a use Settlement net ganz verlassa wirscht, denn mer können doch dahoam den Burkhardt no lang net misse.

Burkhardt. Gewiß werde ich das Amt annehmen und getreulich verwalten, wie Ihr es von mir erwartet. Und von Neu-Rostock, von diesen vier Pfählen und der Stätte

happened without my knowledge to the extent that I am able. My resignation is in the hands of the trustees.

Burkhardt. You shouldn't have done that. You have been appointed to this position, have exercised it loyally, and you must remain there. I, myself, will never be a teacher here again. But you could not have given old Burkhardt a greater joy than you just did with your manly declaration. (Clasps both his hands.) I'm proud of my young friend and successor Walther. And now sit down for a moment. I just want to call my daughter, who has just now run away from us. You must meet her, too, and then you must share our delayed breakfast with us. (Wants to go.)

Walther. Mr. Burkhardt, before I settle down as a guest in your house I must, as an honorable man, tell you more, something that may cost me your confidence that I just now gained. Mr. Burkhardt--I love your daughter; I ask you for permission to win Gertrud's love, to sue for her hand.

Burkhardt. Wha--t, you love my Gertrud, desire her as your wife. For heaven's sake, how did that happen? Certainly, if my daughter wants you, I'll give my blessing, for I rely on the voice of her pure heart. But I must first ask her myself. (Wants to go.)

Gertrud (entering slowly, throws herself on her father's breast). Father, I want to. I love him more than I can say.

Burkhardt (kisses her on the forehead). Then there is your place by God's commandment and that of your heart, now and forevermore. (Removes her arms from his neck, leads her to Walther, and places her hands in his.) Take her, my son, and prove yourself worthy of her. I give you in her my most precious, my only jewel, and I do so gladly. Be happy, my children. (Walther and Gertrud stand silently in an ardent embrace.)

Gertrud Good lord, my father is crying!

Burkhardt. They are tears of joy which hope and firm trust in the future cause to flow. May a pure joy blossom forth in you like that I enjoyed with your mother in these narrow rooms.

Freese (who had been standing in the open door for several minutes with signs of lively sympathetic interest, entering). No, something like this I've never seen all the days of my life, that folks moan and cry when they get engaged. -- Congratulations, my dear Trudie and Herr Schoolmaster, and I want you to be sure to make the girl happy.

Gertrud. Thank you, good old Franz. But you have something wet in your eyes, too.

Freese (while Walther is shaking his hand with authority). Oh, stuff, how would an old fellow like me cry. I just have a dumb cold. (Wipes his eyes with a handkerchief with large flowers on it and limps hurriedly out.)

Burkhardt. And now children, come to breakfast. Young love may be enough food for you two but joy and emotion have got me to where I can hardly keep standing. -- Daughter, see if the coffee hasn't gotten cold.

(Music by strings or brass on the porch: "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz" or a similar melody suitable for an accolade.)

Everyone. What's the meaning of that?

(A flourish, then there is a knock.)

Burkhardt. Come in.

(Brause, Baldrian, and tailor Schulze enter; musicians in front of the open door.)

Burkhardt. Welcome, dear neighbors. Sit down.

(Everyone remains standing.)

Brause (stepping forward). Schoolmaster, I've just come from the county seat with the splendid news that our old Burkhardt has been unanimously elected as county treasurer, because we couldn't have found a more upstanding and better man to guard our treasury. We all want to congratulate you and hope that you'll accept the office but won't completely forsake our settlement, since we can't do without Burkhardt here at home either.

Burkhardt. I will certainly accept the office and serve faithfully as you expect me to. And I will certainly not leave New Rostock, these four corner posts and the

wo mein Weib begraben liegt, werde ich mich gewiß nicht trennen, wenn kein Muß vorliegt.

Alle. Hoch! Unser neuer Schatzmeister Burkhardt soll leben, hoch!

Baldrian (tritt vor). Schamste Diener, Herr Lehrer. Bitt' Ihna schön um Pardon! Der Wenzel Baldrian is gewesen a rechtes Lump damisches, hot sich lassen verführen von Wurm miserabliges, hat gewoted gegen die alte Burkhardt. Ich bitt' schön, verbeihens dumme alte Wenzel Baldrian!

Burkhardt (drückt ihm die Hand). Schon gut Baldrian, ich weiß ja, Ihr tragt das Herz auf dem rechten Fleck, und nur der Schnaps ist Euer böser Feind.

Schneider Schulze. Verehrdester Herr Lehrer, ich möchte, sozesagen merschtendeels ooch en paar Worde an Se richten, indem ich sozesagen ooch mit Baldrianen an unserm Professor zu'n kanz kemeenen Schorcken keworden bin, sozesagen. Un bidde, nähm' Se's nich iewel, indem ich merschtentendeels, sozesagen, blos en bischen sehre eegonomisch geardet bin, und sozesagen, ich Se immer heechlisd esdhimird hawwe, sozesagen - sozesagen - merschtendeels. . . . Dunnerwedder, nu hawe ich mich Se meschtendeels sozesagen, kanz verkallobirt, sozesagen.

Burkhardt. Na, schadet auch nichts. Ich trage gewiß keinen Groll im Herzen; und wenn es mir auch damals weh gethan hat, so erscheint es mir doch heute als eine wunderbare, gütige Schicksalsfügung, daß Ihr mir damals den Stuhl vor die Thüre setztet. Ihr aber könnt, wie mir scheint, mit dem Schulmeistertausch recht wohl zufrieden sein, und ich bin es erst recht, denn mein Nachfolger, hier mein junger Freund Walther, soll dereinst mein Schwiegersohn werden. - Doch nun verzeiht, liebe Nachbarn, wir haben heute morgen in all dem Trubel noch kein Frühstück gehabt, und das thut's nicht bei einem alten Manne. Das Feuer wird wohl inzwischen in der Küche ausgegangen sein. - Freese - Wo steckt denn Freese?

Freese (tritt ein mit einem Korb voll Weinflaschen). Komm schon! Ick glöw, de könn'n wi bruken.

Burkhardt. Hast recht, Alter. Also, Nachbarn, nehmt einen Morgentrunck von Burkhardts Selbstgekeltertem und eßt dazu einen Happen von meinem Geburtstagskuchen!

(Walther und Freese haben inzwischen begonnen Flaschen zu öffnen und einzuschenken, während Gertrud den Kuchen schneidet.)

Brause (stimmt an, worauf die Anderen einfallen). Unser alter Schulmeister soll leben, hoch, hoch, hoch.

Alle (wie oben). Unser junger Schulmeister soll leben, hoch, hoch, hoch.

Baldrian. Und schönes Braut seiniges auch daneben.

Alle. Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!

(Tusch. Der Vorhang fällt.)

(Author's spelling and punctuation have been retained.)

place where my wife lies buried, unless I have to.

Everyone. Hurrah. Cheers for our new treasurer Burkhardt.

Baldrian (steps forward). Your abashed servant. I beg your pardon. Wenzel Baldrian was a stupid scoundrel, let himself be misled by that dog Wurm, voted against old Burkhardt. Please forgive dumb old Wenzel Baldrian.

Burkhardt (shakes his hand). That's all right, Baldrian, I know you have your heart in the right place, but schnapps is your worst enemy.

Tailor Schulze Honored Sir, I would like to address so to speak for the most part a few words to you since I so to speak became a common scoundrel along with Baldrian with respect to our professor so to speak. And I ask, don't hate me for it that I for the most part so to speak am just a bit too economical by nature and so to speak I have always esteemed you highly so to speak so to speak -- for the most part. . . . Thunderation, now I have for the most part so to speak let my words get (gallop) away from me, so to speak.

Burkhardt. Well, no harm done. I certainly don't bear a grudge; and though it was indeed painful for me at the time, today it seems to me that it was a miraculous, benign stroke of fate that you set my chair before the door then. You all can, it seems to me, be quite content with the exchange of schoolmasters, and I am especially satisfied, for my successor, here my young friend Walther, will soon become my son-in-law. -- But now pardon us, dear neighbors, we have'nt had any breakfast with all this commotion, and that's nothing for an old man. The fire in the kitchen has probably gone out by now. -- Freese -- Where has Freese gotten to?

Freese (enters with a basket full of bottles of wine). I'm coming. I think we can use these.

Burkhardt. You're right, old man. All right, neighbors, take an early drink of wine from my own press and eat a piece of my birthday cake with it.

(Walther and Freese in the meantime have begun to open bottles and to pour out wine, while Gertrud cuts the cake.)

Brause (starts the tune, whereupon the others join in). Long live our old schoolmaster. Three cheers.

Everyone (as above). Long live our young schoolmaster. Three cheers. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

Baldrian. And his pretty fiancée as well.

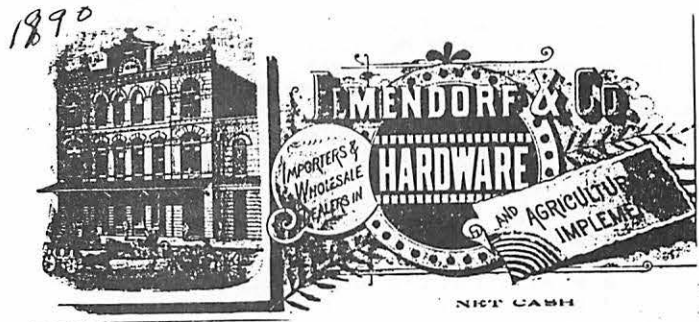
Everyone. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

(Flourish. The curtain falls.)

Note: All of the connected English statements were printed in Roman type in the original, the rest of the text being in German, black-letter type.

Fire destroys Holocaust skeptics' offices

TORRANCE, Calif. — Offices of the Institute for Historical Review, an organization that contends the Holocaust is a myth, were destroyed Wednesday in a fire believed set by arsonists, authorities said. The institute has been the target of periodic vandalism and protests. An explosive device caused a fire in the building in April 1982, and a group called Jewish Defenders took credit. In 1979, the institute offered a \$50,000 reward to anyone who could provide proof that the Holocaust really happened. Two years later, Mel Mermelstein, an Auschwitz death camp survivor, filed a \$17 million suit against the institute, saying he had provided the evidence but that the institute had reneged on its offer. The case is still pending.



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AUSWANDERERBRIEFE

Letters from German Immigrants in America

Recently I was fortunate to receive the copy of a letter written by my great grandfather on 28 September, 1862, in Monroe, Louisiana, to his brother in Texas. Julius A. Lehmann was a private in Waul's Legion Texas in the Confederate States Army. Translated, parts of the letter explains: "...We are here in Monroe and will go from here on the train 75 miles to Vicksburg, where the Yankees broke up last May. We came here in a steady march, and will perhaps in 4 to 6 days cross the Mississippi, where we will probably be pushed into Price's Army in Tennessee, which recently suffered a defeat. When we cross the Mississippi the jest will be over, and we hear it will be at night. We will go by steamboat 24 miles where the firing of the northern batteries are set up."

The remainder of the letter gives instructions to his brother about his business affairs, the farm and renters, and especially his family, saying "...It is possible that this is the last letter that you will receive from me. Even if we cross the river luckily, we will be in even greater danger, because the fighting there is fierce. I consider it my holy duty to you, my nearest and dearest brother, to make the necessary arrangements..."

One of the requests was to see the (iron) cross and 2 (bronze) plates that he had ordered but not placed on the graves of his deceased wife, Wilhelmine Rosenberg Lehmann 1834-1861, and the daughter, 1856-1861. (This family cemetery is on the Julius Lehmann homestead in Salem, and now the farm of a great granddaughter and her husband.)

The letter quoted above and several other papers are from a professor of history, University of Miami, Coral Gables, Florida. Professor Walter D. Kamphoefner, at present on a Fulbright Scholarship, Ruhr-Universität Bochum in Germany, has collected information and coordinated this project in the United States. This project referred to as Auswandererbrieife, has been in progress since early 1980 or before, gathering letters in Germany written by pioneer German immigrants to relatives and friends in Germany in the 1800's, and sponsored by the Volkswagen firm in Germany. The publication is scheduled to be out next year, and also to be translated to English and eventually be available in the U.S., according to authorities.

For those of you who read the German language I can't resist the inclination to include a letter written by a son-in-law to his new father-in-law:

Farm bei Brenham, 24 Febr. 1854

Threuster Vater meiner

Einer angenehem flicht genügend, beeile ich mich, Ihnen von einem Ereignis in Kenntnis zu setzen, welches Ihnen gewiss die freudigste Überraschung bereiten wird. Seit ihre Tochter in Texas ist, hatte ich die Gelegenheit dieselbe als ein braves and fleissiges Mädchen kennen zu lernen, und der Wunsch sie als Gattin heimzuführen, war gewiss einer meiner aufrichtigsten and liebsten Wünsche. Im April 1853 hatte ich das Unglück, meiner Mutter zu verlieren, welche in Deutschland schon schwächlich war, ich übernahm nun die Farm und konnte jetzt meiner früher gesagten Wünschen Erfüllung verschaffen. ist seit 23ten Jan. 1854 meine Gattin, und mein wärmster Wunsch ist, recht lange mit ihr vereint zu leben; ich glaube bestimmt in ihr das Mädchen gefunden zu haben, welches einem Mann eine glückliche Ehe bereiten kann. Ich bedaure Sie nicht zu kennen, nur Ihnen als Vater meiner zu achten und zu schätzen, doch nehmen Sie die feste Versicherung, ich werde das Glück Ihrer Tochter und Ihr Vergnügen in dem Glück Ihrer Kinder geniessen. Ich bedauere sehr Ihnen nicht mündlich sagen zu können wie sehr ich bin Ihr Sie Hochschätzender Sohn,

.....

Elizabeth Lehmann
Brenham, Texas

I N Q U I R Y

I would appreciate corresponding with descendents of the Meyers line - any spelling, such as Mier, Meier, Meyer, Myer, etc. My grandfather came from Erfurt, Prussia with three brothers sometime before the Civil War. They were orphans.

Juanita Meyers Jones
4413 55th Street
Lubbock, Texas 79414

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE OF HOUSTON, INC. 193 -
1626 Post Oak Park Drive
Houston, Texas 77027

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN NINETEENTH
CENTURY HOUSTON AND HARRIS COUNTY THROUGH 1914

The Junior League of Houston is collecting copies of materials (paintings, photographs, letters, diaries, maps, etc.) related to nineteenth and early twentieth century Houston and Harris County. Our objectives are twofold: to produce a book on the history of the domestic architecture in this area through approximately 1914, and to help increase the local history collection at the Houston Metropolitan Archives of the Houston Public Library by donating the copied materials to the Library upon the completion of our book.

We expect our book to be thoroughly documented from original sources. Junior League volunteers will research early newspapers, materials in the archives of several libraries and city and county records. We also will borrow photographs, family letters, documents and other memorabilia from descendants of early Houston and Harris County families.

These borrowed materials will be taken to a special part of the archives area in the Julia Ideson Building of the Houston Public Library. Since its renovation, the Julia Ideson Building has been designated an official repository for state documents because of the standards for security and fire prevention which it now meets. The Library graciously has made this work and storage space available to the Junior League for the safekeeping of the materials while they are in our possession.

There, with the permission of the owners, the volunteers will inventory the materials and organize them in acid-free folders to insure their preservation. With the permission of the owners, materials from these collections which the Junior League or the Archives wish to copy will be copied at the Library. Junior League volunteers will take notes on the written materials which relate to the subject of our book. Once these procedures have been completed, the volunteers will return the materials to the donors in the acid-free folders.

Our study will encompass the entire community from the shot-gun houses in the Fourth Ward to the mansions that once lined Main Street. Through the history of these homes (most of which have long-since disappeared) we hope to depict the life and culture of nineteenth century Houston and Harris County.

Please don't let yours be the missing link - the house, the letter or the diary - that would have tied the rest together. Let us know as soon as possible about your family treasures or about other historic materials in the community of which you are aware.

Mrs. Thomas W. Houghton
Chairman
2414 Stanmore Dr., 77019
523-4769

Mrs. Peter T. Scardino
Co-Chairman
2230 Rice Blvd., 77005
528-1521

4019 Annversary Dr.
622-5578

DISCOVERIES

Novel Ending for Book Bugs

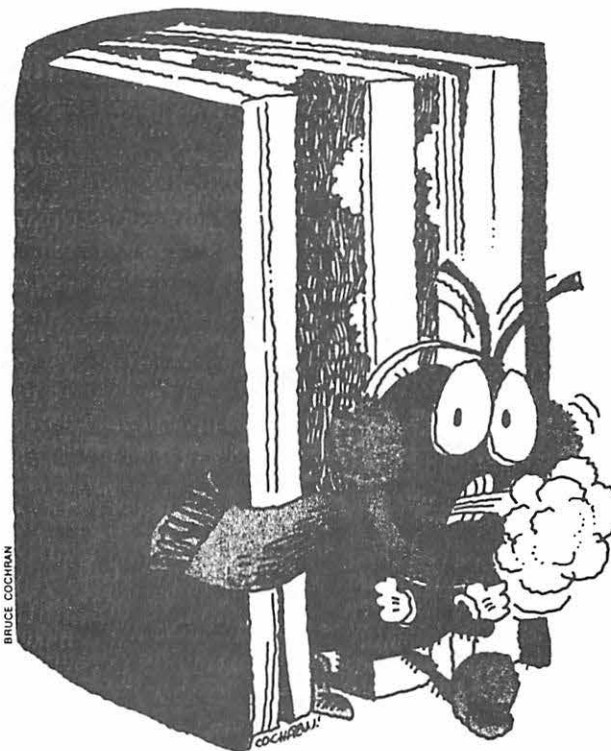
Insects are gnawing through the nation's most precious library collections; the solution may be to put literature on ice

APPARENTLY, loud talkers are not the only pests loitering in the nation's libraries. At Yale University, librarians discovered not long ago, some unidentified insects had made mincemeat out of a priceless book collection.

An alumnus had donated a set of illuminated medieval manuscripts to the university after buying them from an ancient monastery in southern Italy. The manuscripts, which had been stored in an underground vault for centuries, were crawling with millions of strange, wingless insects. "They had started from the spines and were eating into the texts," recalls a Yale professor. "There were so many grubs that those fabulous books were turning into lace doilies."

Yale's problem, though severe, was not unique. A whole menagerie of pests—moths, cockroaches, booklice, silverfish, termites and bookmites—thrives in library books around the world. Insects with a less literary bent also infest records and other papers in town halls, administration buildings, warehouses, even people's homes.

In libraries, the majority of the pests live on the glue in old book bindings. Until about 1950, boiled cattle hooves were the main ingredient of that glue, providing almost pure protein to hungry bugs. Some insects prefer to graze on fungi that blossom like microscopic alfalfa on damp pages. Others eat old covers made of leather or vellum, or new covers that are commonly filled with a starchy substance. Only a few insects actually bore large holes in pages and bindings. But librarians point out



that a book-loving cockroach can do considerable damage.

Such pests have been under siege by exterminators for years. Until World War II, the preferred treatment was cyanide—which, unfortunately, is also poisonous to humans. Organic pesticides, commonly used in libraries today, may pose health hazards of their own, especially in enclosed areas. Some libraries, researchers have found, contain alarming levels of pesticide residue.

When Yale officials were faced with the task of debugging their rare books, they couldn't even consider using chemicals. The insects were deep inside the pages, where fumes could damage the fragile paper or change the colors in the illuminations. In desperation, the librar-

ians turned to Charles Remington, head of the department of entomology at Yale.

"We don't usually do that kind of research," says Remington. Nevertheless, the scientist went to work and found an unidentified species of grublike insect that was a relative of the wood-loving deathwatch beetle—so named because its mysterious clicking sounds, emanating from the timbers of old houses, were considered an omen of death in ancient times.

Operating on a hunch, Remington tried freezing several of the insects. After a day and a half on ice, they were out cold—killed by the low temperatures. Encouraged, the entomologist and the librarians wrapped every one of the precious Italian books in a plastic freezer bag and commandeered a deep freeze in a campus dining hall. Then they froze the volumes for three days at minus

40 degrees Fahrenheit. A later inspection showed the embattled books to be completely bug free.

Since then, Yale has installed a large, walk-through freezer in the library and put its entire collection of more than 30,000 rare books and documents on ice. Now, the technique is catching on elsewhere. In Illinois, a company has been established to supply libraries with book freezers. Yale's music department recently froze an infested Stradivarius violin. And the Smithsonian botanists have begun to freeze plant specimens in their vast collection.

"Freezing is intolerable for most life forms," observes Remington. "For infestations on things not living, it's the perfect pest control."—Noel Vietmeyer

FROM
FRANK CRAIN SCHLEICHER
1505 RIDGECREST DRIVE
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78746

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DARMSTÄDTER ECHO

„German Gemutlichkeit“ in Texas mit „Wurst Side Story“

Wie in New Braunfels an deutsche Vorfahren erinnert wird – Enkel eines Darmstädters lädt zum „Wurstfest“ ein

Von Eckhart G. Franz

Nicht nur die deutsch-texanischen Gastgeber bedauerten, daß der Besucher aus dem fernen hessischen „Fatherland“ drei Tage zu früh gekommen war. Und nur die letzten Vorbereitungen zum spektakulärsten Ereignis im sonst eher geruhsamen Jahreslauf von New Braunfels mitbekam. Um diese Jahreszeit, so Gouverneur Mark W. White bei einem Empfang, den er den Teilnehmern der Internationalen Table Ronde der Archivare im historischen Governor's Mansion der Staatshauptstadt Austin gab, besinnt sich jeder Texaner auf seine deutschen Vorfahren. New Braunfels feiert in der ersten Novemberwoche „Wurstfest“. Über 150 000 Besucher erwarten die New Braunfeler in diesem Jahr zu ihrem 25. Volksfest-Jubiläum, in der großen „Wursthalle“ mit der nachgebauten Ladenstraße der einstigen Kolonistenstadt, den benachbarten Festzelten, dem weiträumigen „Biergarten“ und dem umliegenden Parkgelände am Comal-River, das mit den Profiten früherer Wurstfeste ausgestaltet wurde.

Regatta der „Wurst Navy“

Der Verzehr an Wurst und Bier, „Kartoffelpuffern“ und „Strudel“, aber auch an ortsüblichen Delikatessen wie Maiskolben und Truthahnbeinchen ist beträchtlich. Das Silber-



Programm des „25th Anniversary“ bietet nach der feierlichen Eröffnung mit den Süßwasserbooten der „Wurst Navy“, die am zweiten Tag eine „Annual Wurstfest Regatta“ organisiert, ein Kegeltornier und das „Walkfest“ der „New Braunfels Marsch- und Wandergruppe“, Musik der „Bavarian Village Band“, der „Schnappshaus Kappelle“, der „Deutsche Adler“ und anderer Musik- und Gesangsgruppen, Ausstellungen zur „German Heritage“, eine „Wurstfest Art Show“ und wiederholte Aufführungen des „Old Time Melodrama „Wurst Side Story“ im „Circle Arts Theatre“.

New Braunfels, eine Stadt von rund 15 000 Einwohnern, halbwegs zwi-

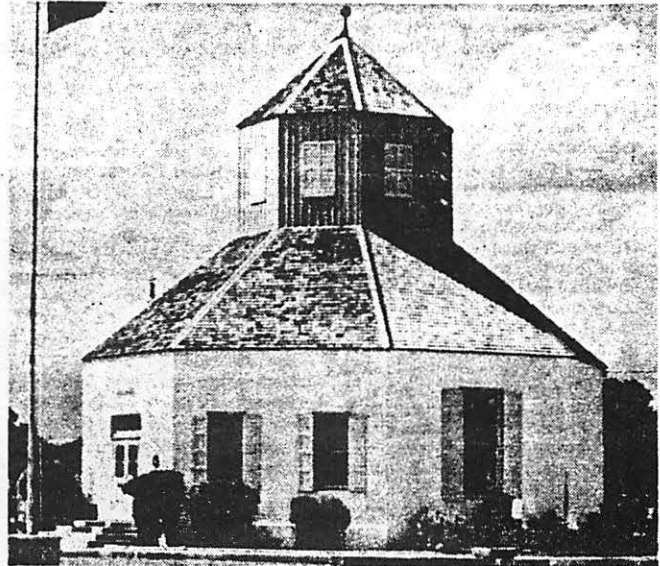
schen Austin und San Antonio, ist sehr viel älter als sein „Wurstfest“. 1945/46, als die ein Jahrzehnt zuvor von Mexiko abgetrennte „Lone Star Republic“ der Texas-Rebellen eben ordentlicher Staat der nordamerikanischen Union wurde und landhungrige Abenteurer aus vielen Ländern anlockte, gründeten deutsche Kolonisten das nach dem Fürsten Carl zu Solms-Braunfels genannte New Braunfels und eine ganze Serie weiterer Siedlungen – Fredericksburg (nach Prinz Friedrich von Preußen), New Berlin und New Ulm, Boerne (nach dem liberalen Schriftsteller Ludwig Boerne) oder Umland –, die ihre deutschen Namen, aber auch ihre deutsche Tradition großenteils bis heute bewahrt haben.

Siedler aus Hessen

Die im republikanischen Texas überraschenden adligen Namenspatrone sind kein Zufall: Wichtiger Anreger für die deutsche Auswanderung war der 1842 in Mainz begründete Adelsverein, der „Verein zum Schutz deutscher Einwanderer in Texas“, zu dessen Aktionären neben den Fürsten Solms und Ysenburg, den Castell und Leiningen auch Prinz Emil von Hessen-Darmstadt zählte.

Kein Wunder, daß ein Großteil der Siedler aus dem Hessischen kam. Unter der Ägide des Adels- oder Texasvereins gingen 1847 auch die sogenannten „Vierziger“ aus Darmstadt auf die Reise, eine Gruppe, die Aufsehen erregte, weil ihr Kern aus jungen Beamten und Studenten aus zumeist wohlbekannten Familien der Residenz und ihres Umlandes bestand, unter ihnen der Sohn des Landtagspräsidenten Hesse, der junge Arzt Dr. Ferdinand von Herr, Forstkandidat Hermann Spieß und der mit der Fertigstellung der Main-Neckar-Eisenbahn arbeitslos gewordene Ingenieur Gustav Schleicher.

Schleicher, der Sohn eines Darmstädter Hofschlagers, machte nach dem vorhersehbaren Scheitern der ideal-kommunistischen Kolonie „Bettina“ als staatlicher Landvermesser Karriere, baute auch in Texas Eisenbahnen, wurde Herausgeber der deutschsprachigen „Texas-Staatszeitung“, Staats-Senator, Hauptmann einer Pionierkompanie in der Südstaaten-Armee des Bürgerkrieges und schließlich Kongreß-Abgeordneter in Washington. Einer der deutsch-texanischen



DIE HISTORISCHE „VEREINS KIRCHE“ in Fredericksburg (Texas) wurde 1847 als erstes öffentliches Gebäude von deutschen Siedlern errichtet. Die Gemeinde ist stolz auf ihre Vorfahren – und erinnert Besucher mit Würsten (Sausages), Sauerbraten und Sauerkraut an ihre deutsche Herkunft.

Landkreise, Schleicher-Country, heißt nach dem 1879 verstorbenen Pionier, der ein Ehrengrab auf dem U.S. National Cemetery in San Antonio erhielt.

Anders als „Dallas“

Sein Enkel Frank Crain Schleicher (75), der sich nach drei Jahrzehnten als Erdöl-Ingenieur im Dienst der texanischen Exxon in Austin zur Ruhe gesetzt hat, schrieb vor einigen Monaten ans Hessische Staatsarchiv Darmstadt, um Näheres über die Herkunft seiner Familie zu erfahren. Dank für die Auskunft war die Einladung an den Darmstädter Staatsarchivar, ihn anlässlich der geplanten internationalen Archivkonferenz in der Lyndon-B.-Johnson-Library zu besuchen.

Schon die Fahrten durch das grüne „Hill Country“, das an Spanien oder Südfrankreich erinnert, paßten nicht recht zu den von „Dallas“ geprägten Texas-Vorstellungen, machten verständlich, daß sich die deutschen Siedler in diesem Land mit Wäldern und Flüssen, an dessen Wiesenrändern zwischen den Rinderherden auch mal ein Rudel Hirsche weidet,

durchaus wohl fühlen konnten, auch wenn man mit den hier beheimateten Comanchen anfangs einigen Ärger hatte.

Der besondere Reiz für den Historiker, der in den Quellen des Darmstädter Archivs immer wieder nach der Herkunft hessischer Amerika-Auswanderer forscht, war jedoch die Begegnung mit deren Nachkommen, die, zumindest in der älteren Generation, noch gern und fließend Deutsch sprechen.

„German Heritage“

Vor allem in New Braunfels und Fredericksburg wird das Ortsbild der Besiedlungszeit, die relativ große Zahl nach Fachwerkart errichteter Holzhäuser aus dem 19. Jahrhundert, das, was sich an „Heritage“, an Erinnerungsgut der historischen Anfänge erhalten hat, sorgfältig gepflegt. Doch zu Heimweh nach Deutschland gibt es trotz der von der German Texas Society nostalgisch gepflegten Tradition keinen Grund. Aber Frank C. Schleicher wird wohl demnächst einmal einen Gegenbesuch in Darmstadt machen, um sich das bisher unbekannte „Fatherland“ anzuschauen.

THE STATE OF TEXAS

(Extracted from: "Die Vereinigten Staaten und die andern Länder Amerika's", 1852)

After Texas had torn itself away from Mexico in the year 1836, it remained an independent state until 1845, at which time it joined the federation of states. Between its inhabitants, who are mostly of English-American origin, and those of the United States, there had always existed a certain feeling of relationship, which through the proximity of both areas was nourished and strengthened even more.

Texas extends from the Arkansas and Red Rivers in the north to the Gulf of Mexico in the south and from the Sabine in the east to the Rio del Norte in the west, an area of 325,000 square miles or about seven times as large as Pennsylvania. (Book was published in Pennsylvania)

It has a highly fertile soil and a very favorable situation for trade with the United States as well as with other countries. Its coastline is 400 miles long, and the interior of the country is connected to the sea by many rivers. The land is mostly flat and a large part of it consists of immense prairies whose soil is rich black earth mixed with sand. The coastal lands have a lush red soil which extends rather deeply and is overgrown with cottonwoods, walnut trees, cedars, etc. Most plants of southern lands grow here in great perfection, and the cotton is just as good as the best in the United States. Other products are sugar, tobacco, rice, indigo, wheat, etc. The area is uncommonly suitable for cattle raising. The nicest cattle are raised with very little effort.

Along the coast the land is indeed flat, but free from swamps, and consists of good arable meadowland and partly of woodland and pasture. Before the migration here from the United States took place, this region was filled with immense herds of wild horses and wild cattle, whose number has now however considerably diminished. In the southwest the land is intersected by a chain of mountains, which stretches northward from the Nueces and westward from the headwaters of the Brazos, Colorado, etc. Toward the west and north there are immense prairies, where there are to be found great herds of buffalo, which the Comanches kill in great number. In the northeast, the land is more undulating and more overgrown with wood.

The climate is mild and pleasant, and since the land is free of swamps and the woodland is all open and without underbrush, it is thus more healthful than the similarly situated regions of the United States. There are two seasons here--the dry from April to September and the wet during the other months. In December and January for a short time it is quite cold.

The rivers are certainly very numerous but of little importance for ship navigation, for in the dry season they are very low and during the flood stages the abundant driftwood causes considerable obstruction. The Rio del Norte, which forms the western boundary of Texas, is the largest river and from 1500 to 1800 miles long. It has very many rapids and can, except for a stretch of 200 miles upstream from the mouth, be waded across about everywhere. The Sabine, Neches and Trinidad are 300 to 400 miles long and navigable through a certain reach during a part of the year. The Brazos River is the most suitable for navigation. Ships which draw 6 feet of water can come up to Brazoria and light steamboats up to

San Felipe de Austin, 90 miles further. The Rio Colorado rises in the high prairie east from Puerco River and flows into Matagorda Bay after a flow of 500 miles. Some 12 miles above its mouth there is a logjamb that stretches across for a mile and makes navigation impossible. On the other side of it ships can travel 200 miles upstream. The La Vaca, Guadalupe, San Antonio and Nueces are navigable for a period of the year, however they are little known.

The finest cities are Galveston, Houston, Bexar, Goliad, Nacogdoches, and Austin. This last was chosen many years ago to be the capital city and lies on the Colorado 200 miles inland. Galveston, on the island of the same name, is the principal trading town. Its trade with New Orleans and other seaports of the United States is already considerable, and its population already totals 5000 persons. Houston has 4000. Santa Fe with 6000 inhabitants is the capital in New Mexico, to which many tradespeople from the western states of the Union (meaning the middle west) bring their wares in order to deliver them into the area around the upper Del Norte River (Rio Grande). Washington, a small town on the west side of the Brazos, has for some time been the real capital of the state.

Before the year 1821, only the Spanish towns San Antonio de Bexar, La Bahia or Goliad, and Nacogdoches, with some 3000 persons all together, were inhabited by white men. Shortly thereafter an attempt was made here to establish an independent Republic of Fredonia, but Mexico merged the region with the province of Coahuila and out of them formed (in 1824) a state which carried both names. Many citizens of the United States and some with their slaves migrated and settled down here. When in the year 1832 the people of Texas had drawn up a separate State Constitution and in vain solicited the Mexican Congress for acceptance into the confederation as an independent state, they resorted to weapons. Although at first the Mexican Army, which had invaded Texas under the command of President Santa Anna, won some advantages over the small number of Texans and massacred the prisoners, a few hundred in number, in cold blood, nevertheless all this changed quite soon, for in the battle of San Jacinto the Mexicans were totally defeated and their President was taken prisoner by the Texans. In March 1836 the people of Texas declared themselves independent from Mexico, drew up a constitution, elected a chief magistrate and in general established the power of government in a sovereign state. In the year 1841 an expedition to Santa Fe consisting of more than 300 Texans was taken prisoner by the Mexicans. Of course the Texans maintained that this was only a trade expedition; however they were all armed and had a cannon with them, which moved the Mexicans to assume that the purpose of the expedition was to bring about a revolution in the Mexican provinces near Santa Fe.

Texas was not like the United States a federal republic, but an integral unit. The President was elected for 3 years and could not be re-elected. In other points the Constitution was like that of the United States. The Republic was recognized by the United States, France, England, and some other states, but not by Mexico. The population amounted to about 30,000, almost wholly Americans from the United States, together with 25,000 slaves. The military power consisted mainly of a sloop of war, two brigs, an armed steamship, some schooners, etc.

For a long time already the annexation of Texas to the Union had been a favorite project of the American people, which was the word spoken by the first men of the land. In the session of 1844 to '45 the admission of Texas was voted in both houses of the United States Congress, and although the executive authority of Texas was somewhat hesitant, nevertheless, through the unanimous will of the people, it was compelled, so to speak, to carry out the plan of annexation. Accordingly the Texas Congress,

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which came together on 16 June 1845 at Washington on the Brazos River, agreed to the annexation of Texas to the Union, under the conditions permitted by the United States Administration, and already on 4 July 1845 a Convention assembled in Austin to design a constitution for the State of Texas.

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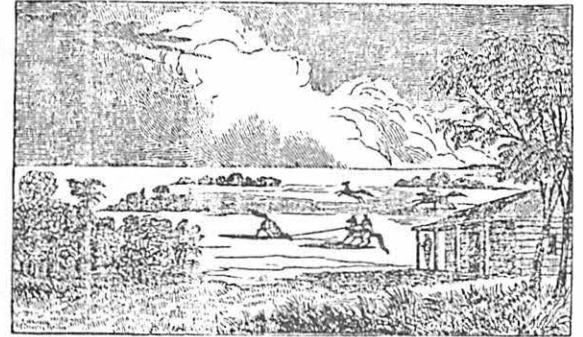
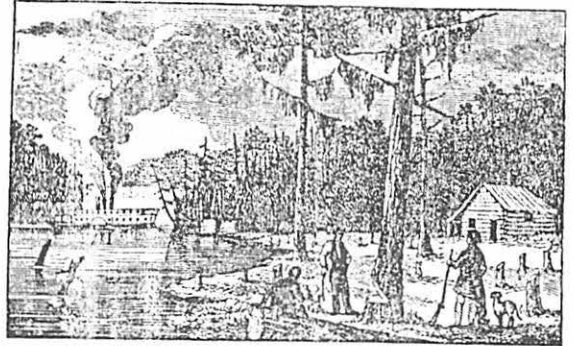
(Translated by Louis Fink)

Die
Vereinigten Staaten
 und
 die **andern Länder Amerikas,**
 enthaltend
 eine umständliche Beschreibung
 ihrer
 physischen, politischen und statistischen Zustände,
 die Geschichte, Verfassung und Statuten
 der Vereinigten Staaten,
 nebst
 die Naturalisations-, Post-, Patente-, Verlags- und Tarife-Gesetze,
 die
Rechtsbeschreibung aller Präzedenzen
 der Vereinigten Staaten
 nebst
 vollständigen statistischen Tabellen
 und 100 Abbildungen.

Nach dem englischen Werke
 von
S. Augustus Mitchell
 und mehreren geschichtlichen und juristischen Werken bearbeitet
 von
Gustav Kemak, Esq.,
 Advokat zu Philadelphia.

Philadelphia,
 Thomas, Cowperthwait und Co.
 für James H. Bill.
 1852.

Westliche Staaten und Territorien.



Ansicht der Grasebenen in Texas. — Pferdejad.

German company buys Doubleday

■ NEW YORK

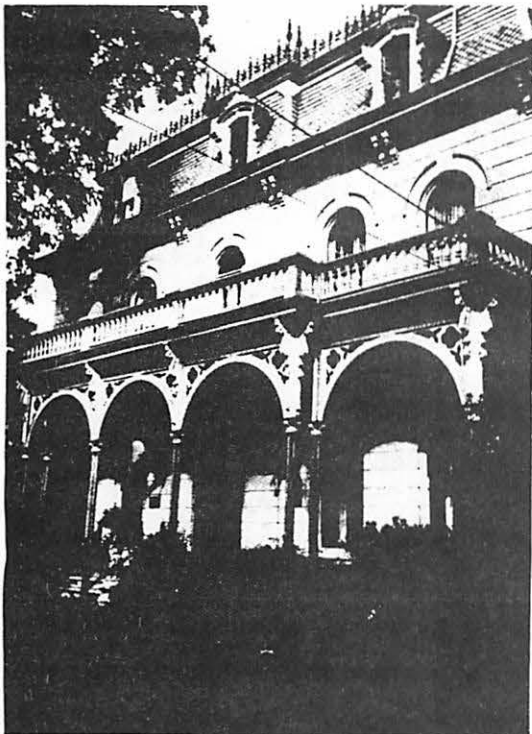
Doubleday & Co., one of the nation's largest book publishers, said Friday it had been purchased for \$475 million by Bertelsmann AG, a West German-based worldwide communications company.

The acquisition would make Bertelsmann, which already owns the Bantam paperback publishing company, the second-largest book seller in the United States, surpassed only by Simon & Schuster Inc., analysts said.

The deal does not include the New York Mets baseball team, which is 95 percent owned by Doubleday.

Steves Homestead Reflects TLC

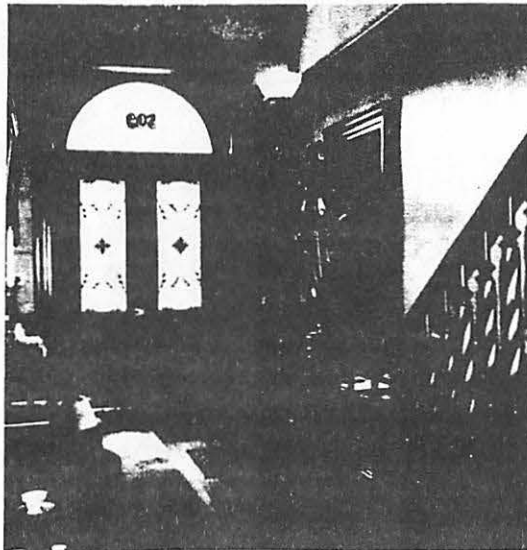
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Steves Homestead

Several full time employees and many volunteers are involved in caring for San Antonio's only Victorian museum. The Steves Homestead, located at 509 King William Street, was built in 1876 by Edward Steves. A particularly fine example of the fashionable and elegant old German residences of the Sauerkraut Bend area, the house is surrounded by spacious lawn and garden areas enclosed by a picket fence constructed without nails, being joined by wooden pegs. The grove of pecan trees on the property as well as trees on neighboring streets were planted by Edward Steves. At the 1876 Philadelphia International Exhibition, his eye was caught by a large fountain and he arranged for its purchase and shipment to San Antonio at the close of the Fair. Maintenance of the fountain on the East lawn is one of the concerns of Mrs. Edward Steves (Nancy) who is the wife of builder Edward's Great

Grandson and the San Antonio Conservation Society Steves Homestead committee chairman.



Entry Hall-Steves Homestead

Designed by noted San Antonio architect, Alfred Giles, the three story mansion was donated to the Conservation Society in 1952 by Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Vaughn in memory of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Steves and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Steves.

"Maintaining a living museum", says Nancy, "involves not only the housekeeping and grounds upkeep but concerns itself with proper temperature and humidity for the furnishings." She smooths a hand embroidered linen pillow and rearranges the positioning of a chair as she continues, "The flowers must be fresh and the kitchen redolent of cinnamon and apples."

The furnishings include a hundred plus year old rosewood Chickering piano — a rare cocked-hat model, the gift of Yale University. One of the tables is an elaborate John Belter. A recent gift of Walter Mathis, the diningroom table and chairs are a splendid example of the best workmanship of the Victorian period. The tall windows sparkle and are hung with lace curtains of rare design while the old Crown Derby and Bristolware bespeak the elegance of a bygone era.

Besides the handsome fur-

niture given by Mr. Mathis, recent donations have included Johanna Steves' Rocking chair given by Mr. and Mrs. Gahanel Walker, a Victorian baby bed from Mrs. Barney Hightower and period glass compotes from Mr. Frank Wallace. Other donors are: Mrs. Albert Steves, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Steves, Mrs. Sam Bell Steves, Mrs. B.B. Ives and Mrs. Charles B. Christian. Items appropriate to the period 1890-1910 are welcome providing they are compatible with the decor.

Complimented on the general appearance of the homestead/museum, Nancy says, "It has been a gradual thing; a matter of each house volunteer chairman building on the good work of her

predecessor plus a lot of hard work and volunteer hours."

Each year, the San Antonio Conservation Society decorates "The Steves" for Christmas - using the traditional mix of Victorian and German styles favored by the original occupants. The Texas substitute for the tannenbaum is the cedar tree. Each year, a large, cranberry and popcorn garlanded tree with nineteenth century candles in holders occupies the place of honor in the parlor. The stair boasts swags and bows. This year, Nancy says, we must be certain to put our best foot forward for company is coming to dinner. The Society will host the filming of the holiday feast scenes for the Perry Como Christmas show in Early November.

*From
S.A. Conservation
Society Newsletter, 1986*

Neue Zeitung in Ratingen

Ratingen, 2. Januar 1850

Eine neue Zeitung wird es jetzt in Ratingen geben. Die erste Nummer des Lokaltages mit dem Namen „Ratinger Anzeiger“ ist am gestrigen Neujahrstag erschienen. Die Zeitung will, wie aus der Redaktion verlaute, den gesetzlichen Fortschritt sowie die verfassungsmäßige Freiheit und die Rechte und Interessen des Volkes vertreten. Es soll über die bedeutendsten Zeitereignisse, Neuigkeiten in der Stadt Ratingen, gewerbe- und landwirtschaftliche Angelegenheiten berichtet und auf belehrende und erheiternde Unterhaltung Rücksicht genommen werden.

Die Herausgeber sind zuversichtlich, daß ihre Zeitung guten Zuspruch in der Bevölkerung finden wird. Sie rechnen aber auch, gerade wegen ihrer demokratischen Haltung, mit Schwierigkeiten. So hat der Fabrikbesitzer Sch. bereits angekündigt, sein Betrieb werde der Zeitung kein Papier liefern, auch nicht gegen bare Bezahlung. Mit Demokraten wolle er nichts zu tun haben.

German Baptists mark 100 years

by Sheri Sellmeyer

KYLE — For a hundred years members of the Kyle German Baptist community have scrimped and saved, donated time and labor, built and rebuilt their church so that they could worship together. This weekend they plan to celebrate their centennial of fellowship.

Along with the familiar family names — Schmeltekopf, Lengefeld, Heideman and Hill — there will be plenty of out-of-town relatives, old friends and new families on hand to commemorate the hundredth birthday of Immanuel Baptist Church, originally known as the Kyle German Baptist Church.

The church got its start when several German families, lured to the Kyle area by plantation owner Col. R. J. Sledge, began worshipping together in their homes in the early 1880's.

Sledge, a native of North Carolina, had acquired thousands of acres of rich black farmland in the Pecan Springs area east of Kyle. Unhappy with local laborers, Sledge decided to bring German immigrants — known for their thrift and industry — to work as tenant farmers on his land. His interest in the Baptist church led Sledge to seek out German Baptists, followers of a relatively new faith in Germany.

The first families were those of Carl Wiegand and Christian Siebenhausen, who immigrated from the province of Hesse in northwest Germany. They were followed by the John Heidenreich family, who came by way of Alabama and were seeking open land to homestead. As the families became established

and word spread of the opportunities available in Hays County, more Germans came from the old country, from neighboring German towns, and from out of state.

The first few generations stuck close together, marrying within the community, teaching German to their children and preserving their old world heritage. Born in 1912 into a family that helped found Immanuel Baptist, (her grandfather

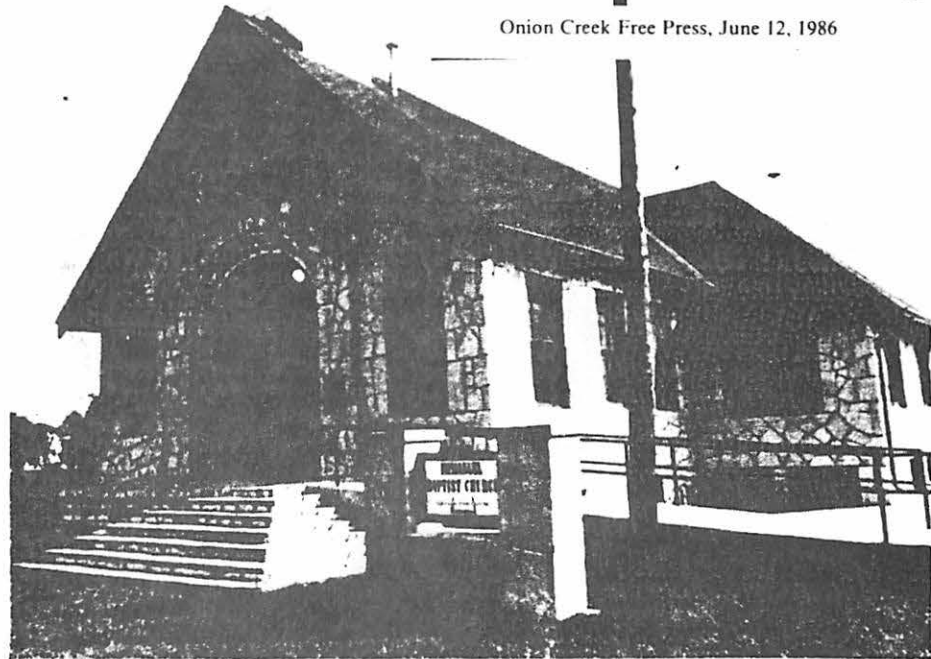
was John Heidenreich), Esther Lengefeld is in many ways typical of the church's longtime members.

She was taught in the church's Sunday schools, baptized in the Blanco River and married in Immanuel Baptist, and at age 73 her life still revolves around the church.

She remembers her baptism at age 12, when, dressed in a white dress and accompanied by her sister-in-law, she waded into the

Blanco with Rev. Robert Vasel. "Some of the older women were baptized at the (indoor) baptistry at Kyle (First Baptist)," Lengefeld says. "I guess they were afraid of the river," she added with a laugh.

The river baptisms were the result of both tradition and plain old conservatism. It wasn't until early this year that the church built its own baptistry; until then baptisms were



Onion Creek Free Press, June 12, 1986

A CENTURY OF FAITH — Members of Immanuel Baptist Church near Kyle will celebrate the church's hundredth birthday in special services this Sunday.

still conducted in the Blanco.

"The Germans are very conservative," says Mary Smith, wife of Immanuel's present pastor, Winston Smith. "If the river was good enough for them, it was good enough for the ones now, too."

Smith marvels that the church has remained debt-free through expansion, rebuilding and hard times. Until a few years ago church members, though they kept the church immaculate, resisted adding air conditioning, believing that was a luxury they could do without. "And some of them would still rather use the fans," Smith says.

The older members who grew up in the area are still the backbone of the church, Smith says, although in recent years the church has also attracted younger couples and families with small children.

That wasn't always the case. For many years Immanuel Baptist drew almost exclusively from the German community and its members inter-married or married German Baptists from other towns.

When Esther Lengefeld was a child, services were only conducted in German, and during the summer she attended a church-sponsored school to improve her reading and writing in the German language.

The church was forced to give up the German services during World War I, according to a history of Immanuel Baptist written by the late Minnie Knispel. Anti-German feeling was running high in the United States, and speaking German was discouraged.

That caused a hardship for then-pastor Robert Vasel, whose conversational English was limited. Lengefeld remembers Vasel with fondness. "He was a fine man. He did a lot with young people; he would be right with us in his Model T Ford," going to church outings and taking Sunday school classes to conferences.

Lengefeld was among the church members present in 1935 when the Heidenreich family celebrated its fiftieth year in the community, an event that was covered by the Austin, Kyle and San Marcos newspapers. According to an account published in the San Marcos Daily News, "Perhaps there is no community in Texas which can claim a more wholesome, religious atmosphere among its people than the settlement of substantial German farmers whose homes surround the German Baptist Church near Kyle. No wonder they are high class, refined citizens. They have builded

upon a sound foundation."

Over the years Immanuel Baptist has produced an impressive number of ministers, missionaries and church musicians. Two of the church's recent pastors have served as missionaries abroad. Of Esther and Kurt Lengefeld's three sons, one is a missionary in Japan and another serves as pastor for an interdenominational church in New Mexico.

To this day Immanuel Baptist is a member of the North American Baptist Conference, formerly known as the German Baptist Conference. Smith says that although its organization is somewhat different from the Southern Baptist Church, the churches' doctrine and services are very similar.

Immanuel Baptist's membership peaked in the 1930s; by 1940 it had 112 members. That was the year the

original church building, a wooden structure, burned to the ground after a brush fire went out of control. It was replaced by the stone building that stands today.

During World War II membership began to decline as the church's young men left to join the service and the twentieth century began to catch up with rural Hays County. Nineteen church members (including one woman) served in World War II; one was killed while serving in the Philippines. And af-

terwards the GI Bill gave Kyle's young men new educational opportunities. Many relocated as farming opportunities dwindled and new jobs became available after the war.

Although many descendants of the German settlers moved away, a fair number of them returned for the church's annual events: the Fourth of July picnic under the tabernacle, the Easter sunrise service, various family reunions.

And a good many of them will be on hand to celebrate on Sunday, when special services will begin at 10 a.m., followed by a noon meal under the tabernacle. Several special music performances are scheduled.

Longtime church member Adolph Hill has worked for months as coordinator for the day's activities; however he has recently been in frail health at Seton Hospital in Austin.

Speaker for the Sunday morning service will be Dr. H. John Vanderbeck, a former pastor of the church and now a staff member of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association. The afternoon speaker will be Edward Schmeltekopf, associate executive director of the Baptist General Commission of Texas.

FROM
ANNA
THOMPSON

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



Dr. Ferdinand Roemer

The 1983 Edition:

A reprint of the translation of
TEXAS, F. Roemer, Bonn, 1849.

With the addition of:
Preface to the 1983 Edition
Geological Preface, 1983
Index.

Accompanied by Roemer's map.

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

Books may also be purchased from the following members and Museums:

- Fredericksburg. . . Verein's Kirche; Ken Knopp
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- La Grange Fayette Heritage Museum; Leola Tiedt
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These books make a very nice memorial gift to your local library or Museum.

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Southwest Texas State University
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Sculptor Elisabet Ney cut a lively profile in the rather staid city of Austin at the turn of the century. In the book *Women in Texas*, Ney is described: "...riding about the capitol grounds clad in purple trousers with a footlong ostrich feather waving from her turban."

During the fall of 1892, nearly twenty years after she and her husband had settled at a plantation near Hempstead, Texas, Ney had moved to a studio named Formosa on the edge of Austin. Her friend and early biographer Bride Taylor would later claim that this move marked "a new era in the development of the state," one which exemplified Texas' change from a frontier culture with little appreciation for the visual arts to a society more accepting of painting and sculpture.

Like several early artists in Texas—Richard Petri, Hermann Lungkwitz, and Theodore Gentilz, for example—Elisabet Ney was European by birth and training. A native of Munster, Westphalia, she was the daughter of a prosperous stonecarver. Ney decided as a young girl to become a sculptor, says art historian Emily Cutrer. With only grudging consent from her parents, she left home in 1852 at the age of nineteen to enroll in the Munich Academy of Art, a rarity for a woman then.

Two years later, she moved to Berlin and studied with the famous sculptor Christian Daniel Rauch. Her sculpture shows the effect of his training—a new-classic approach to form, scale, and material, with naturalistic detail.

When asked about her choice of sculpture as a career, Ney replied that she "wished to meet the great persons of the world." The list of her works from the time she was with Rauch until her departure for America shows that she fulfilled her ambition, Cutrer says. Among the notables whose portraits she modeled were the philologist and collector of fairy tales, Jacob Grimm; the Italian revolutionary, Giuseppe Garibaldi; the Iron Chancellor of Prussia, Otto von Bismarck; and the "Mad King" of Bavaria, Ludwig II.

No one has documented whether Ney left Europe in 1870 for the United States for personal or political reasons. But it is known that she spent two dismal years in Georgia. Then she and her husband, the scientist Edmund Montgomery, lived together near Hempstead for about twenty more years. She devoted those years to their plantation and family.

When Ney tried to resume her

sculpture in the 1880s, she found that Texas was not a promising market for a professional artist. Enduring many disappointments, she received no commissions until 1892, when a women's group decided that Texas must have a building at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago the following year. They wanted this structure set off with renderings of Texas heroes. Her friend, former Governor Oran Roberts, helped Ney obtain commissions for statues of Sam Houston and Stephen F. Austin, for the fair's Texas Building.

With this work, she began a prolific new career. After her Austin studio was built, she produced numerous sculptures of noted Texans, among them Sul Ross, Francis Lubbock, John Reagan, and Joseph Sayers. The Daughters of the Republic assisted in seeing that her statues of Austin and Houston were placed in both the state and national capitols, where they still remain. And the United Daughters of the Confederacy persuaded the state legislature to grant Ney a commission for a memorial to Civil War hero Albert Sidney Johnston, erected over his grave in the state cemetery.

Ney never did receive commissions for major public monuments. Although she was rebuffed in attempts to establish an art department at the University of Texas, her studio was a mecca for Austin art lovers.

Elisabet Ney drew attention however, as much for her eccentric lifestyle as for her art, Cutrer says. Using her maiden name, wearing unusual artist's attire, and living in a Classic Revival studio, complete with tower, in an area of Victorian homes, she inspired gossip beyond her small circle of friends and supporters. Such public mistrust distressed her.

"Except for my few friends," Ney wrote in disgust, "I might have fancied myself to have been drifted among the...Bushmen while I was in Austin." Yet, she remained committed to Texas and to developing its cultural agencies. On a return trip from Europe, she wrote, "Though I am truly void of what one would call patriotism...the appellation of Texas has a charm of a peculiar kind, such as the name of no other part of the wide earth."

Ney died in Austin in 1907, but her studio has been maintained as a museum where her sculpture is on view for the public.

This Texas Sesquicentennial series is courtesy of The Texas Committee for the Humanities, The Shell Companies Foundation, Inc. and this newspaper.

Elisabet Ney

SLATON SLATONITE, JULY 31, 1986

From: Helena Tetley
Harris Blanks, TX

Zeitlose Weisheiten

Wer im Verkehr mit Menschen die Manieren einhält, lebt von seinen Zinsen, wer sich über sie hinwegsetzt, greift sein Kapital an.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal

Die Gegenwart ist nie unser Zweck; die Vergangenheit und die Gegenwart sind unsere Mittel; die Zukunft allein ist unser Zweck.

Blaise Pascal

Glück ist gute Gesundheit und ein schlechtes Gedächtnis.

Albert Schweitzer

Hassen heisst unablässig morden.

José Ortega y Gasset

Den Lasterhaften tadelt oft, wer ihn beneidet.

Wilhelm Busch

Bescheidenheit

Die Grosseltern kommen zu Besuch. "Hier, Peterchen, gebe ich dir ein schönes blankes Fünfmarkstück, weil du so brav warst."

"Das ist nicht nötig, Opa; ein schmutziger Zehnmarkschein täte es auch!"

Theater

"Was wird denn nächste Woche im Theater gespielt?"

"'Romeo und Julia.'"

"Was, gleich zwei Stücke?"

Gedankensplitter

Man muss in allen Dingen stets etwas in Reserve haben: dadurch sichert man seine Bedeutsamkeit.

Baltasar Gracian

Es ist keine Höflichkeit, dem Lahmen den Stock tragen zu wollen.

Arthur Schnitzler

Manche Menschen machen sich vor anderen so klein wie möglich, um — grösser als diese zu bleiben.

Christian Morgenstern

Aus gutem Grund

Beschwert sich Herr Mübbel: "Herr Ober, warum halten Sie die Bockwurst mit dem Daumen auf dem Teller?"

"Weil sie mir nicht ein drittes Mal auf den Fussboden fallen soll!"

German-Texan Heritage Society

Founded in 1978, the German-Texan Heritage Society is a non-profit organization devoted to building pride in the heritage of the German-speaking settlers who brought an important cultural ingredient to Texas. The Society is united in its effort to disseminate information about archives, research projects, cultural events, folklore, publications, and meetings related to German-Texan topics.

The Society seeks members from the general public....descendents of all German-speaking peoples, researchers, genealogists, history enthusiasts, folklorists, preservationists, and those interested in the German-Texan experience.

A NEWSLETTER is published three times a year (50-75 pages). It is sent to all members. The NEWSLETTER features a genealogical section which includes hints about research in German-speaking countries, Texas, and the United States; brief family histories submitted by members, and a genealogy exchange column. Other sections of the NEWSLETTER include reprints of articles from other publications, announcements about activities and events, a book review column, an annual index, and original essays about various topics related to German-Texana.

An ANNUAL MEETING is held the second weekend in September in various German heritage areas of Texas. The program emphasizes the German-Texan heritage and includes talks, slide shows, show-and-tell sessions, and discussions by researchers, preservationists, folklorists, authors, members who have a story to tell and guest experts in specific fields; informal social events; plays and music; and tours of historical sites in the host city.

Membership categories are:	Student	\$ 5
	Regular	\$ 8
	Contributing	\$15
	Institutional	\$15
	Foreign	\$12
	Patron	\$30

Projects of the Society are: 1) The reprint of ROEMER'S TEXAS, which may be purchased through the Society. 2) Sponsorship of the reprint of THE CABIN BOOK (DAS KAJUTENBUCH) by Charles Sealsfield which may be ordered from Eakin Press. 3) The creation of a German-Texan Registry, and 4) The reprint of Rudolph Biesele's THE HISTORY OF THE GERMAN SETTLEMENTS IN TEXAS 1831-1861. To be available at the 1987 meeting in Galveston. Approximate cost: \$15.95 plus tax. Forward by Hubert Heinen.

The German-Texan Heritage Society Calendar Year is from January to December. Membership and renewals should be made accordingly.

GERMAN-TEXAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

Southwest Texas State University
Dept. of Modern Languages
San Marcos, TX 78666

For more information contact:

German-Texan.



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GTHS NEWSLETTER

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

DEADLINES

SPRING.....JANUARY 20
SUMMER.....MAY 20
FALL.....SEPTEMBER 20

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 on or before the deadlines listed above. All articles should be typed, SINGLE SPACED on 8 1/2" by 11 paper, with a 1/4" margin on all edges. For sharpness and clarity, try to use film or a new cloth ribbon. And do not forget to clean your typewriter keys!!

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1988... SEPT. 9-11
AUSTIN
10th Anniversary
Anna Thompson

1989...SEPT. 8-10
SAN ANTONIO
Mary El-Beheri

1990...SEPT. 7-9
LA GRANGE/BRENHAM/ROUND TOP

1991...SEPT. 6-8
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1992...Sept.
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1993...Sept.
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1994...Sept
KERRVILLE/BOERNE/COMFORT

1995..Sept.
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1996..Sept.
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Texas Statehood 150 Year
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The actual date of publication varies .

Back issues are available for \$2.50 each for members, or \$3.00 each for non-members. Order from Dona Reeves-Marquardt, Rt. 2 Box 239 A, Buda, Texas 78610.

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German-Texan Heritage Society

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