

# My German-American Ancestors

Ich Rieche das Blut meiner Vorfahren  
(I Smell the Blood of my Ancestors)

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great great grandson of  
Abraham and Margaretha Mueller Fickeisen  
Andreas and Carolina Harth Noe  
Adam and Juliana Klein Buertel

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## Preface

I grew up in Marietta, Ohio, where I started grade school in the middle of World War II and high school in the middle of the Korean War. My younger brother, Tom, sister, Vicki and I were blessed to have a home in which we were able to live for a few years with my maternal grandmother's mother, Eva Fickesien Noe. Eva lived to be ninety two years old and died in 1951 when I was eleven. Her daughter, Clara Noe Sullivan also lived with us until after I had left home at twenty one. Thus, I was exposed from my earliest days to the descendants of the very extensive German-American community that settled in rural Washington County, Ohio around the middle of the Nineteenth Century. I heard my grandmother and great grandmother speak to each other in German phrases—not the “hoch Deutch,” as grandmother, Clara joked, but the “platte Deutch.” In other words, my ancestors were “Bauern,” simple German farmers who spoke plain, rustic language.

My grandmother, Clara gave her German New Year's Eve blessing in this low German, and I say it from memory here the way she said it “Guten morgen om Noy Yahr. Ich vunchen zie eyenuh grossuh fear eckishuh dish, und in yeahduh eckuh, gebrawtenuh fish.” In English, “Good morning on New Year, I wish you a big four-cornered table, and in each corner, fried fish.” She sometimes continued: “Wenn die Waffe nicht erlischt, kann ich mir nicht helfen.” (if the rifle doesn't fire, don't blame me.) I got to go with the family to visit Eva's sister, “Aunt” Annie Biehl, also during her late eighties and nineties, out on Pleasant Ridge. Once we visited the Ludwig Cemetery, which Anna helped tend until late in her life. I got to play with the grandkids of Eva Noe's daughter, Ella, who married Bill Moellendick, and settled in Washington Bottom, West Virginia on a very cool dairy farm. We not only got to eat that great farm breakfast, we got to help them feed the chickens from which the eggs came, and butcher the hogs from which the sausage was ground.

But my mother, Ella Lorene Sullivan Andris, had been deeply involved with almost all of the descendants of my German ancestors: the Fickeisens and the Noes, most of all, but also the Biehls and the Buertels. Marietta, Ohio is the county seat of Washington County. The descendants of many of these German families left the farm and came to town to find work. My father ran a grocery store, and was on friendly terms with hundreds of Mariettans. As a child, I encountered even more names from that community: Guckert and Gutberlet, Lauer and Ludwig, Schultheiss and Seyler and many others. So here were Lorene “Red,” Clara and Eva—these three generations, my mom, my grandmother, and “grandma,” my great grandmother—and they formed a community of remembrance for that way of life that was passing away. Frankly, it was quite a bit of fun to listen to first these three, and then, when Eva died, to these two story tellers. And after Clara died, my mother was more and more disposed to take time to retell the history, especially of Abraham and Margaretha Fickeisen, parents of Eva Fickeisen Noe, and of Andreas and Carolina Harth Noe, parents of Eva's husband, Louis Noe.

By this time, I was deeply embarked on my career as a college professor. Settled near St. Louis, Missouri, I made the long drive back to Marietta for the holidays for decades after I left home. Mom and I became the next generation of the community of

remembrance of souls who had passed on. At some point, I made contact with the small but dedicated community of genealogists who live and work around Marietta. I started looking at census records, church records, deeds, birth and confirmation certificates. I began to write this stuff down, but I was never content just to do charts of ancestors. Always I was looking for the story behind the facts, because it is in the story behind the facts that one finds and grows to love the people who are the subject of the stories.

When web publishing came out around 1994, I was the first professor on my campus to put up a website. Over a few years, I developed quite an extensive website devoted to the history of my German and Belgian ancestors.<sup>1</sup> That website, I have found out over the decades, has been a source of both information and inspiration for many people who are researching their own family history. I don't keep track any more, but I used to follow the people who looked at my website, tens of thousands of them from literally all over the world. The only continent that has not recorded a "hit" on my genealogy website is Antarctica, and I suppose now that that continent is warming up, there may soon be a hit from there, too. Not only have a lot of people looked at that website, but many have contacted me as a result, and my knowledge of my ancestry has grown enormously from that contact. I have had some truly remarkable encounters with relatives both in cyberspace and in person.

It turns out, however, that website content is volatile and ephemeral. Right now, the main site is on the servers at Southern Illinois University Edwardsville, because as an emeritus faculty member there, I have lifetime space in their domain. But when I die, I suppose that website will be taken down. If there is no record of a more permanent kind, all my work and caring will be lost to the world. And so I have determined to write down a book about some of this history. I do it humbly, because I am not a trained historian, but I do it proudly, because it seems to me that through these stories I retell, I actually am keeping alive the memory of truly wonderful people, from whom I am blessed to have been descended. They made my life possible, and so I can at least honor their memory in this way. I may not have left any descendants (and that might not be entirely bad), but I have left a good piece of the past for the descendants of my brother and sister and for many others.

As it turns out, writing a book is a darned difficult and demanding task. I have had to cut this first writing adventure way back in order to manage it. I have therefore produced a book that I believe portrays all six of my first generation German ancestors fully and accurately. The one exception to that is my great great grandmother, Margaretha Mueller, and I regret knowing so little about her ancestry. I have focused on the time frame between 1800 and 1900, and really concentrated on the period of the 1840s through the 1880s. I have so much more information than I have recorded here, but I am not sure that I will be able to follow this trail into the present.

This book is perhaps an odd mixture of fine detail, broader perspective, and stories of personal triumph and tragedy. I did it this way deliberately. If you come to a chunk of thick data that seems unmanageable to you, well, just keep reading until you get to the juicy stories, and then go back for more detail if you need to. I am not and never will be

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<sup>1</sup> <http://www.siu.edu/~jandris/genealogy/html/mytree.html>

a novelist or a movie producer, but I firmly believe that this book could be more than enough basis for a good novel or film. So just read it that way, as if you are a producer looking for a good story. You'll find it in here. Also, here is a hint. If the length of this book seems intimidating, just start with the conclusion and then look for what interests you.

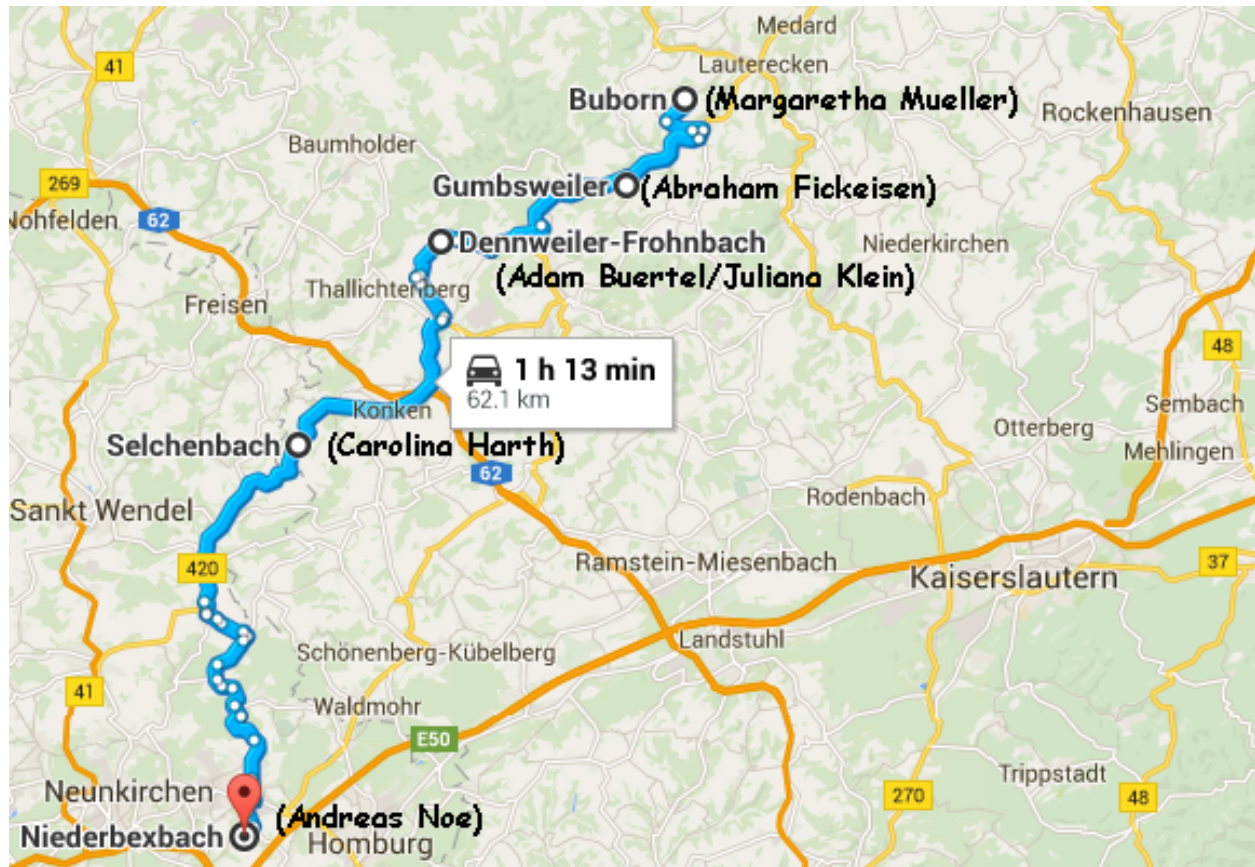
I want to thank some people whose skill, time and generosity made this book possible. Mom, though you are now living with the saints, it's your love of your ancestors and your children that gets the biggest share of the credit. More times than I can count, when I needed a piece of information, or sometimes when I needed a whole lot of information, Catherine Sams was there to assist me. We're talking about decades of help here. Also, over the years, both Ernie Thode and Barbara Gearhart Matt have given generously of their time and talents. And since both Ernie and Barbara are translators and writers, I have also drawn heavily on their published and unpublished efforts. It was Ernie Thode who connected me with Heinrich Becker of Dittweiler, Germany. Heinrich is also a researcher and a writer and a generous man. He guided my brother, Tom, sister, Vicki, and I on a marathon tour of the villages of many of our German ancestors in 2000. In return, I was able to translate one of Heinrich's articles into English. You may want to read sections of my journal of that trip, published in the appendices. I'm very grateful for the help of Debra Jeffers of Galion, Ohio for her help in uncovering some Fickeisen roots. More recently conversations with Kurt Ludwig and Donna Berg Betts have been very helpful in tying up loose ends and providing insight. My old high school friend and work companion on my first job out of college, John McClure, has given me lots of useful material. Thanks to my sister, Vicki Smith, for reading the manuscript enthusiastically and detecting a number of corrections. Finally, I would be remiss if I did not thank the many relatives with whom I have corresponded over the years about these matters, and that includes Peggy Burge, Jay Drummond, Curt Fickeisen, Peter Gavette, Manfred Harth, Lila Hill, Mary Ann Knoke, Doris Cox Lee, Tim Moellendick, Eleanor Cox Scott, and Michael Sullivan.

All Saints Day, November 1, 2015

Jim Andris, St. Louis, Missouri

## My German Immigrant Ancestors: Ich rieche das Blut meiner Vorfahren<sup>2</sup>

Every one of us has 16 great great grandparents. I am 3/8 German. I have been to all of the villages in which my 6 German great great grandparents were born. They all were born, in fact, within 30 miles (50 km) of each other. Five of them were born in the Kusel Landkreis (like a county in the USA), and one was born just across the border in the Saar region. It is interesting and informative to see a map of this situation, and just as interesting and informative to trace the emigration/immigration paths of these six ancestors, along with their paths to marriage and building a family in the United States of America.



**Fig. 1:** Points of Emigration of Six of my Ancestors

Carolina Harth was the first of these six ancestors to come to this country at age five as part of the Theobald Harth/Katharina Nau family with eight children. The family emigrated from Selchenbach on May 5, 1846, settling in Salem Township in Washington Co., Ohio just a couple of miles from where the family of her future husband-to-be, Andreas Noe, would end up settling. Andreas emigrated in the Spring of 1852 at age

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<sup>2</sup> I am greatly indebted to the scholarly works of Dieter Zenglein, Walter Nikolaus, and Heinrich Becker and to the work and translations of Ernest Thode and Barbara Gerhart Matt. Their various works will be cited throughout this article.



seventeen, also as part of the large family of nine children headed by Jacob Noe/ Elizabetha Klein(Blinn). They came from Niederbexbach, Saar. It is highly likely that Carolina Harth met Andreas Noe only after the families had settled in the north central part of Washington County about eight miles from Marietta, Ohio as the crow flies.

Their lives together will be covered in more detail subsequently, but **Andreas Noe and Carolina Harth**—constituting as it were **one third** of my German ancestry—came to settle and raise a family of nine children. I am descended from their eldest son, Ludwig “Lewis” or “Lou” Noe, who married Eva Fickeisen, my great grandmother. Eva was the fifth child of **Abraham Fickeisen and Margaretha Mueller**. This couple, also immigrating from the Kusel area of Germany to Washington County, Ohio, constitutes a **second third** of my German ancestry. The **final third** of my German ancestry is constituted by **Adam Buertel and Juliana Klein** of the Dennweiler/Frohnbach area of the Kusel Landkreis. I want to trace the immigration pattern of each of these three couples, but in order to do this, I am going to need to describe both the situation from which they were departing and the situation to which they were arriving.

### **When did my German ancestors leave and why?**

The people of the Rheinland-Pfalz were no strangers to the evils of war, political struggle, and subjugation of the poor and peasants to the will and fortune of an aristocratic ruling class. This went on for hundreds of years. The Palatinate itself has always been a kind of political football that rulers used primarily to their own purposes. It was invaded by troops during the Thirty Years War (1618-1648), disrupted in the Seven Years War (mid-1700s) and again by the French during the French Revolution (1789-1799).

Before the story continues, however, we need to take a more careful look at an aspect of the situation in Europe during the first half of the 19th Century. The spirit of the times was one of impending revolution. Recall that the successful American Revolution was fought both in the Revolutionary War (1776) and also in the War of 1812. The French Revolution, fought in 1789-1799, filled the European air with the ideals of republican government: freedom, representative government, and rights. The old system of control and taxation by kings, aristocracy and the clergy was slowly but steadily being challenged. In Germany in addition to the large kingdoms of Prussia, Bavaria and Austria, there were scores of smaller states vying for power and control. These states had been loosely unified in 1815 as a result of the Congress of Vienna after the defeat of Napoleon. However, the Federal Convention (as the German Federation was known) was largely controlled by conservative and autocratic interests. This continued to feed the revolutionary spirit in Germany to consolidate around freedom and unification. Starting in 1815, throughout Germany student activists agitated for national, liberal democratic government in German-speaking states through public demonstrations, presenting petitions to leaders, writing tracts and articles in liberal newspapers, and occasional gatherings and festivals.

It is interesting that the famous Hambach Festival of 1832 occurred near Neustadt, Germany, less than 50 miles east of the area from which my ancestors came. The Hambach Festival was organized following the banning by the state of a democratic

association for freedom of the press and speech. The initiators of this banned association managed to mobilize “about 20-30,000 people from all ranks of society—workmen, women, students and members of parliament, as well as from France and Poland. A delegation of 17 to 20 Polish emigrants took part in the procession from the Neustadt market place uphill to the castle ruin. This pro-Polish support expressed in Hambach was the climax of German liberals' enthusiasm for Poland.”<sup>3</sup> While little came of the demonstration—the German Federation immediately imposed even stricter bans on such outcries—the Hambach Castle became an icon for the continuing struggles for a unified German democracy.



**Figure 2.** As you can see from this Encyclopaedia Britannica map, in 1835 there were just a few large states influencing the region of the Palatinate, the homeland of my German ancestors. Those were Bavaria, Prussia, the French Empire, and far to the east, The Austrian Empire. Europe during this period was greatly influenced by the consolidation of and warring between these large powers. Previous to the 19th Century but following the breakup of the Holy Roman Empire, Germany had been composed of a number of small states, the outlines of which can still be seen on the map.

<sup>3</sup> Hambach Festival, Wikipedia, accessed 29 Aug 2015.

The period of German history we are discussing is sometimes called the “Vormärz,” meaning previous to the [month of] March Revolutions of 1848. Things were so bad in Europe that protests erupted in France, the Italian States, Denmark, Austria, Hungary, and Switzerland. There were even demonstrations in Ireland and Belgium, wherein the other five eighths of my ancestry originated. In Austria in March, students led by a priest demanding universal male suffrage and a constitution triggered a struggle by Emperor Ferdinand I to suppress this movement. Eventually Ferdinand’s prime minister, Metternich, was forced to resign, and Ferdinand himself, to abdicate in favor of his nephew, Franz Joseph. This struggle in Austria was a catalyst that spread to other German-speaking states: Baden, Prussia, the Rhineland-Pfalz and Palatinate, and Saxony. For a time it looked like the King of Prussia, Willhelm IV, would be forced to accede to popular demands for better government for the people.

The final drama of the German Revolutions of 1848-1849 would be played out first in Heidelberg and then in Frankfort, less than 100 miles from my ancestral home. The level of activism was so high that a group of liberals, dominated by students, professors and those with university degrees, managed to put in place a plan to assemble in Frankfurt “to create a modern constitution as the foundation for a unified Germany.”<sup>4</sup> The National Assembly, as it was called, debated several issues throughout the next months, including whether to include Austria in the new federation, whether to be a hereditary monarchy or a republic, and should the federation be weak or strong. However, ruling interests in Austria, Prussia and other places continued to undermine and roll back some of the progress that had been made in the earlier March revolutions. The National Assembly grew increasingly out of touch with this shift in social forces. Even though the Assembly did offer the new constitution and a crown to King Frederick Wilhelm IV in April of 1849, he was disdainful of the offer. The old Prussian and Austrian authority had regained enough power to completely neutralize the efforts to forge a constitutional union of German states, and once again, arbitrary and oppressive rule was put in place throughout most of the German states.

Despite the seeming severity of the political situation in what is today southwest Germany in the first half of the 19th Century, at least one historian thinks that “It is proved that the emigrants for political reasons were only a disappearing small minority in comparison with the large mass of emigrants for socio-economic reasons.”<sup>5</sup> Nevertheless, it is hard to sharply discriminate what constitutes a political reason for emigration. Many left to avoid the almost universal lengthy military conscription for all men from ages 18-25. States fought wars and financed them by levying heavy taxes, confiscating property and forcing citizens to feed or house military personnel. Often military presence in a community was intimidating in subtle and not so subtle ways.

Wherever we might choose to draw a boundary between political and socio-economic oppression, the fact is that many people had a poor standard of living, aggravated by

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<sup>4</sup> German Revolutions of 1848-49,” Wikipedia, 30 Aug 2015.

<sup>5</sup> Thode, Ernest, translator of Zenglein, Dieter, Nikolaus, Walter and Becker, Heinrich, “To the Banks of the Ohio: An Essay on Emigration of People from the Kohlbach Valley to America Especially Washington County, Ohio, 1988 in celebration of the Bicentennial of Marietta and Washington County, p.17.

epidemics, droughts, wet weather, famine, and crop blight, to name some of the factors. These conditions alone would have motivated people to leave Germany and seek their fortune in a land of promise far away. But by the mid-seventeen hundreds, there was another force at work to motivate the mass exodus that occurred in the 19th Century. This was the lifestyle and living conditions of the German farmer. One of the marks of success, an aim for young farmers, was to acquire, sustain or add to their own parcel of land for themselves and for their families. These families were typically quite large. It was not uncommon to see a family of ten or a dozen children, even though child mortality was higher then. A woman often married early, and she had roughly a generation (25 years) of fertility before her. There was no clear concept of or desire for contraception, and so children tended to be born every two to three years, the woman becoming fertile again as the child was weaned at about 18 months. A man was expected to find good husbands for his daughters, and he was expected either to leave property for his sons, or to provide resources for their securing a livelihood in a trade or business.

The system that had been in place in the Germany of my farming ancestors was frankly patriarchal and involved the passage of accumulated wealth and property down the male line of the family. This was a cultural phenomenon which occurred in both the minority Catholic and majority Protestant families of the Rheinland-Pfalz. Already in the late 1700s, many farms had been divided so many times to provide inheritance for the male children that the resulting plots of land were inadequate to support even a single family. Not only that, but the land itself had been over-farmed, and was not rich and fertile as it once had been. During this time, too, the younger sons of large families received their inheritance as support for a lifetime as a craftsman or tradesman. Yet even these occupations were controlled and dominated by older established men, requiring years or even decades of work as journeyman or apprentice. A final set of factors working in favor of emigration from Germany to America were the significant number of crop failures due mostly to periods of drought or wet weather, pestilence and crop blight.

### **Patterns of German Emigration and Immigration**

There were significant German settlements on the East Coast of the U.S.A. well before the Revolutionary War began in 1776. Dieter Zenglein has told the story of two emigrants from the Palatinate (Rheinland-Pfalz), cousins Johann Theobald Schramm and Jakob Berg of Altenkirchen in the Kohlbach Valley.<sup>6</sup> Though they separated soon after entering the Colonies, both men ended up marrying and establishing families, Schramm in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and Berg in Frederick, Maryland, where a German-American community had been established by Johann Thomas Schley around 1750.

The English controlled the territory west of the Appalachian Mountains prior to the Revolutionary War, and settlement of that area by non-British subjects was discouraged or strictly forbidden. Too, this area was inhabited or visited by several Native American tribes. The Delaware, Shawnee and Chippewa (Ojibway) were all involved in clashes

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<sup>6</sup> Thode, Ernest, op. cit., pp. 2-6.

with trappers/settlers in Ohio during the 1700s.<sup>7</sup> The inaccessibility of this region for settlement and use by the USA was one of the issues leading to the American Revolution. The peace treaty with Britain, known as the Treaty of Paris and signed on Sept. 3, 1783, gave the U.S. all land east of the Mississippi River and south of the Great Lakes, though not including Florida. In 1787 the Congress of the Confederation (then the ruling Congress of the U.S.A.) established the Northwest Territory with guidelines for settlement and statehood. The first governor of the Northwest Territory, Arthur St. Clair, formally established the government on July 15, 1788 at Marietta, Ohio. Plans were made to survey and mark off plots of land in the Northwest Territory and sell them to finance the new nation, which was in financial distress after the War.

Focusing just on Washington County, Ohio, where my ancestors settled, specifically in Lawrence Township, the situation into which these German settlers were moving was but a few decades removed from wilderness. General Rufus Putnam is generally credited for exercising the leadership, foresight and political sagacity to bring about the Ohio Company of Associates, the establishment of the city of Marietta, Ohio, and its settlement by colonists from New England, specifically Massachusetts. Many of these colonists were veterans of the Revolutionary War. Putnam also envisioned the system of county and township divisions of the land that eventually became law in 1788. Once the conflict between the Native American inhabitants of Ohio and the white pioneers had been settled in 1797 after years of war, Washington County became a more promising destination. Enormous tracts of virgin forests remained in Ohio, and particularly in Washington County, throughout the 19th Century. Clearing the land for farming was hard work, about as difficult as one could find, and many of these soldier/settlers, of basically English extraction found that they were not suited for and not particularly successful at the work involved in running a farm.

Washington County, Ohio was originally the largest county in the state. As settlement progressed, portions of that county were broken off into other counties, until Washington County reached its present day size. German immigration to the U.S.A. exploded after 1820. By 1880, over 3 million Germans had immigrated, followed by another 1.5 million in the 1880s. According to several sources, it was just after 1830 that German immigrants began settling in significant numbers in Washington County. Here is a quote from a 19th Century source:

The settlement by people of this [German] nationality may be said to have commenced early in the thirties—1832-'33-'34—being the years when the pioneer families arrived. Fearing township was the locality in which the earliest settlers made their homes, and they soon spread into Marietta township, Adams, Salem, Liberty, Lawrence, and Newport, and now there is no township in the county which has not a liberal sprinkling of German population. The largest immigration was from 1840 to 1850 and was nearly equalled in the decade following.<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>7</sup> A History of Washington County, Ohio: With Illustrations and Biographical Sketches, 1881, H. Z. Williams & Bro. Publishers, available free on GoogleBooks.

<sup>8</sup> Ibid., p. 100.



**Figure 4:** Map of Fearing Township, Washington County, Ohio, 1997.

Keeping track of how the various townships in Washington County were formed and grew need not detain us too much, but it is an important aspect of tracking the growth of the German American communities of the County for serious genealogists. For our purposes it is noted that Marietta Township, which includes the city of Marietta, was formed in 1790. The current township immediately north of Marietta is Fearing Township, which was formed in 1808 and named after the Hon. Paul Fearing, the first

lawyer in the Northwest Territory. Fearing Township became an ideal place for these German expatriates who embraced subsistence farming as a profession. It has never been the least bit urban. It is four miles wide and six miles north to south. The west half of Fearing Township is cut through north to south by Duck Creek, a tributary of the Ohio River. Plats for Marietta lots were laid out in the very southwest corner of Fearing Township, but Marietta never grew out of Marietta Township, and certainly not in the 19th Century. The two important, but very small, farm communities of Fearing Township are both located on Duck Creek, Stanleyville in the southern half of the township, Whipple at the northern edge.

This contemporary map of Fearing Township will help to explore the emergence of the German American community of my ancestors. The earliest settlers here were mostly English. By 1815 a library and a Presbyterian church had been built. But by the beginning of the 1830s, Germans had arrived, bought land, and organized churches. Some of these Germans began to also be involved in township matters: Andrews' History of Washington County remembers these names "Donakers, John Amlin, a native of Germany, ... the Seylers, Conrad Biszantz, Jacob Zimmer, Theobald Zimmer, Dietrick and Henry Pape, Theobald Boeshar, Lewis Mottcr, John Bules, Rev. F. C. Trapp, and Conrad Leonhardt."<sup>9</sup>

### **German Churches Emerge in Washington County, Ohio**

One of the earlier settlements in Washington County was the Highland Ridge community founded in northwest Muskingum Township between the Muskingum River and present day I-77. The church and cemetery are still there today.<sup>10</sup> The site was a likely site for early settlers. While located on a high ridge, it is about a mile away from the Muskingum River, a major tributary of the Ohio. Marietta was a few miles downstream at the mouth of the river. The church location is shown in the upper right of Fig. 4.

For example, a group of seven families emigrated from Dittweiler to settle mostly on Highland Ridge in 1834.<sup>11</sup> They soon began attending English speaking services at nearby Cedar Narrows on Duck Creek, but longed for their own German-speaking church. By 1835 they had built a log cabin church and identified as their minister young

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<sup>9</sup> "History of Marietta and Washington County, Ohio, and representative citizens," Martin R. Andrews, M.A., Biographical Publishing Company, Chicago, IL, 1902, 851 pp. Available online.

<sup>10</sup> Fry, Millie Covey, "German-American Communities: Churches, Cemeteries, Records and other Sources, Washington County and adjoining townships in Noble and Monroe Counties, Ohio, 2001-2007, 26 pp.

<sup>11</sup> Becker, Heinrich, "The Forgotten Sons and Daughters of Dittweiler," My brother Tom taught German at Marietta High School. He gave me this fascinating article from a publication in honor of the 675th Jubilee of the town of Dittweiler in the Rhineland-Pfalz area of Germany. In it we hear how the residents of the Kohlbach Valley, which is just a few kilometers from the Noes, the Fickeisens and the Buertels of my ancestry, migrated in the early 19th Century to Washington, County, Ohio. No doubt many of these followed very similar paths to the ones taken by my great great grandparents. I have translated his article. [Online.](#)

Theodore Schreiner, who stayed with them until 1854. Schreiner immigrated in 1833 with his wife, Anna, and infant son, and by 1850 they had four more children.<sup>12</sup>



**Fig. 5:** Collage of Highland Ridge Church, 2004

Schreiner had led a group of about 75 former inhabitants of the Bavarian Palatinate to America, where they purchased land west of Duck Creek and settled there. This was part of a larger exodus from Germany as a result of the suppression of those who participated in the Hambach Festival (May, 1832), demanding a constitution, a free press and German unification. Later, their church in Germany had been called the Unified Protestant Evangelical Christian Church of the Palatinate. In fact, Schreiner identifies his occupation as “minister, P. Evan.” in the 1850 Census.

At the same time, the reality of this pioneer life—spread out over hundreds of farms, each between 40 and 100 acres large—placed a practical limit on how many people could regularly attend the Highland Ridge Church. Over next years and decades, German churches sprang up around the county to meet the worship needs of these immigrants. One of these was ultimately to become the center of German American intellectual and cultural life in Fearing Township, and perhaps even in Washington County.

<sup>12</sup> 1850 Census of Adams County, Ohio



The founders of the Berg Church first attended the Highland Ridge church, but needed a church that was nearer and more accessible to north central Fearing Township. On November 30, 1846, Peter Berg, who immigrated in 1841 with his family, sold a plot of land, and the “Second Protestant Evangelical Church” was formed.<sup>13</sup> The first minister for the Berg Church was Theodore Schreiner. When Daniel Hirsch and his family immigrated in 1852, he replaced the Rev. Schriener as minister of the Berg Church, and served as such until 1873.

### **The Career of Rev. Daniel Hirsch**

At the age of 21 Daniel Hirsch, born in 1815, impressed the local Bavarian authorities by quickly and effectively improving conditions at a Protestant girls’ school in Altenkirchen that had been allowed to degenerate by the previous old schoolmaster. He was in every respect scholarly and a diligent teacher. In 1836 he secured a tenured position at the girls’ school from the local Office of Internal Affairs. In 1839 he joined a prominent local family by marrying Philippina, daughter of Conrad Weiss, the owner of a local coal mine in Altenkirchen. In the next few years, Daniel and Philippina Weiss Hirsch augmented their family with several children.

Daniel Hirsch was also a liberal and very much in tune with the intellectual movement of the time. He helped to found the Altenkirchen People’s Society, and on occasion, spoke out in public in a critical way about the excesses of the government and the lack of political freedom. A particularly colorful image from his life as political activist is described in his letter of dismissal from authorities in 1849, just after the failure of the previously mentioned German Revolution of 1848-49 as it manifested in Altenkirchen:

... Hirsch, with a large number of sixty to seventy inhabitants from Altenkirchen and Dittweiler, all belonging to the People’s Society, came with drumbeats carrying a flag to Bruecken, and improperly, without permission of the community, into the schoolhouse there intending to found a People’s Society there, so that the inhabitants there were recruited to join in the movement and received ... inflammatory newspapers ... to read.<sup>14</sup>

The authorities noted his service to the school and excellence as a teacher, and permitted him to seek employment elsewhere. However, not one of the 19 positions he applied for was secured by him. Hirsch was forced to emigrate with his family. He was a diligent, thorough man and kept detailed and careful records of all the families of the Berg Church in German fraktur script. These records ran from 1852 to 1915, but contain historical data from much earlier in the 19th Century. One of the reasons we have access to these extensive Berg Church records is due to the diligent lifelong work of Barbara Gearhart Matt, whose great great grandfather Theobald was the brother of the Johann Gerhart who came to Highland Ridge in 1834.<sup>15</sup> Matt has translated now many of these books from that script into English.

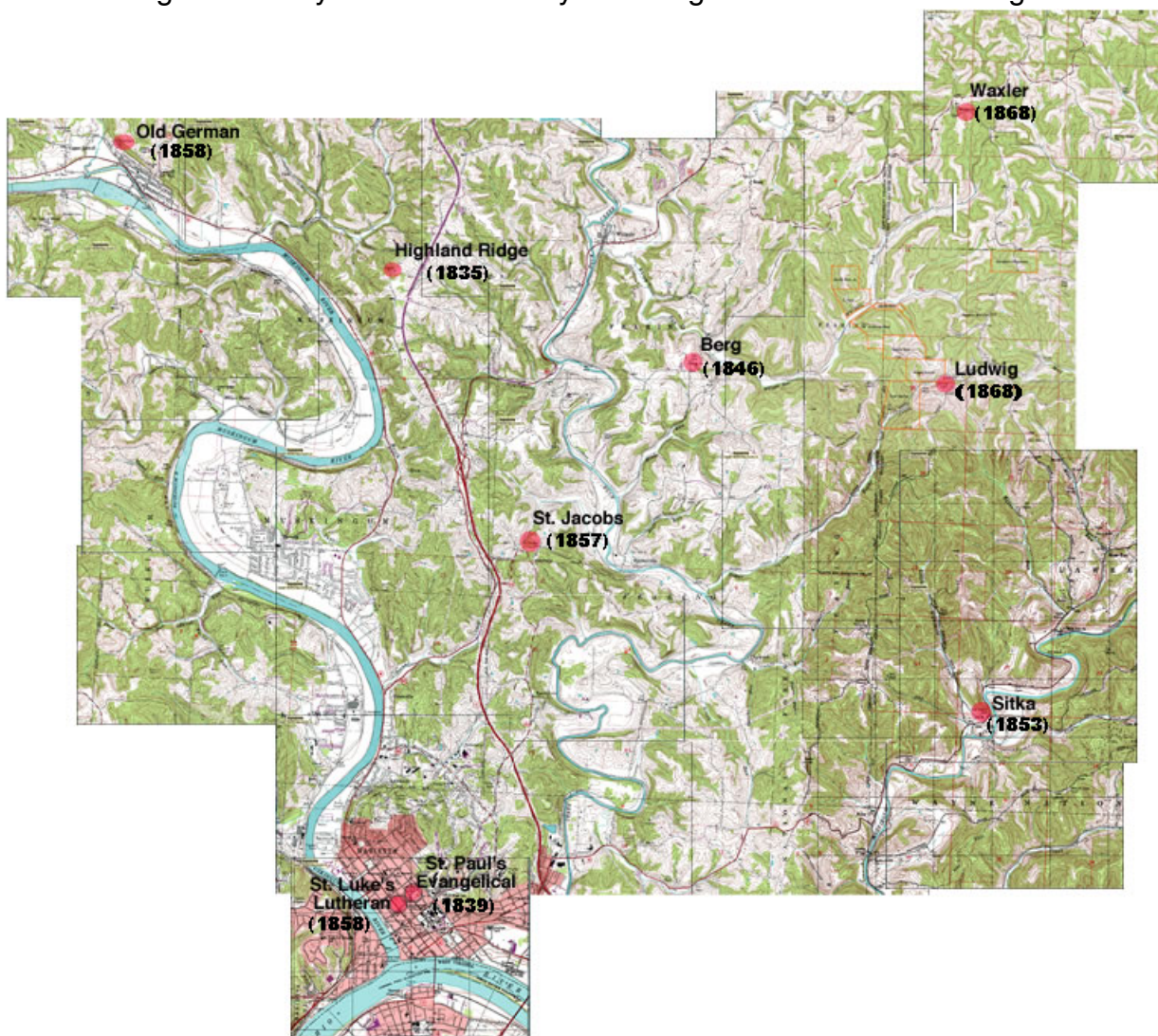
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<sup>13</sup> Becker, Heinrich, *The Forgotten Sons and Daughters of Dittweiler*, trans. by Jim Andris, online at <http://www.siu.edu/~jandris/genealogy/html/dittweiler.html>

<sup>14</sup> Thode, op. cit., p. 18.

<sup>15</sup> Many of these books are available through Amazon.com by searching on “Barbara Gearhart Matt.”

Over a period of thirty years, Hirsch developed a phenomenal career as a spiritual and educational leader of the German emigrant community in Washington County, Ohio. He also conducted German school during two decades of this period. After leaving the Berg Church as pastor, he served as pastor of the St. Jacob's church (the Ludwig Church) from 1874 until at least 1884, and then he retired. Hirsch died on May 19, 1893, and his tombstone can be found in the Berg Church Cemetery. According to an email from Ernest Thode, the seven church areas shown below are correctly identified as churches which Daniel Hirsch regularly pastored at some time during this period. The map, constructed many years ago from overlays of topo maps, shows seven successful German churches in Washington County, their dates of foundation, and their relationship to each other and to Marietta, Ohio in the lower left-hand corner. Each of these churches has its fascinating history, but only two of them are loci for the understanding most of my ancestors' history: the Berg Church and the Ludwig Church.



**Fig. 6:** German churches visited by Daniel Hirsch with dates of formation.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Fry, op. cit. and Thode, Ernest, "St. Luke's Lutheran Church," dedication program, 1992.

## Theobald Harth and Katharina Nau

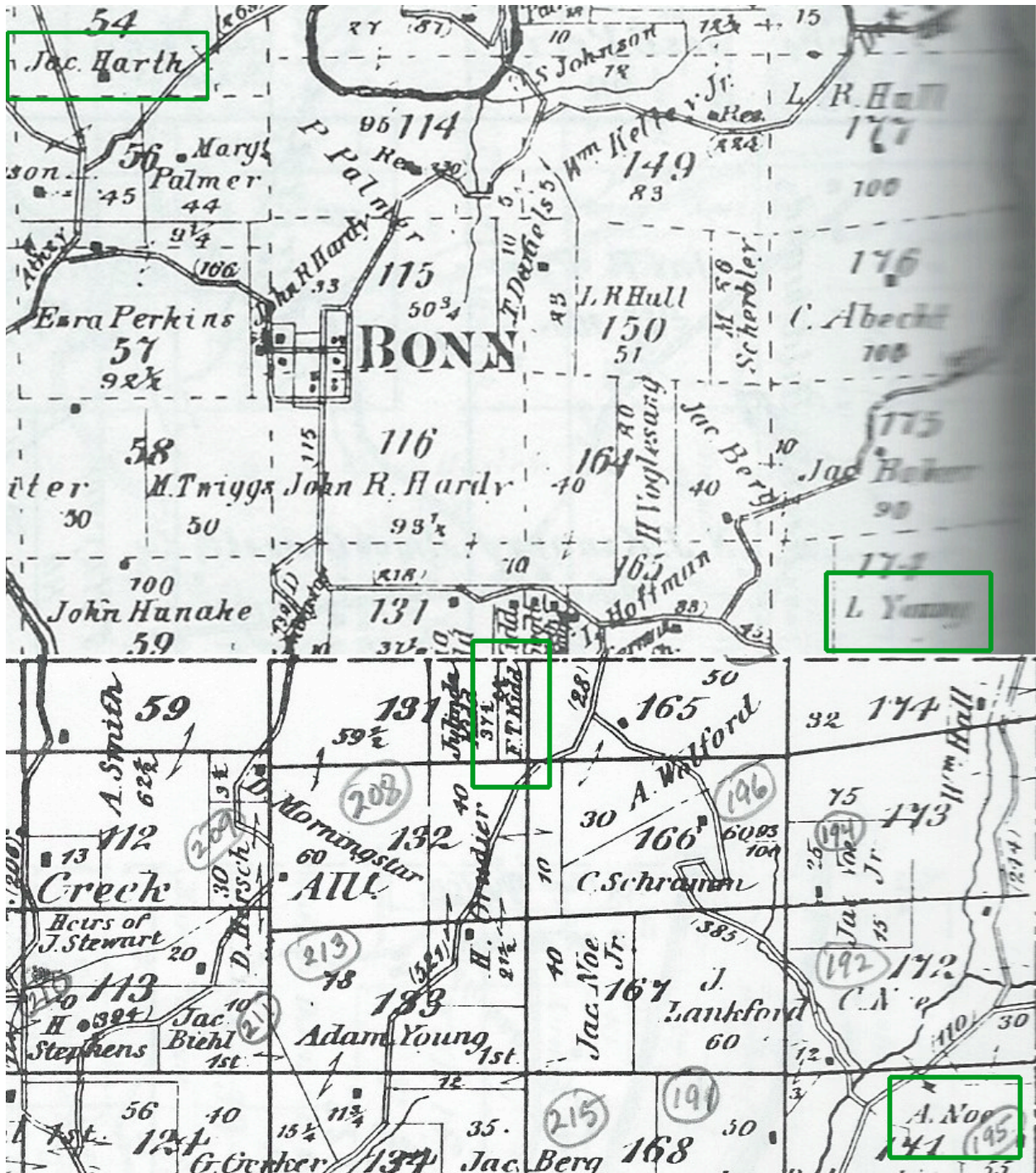
At this point in the story of my ancestors, I'd like to give you a more close introduction to one of them: Johann Theobald Harth. I have had to reconstruct his life almost totally using evidence from government and vital records, because I have no stories or family lore about that life.<sup>17</sup> He was born in 1802 in Selchenbach, Germany, just in a period where vast political forces swirled about the Rhineland. The little village of Selchenbach, decimated by war in the 17th Century, eventually settled into a population of about 300, the homes and a business or two strung out along the small stream after which it was named. Many of these villages contained homes for farmers who went out during the day to till their fields. During Theobald's childhood, Napoleon annexed a huge segment of western Germany, and he used the area's resources and men to fight his battles (1805-1815). Around 1818, the Rhineland became a part of the Kingdom of Bavaria. Theobald met and married Katharina Nau, a local girl, in 1826 just about the time his father Johann Jakob died. Very probably, Theobald and Katharina were farmers just as had been their parents and grandparents. First at a rate of one ever two years and later at a rate of one every three years, they built a family of four boys and four girls, including Carolina in 1841, who was to become my great great grandmother by marrying Andreas Noe in 1859.

The Theobald Harth family represents hundreds and hundreds of thousands of immigrants where a whole large family moves lock, stock and barrel from a settled life in Germany to establishing a new life in America. The entire family left Selchenbach on May 5, 1846. That included Theobald, 43, Katharina, 42, Theodore, Jr., 19, Katharina, 16, Elizabetha, 14, Jacob, 12, Daniel, 10, Margaretha, 7, Carolina, 4, and Ludwig, 1. They got on the ship, Charlotte Reed, at Le Harve, France. There were 196 passengers on this list; Harth and family were near the top of the list. We know from a later passage than this one that the Charlotte Reed was built in 1846, and that it was a 450 ton ship with a 17 ft. draft. In a late 1846 trip from Antwerp to New Orleans, the Charlotte Reed carried 152 passengers and took 46 days. This information also checks out well with the family story that the Abraham and Margaretha Mueller Fickeisen trip across the Atlantic took 48 days. We can be pretty confident that this large family was on the unfamiliar ocean for more than 6 weeks. They disembarked in New York. Since the passenger list indicates Aug. 12, 1846 as the arrival date, it is probable that they spent at least an equal amount of time (6 or 7 weeks) traveling from Selchenbach, Pfalz to Le Harve, France. That is a distance of about 400 miles. They were probably traveling by carriage, since there is no clear waterway across this part of Europe, and there were literally hordes of other emigrants taking this path. And finally, even though the path across the Allegheny Mountains from New York to Pittsburgh was fairly well beaten down now, this still was an additional 500 miles before they reached their destination. I have lost track of the data, but it seems like they arrived in Fearing Township early in November. In any case, the whole trip took 5 or 6 months. It is truly hard to imagine how such a family

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<sup>17</sup> I should point out that census, immigration, land, birth, marriage, death and farming records are now readily available through such portals as Ancestry.com and familysearch.org. I shall not attempt to carefully reference these sources, but I have done the research carefully, as have others.

could cope with staying together, feeding the children, finding lodging and just avoiding illness or serious mishap.



**Figure 7:** Locating the Theobald Harth Family

Except for the fact that Theobald's name appears once in an early undated membership of the Highland Ridge Church, and once as a signer of a document in 1858, I have no information on their transition during the four years from newly immigrated family in the

Fall of 1846 to 1850. However, by using the census entries for the Harth family for 1850 through 1870, along with an Atlas of Washington County, Ohio published in 1875, I have been able to seat the family in southeastern Salem Township.<sup>18</sup>



**Fig. 8:** Overlay of the Bonn of Today with the Bonn of 1873

<sup>18</sup> Atlas of Washington County, Ohio under the direction of D. J. Lake, C.E. Titus, Simmons & Titus, 1875, 50 pp. Reprinted 1985 & 2000 by Selby Publishing, Kokomo, IN. (Also available online at Ancestry.com)

The Atlas is really remarkable, in that it includes all the property lines and the names of the owners of the farms in every township in Washington County. The map in Fig. 7 shows the southeast corner of Salem Township abutted to the northeast corner of Fearing Township. In the 1850 Census for Salem Twp. #157, "Tahabold" Harth appears with wife and children, lists his occupation as farmer, and says the land is worth \$10. Even though we can't find Tahabold on the 1873 map, the Harth family is also found on same page of the 1850 Census with Thomas Kidd and family, occupation, farmer. Kidd lists his property value at \$450. F.T. Kidd (Fig. 7, boxed in green) is on southeastern border of Salem Township one mile from Bonn. Also on same page of the 1850 Census is Michael Waxler and family, carpenter; Isaiah Britton and family, blacksmith; Samuel Hamilton and family, shoemaker; the rest are farmers. From all these facts, it would seem that in 1850, the family's financial fortunes are hanging by a thin thread and they are either squatting on or renting a very small piece of land near tradesmen. This location is intriguing for a couple of other reasons.

Over the next two decades, the village of Bonn would grow. On today's map, there is nothing but a few farms and farm buildings. However, the Atlas has a detailed map of Bonn in 1873, and it is instructive to view today's map overlain by that map. (Fig. 8) Living a mile away from Bonn (or in it) was not a bad idea in 1875. Salem township formed by splitting off from Adams Township in 1797, and it became relatively settled in the next few decades. Duck Creek snaked through the center of Salem Township, and was the location of three thriving villages: Whipple, a couple of miles west of Bonn, and Warner and (Lower) Salem about three miles northwest of Bonn as the crow flies. However, being in the southeast corner of Salem Township, Bonn was relatively isolated. It's doubtful if Bonn ever achieved the thriving community status of Salem, Warner or Whipple. There is little information about Bonn in Andrews' History:<sup>19</sup> "Bonn, named by the Germans who early came here from the city of the Rhine, was laid out about 1835. The first store was opened here by Rufus Payne about the same year." In terms of understanding the Theodore Harth family, they may well have lived quite close to Bonn in 1850, and the carpenter, blacksmith, and shoemaker mentioned above may well have functioned out of Bonn. But that is just speculation.

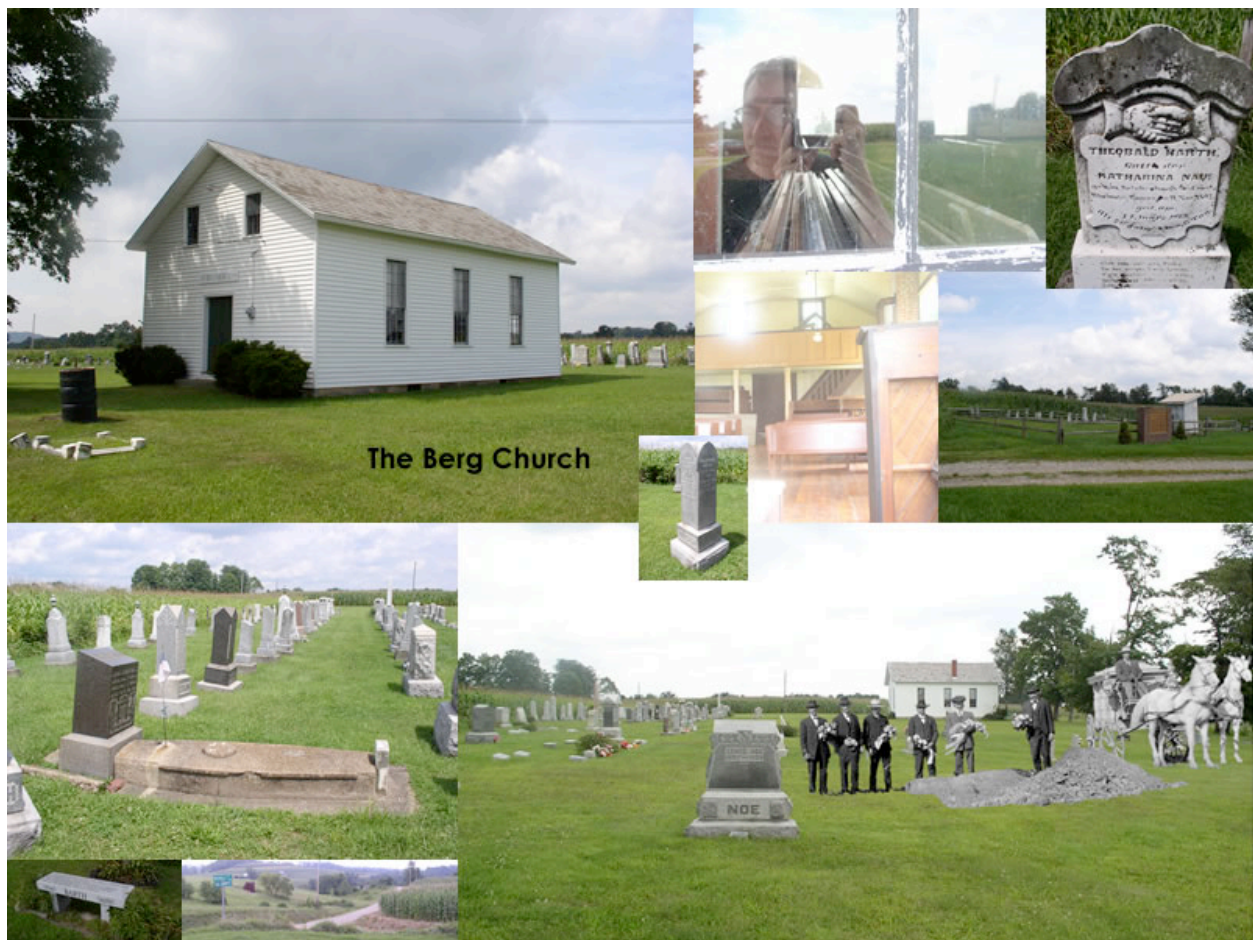
There was also a German Methodist Church organized in 1840, and a Cemetery dating from 1842, both near Bonn.<sup>20</sup> I have found no evidence that the Harth family attended either of these churches, though they might have. The church was one important center of these German farmers' lives, and their family German Bible was probably the only book in most of their lives. It was read out of and quoted from on Sunday, they named their children after the saints of the Hebrew Scriptures and the Gospels, they recorded their family history in the Bible, often times, they taught their children how to read and write from it, and they turned to their Lord and Savior in times of happiness, difficulty and grieving. In today's cosmopolitan world filled with secular images, it is hard to imagine how different was this frame of reference. Naturally, an immigrant family would soon have to find a church home and a pastor to guide them.

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<sup>19</sup> Op. cit., p. 321.

<sup>20</sup> Fry, op, cit., 13.

The evidence is that Theobald Harth and his family found a church home in the Berg Church. If, as I have argued, the Harths settled in southeastern Salem Township, then the Berg Church was right down the road from them, just a couple of miles away to the southwest. For that era, however, it was by no means a straight shot. (Cf. [Fig. 4.](#)) The Berg Church sits on a high ridge just south of Whipple Creek, a main tributary of Duck Creek. Today, two township roads run down from Bonn to the Berg Church. T 38 goes directly down along a 400 ft. ridge beside a small creek. T 518 goes down a ridge on the other side of that creek, farther east. The Harth family had to take one of those two routes going to the Berg Church. It looks like the biggest obstacle would have been getting across Whipple Creek and back up the steep incline to the church with two adults and eight children. But we do have clear evidence that this was their church home. In 1856, Daniel Hirsh—minister of the Berg Church from 1852 to 1873 and inveterate record keeper that he was—records the birth dates of the entire family, the marriage of the parents, their place of origin and the date of their date of emigration. They were #13 in a list of 91 families.



**Figure 9.** The collage above represents quite a bit about the history of the Berg Church and the lives of its members. Starting from the upper left and going clockwise we see 1) the Berg Church building itself, according to Heinrich Becker, originally built of logs and renovated or rebuilt several times, 2) top center, Jim Andris—seven of whose great great great grandparents attended this church at one time or another—photographs the

interior of the building, 3) top right, gravestone marker commemorating Theobald Harth (1802-1879) and wife, Katharina Nau (1803-1880), great great great grandparents of Jim, 4) middle center, the interior of the church, which according to Becker, was modeled on the Altenkirchen church in the Kohlbach Valley of the Palatinate, 5) middle right, long shot of the memorial marker containing the names of those interred in the cemetery, 6) center, long shot of the tombstone of Daniel Hirsch, 7) lower right and center, the funeral of George Ludwig Noe, Civil War Veteran, held on June 9, 1925. 8) left middle, the gravestone of Adam Schultheiss (1844-1893), 8) a bench remembering the Barth name, and 9) bottom middle, one of the township roads winds out through cornfields and hills in the distance.

Most German immigrants to the U.S.A. in the mid-19th Century expected and wanted to live within in the arms of the Church from cradle to grave. When you were born, within a few days to a few months, your parents would have arranged for you a baptism that was —at the same time as it was a sacrament before God—a celebration of of the birth of the child, the lives of the parents and the support of the surrounding community. Again, when you were in your very early teens, you were confirmed, essentially saying that while we all are children of God, this particular child has entered into the adult phase of his or her life, or at least into an apprenticeship for it. The next step in that very rigidly enforced path was to find a mate and get married, again in the arms of the Church, again before God, once again beginning the new cycle of human birth and rebirth. And when this child of God laid down its head on its final day on earth, it was buried in the church cemetery in a family plot next to the neighbors it lived, worked and played with—mostly work, considerably less play.

One of the many gifts that Rev. Daniel Hirsch gave back to the human race is that he understood the importance of this cycle of birth, baptism, confirmation, marriage, and death so well that he took the time to carefully record each one of these events in the Church Book. Many pastors have done this, but seldom lavishing the care and concern on essentially a secretarial task as did dear Rev. Hirsch.<sup>21</sup> By studying these records carefully, I have made an extensive sketch of the church life of the Harth family: the births, baptisms and confirmations of each of their children, their marriages, the development of their own families, and finally, where they took their final rest. Particularly the baptisms are fascinating, because sometimes, these were relatively large gatherings of people celebrating a happy event. To the ever blessedness of Daniel Hirsch, he recorded all the witnesses of each baptism.

### **Through the Decades: The 1850s**

Having weathered emigration, immigration, establishing a farm and finding a solid church, during the 1850s, the eight children of Theobald and Katharina Nau Harth begin, one by one, to marry and establish their own families. I suspect that most of these weddings were held in the home of the bride's parents. The oldest son, Theobald Harth, we shall have much more to say about further on in the book, but in March of 1852, Theobald marries Catherine Eschelmann, who is from Elk Township in the next

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<sup>21</sup> Again I state my gratitude for the work of Barbara Gearhart Matt of translating the Berg Church Records from German fraktur script into English and publishing these documents in an attractive, indexed form.



county, Noble County, where they settle. In May of 1853 third child, second daughter, Elizabetha marries Joseph Seyler, also an immigrant from Selchenbach, and they will settle nearby and have three children over the decade, Jacob, Theobald and Katharina. Her older sister, Margaretha, remains at home during the decade. And finally, early in 1858, fourth child, second son, Jacob marries Margaretha Reitenbach. This last event is an important one, for it will set the course for Theobald Harth, the patriarch. Second son, Jacob gradually assumes the head of household role as his parents age.

It looks to me like the marriage of Jacob to Margaretha was one of those necessary marriages that were actually not uncommon in these families. Daniel Hirsch did occasionally get dates and names mixed up, but not very often. The marriage of Jacob Harth and Margaretha Reitenbach took place on February 11, 1858, pretty much the middle of winter, and their first child, Andreas, was born on May 27, 1858, when Margaretha was five months pregnant. Then, in a pattern we shall see repeated, this male child is not baptized in two or three months, but rather on the eve of All Saints Day, October 31, 1858. When the baptism does occur, it turns out to be a Harth-Seyler-Noe event, and the reason for this is not hard to understand. Of course, proud papa, Theobald is there (and though not mentioned, his wife, Katharina, of course); they are probably hosting this event in the southeast corner of Salem Twp. Also present are two of Jacob Harth's sisters. Elizabetha, Jacob's next older sister, has married Jacob Seyler, and she is there. Carolina Harth, Jacob's youngest sister, has married Andreas Noe, and they are there. Jacob Seyler's half-sister, Elisabetha has married Daniel Morgenstern, and she is there.

I will talk about the Noe family in detail later in this document, but there is one other prominent aspect of this baptism that I cannot let pass. The record shows that Jacob Noe is at this baptism of Andreas Harth. Now, that could either be Andreas Noe's older brother, Jacob, or it could be Jacob's father, George Jacob Noe. In any case, Just two weeks before this All Saint's Eve baptism, a too-similar event occurred. Infant Andreas Noe, son of Jacob Noe and Margaretha Harth (another younger sister of the Jacob Harth of the last paragraph) was baptized on October 17, 1858. And just as above, Andreas Noe's mother, Margaretha, was four months pregnant. Forgive this tongue-in-cheek joke, but that must have been SOME party held around September 1, 1857. Seriously though, this birth of two boys named "Andreas"—these boys conceived almost the same time, these boys with later fall baptisms while their mothers are four or five months pregnant—can neither have escaped notice or failed to be a major topic of neighborhood conversation.

It is from the Berg Church Records that we begin to get a deeper sense of the life of the family of Theobald and Katharina Nau Harth in Salem Township of Washington County, Ohio in the decade of the 1850s. Rev. Daniel Hirsch took over ministry at the Berg Church in 1852. During the rest of the decade, he held yearly confirmation ceremonies on Good Friday for an average of 18 confirmands per group, or a total of 140 young adults by 1860. The Theobald and Katharina Nau Harth family had a significant role in this decade of confirmations, graduating two daughters and one son in years 1852, 1854 and 1857. Moreover, these Harth children were interacting with the children of my other German ancestors: Buertel and Noe. In 1852 Margaretha Harth was confirmed along with Philippina Buertel. Frederich Buertel was confirmed in 1853. In 1854 Carolina

Harth was confirmed along with Jacob Berg and Heinrich Noe and 19 others. In 1857 there was a huge confirmation class of 30. The youngest Harth son, Ludwig, was confirmed along with Karl Noe, Karl Reitenbach, Elisabetha Noe, daughter of Daniel Mootz and Philippina Noe, and Carolina Buertel. Several of my ancestral lines four and five generations back were regularly interacting in the extended life of the Berg Church, the Harths, Buertels and Noes in particular.

Indeed, the baptismal records of Daniel Harth are so rich with detail, that a complete analysis for a given family might be necessary for serious genealogical research. In this book I will settle for less. However, I shall just give a synopsis of one Harth's participation in the baptisms of the Berg Church for one decade, the second son of Theodore and Katharina, Jacob Harth, whom we already have been following. In November of 1853, the young Jacob Harth was just days shy of being 20 years old. He witnessed the baptism of Karl Theobald then. Here is just a list of the other baptisms Jacob Harth witnessed: Aug 1854, Jacob Jung; Nov 1856, Margaretha Morgenstern; Apr 1857, Karl Reiter; and Dec 1857, Carolina Schaeffer. And of course, he got married in Feb 1858 at the age of 24. But this young man was definitely "out and about" in his early twenties. We do continue to see this pattern of young adults in their late teens to early twenties attending baptisms of the Berg Church and later being married.

Theobald and Katharina Nau Harth and their married or unmarried children, taken as a whole family unit, averaged witnessing about two baptisms a year in the Berg Church community. During the 1850s, Jacob Harth's younger brother, Daniel, witnessed a couple of baptisms. So did younger sister, Caroline (to be my great great grandmother). So did Jacob's older sister, Elisabetha (who married Jacob Seyler in 1853). So did the patriarch, Theobald Harth. Katharina, Theobald's wife witnessed a baptism in 1856.

I will reconstruct just one more baptismal event from the 1850s that involved the Harth family. In [Figure 7](#) towards the bottom center, we see the farm of Adam Young sitting astride one of the two roads that run from Bonn down to the Berg Church through Fearing Township. Adam and wife, Margaretha Seyler, came from Michigan to this farm some time around 1854. In Michigan they had started their family: Caroline (1851) and Jacob 1854. Their children had either not been baptized in Michigan or the parents chose to have them baptized again when they settled into the Berg Church. Rev. Daniel Hirsch's farm was located just northwest and touching the Adam Young farm. At 1:00 p.m. on Sunday, August 6, 1854, Caroline, almost three then, and Jacob, a year old, were baptized, probably on the farm, but possibly after church. This double baptism is interesting, because the witnesses do not overlap. Furthermore, they are related in complicated ways. Jacob Seyler, Daniel Morgenstern, Adam Buertel and Ludwig Young were there or represented and all held property near the Adam Young farm. Also interesting is a rare appearance of Jacob Harth's older brother, Theobald, Jr. and his wife Katharina Ebehelmann, even though they had already settled ten miles away in 1852 in Noble County.

Even though I shall not continue this detailed analysis of the Harth family participation in the Berg Church activities, their active support of the church continued.

## Through the Decades: The 1860s and Later

By the time of the 1860 Census, the lot of the family is considerably improved: Theobald Harth lists his occupation as farmer, the worth of his land as \$1500, and his personal value, \$375. Theobald (57) and Katharina (56) are living together with son, Jacob (26), his wife, Margaretha (20), and their son, Andrew. The next family on the census roster, Ludwig Young, holds property in SE corner of Salem Township in 1873 ([Figure 7](#), green box). So in 1860 their farm may still be somewhere in that southeast county of Salem Township. By 1870, the situation has changed dramatically. Both Theobald and Katharina are now staying with second son, Jacob, his wife, Margaret, and their own five children. (The name is “Hart” here.) In the Atlas map of Bonn and surrounds above, you can see that there is a Jacob Harth who owns quite a nice farm (82 acres) about a mile northwest of Bonn. It seems clear that, one way or another, “Tahabold” has thrown his lot in with his second son and daughter-in-law, who are caring for the old folks. After the rough life they have had, Theobald and Katharina deserve it. Somehow, there was a transfer of land and wealth into Jacob’s hands. Theobald and Katharina would go on to live ten more years, and they were buried in the Berg Cemetery. Son, Jacob would live until 1917, Margret until 1919. They both were buried in Salem Township Cemetery, just one farm up the road from their own, (on today’s State Rt. 821 less than a mile north of Twp. Rt. 15).

I have outlined the story of Theobald Harth and Katharina Nau and one of their sons, Jacob Harth and his wife, Margaretha Reitenbach. Often the oldest son inherited the property of the father, but for whatever reason, this was not to be for Theobald’s namesake. Into Theobald, Jr.’s life, a lot of rain fell. Still, we can learn a lot about these first generation German immigrant farmers by comparing Theobald Harth’s first and second sons.

The first son, Theobald, was 19 when he emigrated with the family, and was still living with his parents at age 23. Some time in the next two years, he moved from Salem Township, Washington County to Elk Township, Noble County, a distance of less than ten miles. In the Spring of 1852 at age 25, he married Catharine Eschelmann from Rinthal, Pfalz. Starting the next year, at 1, 2 or 3 year intervals, they had 9 sons and 2 daughters. Perhaps he got this land from Catharina’s father, Michael, by marriage, or perhaps he purchased it, this is not clear. But Theobald, Jr. left home, his own father was pretty poor, so he probably didn’t have any stipend to give. But whereas, his brother Jacob’s fortunes began to ascend over the next 20 or so years, Theobald, Jr.’s fortunes declined. There was some kind of a terrible tragedy about 12 years into their marriage; it is not clear exactly what happened. But their third child and first daughter, Elizabeth, and her toddler brother, Jacob, were killed on the same day, Feb. 8, 1865.

My real reason for saying that the fortunes of Theobald Harth’s first son, Theobald, and second son, Jacob, were inverse to each other can only be seen by comparing their farms. We can do this because the United States Government took non-population census schedules of the farm production of area farmers by township and county. Data are available from Theobald, Jr.’s farm in Elk Township of Noble County and Jacob’s farm (also Theobald senior’s farm) in Salem Township of Washington. Both of these farmers have animals: 3 horses, 3 milk cows, 7 or 8 sheep, swine, and poultry, and they

both grow acres of wheat, “Indian corn,” hay, some fruit trees. But whereas in 1880 Jacob lists the value of his farm as \$2000, Theobald, Jr. lists his at \$800. But it’s yet more than just this disparity in 1880. We can also understand the development of this wealth because these farmers have been asked about the value of their farms in 3 censuses. While the estimated value of the Theobald Harth/Jacob Harth farm has been steadily increasing, the value of the Theobald Harth Jr.’s farm has been steadily decreasing. You can see this from the table below.

Table 1: Comparing the wealth of Theobald Harth and his two sons.

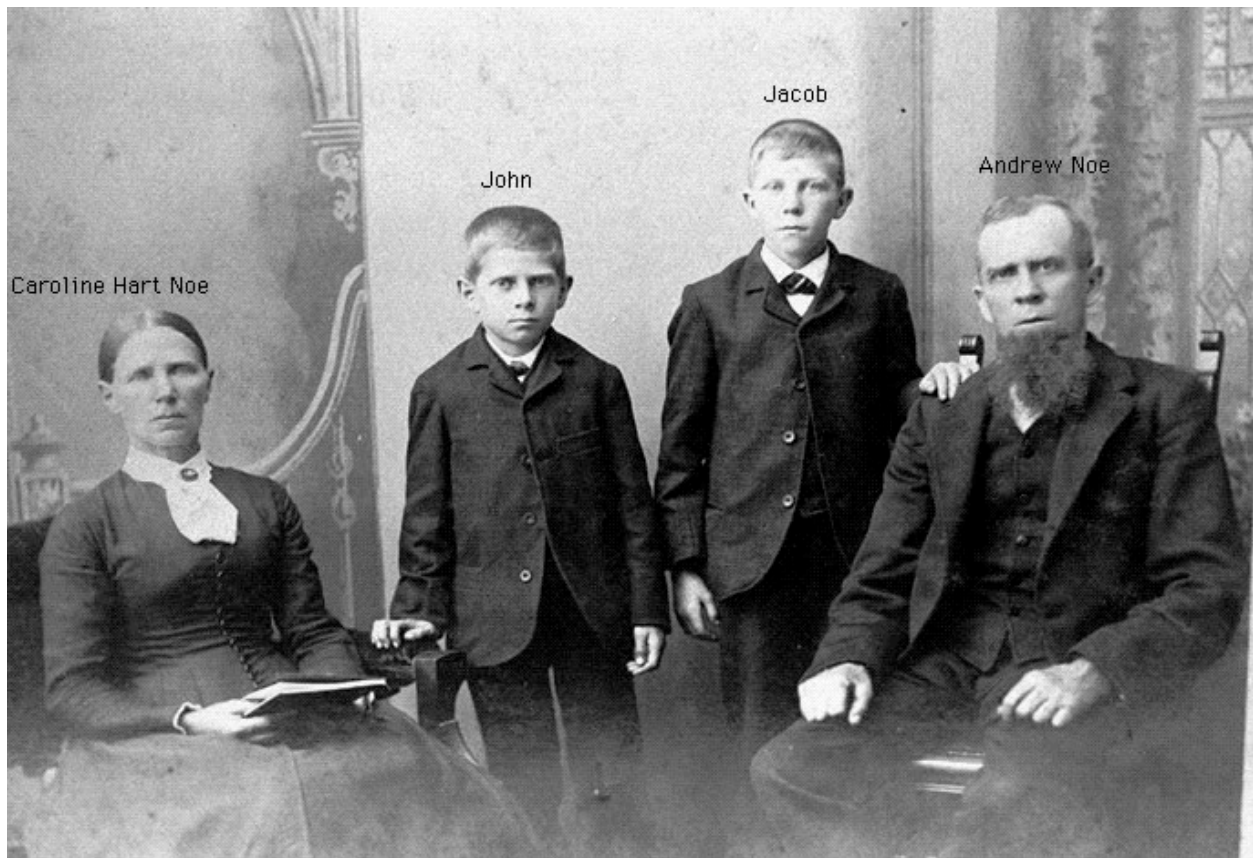
Year	Value of Land		Personal Value	
	Theobald/Jacob	Theobald, Jr.	Theobald/Jacob	Theobald, Jr.
1850	\$10			
1860	\$1500	\$5000	\$375	\$250
1870	\$2000	\$1200	\$800	\$450
1880	\$2000	\$800		

It looks to me like Theobald, Jr.’s estimate of the value of his farm plummeted over a 20 year period. His wife spent 25 years giving birth to and raising 11 children, then died two years after the birth of her eleventh child of “woman’s illness.” This leaves Theobald Jr. in 1880 with two oldest sons left home, one daughter and one son dead in some kind of tragic accident, four teenage sons working as farm laborers, three young children with no mother, and a father-in-law living with him. According to one report on Find a Grave, both Theobald, Jr., his wife Catherine, nee Eschelmann, and the two dead children are all in unmarked graves in Zion German Lutheran Cemetery in Elk County. This is not at all the profile that one sees for a typical successful German immigrant farmer.

Though we could learn a lot from it, we cannot follow here all the children of Theobald Harth and Katharina Nau. Still, there is just one more story about two daughters of this couple that will shed a lot of light on my German ancestry. We see again and again with these families, both in the “old country” and in the “New World”, that two sisters of one large family marry two brothers of another large family. This very phenomenon happened more than once in the families of my own ancestors. The reason for this has already been alluded to, and is not hard to understand. By raising a large family, these Germans believed that they were doing God’s will. It was, in fact, a man’s world, and the patriarch provided work for his sons, and husbands for his daughters. Of course, this is in no way to suggest that mothers were not deeply interested in or committed to their daughters. In the ideal family, parents communicated about this and conveyed their wishes to each other. It was just that the roles of men and women were sharply and clearly defined. The men called the shots, the women acceded to them. And of course there were the exceptional families where the husband gently collaborated with his wife or appreciated her sage advice. Equally, there were the exceptional families where the wife was a spiteful, hateful shrew or others where the husband was a demonic tyrant.

Still other families existed where the husband and wife sparred over matters. In my own family, I have some evidence that such a variety of marriage styles existed.

Theobald Harth's two youngest daughters were Margaretha, born in 1838, and her younger sister, Carolina, to whom you have been already introduced. She was five years old when in May of 1846 she with her large family started out on that arduous and momentous six month trek from Selchenbach in the Rheinland Pfalz to Salem Township in Washington County, Ohio. These two young women ended up marrying the two oldest sons of George Jacob Noe. In particular, my great great grandmother, Carolina Harth married Andreas Noe in the summer of 1859. Andreas was particularly successful as a farmer and business man. Between the date of their marriage and 1881, they had eight sons and one daughter and celebrated their 60th Anniversary in 1919 in Marietta. Here is a wonderful picture, taken about 1890, of this proud, successful couple with their two youngest children. Andreas would have been about 55, Carolina about 50, John around 10 and Jacob 13.



**Figure 10:** Carolina Harth Noe, sons John and Jacob, and Andreas Noe

### **Georg Jacob Noe and His Two Wives, Elizabetha Blinn and Katharina Zumbro Reitenbach**

Oh, there is a story here, a largely heartening and successful story. Like the Theobald and Katharina Nau Hearth story, it involves the 1852 emigration from Niederbexbach,

Saar, immigration and settling of the George Jacob Noe and Elizabetha Blinn family and their nine children just a good hour's walk from the Harth family.

In Germany the George Jacob Noes were in Niederbexbach (near Homburg) about 25 kilometers further to the south than the Harths in Selchenbach. I do not have the details, but the same histories of wars, land depletion and scarcity, famine, taxation, and general political upheaval had plagued the area around Homburg that had plagued Selchenbach. So the Noe sons and daughters grew up in a tough time and place. The big contrast between the Harths and the Noes is that the former came before 1848 and the latter came after 1848. Recall that the German Revolutions of 1848-49 were a significant event here. Before 1848 there was a hope for a unified, constitutional Germany. After 1849 everything that was hoped for fell apart, however, and arbitrary monarchy remained the rule of the day in the Rhineland Pfalz for some time to come. George Jacob Noe and Elizabetha Blinn Noe had some truly understandable reasons for undertaking the monumental journey to Washington County, Ohio! I haven't found a record for their actual date of emigration, as I did for Theobald Harth, but we do know that the George Jacob Noe/Elizabetha Blinn family arrived in New York from boarding at Havre, France on June 14, 1852. The somewhat illegible name of their ship of passage was the *Germania*. Another possible ship, the *Germanic*, did not sail until 1874. George Jacob was 46, "Marie" was 40. Jacob, Andreas, Heinrich and Carl were, respectively, 18, 16, 11, and 8. Though we are not yet discussing him, George Ludwig [Lewis] was at 14 the 3rd son. And there were three younger children: Phoebe, Daniel and Eva.

By October 2 of 1852 George Jacob had arrived with his family in Fearing Township of Washington County, Ohio, and had negotiated a whopper of a land deal from one of the local farming couples there, Frederic and Christina Boye.<sup>22</sup> Less than three years before Frederic Boye bought about 140 acres from Jewett Palmer for \$1850, and now here he was selling it to Jacob Noe for \$1050 in cash. We have no indication what the need was for Boye to accept such a bad deal; of course a deed record would not contain such information. This plot of 140 acres would become a nucleus around which George Jacob Noe and his four sons Jacob, Jr., Andreas, Heinrich and Karl would build a small farming dynasty. Thus, it behooves us to locate this property on a map in relation to the other important ancestral families we are discussing. The map below in Fig. 11 will help us with this.

We've already talked about some of this map. Recall that we located Theobald Harth and his family somewhere in the southeast corner of Salem Township. They were near Bonn, and eventually Theobald, Sr. moved in with his son Jacob just northwest of Bonn. This is shown in the upper left quarter of the map in shades of purple. Also, for perspective, the map is just larger than 3 miles on a side.

Now we're going to talk about the farms shaded in teal, yellow, green and blue. These were the farms where the four Noe brothers, Jacob, Andreas, Henry and Carl built their own families. These farms straddle the border between Fearing Township on the lower left and Lawrence Township on the lower right. George Jacob's oldest son, Jacob, was born in Neiderbexbach, Germany in 1833, his second son, Andreas, in 1835, Heinrich,

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<sup>22</sup> Deed No. 587, Jacob Noe from Frederic Boye, v. 42 (1851-1852), Washington County, Ohio.



it very probable that they did have money. But that fall and winter much had to be done. Decisions made about what to plant, what livestock and poultry to acquire, how to adapt to the farm, and in turn to adapt the farm to this large family's needs. The entire family may have pitched in and helped neighbors with the harvest, perhaps expecting support and help in return in the coming years. George Jacob must have had many conversations with surrounding neighbors and with his older sons, who were going to be his major allies in setting up the farm. That next year of 1853 would have been their first new season, and so from early spring to fall of 1853, those boys would have been out of doors all day tilling soil, planting seed, milking cows, gathering eggs, feeding cattle or perhaps a horse. It would have been a dawn to dusk work scenario almost. Also, in that first season Elizabetha Blinn Noe managed caring for and feeding three small children, three growing, strapping sons of working age and two other sons not quite old enough to do a man's work.

It's a painful thing to contemplate, but maybe by December of that year she was either ready to lie down and die, or too overworked to continue the struggle. Whatever the cause, tragedy was soon to overtake George Jacob Noe and his children at the end of the year following the family's emigration. At only age 40, after having given birth to eight children and with four children under the age of ten, Elizabetha Blinn Noe died on December 19, 1853. In addition to the incredible stress of caring for a large family in near dire conditions, it is also possible that she died in pregnancy or childbirth or what they sometimes called "women's illness." I have encountered this again and again: after a string of children over a twenty year period, one every two or three years, a woman dies. It happened more than occasionally but not so frequently as often.

And even sooner George Jacob Noe found another helpmate in the form of the widow Zumbro. The evidence is circumstantial, but this seems to be a relationship forged not of romance but rather of necessity. There were, after all, children and several grown men to feed, and no girl of working age in the family. Katharina Zumbro was born in Soetern, Pflaz in 1809. She married Karl Reitenbach and they had a daughter, Margaret (1837) and a son, Karl, (1844). 1844 was also the year that Katharina Zumbro Reitenbach's husband Karl died. She then was a widow for the next ten years, apparently. We find that Katharina and her two children, Margaretha, age 17 and Karl, age 9 arrived in New York from Le Havre on the three-masted, square-rigged ship, Zurich on June 10, 1854. We find in the Berg Church records that she married recent widower George Jacob Noe in August, 1854. This surely must have been an arranged marriage. One can only hope for some evidence for the details of how this might have been arranged. Katharina Zumbro Reitenbach Noe immediately became step-mother to five strapping young men, Jacob (21), Andreas (19), Lewis (17), Heinrich (14), and Carl (12), and three children ranging in age from 4 to 8. Not to mention her own two children, 17 and 9. This is simply mind-boggling.

It also seems pretty clear that initially the George Jacob Noes and their eight children found a home in the Berg Church. Rev. Daniel Hirsch had settled near the Berg Church after his 1850 emigration—he had a small farm about a mile NNE of the Berg Church in Fearing Twp. for sure in 1873—and by some accounts by fall of 1851 he had been selected as the minister for the Berg Church. When Rev. Hirsch made his 1856 list of the members of the Berg Church, the Jakob Noe family was listed as family #35 out of



91. Can you picture this? However they managed, George Jacob and new wife Katharina and their ten children had to find a dozen seats at church, if they all attended. I'm really not sure what happened; of course a possibility would always be that an older child could stay at home with the small children. Regardless of how it transpired, the George Jacob Noe family must have made quite an impact on the Berg Church community. On Sundays and at baptisms, marriages, and funerals, they would be rubbing shoulders with their neighbors, the Hearths, the Schultheisses, the Buertels, the Wilkings, and the Schneiders, as well as with the Bakers, Bergs, Biehls, the Feicks and the Fickeisens, the Lauers and Ludwigs, the Seamans and Schramms, and the Youngs and Zimmers.

### **The Next Generation of Noes Emerge**

Out of these communal events, the next generation emerged. The older children of the George Jacob Noe families and of other families began to pair off. However these pairings might have been achieved, there were two important marriages in 1858 in the George Jacob Noe/Katharina Zumbro household, and they both occurred in February. In effect, the Theobald Harth household married the Jacob Noe household. The Harths are just about a mile or two to the northeast of the Noes, right up the road that lies on the top of the ridge that runs between the two properties. Although the exact location of Theobald Harth's farm is uncertain, you can see this relationship on the map in Figure 11. First, Theobald's second son, Jacob Harth, married Katharina Zumbro Reitenbach Noe's daughter, Margaretha Reitenbach at 3:00 p.m. on Thursday, Feb. 11. The recorded witnesses were Jacob's father, Theobald, and Margaretha's step-father, Georg Jacob Noe. It seems plausible that after the marriage, Margaretha went to live with her husband at the Harth's farm, and in fact the 1860 Census for Salem Twp. shows that to be the case. The second pairing of Harth to Noe was between George Jacob's oldest son, Jacob, and Theobald Harth's daughter, Margaretha. This occurred ten days later at 3:00 p.m. on Feb. 22. Again, the fathers were witnesses.

These weddings were probably not church weddings, and while I don't know for sure, I think it is likely that Rev. Daniel Hirsch performed both of these weddings in either the Noe or the Harth household. Later marriages are recorded as being conducted in the household of the bride. My great grandmother Eva had a wry sense of humor. She used to say with a subtle chuckle, "Das erste Kind kann jederzeit kommen, aber die anderen nehmen 9 Monate." Both of these marriages proved the rule. I also find it fascinating that both of these children, sons, born in May, three months after the weddings, were named "Andreas." Both boys were baptized on Sundays in October in gatherings of about a dozen people, probably at the home of the bride's parents. Carolina Harth and Andreas Noe—I'm thinking they might have been courting—attended both occasions.

There was a relationship between Carolina Harth and Andreas Noe for sure by the Fall of 1858, because their first child was to be born—five days after their wedlock—on June 28, 1959. When she and Andreas attended the baptism of Emma Berg, Carolina was almost seven months pregnant and almost certainly showing. I get the impression that these families that start first with a relationship and then with a pregnancy before the marriage were no big deal for at least some members of this German American community. After all, the processes of reproduction were clearly there in plain sight

every day with the barnyard animals and also, in these huge families, uppermost in everyone's mind. This case was not typical, though. It does look like someone dragged their feet. Probably it was Andreas; I suspect from the beginning he had big plans for his life. But one way or another, it was an inauspicious start of life for little "Lou" Noe, my great grandpapa Lew Noe: born a bastard, maybe marrying "under the shotgun" himself, starting and living a miserable primitive life and farm family in nearby Lubeck, WV, and dying quite young. I will tell the more complete story in the next generation. Quietly, probably at the southeastern Salem Township home of Theobald Harth and Katharina Nau at 12:00 noon on June 23, 1859, Andreas and Carolina—together with their infant son, Ludwig Noe and their parents and perhaps brothers and sisters—were married by Daniel Hirsch.

In these German families births were quite important. Equally important were their baptisms, which were significant events in the life of the community. Baptism is a sacrament of the church. When a child is baptized soon after its birth, the church community, certainly the friends of the family, gathers to participate in the baptismal ceremony and to welcome the child into the protective life of the church. Godparents are assigned to the child and have a role in their upbringing. Now the families of both Andreas and Carolina have been in the arms of the Berg Church for quite a while, 5 to 10 years. Daniel Hirsch kept careful records for the baptism of nearly all of the other children. Despite his tentative entry into the domain of legitimized life, Ludwig "Lou" Noe had a bang-up, well attended baptismal celebration on Sunday, December 4, 1859 at 3:00 p.m. The parents had waited a respectable six months to baptize the child (and maybe to demonstrate to the community that a couple who so reluctantly entered into the bonds of holy matrimony were definitely committed to one another).

Permit me a moment of imaginative reconstruction of events. I like to think that this baptism of Lou Noe was a happy, festive celebration. The harvest is well over: the hay is scythed and baled, the wheat is cut, thrashed, and ground into flour, fruits and vegetables are preserved and stored, and now it is cold. Maybe there has already been a snow. Most of the assembled had that morning heard a rousing sermon from Daniel Hirsch based on a Lutheran/Evangelical-Protestant blend of the Gospels and the Hebrew Scriptures, broad enough in interpretation not to offend the several likely points of view in the congregation. Hirsch himself was a "larger-than-life" person who likely had a personal, even a social, relationship with nearly all of those present. I like to think that after the service, those who had planned to took their rigs and or horses and repaired to the Theobald Harth home. But maybe not, maybe they remained at the church. The women had prepared food to take for sharing, either after church or after the baptism. Adults and children would be jockeying to get a look at the baby—Ludwig, he probably didn't have a set nickname yet—or even to jostle him on a lap or two. I would love to present this reconstruction with confidence of its accuracy. That I cannot do. But however it occurred, this baptism and all such baptism were big deals.

This was quite a party; Daniel Hirsch records the names of 14 adult witnesses. The Harths were well-represented, with Carolina's father and two brothers, Jacob and Ludwig (just 16) listed as witnesses, and possibly a Harth wife or two were there also. Also, Carolina's two older sisters, Katharina and Elizabetha, were listed as representing their husbands. Likewise, Andreas' two brothers, Jacob and Ludwig are listed. Five

wives were there representing their husbands/family. Christian Fitschen Pape and her husband owned property right nearby that six years later would be sold to Andreas and Carolina and the other Noe brothers. Katharina Lauer Becker's father-in-law lived right up the road a piece. Elizabeth Becker Berg and husband, Jacob, lived two farms to the west. And that doesn't exhaust the list: neighbors Daniel Morgenstern, Luisa Dietz, Adam Beck, and Elizabetha Motz were present.

It is fascinating to take a look at the baptismal records of the other children of Andreas and Carolina Harth Noe. For the 6 children of the couple for whom we do have records, there are recorded an average of 9 participants for each child. The baptisms were usually held on Sunday afternoon at 1, 3 or 5 pm. We can also discern some patterns and draw some conclusions about the attendees. There is a pattern of strong support from certain families: Becker, Berg, Biehl, Harth, Morganstern, Schultheiss, and of course, Noe. Without additional information, it is difficult to be sure exactly who was representing these families, but all of these families had farms that were quite near the Noes and attended the Berg Church. Of course, Jacob and Margaretha Harth Noe were present, as were Theobald Harth, the family patriarch and Margaretha Harth, the wife of Theobald's son, Jacob. It is of note that Jacob Harth's mother-in-law was also the stepmother of Andreas Noe's. Certain couples stand out, for example, Jacob and Carolina Mootz Becker and Ludwig and Katharina Biehl. There is so much data in the Berg Church Records, the U.S. Census Records, birth, marriage and death records, military records and land purchase records, that much of the entire social network of the Berg Church could probably be mapped out. However, that is way beyond the goals of this project.

Now the Noe family size has increased to a baker's dozen. It is easy to see that it soon needed to be reduced. That needed reduction was finalized on March 5, 1860. On that day Jacob Noe, Jr. and Margaretha Reitenbach Noe bought two pieces of land, 25 acres from William and Elizabeth Kelly and 15 acres from his father. You can see the resulting lot in [Figure 11](#); it is the easternmost teal shaded rectangle. He paid the Kellys \$200 and father, George Jacob \$120.

### **Brothers: Jacob, Andreas, Heinrich and Karl**

Now let's look at the farming careers of George Jacob and Elizabetha's amazing sons: Jacob, Andreas (my great great grandfather), Henry and Karl.

October 18, 1866 was a big day for the Noe boys. In May of 1866 Heinrich "Henry" Noe had married Luisa Schultheiss. The Civil War was over. Jacob and Andreas had already married in 1857 and 1859, and we're not telling the story of the third son, Lewis, yet. The three brothers Jacob, Andreas and Henry had cut a land deal to top all land deals with Henry Pape. Before 1860 Pape had settled on a good piece of land, about 130 acres, in northwest Lawrence Township a few years previously with his young wife Christina nee Smith and had begun his family, first with Adaline in 1859 and then three more children by the time of the sale of his farm in 1866. It seems like Henry Pape was just a bit different of a cut of man than the Noe boys. I infer from circumstantial evidence that he involved Christina more in the decision-making and that education for his children was a high priority. Pape did sell this land to Jacob, Andreas and Henry on that day. Jacob got about 10 acres, Andreas about 40, and Henry about 80. They paid Henry

Pape about \$1800 total for their acquisitions. That would be like \$50,000 in today's dollars (2010), still a bargain, but of course land was much cheaper then. For his part, by 1870 Henry and Christina were quite well off and had settled near Duck Creek just south of Stanleyville with five children. The three oldest children were in school, and there was both a Methodist church and a school just a stone's throw from their farm. There was also a Dedrick Pape abutting the Henry Pape farm. This is probably a brother. He was quite well off and lists the value of his property in 1870 as \$10,000. But the context of the deal is clear: all parties are striving to move up in life, but with different goals and priorities.

Because of the preserved family photos and stories, my connection to and information about Andreas and Carolina Harth Noe are the strongest. Nevertheless, I do want to sketch a comparative picture of these five brothers and their families. To complete the farming story, when the younger Carl Noe got married to his ten years younger wife Juliana Schneider in 1870 he was eventually to acquire quite a large acreage just to the northeast of brother Andreas' land holdings.

I have to admit that my own great great granddad, Andreas, seems to have been the best farmer, made the best use of his land and ended up the most well-off of the brothers. This opinion, however, is actually based on a careful analysis of the data that the U.S. Government took on the Noe brothers for the years of 1870 and 1880. He doesn't start out with that much of an advantage, but by 1880 he is way out ahead of the pack. He has twice as much land (160 acres) which he estimates as worth almost three times as much (\$3000) and the total value of all his products at more than twice as much (\$1085). He has more milch cows (5), sells more cattle (9), has more other large farm animals (12), raises more grass and cuts more hay. At 16 sheep and 9 lambs dropped, he has quadruple the production, including the 55 lbs. of fleece. Basically the same rate of production is true for wheat (475 bu.), corn (200 bu.) and oats (200 bu.). He has a much higher molasses and potato production than his brothers. In some cases, he gets more production per acre of crop. Now in fairness to his younger brother, Carl, there are a few points of farm production where Carl's production either approaches or exceeds Andreas' production. Carl seems to have specialized in orchard crops and harvests 40 bu. of apples. Carl also has double the butter and egg production at 300 lbs. and 180 doz. Finally, Carl's Indian corn production equals Andreas' at 200 bu.

My mother, Lorene Sullivan Andris, whose great grandfather was Andreas Noe, is one of the primary reasons why I have developed such a keen interest in my family history. She preserved wonderful stories of her ancestors, I retold them and built on them. Lorene had some clear memories of Andreas Noe. I interviewed her once about Andreas Noe and Carolina Harth and asked her where they lived. Here is what my mother responded:

Pleasant Ridge. You know, Andrew Noe was quite a man. He was the one that loaned my old boss, N. E. Kidd, the money to become a lawyer. When he graduated, he wanted to pay Andrew back, but Andrew refused. So he [Kidd] said that he would always help out Andrew's descendants. That's how I got my first job. N. E. Kidd asked mom [Clara Noe Sullivan] how I was doing and she told him that I had had to

quit school. So he paid my tuition to business college. I went through a 2 year program in 9 months. When I got out I was able to take 200 words a minute in shorthand and type 75 words a minute.

Incidentally, my mom taught me to touch type in the fourth grade using her old typing manual. I have always been grateful for that instruction. So the goodness and kindness of Andreas Noe was still working four generations down the line: a man born in Germany in 1835 passed a blessing to his great great grandson born in 1938. There were nine children born to Andreas and Carolina, and I will be telling some of their stories later in this book. No doubt my own great grandfather, Lou Noe, worked hard on Andreas' farm during his teen years. He was there working in 1880, and then married in 1882 to start his own family.

We got ahead of our story, but the story of the apparent success of the Noe boys in their adult careers gives us a context to discuss the situation of Margaretha and Carolina Harth. Unfortunately, not a single story about my great great grandmother Carolina Harth Noe came down to me, and apparently these particular ancestors of mine did not write letters or keep journals. I love the old picture in Fig. 10 that shows Carolina posing with matronly dignity beside two youngest sons and her husband of 30 years. These are Germanic features, the crisp blue eyes and the blond hair parted in the middle and pulled back tightly in a bun. It's easy to see how she ended up married to Andreas.

### **Cut from a Different Cloth: Ludwig Noe and the Civil War**

Four out of the five of the oldest brothers of Andreas and Carolina went almost directly into farming after the model of their German parents, granting that this development was paced according as they were each able to assume the mantle of adulthood and marriage. George Ludwig "Lewis" Noe took a different path, however, and we can learn a lot about the times by looking at that path in detail. We read in Lewis Noe's obituary that "at the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in Company B, 39th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and served during the war." In fact, he enlisted in the Ohio Volunteer Army Company B on July 22, 1861 and served a term of 3 years, transferring to Company H in May, 1864, and then being released from service on August 2, 1864.<sup>23</sup>

In the spring of 1861 sentiment supporting the Union Army was quite the dominant fervor in Washington County and understandably so. The Charter of the Northwest Territory and then the Constitution of Ohio expressly forbade slavery. The fateful firing upon Fort Sumner occurred on April 21, and immediately the County was organized by civic leaders to protect itself. Recall that Marietta and Washington County were on the very edge of the Confederacy at that time. Virginia was right across the river, and West Virginia did not secede from Virginia until the Summer of 1863, even though unsuccessful attempts to do so were organized immediately upon the commencement of the war. Rebels began to infiltrate Western Virginia and the fear was that Parkersburg, 13 miles away, was endangered. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had its end terminal at Parkersburg, and would be an important military objective.

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<sup>23</sup> Based on Jerry Devol's Washington County Civil War Cards, Washington County Public Library, Marietta, Ohio. Thanks to Catherine Sams for providing these records.

Perhaps the clearest statement of the organization of Companies B and F are given in Andrews' history, worth quoting here:

Col. John Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, had offered to raise and equip a regiment at his own expense, and the liberality of this offer attracted general attention and commendation. [Groesbeck, by the way, became discouraged with Union leadership rather early in the war, and eventually, later, ended up taking his own life.] The companies for that regiment were about this time gathering at Camp Colerain near Cincinnati. There was a company in Marietta known as the "Washington County Rifle Guards." They resolved to join Groesbeck's regiment. Lieut. W. H. Edgerton came from Newport with a battalion of men and joined the Guards, the election of officers resulted [in John C. Fell's election as captain].

This was the first three-years company that left the county. They numbered 115 men. Upon leaving Marietta July 22, 1861, for the war, they were escorted by a Marietta company called the "Fireman Zouaves," Capt. S. F. Shaw, the German brass band, and a large concourse of citizens, relatives and friends. They marched through the streets, Ohio and Front, from their headquarters at the old woolen factory, now Nye's foundry, and across to the Harmar depot. The Zouaves ...presented their beautiful flag, through Captain Shaw, who made the presentation speech, which was responded to by Captain Fell in appropriate words, and which act of courtesy was received with cheers by the departing volunteers. This company became Company B, and Groesbeck's Regiment, the Thirty-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

The second company was "Koenig's German Rifles," which was raised in one week. It was composed mainly of Germans, and included many of the best shots of that nationality in the county. They elected Jacob Koenig captain, and left for Camp Colerain July 31, 1861, deferring the election of the other officers until their arrival in camp. The company became Company F, Thirty-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry.<sup>24</sup>

It seems clear that German Americans strongly supported the Union Army, and that they had significant skills to offer. Certainly the struggles for freedom back in Germany were strong in their mind. Lewis Noe in particular was fourteen years old when he emigrated. We may never be sure exactly in what did his military service consist, but it seem highly likely that he was involved in one way or another in extensive combat. Older brother Jacob was married with two infant children, and Andreas' wife, Carolina was several months pregnant with her second son when the war broke out. Younger brother Heinrich was almost 19, perhaps too young at the start of the war, but Lewis Noe was 24 and not married. If the family felt a duty to respond to patriotic calls for support, perhaps Lewis was the man to go.

We do know that "Companies A, B, E, and I [were] on duty at St. Joseph, Mo., guarding Northern Missouri Railroad September 1861 to February 1862."<sup>25</sup> After that the trail is fuzzy. However the 39th Infantry was extensively involved in combat, first in Missouri, and later throughout the South in significant battle theaters in Tennessee, Mississippi and Georgia. Whatever Lewis' specific service record, it is probable that he was thoroughly conversant with the actions of the Civil War.

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<sup>24</sup> Andrews, op. cit., p. 580.

<sup>25</sup> Thirty Ninth Ohio Infantry, Wikipedia, online.

After returning from his years in the Civil War, Lewis Noe got married in September, 1865 to Elizabeth Wilking and by 1866, his first son, George, was born in June. In 1867 he had joined the Guttenberg Lodge 319, International Order of Odd Fellows which was a German-speaking organization in Marietta, Ohio, and remained in the organization, as is noted in his obituary. None of his brothers are listed as members of this lodge. He doesn't seem to have entered farming at that time. He settled in Marietta by 1870 and lists his occupation as shoemaker, now with two sons. In fact, an 1871 Marietta City Director also shows that he is a shoemaker at 6th near Tupper. Even more interesting is that in Marietta, Ohio, there are fourteen shoemakers and dealers listed as companies, and over 60 people that list their profession as shoemaker. German names are well represented in the list. He also lists his real estate worth at \$3000 and his personal worth at \$500. Lewis is still at it, making shoes ten years later (1880), but now he is living in Bonn with his wife and three young sons.

Twenty years intervene before the next census records pinpoint Lewis again, and this is a big change. Now Lewis, 62, and wife, Elizabeth clearly have resettled next to brother, Henry Noe and family. Also "next door" are Lewis' s second son, Lewis J. Noe, his wife, Nellie, nee Feik and small children. I suspect that the Noe brothers watched out for each other. Perhaps Henry or one of the others, Andreas, maybe, just sold Lewis enough land that he could farm. He does keep listing his occupation now as farmer, (instead of shoemaker) but it is interesting that Lewis is not to be found in the 1870 and 1880 Non-Population Schedules along with the four other Noe brothers. This move to farming was late in life, and it may have been a kind of gentleman farming similar to those today who retire to raise a couple of acres of produce. Unfortunately for Lewis, wife Elizabeth was to die in that year of 1900, while he would live another 25 years. We find him again in 1920, this time living with his oldest son, George, and wife Katie, nee Brill. George had six daughters, and four of them are still at home in Salem Township in 1900. They are surrounded by farmers again.



**Figure 12:** The Funeral of George Ludwig "Lewis" Noe.

Lewis Noe also maintained a lifelong connection with the Veterans Association and the Berg Church. He was given a stylish funeral at the Berg Church, and I happen to have inherited a photograph of the six pall bearers and coach. The pall bearers for this funeral may be included in this quote from his obituary: "Three sons survive. They are George Noe, at whose home he died; Louis J. Noe, of Oakwood avenue; and Edward Noe, of Santa Ana, Cal. Henry Noe, of Whipple, and Daniel Noe, of Toledo, are brothers." Since the funeral was held at home on June 10, 1925 with Rev. O. W. Breuhaus, of Lowell, officiating, the coach was no doubt to transport the body and casket to the Berg Church gravesite.

For the sake of completeness, here are the other three children of George Jacob and Elizabetha Blinn Noe. The youngest child was Eva Noe, born in 1850. The contours of her life are quite clear. She married young to a farmer who had immigrated in 1854, Ludwig Schultheiss. They settled on Pleasant Ridge in Washington County near the Noes and the Fickeisens. They had three daughters, but Ludwig died in his early thirties. Eva lived to be 90, and in later life, she made her home in Marietta, Ohio with her two older daughters, Bertha and Katherine, who apparently never married. Daniel Noe, her next older brother, born in 1848, disappeared from the census records in his early twenties. I have only the reference from brother Lewis Noe's obituary that he lived in Toledo, Ohio in 1925. And finally, Eva's next older sister Philippina, born in 1845, married still another German who immigrated in 1854, Peter Pfaff. They also lived the farm life and had nine children.



On October 18, 1891 George Jacob Noe was laid to rest in the Berg Church Cemetery, but not before his progeny had made a powerful impact on Washington County, Ohio.

### **Jean Adam Fickeisen and Maria Marthe Doll**

Even though my my great great great grandfather, Jean Adam Fickeisen is on the same generational level as both Theobald Harth and George Jacob Noe, he is distinctively different from them in significant ways. First, thanks to the help of genealogist, Heinrich Becker of Dittweiler, Germany, we can trace the Harth male line back much further to Johann Heinrich Harth, born 12 kilometers from Selchenbach in Quirnbach in 1682. Second, unlike George Jacob Noe and Elizabetha Blinn, Jean Adam and Maria Doll Fickeisen apparently did not emigrate with their entire family to

America in the mid-19th Century. Perhaps most importantly, my own great grandmother, Eva Fickeisen Noe, who lived with our family until I was 11 years old, told many stories of her childhood and adult life to my mother, Lorene Sullivan Andris, giving me a head start in my own genealogical research. Unfortunately, though I started out with more information on the Fickeisen line than on my other male ancestral lines, I have had to dig the longest and the hardest to flesh out, inform, and, yes, for some stories, correct or even discard some information as unfounded legend or tales shadowed with human



bias. Dates and places of their birth, their marriage, and the births of their six surviving children soon fell in place in my database, but beyond that, further information was either lacking or ambiguous. It has continued to be so.

Let us begin with the established data then. Jean Adam Fickeisen married Marie Marthe Doll (spelled various ways) on December 16, 1811—the 41st Anniversary of Ludwig van Beethoven’s birthday—in Hundheim, Germany. Hundheim is one of the cluster of several tiny villages in the Rhineland-Pfalz where we will find Fickeisens. Jean Adam himself was born in 1791 in Hundheim. Between 1812 and 1825 he and Maria had four sons and two surviving daughters. But beyond the fact that his two youngest sons, Jacob and Abraham, showed up in America in the 1850s and established successful lives and families there, we have almost no other information about these two forbearers. I have seen one claim that Jean Adam Fickeisen died in Liberty Twp. in Washington County, but I have never been able to verify it. I also have not been able to find any trace of evidence that Jacob and Abraham’s older brothers or sisters ever immigrated to the U.S.A.

Because I have been searching diligently for now three decades, I have communicated with many of the descendants of Jean Adam and Marie, and my own research has been infused by the elixirs of their similar strivings.

One such person whom I met early on my quest was Curt Fickeisen, born 1956. His father, grandfather and great grandfather all were named Leonard, pointing to Peter Jacob Fickeisen (married Margaret Denterline), born in Gumbweiler, Pfalz, just like Abraham Fickeisen. Curt’s line immigrated to Galion, Ohio 150 miles to the northeast of Marietta, Ohio. Jean Adam’s children clearly knew of a German American community in Galion, and some even settled there. However, try as we might, Curt and I have never been able to connect my great great great grandfather Jean Adam with his great great grandfather Peter Jacob. The probability that they were not related is quite low, I would say, so they were probably cousins before either family emigrated. After 30 years of searching, I have had to learn to live with this uncertainty, but I don’t like it.

Another Fickeisen relative, Eleanor Cox Scott, whom I met relatively late in my genealogical journey in 2006, touched my heart deeply, and then, sadly, died unexpectedly in 2010. We became fast email friends. Like myself, Eleanor had got the genealogy “bug” and had been incessantly excavating her Fickeisen family history. She was not only intrigued with the history aspect, though, she really became interested in my life, and I, in hers. When her husband, Don Scott, informed me of her unexpected death, it was also by email. Let me tell you, it is an odd experience to be grieving someone you knew so intimately, yet only through electronic communication. I will often be coming back to her story and information in this book, and when I do, I will remember her fondly. In particular, Eleanor’s research helped me most to understand the older brother, Jacob, of my own great great grandfather, Abraham Fickeisen.

So let me begin, then, where I can, with the story of the youngest son of Jean Adam Fickeisen, Abraham, and his wife Margaretha Mueller. Even though I have the least complete genealogical information about this couple, and the story I will tell is a blend of fact and family lore, nevertheless, their story is more human and touching and very dear to my heart. My mother, Lorene, dearly loved her grandmother, Eva Fickeisen, who was

the fifth of 12 children of Abraham and Margaretha. She carefully told and retold Eva's stories to me over her long life of 95 years. I listened carefully, but I always stayed open to making sure the truth was being told. Sometimes my mother got things wrong, and sometimes things were clearly slanted through the eyes of her or her grandmother. So as you read this story, you can be confident that it is really my story as well as my mother's, and that the both of us wanted to tell it as accurately as we could. And also, one of the benefits of the kind of research which is so deeply infused with family lore is that the story that emerges is so rich in human emotion and the kind of human detail that doesn't get recorded in vital statistics.

### **Abraham and Margaretha come to America.**

This is a story told by Margaret Mueller to her daughter, Eva Fickeisen Noe, and retold by Eva to her granddaughter, my mother, Lorene Andris, and now I am retelling it. Once it is told, we will sort through the artifacts of their exploration and see if we can craft a fit between the legend and the facts.

Abraham Fickeisen met Margaret Mueller, who had come to Bonn to work or to attend school to learn midwifery. They lived just across the river from each other. [It was the River Glan, I learned from my travels.] They fell in love and saved their money to come to America because the Prussian draft started at 18 years of age, and young men had to spend seven years in the army, married or not. There were no exemptions. They were married when they were young, and they ran off to a port, possibly Amsterdam.



They boarded a ship to America about 10 days later. The old sea captain said that the ships were being searched for escapees from the draft. He advised that Abraham not come aboard the ship until way after the patrol quit working around midnight. So Abraham climbed up into a big tree, and sat there, way up in the crotch of the tree, until the wee hours of the morning. He later told Margaret, who had already gotten on the boat, that he was up there listening to the gendarmes reading off the names of the people they were looking for, and he heard his name "spieled off." After the

coast was clear—he heard the gendarmes say that they were going home for the night—he shinnied down the tree and got on the ship. That morning the wind was just right, so the captain set the ship's sails and started out just before daylight.

They sailed for 48 days on the Atlantic ocean. Margaret had sewn what money they had in the hem of her petticoat. They had a sea trunk that Abraham had built, which held all of her knitting and midwifery equipment. The trunk also contained woodworking tools and a little clothing. They kept the trunk locked. Mom still had the original trunk and the wool combs. They took turns; when she slept, he watched, and vice versa. "They were in steerage with the low-lives and the cattle." They were allowed to come up from steerage once or twice a day for sunshine. Whenever people died, they were

immediately thrown overboard. They woke up one morning and the wind had blown them back as far as they'd come the day before.

According to my mother, they arrived here around July 4, 1843, although as we shall see, there is good reason to question this date. This was before Ellis Island. They didn't know about our 4th of July celebration; the Captain had to explain. They were really scared at first, because in the early years of our country there was lots of gunfire. There was a German farmer down at the dock who asked them if they wanted work. He gave them a cabin to live in Albany, NY. He helped them with their language. Grandma Mueller was very, very smart. She schooled herself to speak English. They got their citizenship papers. They had to go down to the capital there and they asked them certain questions.

### **The 1850s: Finding and Making Home**

I have come to believe that Abraham Fickeisen was very distrustful and suspicious about authority, maybe even more so than the average German immigrant. Therefore, I think whenever he could avoid being a part of the public record, he did. Fortunately, since both he and his brother, Jacob, immigrated about the same year, we can get some clues to Abraham's journey to Pleasant Ridge from Jacob's records. Apparently, both Jacob and Abraham had an overall plan for life in their new country. Part of this plan was becoming a naturalized citizen of the United States of America. To do this they were required to reside in this country for five years and also to have resided for one year in the place where they were making application. Apparently, they also knew Fickeisens in the Wheeling/Pittsburgh area and planned to make that a definite stopping place of residence. The 1850 Census shows about 10 Fickeisens living at or near Pittsburgh. We must keep these things in mind if we are to understand the first half-decade of their presence in the U.S.A.

Abraham and Margaretha Mueller Fickeisen did make it into all of the census records from 1860 to 1880, establishing that they eventually settled in or near Lawrence Township of Washington County, Ohio. These facts, plus records of naturalization for both Jacob and Abraham and land purchase records allow us to paint this probable picture of their paths from entry into the U.S.A. to their settling on Ohio farms to live out the rest of their lives.

Even though Abraham was two years younger than Jacob, he and Margaretha probably came first, based on census data. I place their 48 day ocean odyssey at about 1849. Therefore, I must question my mother's date of 1843. On the other hand, the tale about them arriving on July 4th could very well have some basis in fact. They had their first four children in New York State. I surmise that Abraham Fickeisen paid for his family's voyage—or perhaps solved the problem of finding work—by signing an agreement to work for a certain number of years for “the German farmer” of my mother's recollection. This was a common practice, though more common during the previous century. Over a period of four years after they immigrated, Abraham and Margaretha had Katherine (1850), Margaret (1851), Carolina (1853) and Adam (1854). Most of the children were born in or around Syracuse, New York, although the obituary of Carolina says “Connecticut, New York.” Staying for five years in Syracuse makes sense if they had to put in five years before they could be naturalized and also had to fulfill a contract for

employment. Abraham and Margaretha were most probably doing farm work during this five year probable indenture, but they were doing it in a quite difficult climate (upstate New York). They were no doubt learning the trials and tricks of subsistence farming in the New World, and this evolving craft would be an asset wherever they established roots.

While the records are somewhat murky or absent, the one definite anchor we have is the final paperwork of Abraham Fickeisen's application to become a citizen of the United States of America. That event occurred on September 9, 1856 in the District Court of the U.S. for the Western District of Virginia at Wheeling. Through studying this document we discover many things. Abraham had to make the following oath:

I do solemnly swear, that I will support the Constitution of the United States, and that I now renounce and relinquish any title of nobility to which I am now, or hereafter may be entitled, and that I do absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty whatever, and particularly to the King of Bavaria of whom I was before a subject.

Christian Etz, a citizen, testified that Abraham had been in the United States of America for five years prior to the application, that he had been a resident of Virginia for one year prior to the application. That would mean that Abraham and Margaretha had established residence in or near Wheeling before the Fall of 1855. It may have been that at the end of a five year period of indenture some time earlier in 1855, the Fickeisens, with three young daughters and one son, packed up and left New York State for Ohio County in Western Virginia. Jacob Fickeisen may have followed the same trail, but the data for him are less certain.

We need a reminder here of the reality of being in Ohio County in Western Virginia in 1856. Wheeling was just down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh 60 navigable miles, and Marietta, Ohio was further down the Ohio River perhaps another 80 navigable miles. The Northwest Territory opened in 1788, and the entire State of Ohio (and four more states) were marked off for sale in 40 acre packets in the township and range system. Millions of both immigrants and earlier settlers of eastern U.S.A. began to pour through Pittsburgh and then down the Ohio River to Wheeling, Marietta, Gallipolis, Cincinnati, and points west to St. Louis. By 1830 a significant portion of those immigrants were German. Wherever Abraham was in Wheeling, the air was full of talk of immigration and settling, where the land bargains were, where the climate, soil and terrain was good, where there were good German people to help and trust. And of course, one such place was the German community centered around the Berg Church in Washington County.

Abraham Fickeisen's freedom from indenture and citizenship provide two legs of a tripod on which rested the next stage of life for the Fickeisen family. The third leg of that tripod was money enough to buy and live on a farm. There is clear evidence that he did have that money, though don't ask me how he did it. Whether he borrowed the money, found a sponsor for it, or saved it, Abraham came up with what is the equivalent of \$10,000 in 2015. According to these records on April 13, 1857 Abraham Fickerson (sic) of the county of Ohio, state of Virginia agreed to pay John and Anna Block \$360 in cash for the "old home place of family legend" which is described as follows: "The Northwest quarter of the N.E. quarter of section 30, Town 3, Range 7 of Lawrence Township

containing 37.68 acres more or less." The deed goes on to record that on October 1, 1857, the Blocks appeared before a justice of the peace and certified that they were still satisfied with this deal. This property lies surrounding the intersection of Washington Co. Rt. 42 and Lawrence Twp. Rt. T378. It is shown as one of the sides of the pink rectangle in [Figure 11](#). My mother was of the opinion that Abraham probably bought this land under the old Homestead Act, but that wasn't enacted until 1862. Instead, it was common that the earlier settlers from Massachusetts or near there were of English descent, and for one reason or another were glad to sell their farms to the incoming Germans. The Blocks may have been an example of this, but they also could have been German, too.

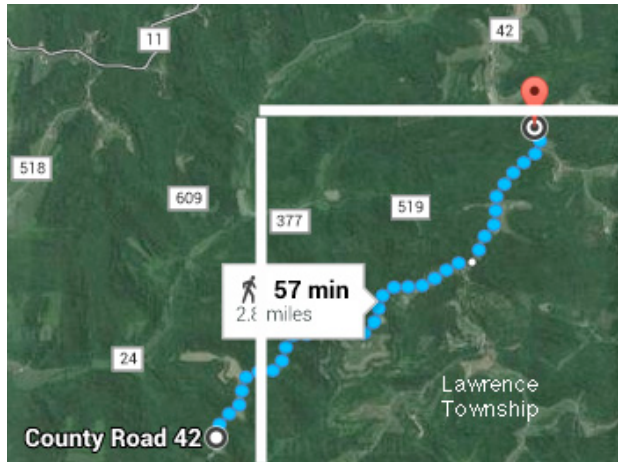
Margaretha had just given birth on March 4, 1857 to her fifth child, a daughter, Eva—who was to be my dear great grandmother. We do not have the details. However, it is likely that in the Spring of 1857, Abraham made a trip down the Ohio River to Marietta, Ohio, and there made contact with Germans living there. He may have even negotiated help for a price, or possibly met some kindly soul connected with one of the handful of German churches in Washington County. From there he must have looked at and spotted potential farms to buy. However it happened, my infant great grandmother, Eva most probably was nursing Margaretha who was drifting downstream by the shores of the Ohio River on a flatboat and surrounded by her three other daughters and a son still in diapers. The scene is just a tear-jerker; I can't fathom the courage it took for these people to resettle and make my life possible.

Returning to Abraham's brother Jacob, he was also busy with similar plans. It may be that Jacob, being older, and less saddled with young mouths to feed, had more resources and didn't have to enter indentured servitude for a time. But we don't know that for sure. The 1960 Census makes it clear that Jacob made it to Wheeling well before Abraham. His first son, Jacob J., was born around 1853, and we can surmise that his marriage to Elizabetha Born, two years younger, took place a bit earlier than that. Comparing Abraham and Jacob in those first years in America, even with only scanty information reveals a pattern that is to continue. Abraham was two years younger than Jacob. Abraham married at 20, Jacob at 30, Abraham and Margaretha had kids every two years, Jacob and Elizabeth every three years. Elizabetha was 42 at her last birth: if Margaretha had stopped at age 42, she would have had two less children. As it was, the youngest brother, Abraham, ended up with 12 children, Jacob ended up with five. This difference would dramatically affect their lives.

### **The 1860s: Life on the Farm**

By the end of the next decade, the 1860s, Abraham and Jacob would become well-established farmers in Washington County. We know for sure that Abraham bought another 40 acres across the road from his initial farm in the late summer of 1865 from Henry Wiers and wife for \$500, and I think Jacob acquired some other land, though not contiguous with his original holdings. We find them both listed with detailed data in both the 1870 and 1880 Non-Population Census of Farmers, Jacob in Fearing Township and Abraham in Lawrence Township. By combining this data with the census data for 1860 through 1880, we can build a fairly accurate picture of the day to day farm life of these two German immigrant brothers and their families. When we put this together with the

data from the church records of Daniel Hirsch and the extensive family lore, we can speak with some authority about the outlines of their lives.



Let us begin this reconstruction, then with a comment about their comparative locations in Washington County. As you can see from the inserted map and diagram, County Road 42 (Stanleyville Road) cuts across the northwest corner of Lawrence Township. A walk from Abraham Fickeisen's property, up right near the northern boundary of Lawrence Twp. to brother Jacob's property, just over the western boundary of Lawrence (in Fearing) takes just about an hour, and that's with today's good roads. A car drive would take about 7 minutes. In 1870 the

conditions of the roads were much more primitive, and this is a hilly terrain. Abraham's farm was much closer to all of the Noes' farms than it was to Jacob's farm.

It's important to think about distances and means of conveyance, though, if we are to grasp the essential quality of day to day farm life. If folks living in a farming community in 1870 wanted to go from one place in that community to another, they either walked, rode a horse, or rode in a horse-drawn carriage. In 1870 the three farming Noe men, Jacob, Andreas and Henry had two horses each. By comparison, the Fickeisen men, Jacob and Abraham had only one horse each. In 1870 both Jacob and Andreas Noe had five children each, and younger brother, Heinrich, still had only one child. By comparison, while all five of the children of Jacob and Elizabetha Born Fickeisen had been born in 1870, Abraham and Margaretha, both 45 years old, had all but one of theirs, that is, they had 11 children, stair-stepping down in age from 19 to 1 years old! While I have no information about this, it seems plausible that Jacob, Andreas and Henry Noe all had open carriages, and that each family did occasionally go places together in a carriage. The Fickeisen men had only one horse each. The children of Abraham and Margaretha, even the five teenagers, probably were pretty much home-bound. There was no way for Abraham Fickeisen to conveniently transport his family to church, and the only way the whole family went anywhere together, when they ever did, was by foot.

We've already taken a look at the four Noe brothers' farming practices. Consider now the farms of Abraham and Jacob Fickeisen with that background information. At 80 acres, 40 of it farmed and valued at \$1200, Abraham has an average farm. By contrast, Jacob, with the smaller family, and perhaps, smaller expectations, is farming 20 acres out of 50. Abraham also has an average number of "milch cows," range cattle, swine and sheep, about 3 to 5 of each of these. What is interesting about Abraham is that he alone, as compared to the Noe brothers and his own brother, is the only one who has a team of oxen. This is probably exactly how Abraham manages to farm more acres, he plows his fields himself with a team of oxen. He also places a higher value on his large farm animals than the others we are currently comparing him with. Abraham raises an

average amount of winter wheat, corn and oats, brother Jacob raises more wheat but much smaller corn and oat crops. Interestingly, The two Fickeisen brothers both raise rye, the four Noe brothers do not. It makes me wonder if the Fickeisen women baked pumpnickel or rye bread often. Both the Fickeisen brothers raise beans, and both white potatoes and sweet potatoes, while none of the Noe brothers raise sweet potatoes. Brother Jacob needs and raises less of these than does Abraham with his larger family. Abraham alone raises buckwheat, making me wonder if they cooked “buckwheat cakes.” It seems like everybody raised sorghum and used molasses for sweetener rather than sugar, and everyone made their own butter to use and maybe to trade. But brother Jacob made the least. Like the Noes, Abraham raised hay and clover, probably to feed his cattle, Jacob did not. And finally, Abraham alone listed his “home manufacturing” as worth \$50, no one else listed any amount for this. Reflecting on all this, Abraham Fickeisen, my great great grandfather, has by 1870 established himself as a competent farmer and has a diversified, extensive range of home and farming production. What is even more amazing is that he did this with only one son, Adam, even close to working age at the end of that decade of the 1860s. Perhaps he relied on his three oldest children, daughters, in ways that required their own industry. I wish I knew more, but I do know that they did make all their homespun clothes from the sheep’s wool they grew.



I have never been able to identify for certain even Margaretha Mueller’s mother and father. And while there were other Muellers in Washington County who may very well have been related to Margaretha, I have found no written evidence to this effect. I do have a feeling for her as a person, because my great grandmother, Eva, loved her mother and passed down stories about her. Eva was her fifth child, but reported that her second daughter, also named Margaretha, was her favorite. The two Margarethas are shown in the picture. I’m guessing that their ages are 25 and 50 respectively, but perhaps older. The oldest child, Katharina, married Charles Miller a few years earlier and moved to the community at Lubeck, West Virginia. When daughter Margaretha married Jacob K. Becker in January of 1875 and moved to Sitka, her mother must have had a mixture of happiness and sadness.

Margaretha seems to have been a loyal and devoted wife and mother, quiet and traditional.

She had been trained as a midwife and carried with her in an ocean trunk the tools of this woman’s profession. Of all the stories I have heard about her, this one—told by Eva, her daughter to my mother—that has moved me the most deeply:

When I was a girl, all the children (Margaretha had six girls and six boys in all) who were at home used to work in the field during harvest time. One hot day in late

summer, it was early in the afternoon, and my mother came quietly to me and said, 'I'm going back to the house for a while. You watch over everyone and be sure that they get home in time for supper.' I didn't think much about it, and did as she told me. When we all got back to the house that evening, mother was in the kitchen finishing up dinner and there was a new baby in the crib.

Another fact that I always remember about Abraham and Margaretha was that this was a solid team. These two people were helpmates in the difficult struggles of life, true soulmates whose fate was bound together for the fifty or so years of their marriage.

Many years ago, my sister, Vicki, and I were at my mother's home upstairs looking at the steerage trunk that Abraham Fickeisen made to bring their possessions over on the sailing ship. The two items setting on its top are wool carding combs. Mom said that the knitting equipment that was kept in there, the knitting needles were made of bone, and that in the winter they knitted all the socks and other things that they needed for the year. Then we asked her who made the drop leaf table that was sitting in the corner. She said, "Grandma told me a story about that. She said that her mother and she were in the kitchen making jelly and mutter said, "I need another table." Fatter overheard this, and didn't say a word, just went out and bought this table from a neighbor for a quarter."

### **The 1880s: The Older Children Start Their Own Families**

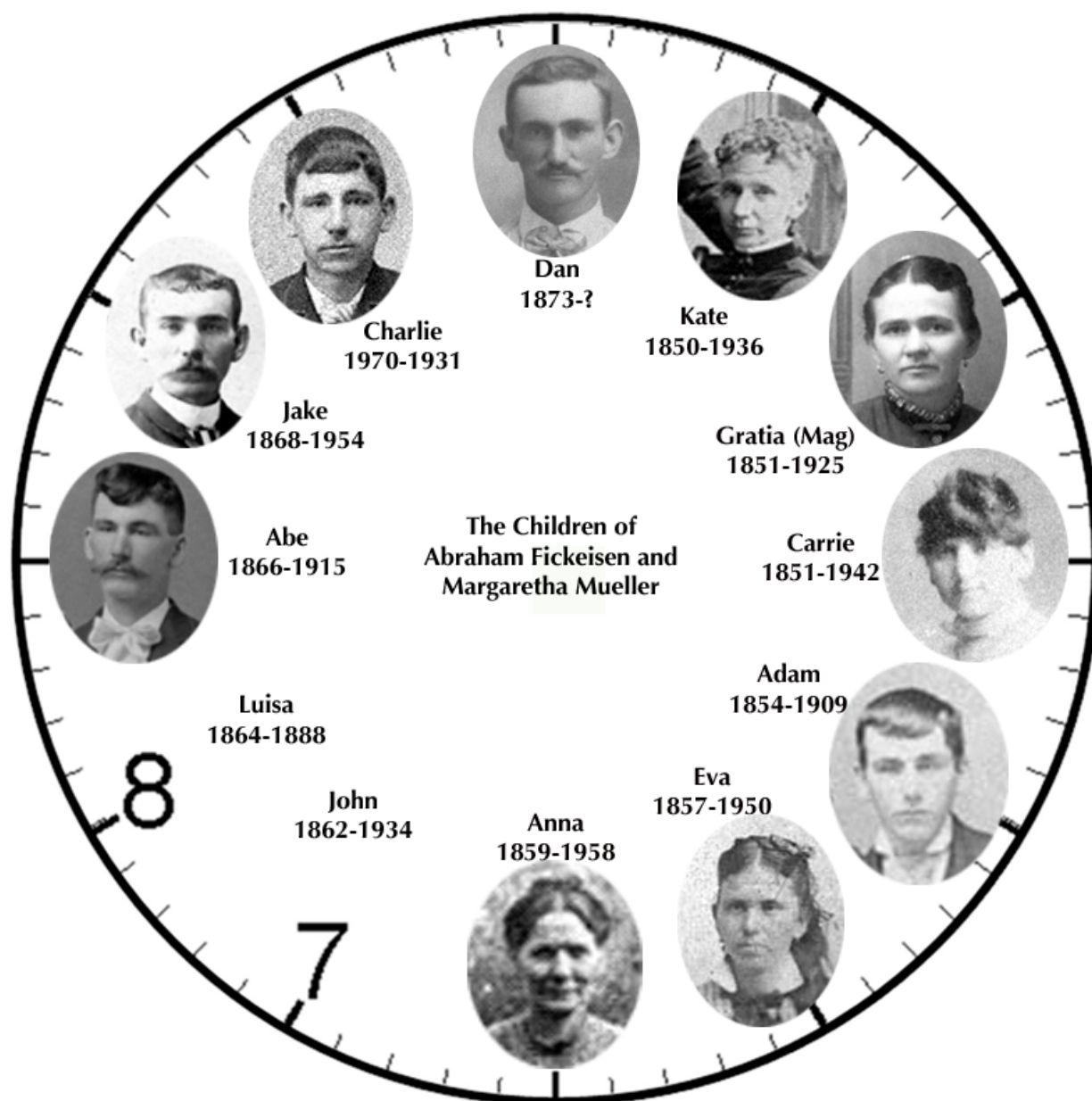
In 1880, Abraham and Margaretha are 55 years old. Katherine Fickeisen Miller at Lubeck, WV and Margaretha Fickeisen Becker at Sitka, the two oldest daughters, have long since established their own families. Also, the third daughter, Carolina, and the fifth daughter, Anna, are no longer listed at home, even though the dates of both their marriages fall in 1882. Carolina will end up in Galion, Ohio in an unhappy marriage. Anna will marry Henry Biehl in 1882 and settle nearby on Pleasant Ridge, tending the Ludwig Cemetery in her seventies and eighties, and living until she is just a few days shy of 100. But there are still eight children at home, so this is a good place to update the farming practices of Abraham. Abraham started out his farming with five daughters and one son, which must have grieved him from time to time. However, in 1880 the situation had reversed. Only my great grandmother, Eva, at age 23, and Luwisa, 16 remained at home. As for the boys now there was Adam, still at home at age 26, John E., 18, and the last four boys: Abraham, Jr., 14, Jacob, 12, Charles, 10 and Dan, 7.

Even with this extra help, Abraham has not significantly increased the value of his farm or radically altered his farming practice. By comparison, Andreas Noe had tripled the value of his property in that 10 years. But perhaps this is not a fair comparison. Maybe Abraham just had his sights set on feeding and properly caring for his own huge family. There are some significant changes, though. Now he has two horses instead of one. Now he raises cattle for sale in addition to the 4 milch cows, selling 5 in that year. They must be selling butter to family and the neighbors at 400 lbs., and churning butter is certainly something helpful that school-aged children can do well. They have 30 hens. They no longer raise, or at least do not report, rye or sorghum for molasses. Maybe they trade butter for molasses, that is certainly possible. Other than the cattle, perhaps the biggest addition for Abraham is 4 acres of fruit trees (reported as apples), that yield 150 bu. per year. No doubt some of these are traded or sold, too. And, with many acres of woods, they are cutting lumber and using it, I'm sure, for both carpentry and heating



fuel. Again, splitting small logs is a good occupation for young teenage boys. Finally, brother Jacob is chugging along at about half the farm value and production of his brother.

We are about to see the Fickeisen children begin to pair off and start the next generation, so perhaps this would be a good place to see a picture of ten of them from the box of family photos I inherited:



The “old home place”—as Eva Fickeisen Noe fondly remembered the farm she grew up on—was in for some big changes. Eva and three of her siblings got married in 1882.

- Child #3. January 19. Carolina Fickeisen married J. Adam Scheffler in Galion, Ohio. There was possibly an estrangement from the family, and certainly bad feelings between Carrie and Eva. Later younger brother Abraham would settle near Carolina in Galion.
- Child #6. September 21, 2 pm. Anna Maria Philippina Fickeisen married Heinrich “Henry” Biehl .The witnesses were Dorothea Hirsch and Philippina, wife of Daniel Hirsch. They settled nearby.
- Child #5. November 21. Eva Fickeisen married Ludwig “Lou” Noe at St. Luke's Church in Marietta, Ohio, C. A. Fritze, pastor. Moved to Eva, WV.
- Child #4. Thursday, December 28. Adam Fickeisen married Carolina “Dammie” Noe. Daniel Hirsch, pastor. Witnesses were Andreas Noe and Abraham Fickeisen. Adam and Dammie would end up settling in Lubeck, WV, near sister Kate Miller.

Just as earlier on we saw that in effect the Theobald Harth family marrying the George Jacob Noe family, now we see the Andreas Noe/Carolina Harth family (the next generation) marrying the Abraham Fickeisen/Margaretha Mueller family. In fact, before all the Fickeisen children were married, two more Fickeisens would marry two more Noes. While we can't be sure, it almost looks like Andreas Noe and Abraham Fickeisen got to talking about these twenty something unmarried kids hanging around the packed house, and well, look, we're right down the road from each other, and . . . However that may be, the only good marriage out of these for was the one between “Aunt Annie” and Henry Biehl.

For the next few years, the middle 1880s, the family remains in this new stable configuration: Abraham and Margaretha, around 60, with their remaining six children, Johann Eduard and Luisa, early 20s, Abraham and Jacob, late teens, and Charlie and Dan, early teens. No doubt it was farming as usual, and the aging Abraham and Margaretha had some help. But in January of 1888, the family was struck with tragedy. Luwisa, age 23, died, we read in the Berg Church Records, of hemorrhage and hypothermia. The funeral text, perhaps in German, read above her grave from the Gospels by Ferdinand Fleischer, Pastor was Matthew 9:24: “He said: Give place, for the girl is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn.” She is buried in the Ludwig Cemetery, which we shall soon be discussing. We do not have the exact date, but some time in the following year, Johann became the third Fickeisen in the family to marry a Noe, this time it was the daughter of Heinrich Noe, younger brother to Andreas. They settled in nearby Fearing Township and raised six children.

### **1890 and After: The Petals Start To Fall**

The family entered the 1890s with the four youngest children, all boys, in the home. Perhaps Charlie was the first to leave, marrying Rosena Gilcher in 1892 and moving near Whipple in Fearing Township. Rosena was one of the 15 children of Frederick and Caroline Zimmer Glicher.

Or perhaps it was Abraham, Jr. that left first. His story will be told with the next generation's story. Eva had lost touch with not only her older sister, Carrie, but with Abraham, and it was my diligent research that resurrected a connection. He ended up in Galion, no doubt joining his sister there, and married Catherine Schupple, probably before 1894. He also died fairly young in a mental institution in Toledo, Ohio.

The home now reduced to he, Margaretha, and the two sons, Jacob and Dan, in 1895 Abraham died at age 70 and was buried in the Ludwig Cemetery. Sadly, over a hundred years later, Abraham's tombstone was vandalized and broken into pieces. I took the included picture before the vandalization. There is another sad aspect to the end of Abraham's life that probably needs to be addressed. Here is how I wrote up a conversation that I had about the matter with my mother, his grand daughter:



Abraham read the German Bible a lot, and told people when he thought they were wrong. After his daughter, Eva, had been married and gone from the home a few years, his wife, Margaret locked him in a room. When she came to his funeral in 1895, Eva found out about all this. Her younger brother, Dan, took her to the room and showed her the hatchet marks where Abraham had tried to get out. Dan also said that while Abraham was crazy, he did say things that were true and make accurate predictions. While he sat by the fireplace, for example, he'd say, "You're going to see carriages without horses, and you'll even see carriages without wings in the air."

There is other family lore that balances the rather tragic tale I just retold. Abraham—hard working, stubborn, independent, quick to judge what he perceived to be others' mistakes, stingy from a lifetime of living near poverty—cared deeply about his family responsibilities including the education of his children. We will see soon that there is some evidence that Abraham Fickeisen felt that he was being penalized by the Church School for requiring that he pay for his many children's education. Whatever the facts are there, we are not sure, but daughter, Eva did tell her grand daughter that after dinner during the week, Abraham used to set the children round the fireplace, boys on



Carolina Buertel Sullivan

one side and girls on the other, and they would have to take turns reading passages from the Bible. We read in the 1930 census for Dan Fickeisen, Abraham's youngest son: "Able to read and write, but did not attend school." Perhaps Dan's ability to read was due to those very family lessons around the fireplace, or perhaps, since Margaretha had gone to a professional midwifing school in Germany, there was home schooling going on in the Fickeisen family.

Most of the older children established their own farms as they left the home. It's clear from the family lore that carpentry became either a profession or an avocation for the three youngest boys, and the conditions for this shift are pretty clear to me. There is a romantic beauty to this saga of German families coming to the New World and buying at rock bottom prices large tracts of farm land and then carving out a new life and building their own large family. Yet, for some of the same reasons that that was an unsustainable approach to life in Germany, it was also an

unsustainable approach here. Mainly, the land got used up fast, and became expensive. And so often, the younger children in such a family looked for other employment opportunities. Moreover, carpentry was one of the skills needed by farmers living a close to subsistence life in a fairly sparsely populated area. Those boys grew up chopping and probably whittling wood, and as the population expanded and became more urbanized, demand for houses, other buildings and for furniture grew. Charlie became known for building houses around Whipple.

Then for a fourth and final time, family the Abraham and Margaretha Mueller Fickeisen family would marry into the Noe line, this time to a daughter of Andreas' older brother, Jacob Noe and his wife, Margaretha Harth. In May of 1897 the Marietta Daily Leader announced the marriage of Jacob Fickeisen to Mary Noe. The couple lived in the Norwood section of Marietta and Jacob ended up building over 30 houses there over his lifetime. This left youngest child, Dan, taking care of mother back on the "old home place." Mother Margaretha died in 1902, and was also buried beside her husband, Abraham in Ludwig Cemetery. Dan knew carpentry himself, and no doubt worked sometimes building houses, probably with Charlie in Whipple. His life was difficult, and deserves to be told later. There is evidence that he had a relationship with a woman and fathered an illegitimate child. Then he married a Margaret Burris in 1908, but the marriage did not last. He and his daughter Lulu died in poverty.

### **Adam Buertel and His Two Wives: Juliana Klein and Katharina Born**

My ancestors Adam Buertel and Juliana Klein are fascinating for several reasons. Had I chosen to organize my family history around a timeline of date of emigration, the Buertel family would have come second. Rather, I chose the organizing timeline of date of entry into the family line.



I started with the marriage of Carolina Harth and Andreas Noe. Then in the subsequent generation, the Fickeisens entered this line. Abraham Fickeisen and Margaretha Mueller's fifth child, Eva, married the first child of Carolina and Andreas, Ludwig "Louis" Noe. Then, in the generation following that one, the third child of Lou Noe and Eva

Fickeisen, Clara Noe, married Franklin Marion Sullivan, the third (or possibly the fifth) child of Frank D. Sullivan and Carolina Buertel, she being the last daughter for Juliana Klein Buertel, although Adam Buertel remarried and that couple had more children. In fact, when Carolina Buertel died an early death, her half-sister, Elizabetha Buertel Zimmer, became Franklin Marion Sullivan's step-mother. It's hard to keep all those relationships in mind, though, so let's just introduce the family by itself.

Adam Buertel (1806) was a contemporary of Theobald Harth (1802) and George Jacob Noe (1807), yet while Harth and Noe are my great great great grandfathers, Buertel is merely my great great grandfather, one generation later. This sometimes happens when the youngest children of a generation marry the older children of that generation. We saw that both Theobald Harth and George Jacob Noe brought their entire large family intact to Ohio from the Rheinland-Pfalz, Harth in 1846 and Noe in 1852. Additionally, Georg Jacob Noe lost his wife a year after their immigration and remarried a recently immigrated widow with two children of her own. By contrast, Adam Buertel had married Juliana Klein in 1833 in the Dennweiler-Frohnbach area of the Pfalz, and by 1843 they had a son and two daughters. Then in the autumn of 1846, Juliana died, we don't know how or why. She didn't die after a long life of childbirth and hard work, but she still could have died of complications relating to another birth; the spacing is about right for that.

Whatever the reason, by the spring of the following year, 1847, Adam had remarried to Elizabetha Born, a decade younger than Adam. The Berg Church records record their immigration date as 1848, and this makes it very likely that they came to America in part because of the general upheaval caused by the 1848-9 German Revolutions of that period. Here we must stop and note that very possibly—in addition to the stresses and struggles of losing one spouse and marrying another one and then facing the ordeal of emigration and settling in a new, unfamiliar land—Adam and Katharina are carrying some extra sadness and difficulty with them. It has to do with the two Philippinas in the family. Adam and Juliana's first daughter was Philippina, born in 1834. However, and it took a while to figure this out, Katharina "brought with her to the marriage" a daughter, also named Philippina, who was born in 1839. I believe that it is likely that the younger Philippina was born out of wedlock, because whenever the children of a second wife have come from another marriage, such as the widow Zumbro, their father's name is recorded in the Berg Church Records.

But the fact is that Adam Buertel and his second wife, Katharina Born crossed the Atlantic ocean with four children, an older daughter, Phebe, who was mentally challenged and would probably never leave home, another daughter, Phebe, that had been born out of wedlock, and two other children, Frederick, who would eventually marry and establish a farm next to his father, Adam, and a young daughter, Carolina, who would go on to have a tragic, short life of her own and become my great grandmother. I didn't discover the older Philippina's condition until one day when I was examining the 1870 Census records for the Buertel family. There was this almost illegible word scrawled over to the right side of the record. I enlarged it and looked at the title of the column in which it appeared. I was saddened and dismayed when I read "Phebe, 35, at home, idiot." I noted that Phebe could not read or write. Today we have much better categories to deal with mentally challenged individuals. Perhaps Phebe was trainably retarded; certainly we can hope so.

One of the challenges of studying the history of the Buertels is that Americans had a terrible time spelling their name correctly. I have good reason to believe that the name was spelled with the German umlaut over a 'u': Bürtel. Rev. Daniel Hirsch was a stickler for accuracy, and the Bürtle name is entered in the Berg Church Book almost one hundred times, always spelled the same way. When Barbara Gearhart Matt translated that book into English, she made a decision to notate the umlaut as is commonly done, by adding an extra 'e' to the 'u': Buertel. Americans also have a terrible time pronouncing this sound. Language teachers tell us that the 'ü' sound is produced by saying a long 'e' while moving our lips as if we were trying to say 'u'. We can learn to say it, but most of us don't ever really learn to hear it. We just don't have that sound in English. Consequently, I have found this name spelled a number of different ways. When my great grandmother Caroline Buertel married Frank D. Sullivan, her name was recorded as 'Battle.' My grandfather Frank M. Sullivan had a first cousin, whom I used to visit in Marietta as a child, was named Laura Bartell Withington. I have also seen 'Burdel' and 'Bartle'.

It is particularly because the name 'Buertel' itself is so hard to trace down that we are fortunate that almost as soon as Adam re-established his family in Washington County, Ohio, he settled them into the Berg Church. The family was listed as #10 in the Personal Records of the Berg Church, and so we have a family profile upon their emergence in America. However, let us also use the 1850 Census as a marking point for this family: Adam Buertel, 42, farmer, value of farm land \$300, and second wife, Katharina (Born), 36, are living in Dist. 157 of Fearing Township in Washington County, Ohio, just a couple of miles east of Stanleyville. They have with them the three children of Adam's first wife, Juliana (Klein): Philippina, 15, Frederich, 11, and Carolina (my great grandmother), 6. Also by this time, Adam and Katharina have Katherine's child, Philippina, 11, and their own daughter, Elisabetha, age 1. She would become the step-mother of my grandfather, Frank M. Sullivan, when his mother died.

Adam Buertel was one of the signers of the earliest constitution in the Church Book. It is a fairly brief constitution, one page, and it designates the governance of the Church to a church council of three members who are "to take care of the facilities of the church, to support the preacher in his office, to restore negligent members, and to maintain worship services." One of these members is designated the treasurer, who collects and manages the money and additionally provides the bread and wine for communion services. The first council—composed of Daniel Schneider, Adam Becker and Christian Lauer—was elected on January 30, 1848. The price at the time for being buried in the cemetery was 50 cents, and from there on out, new members would pay \$1.50. In 1857, with a burgeoning congregation and some members dying, a resolution was passed to assess an additional \$1.37 for those wishing to be buried in an expanded cemetery. One of the signers of this resolution was another of my ancestors whom we have met, Theobald Harth.

From 1848 on, then, the Buertel family participated fully in the life of the Berg Church. First of all, Adam and Katharina themselves would keep Rev. Hirsch busy with the baptisms of daughter, Juliana in 1853, the twins Katharina and Jacob in 1856, and son, Karl in 1859. Unfortunately, Jacob would not see his second birthday. In addition, Katharina's daughter Philippina was married to Jacob Mootz on March 6, 1856. She

was sixteen years old at the time. I also find interesting that the Berg Church records say “married (after emigrating),” which to me suggest that this may very well have been an arranged marriage, and Jacob Mootz, age 29, came to America with the understanding that he would marry the young Philippina.

In particular, in that decade 1850-1860, Adam, his wife Katharina, Katharina’s daughter, Philippina, and Adam’s son, Frederich separately witnessed 18 baptisms. Philippina holds the record for that, attending the baptisms of William Schultheiss, (1852), Catharina Decker (1854), Carolina Schultheiss (1855), Carolina Mootz (1856), and twins, Herman and Paul Gerhold (1858). “Phebe” witnessed her first baptism at age 13, and continued to attend after her marriage to Jacob Mootz. Over the decade, Katharina, representing her husband, Adam, attended the baptisms of Jacob Jung (1854), Theobald Seyler (1856), Elisabetha Mootz (1858), and Karl Reiter (1857). Adam Buertel attended the baptisms of August Decker (1852) and Karl Biehl (1855). Finally, around the end of the decade and in his late teens, Frederick witnessed the baptisms of Maria Haggar, Elisabetha Mootz and Philippina Stephan.

During this first decade in the New World, three of Johann Adam Buertel’s children were confirmed, Philippina in 1852, Frederich in 1853 and Carolina in 1857. Philippina was 12, Frederich and Carolina were both 13. These confirmations were held once each year on Good Friday. While I haven’t been able to find much information on the specific liturgical or sacramental practices of Daniel Hirsch or German-American Churches, these data on confirmation fit pretty closely with the purpose and practice of confirmation still common in some Lutheran churches today.<sup>26</sup> In 1529 Martin Luther published his “Die Kleine Katechismus” to be used for the instruction of small children. This is based on the requirement that children receive instruction on the Ten Commandments, the Apostles’ Creed, The Lord’s Prayer, and the sacraments of Baptism, Confession and the Eucharist. It is highly likely that the Buertel children received specific instruction on these sacred practices of the Church from both their parents (especially their father) as a part of their weekly routine, and then by the minister, in this case, Daniel Hirsch, in the time leading up to the Easter Sunday of the year after they become confirmands. Good Friday, celebrating the death of Jesus Christ on the cross, is both the blackest day and the most hopeful day in Christianity. So the confirmands probably made a public profession of faith on that day in time that on Easter Sunday they could join the other adults in receiving the Eucharist, i.e. the so familiar bread and wine, or, as they believe, the Body and Blood of our Lord, Jesus Christ.

That said, our detailed understanding of the liturgical and sacramental practices of the Berg Church are not clear and distinct, and there are historical reasons for this. In the 16th Century, first Lutheranism and then Calvinism revolutionized the Christian Church in Europe, especially Germany. Further branching of sects continued throughout the 17th Century. In the 18th Century, rationalist philosophers such as Immanuel Kant further influenced theological thinking in Germany. Just after the start of the 19th Century, two important political events would strongly impinge on the worship of everyday citizens throughout Germany, and in particular in the Rhineland-Pfalz. In

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<sup>26</sup> I have drawn on Wikipedia articles for this summary.

Prussia in 1798 Frederick William III, a Reformed Christian, lived in a denominationally mixed marriage with his wife, Queen Louise, a Lutheran, which prevented them from receiving Communion together. The King, being the Supreme Governor of Protestant Churches, decreed the publication of a common liturgy for use by both Lutheran and Reformed Congregations.<sup>27</sup> A bit later, a similar merging occurred in the Kingdom of Bavaria. With the defeat of Napoleon in 1814, Bavaria received new territory, including much of the Rhineland-Pfalz.<sup>28</sup> In 1809 all Protestant churches in the kingdom were administratively subordinated to an upper consistory in Munich and the Protestant Church in the Kingdom of Bavaria. In 1817 Lutheran and Reformed congregations merged into confessionally united congregations as a result of a parishioners' plebiscite.<sup>29 30</sup> In 1848 a State Palatinate church actually broke off from the main Bavarian church body and called itself *Vereinigte protestantisch-evangelisch-christliche Kirche der Pfalz (Pfälzische Landeskirche)* (i.e. United Protestant Evangelical Christian Church of the Palatinate [Palatine State Church]). If you were from the Palatinate, saying that you were an Evangelical Protestant really didn't nail down your beliefs specifically.

This scenario is particularly poignant in the case of my ancestors, and especially the case of Abraham Fickeisen and Margaretha Mueller. He was always very clear that he was from Bavaria, and she was equally clear that she was from Prussia. This used to confuse me, because on the map, her home city, Buborn, is actually about 5 miles from his home city, Gumbsweiler. One explanation of this fact is that the Prussian/Bavarian border ran right between the two small villages. It may be that the River Glan was the dividing line between Prussia on the northwest and Bavaria on the southeast. The Glan flows north from just outside the Saar and empties into the Rhine, with Gumbsweiler on its right bank and Buborn on its left bank. My ancestors came to America more than a generation after Lutheran and Reformed congregations became confessionally united in the Palatinate. This enforced unity actually had had a healing effect on the Protestant community in the Pfalz, and generally made them more tolerant of each others' moderately differing beliefs. The U.S.A. being the melting pot that it was, citizens from many different German communities were thrown together again in this German-American community in Washington County, Ohio, and it was fortunate that they already brought with them to America the experience of worshiping in a confessionally merged church. That is not to say that the German-American community in Washington County, Ohio did not have its share of liturgical, doctrinal and church leadership disputes, and a couple of these will be discussed later.

The Adam Buertel/Katharina Born family continued to participate fully in the life of the Berg Church for half of the next decade and perhaps longer, but their participation gradually slowed down. After all, Adam would be sixty starting 1867, and Catherine's

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<sup>27</sup> [Prussian Union of Churches](#), Wikipedia, 2015.

<sup>28</sup> [Kingdom of Bavaria](#), Wikipedia, 2015.

<sup>29</sup> [Evangelical Lutheran Church in Bavaria](#), Wikipedia, 2015.

<sup>30</sup> [Evangelical Church of the Palatinate](#), Wikipedia, 2015.



last child, Carl, would be of grade school age. Catharine's daughter Philippina would be fulfilling the destiny of so many German-American women of her era and have seven more of her ten equally-spaced children with Frederich Mootz. Perhaps there were enough baptisms in the Buertel family as it was without attending so many more outside the family. Son, Frederich did continue to attend several baptisms over the decade. One final notable event is the one social record of my own great grandmother, Carolina Buertel. In November of 1864 she attended the baptism Karl Morgenstern.

It's interesting to reflect a moment on the Buertel family's home life as we look at the 1870 Census. The two oldest children of Adam Burtel and his now deceased first wife, Juliana Klein, are all still home. This is unusual. The oldest, Phebe, is 35 years old, and described as an idiot, unable to read or write, in the 1870 census. The oldest son, Frederich, is now 30 years old, and though he is listed independently as a farmer with his own worth, farm value, \$1100 and personal worth, \$235, he is still unmarried. Adam, himself, is listed as farmer, farm value, \$1600, personal worth, \$525. Carolina, though she will not marry my great grandfather, Frank D. Sullivan until 1875, is not living at home. Also not at home is Elizabeth, the oldest child of both Adam and Catharine. Julia, 17, and Catharine, 15, "help [their] mother", and young Carl, "Charles," 11, "works on farm."

We can fill out in quite some detail the day to day farm operations of the Buertel family, for both their names occur in the 1870 Non-population Schedules for Lawrence Township. Note the position of both Adam and Frederich's farms in [Figure 11](#); they're the brown rectangles just south of the Henry Noe farm and just east of the Jacob Fickeisen farm. These men value their farms at \$1100 each at a slightly lower than average value. However, one fact hits us in the eyes immediately. Adam, instead of having the usual two horses, has twenty. It looks as though Adam has become a dealer in horses, which in 1870 would have been a profitable endeavor in itself. Adam, like Abraham Fickeisen, has a team of oxen. He also has a goodly number of other livestock, milch cows, probably goats or beef cattle, swine and sheep. Son, Frederich's livestock holdings are restricted to a small number of unspecified cattle. We saw that in 1880 it was my own great great grandfather, Andreas Noe, who was leading his neighbors in farm production. By comparison in 1870, Adam "Bartle" was far at the head of the pack with big crops of winter wheat, Indian corn and oats, and a sizeable rye planting. Of course he needed clover and hay for the cattle. He grew potatoes and orchard crops, sheared sheep, made lots of butter and molasses. His farm value is more than double that of his neighbors. Son, Frederich, just starting in the farm business, had more modest holdings.

## The Ludwig Church and Cemetery



Fig. 20: Composite photo of the Ludwig Cemetery on Pleasant Ridge Road

All of my first generation German immigrant ancestors are buried either in the Berg Church Cemetery or the Ludwig Cemetery. If you look at the [map in Fig. 11](#), you will see two dark brown circles. The one on the lower left marks the location of the Berg Church, the one on the lower right marks the Ludwig Church. While the Berg Church is about three miles west of the Buertel farms, the Ludwig Church is literally across the road from the Buertel farms and not at all far from the others of my German ancestors' farms.

### Inception of Ludwig Church

Ludwig Cemetery was started before 1868, possibly even a few years before 1868, on the property of Jacob and Margaretha Lauer Ludwig before eight of their thirteen surviving children had been born. Incidentally, Ludwig had listed his farm in the 1870 Census as worth \$4000, so he could well afford to donate land to the church. On the map in Figure 21 below, just at the top left corner of Jacob Ludwig's property (brown, 185 acres) you can see the word "Church." Not surprisingly, Jacob **Ludwig** (1830-1904) and his wife, Margaretha **Lauer** Ludwig (1835-1915) are buried there, along with their son, Daniel (1862-1929). Also buried there is Margaretha's younger brother, Johann Jacob Lauer (1850-1886) and her aunt's husband, Peter Becker, (1785-1869).



support the pastor's preaching. Further, all members were bound to share expenses agreed on by a vote of 2/3 of the membership. The Ludwig Cemetery was organized a few years before the Church, and people could be buried in the cemetery without joining the church, but then they had to pay \$1.50 for the privilege. A later constitution (1882) hikes the price of new membership and burial to \$5.00, pastoral fees to \$3.00, and also tightens some of the rules. Members still had to share the church expenses, but now they could be expelled if they were tardy in payment for a year, with exceptions for needy families. Children of church families who got married inherited membership up to a year after the marriage. The preacher now had to give or receive three months notice to terminate his employment and was held to high moral standards. One rule worth quoting here is the following: "The preacher has to hold in his mind and soul the Evangelical Protestant Church and his preaching on the foundation of the Gospels."

Apparently, several of the families that lived in the area regularly met and attempted to work out the details of a constitution, but the organization of the church was not going smoothly due to the recalcitrance/objections of the heads of three involved families: Jacob Becker, Abraham Fickeisen, and Adam Buertel. By November 16th, 1868 a constitution was agreed on, and included some very strict conditions for the participation of these three individuals in the church, the cemetery, and the school. Since two of these men are my ancestors, I will discuss the matter more completely in another section below. The 1868 Constitution was signed by Johannes Lauer, President, and Jacob Clos and Theobald Becker, Trustees. However, various amendments and alterations were offered in the next four years, and finally the altered Constitution was presented in March of 1872 by Frederick Gilcher, President and Theobald Becker, Trustee to the Recorder of Incorporated Societies, James Nixon, of Washington County, Ohio and was recorded on April 6, 1872.

One other important aspect of this emerging church community, although it remains rather shrouded in vagueness and ambiguity, is the fact that there was somehow also an associated school. That schooling was being planned for or conducted as early as 1868 is clear since the Ludwig Church Constitution submitted in the application for Incorporation in Washington County explicitly says that three families, including my two ancestors, "can send no children to school if the school is taught in our meeting house, except they take part in the Church."<sup>33</sup> At some point there was a one-room school on the Dye property about a mile down the road from Ludwig Cemetery, and also at some point, a public school in Lawrence Township.<sup>34</sup>

There certainly was a need for schooling in the township. I did an analysis of the number of children of the concerned families—those participating in some way in the church and cemetery—who were listed in the 1870 Census as having children attending school.<sup>35</sup> I looked at a total of 23 families. 13 of these families had listed between 1 and 4 children as "Attending school," with an average number of children of 2.23. By

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<sup>33</sup> St. Jacobs Church, Lawrence Twp. [Ludwig Cemetery], Incorporated Societies Washington County Ohio, 1846-1893, The Tallow Light, Vol. 36, #1.

<sup>34</sup> Ludwig, Kurt, Email Re: A Question or Two, 23 Oct 2015.

<sup>35</sup> The 1860 Census did not collect this data.

contrast, 10 families who had both young and teenage children in the home, only listed the younger children “At Home,” “Works on Farm” for boys, or “Helps Mother” for girls.

When we compare among the families having children in school, some other interesting data emerge. The age of children attending school ranges between 6 and 13, with an average age of 8.9. Actually, only one child of all those attending school was older than 11, my own great grandmother, Eva Fickeisen, who was the outlier at 13. My own guess at the significance of this data is that children spent 3 to 5 years learning to read, write and calculate between ages 7 and 11, and then they spent a year or two in a confirmation class, being confirmed in their very early teens. Schooling was in great part preparation for a righteous, Bible-centered hard-working life, and one had to be able to read and write before they could seriously undertake the study of the Bible. Beyond that life itself has a way of requiring the “3 Rs” from time to time.

There were a variety of families in my survey. I was able to classify them into four types. It isn’t a perfect classification, but the pattern does make sense. The men in class A are the patriarchs that began arriving in Washington County with their large families in the mid-1830s to the early 1850s. Most of the men in B, C, and D are the children of the men in A, with the men in D tending to have been later married.

	<b>A. Older farm couple, mostly older children at home</b>	<b>B. Middle age farm couple, children in aughts and teens</b>	<b>C. Middle age farm couple, children in aughts</b>	<b>D: Around 30 something farm couple, children in aughts</b>
<b>Lawrence Township</b>	Adam Buertel (64), Theobald Becker (68), Martin Gerholt (55)	Jacob Becker (40), Louis Biehl (33), Jacob Close (45), Abraham Fickeisen (45), Jacob Ludwig (40), John Miller (42), Jacob Semon (51)	Peter Ludwig (47),	Daniel Close (28), Theobald Lauer (32), Jacob Noe (31)
<b>Fearing Township</b>	John Zimmer 2nd (50), Jacob Zimmer (53)	Jacob Becker (43), Jacob Biehl (50), Jacob Fickeisen (46), John Zimmer (35)	Daniel Biehl (37)	Jacob Dauber (32), Adam Goedal (38), Andrew Noe (34)

**Figure 22:** Families with School Age Children in Lawrence and Fearing Townships Who Supported the Ludwig Church and Cemetery

### Who Is Buried in Ludwig Cemetery

One way to get a picture of who supported the Ludwig Church is to take a look at who is buried there, where they lived, and some background family history for each name. Figure 21 contains a color coded map of the properties of families or individuals from northeastern Fearing Township and northwestern Lawrence Township that are buried in the Ludwig Cemetery. This map was produced using the Arthur McKittrick 1973

Cemetery Inscriptions and the 1875 Atlas of Washington County.<sup>36</sup> The complete analysis is found in Appendix I of this document, but I included specific details for my own ancestral families here.

A few generalizations have emerged from this study:

- \* There are about 60 interments in the cemetery.
- \* Almost every person interred there came from German immigrant families that held property within a mile or two of the church.
- \* Several of the first generation couples born in the first half of the 19th Century are buried there, but their children are buried in other cemeteries.
- \* Several families have buried infants, children, and adult individuals, mostly single, that died before or during their fourth decade, or adults that continued to live on the home property.
- \* There are a few families with three generations of burials.
- \* Some families buried one or two of their members in the Ludwig Cemetery, but most of their dead are buried in the Berg Cemetery or other cemeteries, such as Salem Township Cemetery or Oak Grove Cemetery.

My German ancestral families have significant burials in the Ludwig Cemetery. Abraham **Fickeisen** (1825-1895) and Margaretha Mueller Fickeisen (1825-1902) are buried there, along with Abraham's brother, Jacob Fickeisen (1823-1901) and his wife, Elisabetha Born Fickeisen (1824-1903). Abraham and Margaretha's daughter Luwisa (1864-1888) rests there. There are other Fickeisen connections through marriage.

The patriarch, Louis Ten **Biehl** (1836-1911) is laid to rest there along with his wife, Catharina **Schultheiss** Biehl (1836-1927). Three of Louis Ten's sons are buried in Ludwig Cemetery: Daniel (1858-1908), Henry (1860-1926) and Lewis, Jr. (1862-1906). Daniel Biehl married Jacob and Elisabetha Born Fickeisen's youngest daughter, Eva, but she is not buried in Ludwig. Henry Biehl married Abraham and Margaretha Fickeisen's sixth child, Anna Fickeisen Biehl (1859-1958). Also interred in Ludwig Cemetery is Caroline Noe Biehl (1860-1944), wife of Lewis, Jr.

Then, quite a few **Buertels (Bartell)** have graves there. As we have noted earlier, the patriarch, Adam Buertel (1806-1874) is not present, having been buried in the Berg Cemetery after a two year period of possible alienation. His second wife, however, Catherine **Born** Buertel (1815-1902) is buried there.<sup>37</sup> Three others are buried under a variant of this name, **Bartell**. Charles (Karl) Bartell (1859-1903) is Adam Buertel's eldest son by his second wife. His wife, Elisabetha Fickeisen Bartell (1861-1942), who was Jacob Fickeisen's daughter, is also buried in Ludwig Cemetery. Freddy Bartell (1876-1897) is Adam's grandson through his son, Frederich. Finally, Phebe Buertel

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<sup>36</sup> McKittrick, Arthur, Cemetery Inscriptions from Washington County, Ohio, Vol III, 1973.

<sup>37</sup> It's interesting to speculate what the relationship is between Elisabetha Born Fickeisen and Katharina Born Buertel.

(1836-1881) may well be Adam Buertel's first child, the one labeled "idiot" in the 1870 census.

Only one of George Jacob Noe's eight children is buried in the Ludwig Cemetery, his oldest son, Jacob **Noe** (1833, Niederbexbach-1909) and his wife, Margaretha **Harth** Noe (1834, Selchenbach-1888). I hesitate to say this, but in my mother's words, the Noes were from "a better class of people." Whatever that might have meant, I do think that the Noe boys aspired to a better standard of living, and when they died, to be buried in what they considered to be a respectable place. I also have the impression that of the first five Noe sons, it was Jacob who settled for a life with somewhat less ambition and would indeed have been perfectly happy to be resting in peace in the little country cemetery on Pleasant Ridge with the rest his farming companions and neighbors.

Included in Jacob and Margaretha Noe's eternal companions would be their daughter, Carolina, already noted to have married Ludwig Biehl, Jr. Neighbors in life, neighbors in death. George Jacob Noe, himself, along with sons Ludwig (the civil war veteran) and Karl, are buried in the Berg Cemetery. There is one other connection of the Noe family to Ludwig Church. George Jacob's youngest daughter, Eva Noe, married Lewis **Schultheis** (1849, Dennweiler-1883), son of Adam and Margaretha Schultheiss. Eva was buried in Oak Grove Cemetery in Marietta, Ohio. On her tombstone is the inscription that her husband is buried in Ludwig Cemetery.

### **Financial Records of Ludwig Church**

We are fortunate to have financial and building records for the Ludwig Church, but unfortunate in that these records are somewhat incomplete, disordered, and conflicting.<sup>3839</sup> After much reflection and analysis, I have concluded that while the picture is somewhat blurred, enough of an image can be discerned to make some specific statements about which individuals and families extended their financial support to the Ludwig Church budget: creating a building fund for a new church building, assessment for the pastor's salaries, paying the pastor's salaries, and assessing for burial in the cemetery. While the complete details of this financial support and planning are simply too complex to relate in this book, we can make a few general statements and look at the specific involvement of my own ancestors. To this end, then, let us take a look at a period of time around the mid-1870s, then right around the early 1880s, and then once again a decade later in 1890.

An undated document—but probably started a year or two before 1868, given the above-mentioned Constitution—contains plans that were laid for "building of a new house of worship, namely an Evangelical Church, ...a house of God ... on Jakob LUDWIG's farm at the existing cemetery as soon as \$200 in pledges were collected." In fact, a total of \$310 was eventually pledged, with an average contribution of about

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<sup>38</sup> The Tallow Light Vol. 35 Vol. 4 – St. Jacob Church Book, a gift to the Washington County Public Library by Bob O'Neal in 2005, preserved by a descendant of Henry Dauber.

<sup>39</sup> Constitution of the German Protestant Evangelical Church of Lawrence Township (Known as Ludwig Church) Membership Lists, tr. from the old German Script by Barbara Gearhart Matt.

\$13.00. However, the amounts pledged varied widely, so that only ten members contributed more than average. Jacob Ludwig was most generous at \$30.00, followed by Theobald Lauer and Ludwig Biehl at \$25.00 each. Johannes Closs, Jacob Closs, Jacob Becker and Adam Buertel each pledged \$20.00. Abraham Fickeisen pledged \$25.00, but then a line has been drawn through his name and amount.

One extant document is a list of names pledging support for paying the pastor's salary for the church year beginning Dec. 26, 1880, and additionally from another source a record of the quarterly payments of the members who signed this statement. There is a final list of pledge amounts for others, but no record of the quarterly payments. In that year the Ludwig Church managed to collect pledges from seventeen members in the sum of \$48.00, and also listed an additional \$40.00 in pledges. It is also clear that the names on the list by and large correspond to the names on the farms in Figure 21, with a very few exceptions and additions. There is also contextual support for the idea that Rev. Daniel Hirsch was the pastor in question. A still later document dated Christmas Day, 1884 is a clear statement requesting pledges specifically for Rev. Daniel Hirsch, who retired from the Berg Church in 1874.

Another interesting set of data are rather complete records during the 1890s of pledges to support the pastor at Ludwig Church. These assessments occurred in 1880, 1890, 1892, 1894, 1896, 1898, and 1900. By far the most generous pledger was Ludwig Biehl, who typically pledged \$5.00 in support of the current pastor being engaged. My ancestor, Andreas Noe, was next, with an average pledge of \$5.00 for most of these years. Here is the list of names that regularly pledged around \$4.00 or above: Frederich Buertel (father Adam had died in 1874), Theobald Dauber, Johann Gerhold, John Guckert, Daniel Biehl, Jacob Ludwig (though no contributions for the last half of the decade), Ludwig Biehl, Jr. and Jacob Zimmer.

Still another way to look at the financial functioning of Ludwig Church, especially in the decade of the 1890s, is to compare pledged amounts for the preacher to paid out amounts to the preacher.

Finances of Ludwig Church	Dec 1880	Apr 1890	Jul 1891	May 1892	May 1894	Sep 1896	Jan 1898	Jan 1900	Jan 1903	Jan 1904
Pledge Amount	52	76	34.8	73	72.3	17.5	85	82.5		
Paid Amount				64.3	62.8	11.00	90.5	39.3	89.5	111.3
# of Payments				15	13	2	15	6	8	12

**Figure 23:** Finances of the Ludwig Church 1880-1904

Over these years, a total of 34 other farmers within a two mile radius of the church pledged some amount. Here are the family names actually deserving of the claim of support: Becker, Biehl, Buertel (sons), Clos, Dauber, Fickeisen (son Jacob, wife Margaretha), Gerhold, Guckert, Ludwig, Mueller, Noe (Andreas, Jacob), Simon, Wagner, Zimmer. It seems quite clear that there was a real, God-fearing community out on Pleasant Ridge, and equally clear that they remained in close communication with each other through the Ludwig Church—and for several, probably also the Berg Church.



I like to think it was as if over the decades they had picked up a dream of a German community in a new land and plopped it right down on these southeastern Ohio hills and valleys.

### **Two of My Ancestors Were in Conflict with Ludwig Church**

My study of the Ludwig Church and Cemetery has led me to some surprising, even shocking conclusions. On the one hand, there was this close-knit German-American community of farm families in northwest Lawrence Township that focused on bringing a Protestant, probably Lutheran House of God into their midst from 1860 to past 1900. On the other hand, here were two of my great great grandfathers, Adam Buertel and Abraham Fickeisen, engaged in a pointed dispute about their support of that House of God. Apparently, Abraham even differed with brother, Jacob, and Adam differed with son, Frederick about the matter. They shared their oppositional situation with one Jacob Becker (or sometimes written Baker), and the three stood against the rest of the men in the community on the matter. To the question “Why was that?” we may never have a satisfactory answer, and yet I feel behooved to give some explanation.

I will start by recapping the status of Adam Buertel and Abraham Fickeisen during the period when Ludwig Church was forming. Adam Buertel was an old patriarch farmer from Dennweiler who came to the U.S.A. in 1848 with three children from his first wife, the deceased Juliana Klein, his new wife, Katharina Born, and her illegitimate daughter, now part of the new family. He settled first in eastern Fearing Township with very few resources, adding wealth and children to his family, and they participated fully in the Berg Church. Some time between 1860 and 1870 he purchased farm property in Lawrence Township, enough so that he ended up with 70 acres and his adult son, Frederick, ended up with 100 acres. Their property abutted Henry Noe and Jacob Becker (Baker) on the north, Jacob Becker (Baker) and Jacob Close on the east, Jacob Ludwig on the southeast, and Jacob Semon and Jacob Fickeisen on the west. Adam and Frederick Buertel, to put it mildly, were right in the center of the action. In 1866 Adam Buertel was 60 years old; he would live another eight years. His son, Frederick was 26 years old at that time.

By contrast, Abraham Fickeisen came from the Kusel area to this country with his new wife, Margaretha Mueller around 1849 under a shroud of secrecy—he was probably evading a stint in the Bavarian army. They started their new life and birthed four children in Onandaga County, New York, then came by way of Wheeling, WV to settle on 40 acres in northern Lawrence Township. They were more on the edge of the community around Ludwig Church—up the road a piece, so to speak. The couple continued to expand their family rapidly to twelve children. There is little evidence to suggest that Abraham Fickeisen ever had much of a sustained relationship with any church in the area. He built his farming practice nearly without adult sons until later in his life, tilling his fields with a yoke of oxen. Abraham regarded himself as rather impoverished. The evidence suggests that his penchant for penury may have had a lot more to do with a lack of concern with having “cash on hand” than with a failure to thrive as a farmer. As we noted earlier, Abraham and Margaretha’s farm enterprise was impressive by 1870, and clearly comparable with many of his surrounding neighbors. In 1866 Abraham Fickeisen was 41 years old, and he would live another three decades. Abraham’s story

is made more complex by the fact that his older brother by two years, Jacob, and wife Elisabetha, settled in Fearing Township right near the Buertel farms, where they raised five children.

With these two men's profiles in mind, then, let us revisit the inception of the Ludwig Cemetery and Church, and the possibility of a school. 1865 marked the end of the Civil War, and Ohio was released from this monumental struggle. I suspect that it was a time of settling back and consolidation for the German American farm community in Washington County and of planning for a good future. It seems likely, but by no means certain, that people on Pleasant Ridge died during the 1860s and were buried somehow near or on the Jacob Ludwig property. This is speculation, but look at this table constructed from the interments in Ludwig Cemetery.

Name	Birth Date	Date of Death
Elizabeth Walker, wife of Aaron Walker, born Schneider	11 Mar 1811	2 May 1861
George Schneider son of Jacob Schneider	15 Aug 1830	Feb 1862
Joseph Wummer from Haenweiler, Prussia	63 years old	9 Dec 1863
Andrew Becker, son of Jacob and Carolina Becker	1 Nov 1863	18 Mar 1864
Peter Becker, married to Barbara Lauer		3 Nov 1869
Adam Goedal (Gocdel)	23 May 1838	10 Feb 1873
Phillipine Goedal, daughter of (Adam) Goedal (Gocdel)	20 Jan 1872	15 Apr 1874
Miller, Infant, daughter of J. and C. Miller		1874
Miller, Infant, son of J. and C. Miller		1875

**Figure 24:** Burials in Ludwig Cemetery from 1860 to 1875

The first thing that strikes me about this data is that three adults and one infant were buried in Ludwig Cemetery during the Civil War (1861-1865). Was there another nearby

cemetery from which bodies were exhumed and reinterred in Ludwig Cemetery at some point? Or were people already using a spot on the Jacob Ludwig property for burial, and this became the nucleus for starting the Ludwig Cemetery? The latter alternative seems more plausible.

Then, after the last burial in May of 1864, there is a hiatus for more than five years before the next burial a month from the end of the decade. I believe that it is likely that this Andrew Becker infant was buried on or very near the Ludwig Cemetery site in late 1864. His parents, Jacob P. and Carolina Lauer Becker owned 40 acres just to the north of this site, the southern property line being literally just a stone's throw away. The child died after a few months, was perhaps not thriving, not even baptized. The Beckers had their first three children baptized in the Berg Church in 1855, 1857 and 1859, and then none of their other children are recorded in the baptismal records. Perhaps the family broke with the Berg Church.

It sounds to me like the existing cemetery just grew out of necessity in the first half of the 1860s, and then people started organizing a church right after that. Consider this introduction to the document that was presented to Washington County for incorporation in June of 1872:

St. Jacob Church, Lawrence Twp. [Ludwig Cemetery]

Constitution Delivered to Jacob Bous June 4 1872 of the Evangelical Protestant St Jacob Church in Lawrence Township, Washington Co. in the State of Ohio. Passed November 16th one thousand eight hundred and sixty eight.

All members of the above Church, which was built on the Grave yard near Jacob Ludwig's assembled the following Resolutions unanimously were passed as follows:

[13 Articles follow]

Other information may surface to show differently, but doesn't this sound like the church building was constructed *before November, 1868*? And if this is the case, doesn't it seem like the pledge-raising that was going on that finally netted \$300 must have been proceeding over the two or three previous years. My belief is that as pledges were successfully solicited, names were added to a growing list. Here are the first nine entries. (I've added the total in the diagram.)

LUDWIG, Jakob	30.00	
LAUER, Theobald	25.00	
BIEHL, Ludwig	25.00	
CLOSS, Johannes	20.00	
<del>Abraham FICKEISEN</del>	<del>25.00</del>	
Jakob FICKEISEN	12.00	
Adam BUERTEL	20.00	
Johannes LAUER	12.00	
Theobald BECKER	5.00	174.00

**Figure 25:** The First Several Pledgers of the Ludwig Church and their Pledges.

Before discussing this list, we need to take a detailed look at the specific articles of the 1968 Ludwig Church Resolution that specifically restrict the three men and their families:

Article I. Resolved that Jacob Becker, Abraham Fickeisen and Adam Buertel can not part on this Church except they pay first the sum of Fifty Dollars per man. This Resolution shall not be altered.

Article II. Resolved that the Children of Jacob Becker, Abraham Fickeisen and Adam Buertel can have no part Except each one pays first Ten Dollars.

Article X. Resolved that Jacob Becker, Abraham Fickeisen and Adam Buertel can send no children to school if the school is taught in our meeting house, except that they take part in the church.

We may not understand the exact drama of interpersonal relationships that occurred here, but there is a definite plausible sequence of events. To wit, some time before November, 1868, even a few years before, a few community leaders had been jaw-boning their neighbors to support with their money and attendance the building of a new church building near the existing cemetery grounds. Perhaps Jacob Ludwig, Theobald Lauer and Ludwig Biehl, always steady supporters in later years, were among the leaders trying to organize this church. They were the first pledgers listed on the document, together they pledged \$80. Next they started lobbying their nearby neighbors and relatives. Abraham Fickeisen was next; he pledged but later withdrew \$25. Abraham's older brother, Jacob, pledged \$12. Adam Buertel followed with a pledge of \$20. Also at the top of the list were two of the original signers of the church constitution, Johannes Lauer at \$12 and Theobald Becker at \$5.

That brought the total up to \$174, but they had decided they would not build until they had raised \$200. The pressure was on to raise another \$25 dollars. After the next four smaller pledges on the list in the \$5 to \$10 range, they would have had their \$200. If Abraham Fickeisen withdrew his pledge around this point, the other supporters—eyeing the fairly successful Fickeisen farm, his house full of school-age children, and his brother's pledge—must have been fairly irritated at this apparently waffling and penurious man. And furthermore, if Adam Buertel was not paying up his pledged \$20, then they eventually had to add 10 more smaller pledges in order to start building in good faith to pay for materials and labor. The pledge that finally threw them over the top was one apparently extracted from Jacob Becker (the third banned party), Jacob being no doubt pressured by his brother Theobald, and early and generous pledger.

It's perhaps easiest to understand Adam Buertel's mindset. He had only one remaining school age child, Karl, 11 years old in 1870, and Karl was already listed as "Working on Farm." Adam was through worrying about the education of his own children. In fact, even though most of his children had been confirmed in the Berg Church, neither daughter Juliana (1855) nor Karl (1859) have listed confirmations there. Adam's son, Frederich, 30 years old in 1870, would be a much more faithful supporter of Ludwig Church. Abraham is harder to understand. His older daughter, Katharina, was confirmed in the Berg Church in 1862, third child, Carolina, in 1868. My great grandmother, Eva,

was confirmed by P. F. Weigand in 1872 in Liberty Township<sup>40</sup> This suggests a connection with the Waxler Church, even though I do not find Weigand listed as a possible minister. Yet in the 1870 Census, three of Abraham's children are listed as "Attending School," Eva, 13, Anna, 11, and John, 8.

The men organizing Ludwig Church, I propose, looked at this situation with irritation and decided that these three men, Buertel, Fickeisen, and Becker, well had need of a nearby church, cemetery and school, especially Abraham, with three school age kids, and Adam, with a flock of grandchildren coming up, and it was going to cost them \$50 a piece if they were to have a piece of it. With their children, they would be a bit more generous, but still, these things cost money, and they would have to pay their share, and not ride on the backs of others. In fact, in May of 1870, they reexamined their hard hearts with respect to the children and passed a resolution to allow them to participate for just \$2 a piece.

Jacob Fickeisen was observing this stubborn impasse between church leaders and his brother, Abraham, and good neighbor, Adam, and having some compassion for the families involved. In March of 1872 he acted to ameliorate the situation:

The members of the St. Jacob Church assembled. Jacob Fickeisen brought in the following resolutions: As according to Article XIII of our Constitution everything that two-thirds of the members by a vote set is ... binding. I propose that Article I shall be altered thus: that Jacob Becker, Abraham Fickeisen, and Adam Buertel can become members if each one pays Twenty Dollars to the Church ... to the Trustees and submit to the other articles of the Constitution. A Vote being taken on this proposal and unanimously adopted.

And there Resolved that Jacob Becker, Abraham Fickeisen, and Adam Buertel are to be notified of this resolution and if they pay twenty dollars each the same as full members be accepted in as their entering as members is Article X of our Constitution suspended.

Frederick Gilcher, President, (and ) Theodore Becker

Everyone seemed agreed that the matter had been settled equitably, though I not clear whether Abraham Fickeisen and Adam Buertel ever relented and participated in the church. Abraham died in 1895 and was buried there, followed by his wife in 1902, and there is some evidence that Margaretha did participate minimally. Certainly brother Jacob participated and was buried in the cemetery with his wife. Then there is the remaining mystery of Adam Buertel, who fully participated in the Berg Church, but then mysteriously resigned in Febuary of 1872, and finally was buried in the Berg Church Cemetery after his death in 1874. Jacob Becker may actually have coughed up the \$20. As you can see from the table in Figure 24, burials resumed in the Ludwig Cemetery the year after the matter was settled in 1872, there having been one burial, Peter Becker, in 1869.

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<sup>40</sup> I saw her confirmation certificate at one point; my mother had it framed.

## Jacob Zimmer and Elisabetha Buertel

I am not blood-related to Elisabetha Buertel, but as I have explained previously, I am blood-related to her half-sister, Carolina Buertel Sullivan, who is the mother of my grandfather, Frank Sullivan. But the connection certainly *feels like* a blood connection, because she and husband, Jacob Zimmer became Frank's step-parents, giving him a home and family and rearing him well into adulthood. Besides that, Frank was, after all, Adam Buertel's grandson, and I was Adam's great great grandson, just as Adam was Elisabetha's father. Also, the Zimmers were step-grandparents to my mother, Lorene Sullivan Andris, and her memories of their lives together are quite poignant. So the connection is family. To that end then, I have researched the line as carefully as I could and in the process discovered some deeper connection to the German-American community on Pleasant Ridge.

### Farmer's Son Becomes a Cooper, then Returns to Farming

Jacob Zimmer was one of the seven children and the oldest of three sons of Johannes Zimmer (1820-1900) and Maria Elisabeth Renner (1817-1886). They emigrated from Krottebach, Germany in the mid 1840s first to Wheeling, Virginia and then to Washington County, Ohio.<sup>41</sup> He appears to have settled with his family in Fearing Township just the next farm south of Jacob Fickeisen on the central eastern border. By 1880 he is living there with son, John, who is married to Catherine Knoch. Catherine, unfortunately, died of consumption at age 25 just after the birth of her third child, and John ended up marrying and having more children with [probably] her sister, Carolina. These sisters were the children of a couple from Elk Township, Noble County, Ohio, Heinrich and Karolina Dippel Knoch, but apparently they had several of their children baptized in the Berg Church. We find Johannes Zimmer in 1900 living out his last few days with son, John, now remarried and moved to Salem Township.

But it is Johannes Zimmer's oldest son, Jacob, whose life we wish to highlight here. We find him as an infant in 1850 and as a boy of 11 in 1860 living with his parents in Fearing Township. In fact just a year or so later, Jacob entered the same confirmation class in the Berg Church as his wife-to-be, Elisabetha Buertel. Take a look at the map in Figure 21 and you will see that the northeast corner of Johannes Zimmer's property touches the southwest corner of Frederich Buertel's property. Frederich was Elisabetha's half-brother. Both Jacob and Elisabetha were confirmed on Good Friday of 1862, which fell in April. It was a big class of sixteen, and lots of their close neighbors were in it. Jacob and Elisabetha knew each other, then, all through their teens. Elisabetha was right up the road that runs by Sugar Creek (Township Road 37 today). When they did start seeing each other, the news about organizing and building the Ludwig Church on the cemetery ground would have been in the air, and if Jacob was taking the 30 minute walk up to the Buertel homestead, he would have been a hundred

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<sup>41</sup> I checked with Catherine Sams about a possible father or relative, also from Krottebach, Johann Jacob Zimmer, born March 8, 1789, married Elisabeth Schramm, who had descendants and also is listed in the Berg Church records. The relationship of this line to the line that I am writing about is unclear. This is rather important to note, since fairly well known Dean (1929-2012) and Rita (1927-2004) Zimmer are not clearly related to my ancestor, but rather to the other Johann Jacob Zimmer.

yards or so across the field from the site of the cemetery and building. Elisabetha was quite the social young lady in her teens, attending baptisms of neighbors' children in 1862, 1864, and 1866. Jacob may have come out socially later, around 1867.

In the 1870 Census of Lawrence Township we find Jacob and Elisabeth married and starting their farm at age 21. As one would expect for a young farmer starting out, he lists the property value as \$600 and his personal worth as \$165. He lists his occupation as cooper which, if I understand it right, is a maker of barrels, casks, or buckets, and things like butter churns. The trade of coopering is not commonly understood today, but it was part of a major method of packaging and transporting both wet and dry goods in this country from Colonial times right up to the early years of the Twentieth Century. There is a much more detailed record existing for Jacob Zimmer's coopering business.<sup>42</sup> We find that he reports having invested \$160 in the business, that he pays one hired hand \$75 a year and runs the business 3 months out of the year. He has considerable stock: 3000 staves, 1000 headings, and 2000 poles, all this valued at \$123. He also lists a large inventory of products: 65 pork barrels valued at \$162, 225 flour barrels valued at \$135, and about \$100 in repaired containers.

Of the farmers we've been discussing in this book, Abraham Fickeisen was the closest neighbor to the Jacob Zimmer property. Abraham was on Pleasant Ridge Road right at the northern border of Lawrence Township, and right at the southern line of his property, a road ran east through Henry Oliver's farm. Today that is Cameron Rd., T-378. The northern boundary of Jacob Zimmer's 60 acre farm was flush with the southeastern border of Henry Oliver's farm. In fact there's a shorter township road off of T-378, T-641, that just might run right down a mile into the old Jacob Zimmer property.

The decade of the 1870s brought big changes for the farm couple Jacob and Elisabetha Buertel Zimmer. In that time they had three children. Taking an 1880 snapshot of the family, Jacob is now 31 years old, Elisabetha is 30, John is 9, Carolina is listed as 8, but is probably closer to 7, and Clara is out of diapers at 3. Soon to be born in a couple of years is little "Jakey," Jacob's namesake, because the first son was named probably for the grandfather. Also, apparently Jacob moved from barrel production to farming. I conclude this from the fact that there is no industry production report and a full agriculture production report for Jacob Zimmer in 1880.

Zimmer's 1880 farm production is very similar to his neighbor, Abraham Fickeisen, with just a few differences. Like Abraham, he assesses his farm value at \$1000, but at 15 acres, he tills half the land that Abraham does, and has nearly quadruple the amount of wooded acres at 33. Typical of these farmers, Jacob has 2 milch cows, both dropping calves, 3 swine, and 4 other large barnyard animals. At 3 horses, he is above average. There are no sheep on the Zimmer farm, and they may or may not make their own clothes. They churn 200 lbs. of butter on this farm and collect 60 doz. eggs a year from 20 laying hens. Some of his grain crop is probably used to feed the animals and some

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<sup>42</sup> Products of Industry of Lawrence Township in Washington County, Ohio during the year ending June 1, 1970, p. 1. This publication is also a valuable information source for other industry in the county: blacksmiths, saw mills and grist mills, oil, coal and water companies, butchers, and machine shops, wagons, guns and saddles. It can also indicate concentrations of occupations, such as the concentration of sawmills in Liberty Township.

to feed his family. He grows corn, oats and wheat in typical amounts. A quarter of an acre is dedicated to sorghum for 44 gallons of molasses. They grow their own potatoes, beans, apples and even have a half acre of peach trees, yielding 75 bushels of peaches in 1979. They don't raise their own hay, but they mow 5 acres of grass. He's cutting 10 cords of wood, and therefore probably uses wood for heat and cooking.

### Lorene's Story

My great grandmother, Carolina Buertel, Elisabetha Buertel's half-sister, was having a difficult time of it. I know about this from my mother's heartfelt stories. Let me start with the story she told me, and then we will catch up with facts later.



**Figure 26:** The Jacob and Elisabetha Buertel Zimmer Family

Frank M. Sullivan, my grandfather, was born 23 Mar 1881, the son of an Irish father, David Sullivan, and a German mother, Carolina Bartell. He had a short and a hard life, but my mother loved him very dearly. My mother always said that David Marion Sullivan worked on a riverboat. He was born in Cork County, Ireland, from where he had migrated. His main address was Cincinnati, Ohio. He met Caroline Bartell on the river,



(when he was fairly young) and they proceeded to have 5 children. My mother tells that her father, Frank M. had an older sister, Maggie, a brother Walter, and twin sisters who were scalded to death at an early age. He would go on the riverboat after each child and come back.

Sometime soon after my grandfather, Franklin Marion was born, his father, Frank D. disappeared, never to be seen again. His mother pined away about his absence, and died of cancer when he was only 4 years old. The children were adopted out. Mom has long speculated on the nature of Frank D.'s disappearance. Could he have fell into the water and drowned, been killed in a gambling squabble, left for another woman? But she just didn't know.

When mom's father, Frank, was left an orphan at age four by the death of his mother, he went to live with Carolina Buertel's half-sister, Elizabeth and her husband, Jacob Zimmer. The picture in Figure 26 was found in my mother's extensive collection of family photographic treasures. Mom's father, Franklin Marion Sullivan is seen standing to the right in this picture. Also in the picture are Frank's adoptive parents, Elizabeth Buertel Zimmer, seated in the center and Jacob Zimmer, seated to the right. Seated on the left is their first son, John, born around 1871. Daughter Clara, standing to the left, was born in 1878.

### **Reconstructing the History of Carolina Buertel**

It wasn't uncommon in the 19th Century to find good people whose short lives were filled with struggle and difficult moments. My ancestor, Carolina Buertel, and her son, Franklin Marion Sullivan, were such people. I never knew either of my grandfathers. I am now going to enlarge on my mother's tale of her father.

We previously met Carolina Buertel when I told the story of Adam Buertel and his two wives, Juliana Klein and Elisabetha Born. Looking at the story from Carolina's point of view, she lost her mother at age 3 1/2 and had to adjust to a new mother and older sister, Philippina at age less than a year later. Carolina emigrated at age five in 1848, and though they started out with modest means, the family quickly became involved in the life of the Berg Church. Nevertheless, I am sure that even in these early times, Carolina's life was no bed of roses. She was confirmed in the Berg Church on Good Friday, April 7, 1857 when she was almost fourteen along with several extended family members, including Ludwig Harth, the youngest child of Theobald Harth and Katharina Nau; Karl Noe, fifth child and son of George Jacob Noe and Elisabetha Blinn, and Karl Reitenbach, step-son of George Jacob Noe, and son of Noe's second wife, Katharina Zumbro. Like Carolina, these three young men, Ludwig Harth, Karl Noe, and Karl Reitenbach, were first generation immigrants who came to this country as young children with their large German families.

While this is mostly intuition and speculation, I believe that Carolina was a shy and somewhat passive young woman. As an older, capable daughter in this challenged family, she would have been expected to help her step-mother cook and clean for her older brother, Frederich and her older, mentally challenged sister, Phoebe, as well as the younger children as they came along in the years preceding her confirmation. The older step-sister, Philippina, was married and gone from the family home by 1856. By

1959 she had three younger sisters, Elisabetha, Juliana, 1853, and Katharina, 1855. Perhaps one reason Elisabetha felt compelled to adopt her orphan son, Frank Sullivan, after Carolina died, was that she recalled some of the caregiving Carolina gave to her and her sisters. And then in 1859, Karl came along, the final child to be born in to the Adam and Elisabetha Born Buertel family.

Carolina was listed with her family of origin in the 1860 census as 16 years old. We have a single record of her participation in the Berg Church. On Nov. 27, 1864 at 6:00 p.m., when she was around twenty, Carolina Buertel witnessed Karl Morgenstern's baptism along with about a dozen members of the community. Karl's parents were Daniel Morgenstern and Elisabetha Seyler. Daniel Morganstern's 60 acre farm abutted Rev. Daniel Hirsh's farm and was quite close to the farms of both Theobald Harth and Jacob Noe. By 1870, at age 26, she is no longer listed as living with her parents. In 1870 she is listed as living in the Samuel Maloney household.<sup>43</sup> Her marriage on October 9, 1875 to Frank D. Sullivan is recorded in Cochran's Marriages of Washington County. Her name there as listed as Carolina Battle. She was 32 years old at the time.

We don't know what Carolina was doing in those years before her rather late marriage, but we can state some strong hunches. Let's also keep in mind my mother's tale that Carolina met Frank D. Sullivan, a river man, "on the river." When young women left home in that farm community context as a single person, they often went to work as a servant in the homes of their more well-off neighbors. But some of these young women, yearning for escape from a predictable and fairly impoverished farm life, went to the city to find unskilled labor as dish washers or in factories. If Carolina did meet Frank D. Sullivan "on the river" as my mother said, perhaps she had gone to live and work in Marietta, Ohio, a riverboat town and center of river commerce. Perhaps she had been looking for a little relaxation and fun one Saturday night, and there was this by all accounts handsome and charming Irishman who took a fancy to this single, maturing woman. We will never know, but it is the best story that fits with the facts.

Ah, but there is so much more to this possible story. In January of 2014 I had an email conversation with Michael Sullivan, great great grandson of Frank D. Sullivan, who had also just begun researching his ancestry. He had found my website, and it provided clues for his search. I do not relate what was uncovered lightly, since this is my great grandfather about which I am writing. Michael Sullivan uncovered from Cincinnati both the death certificate of Frank D. Sullivan, Aug. 29, 1912, and a census record of him for 1910. These two records tell us a lot about this man. He was a river man, according to the death certificate, a "laborer on a steamboat" in the census. His father's name was John Sullivan, born in Ireland.<sup>44</sup> His mother's name and origin is unknown. He is living in

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43 Cochran's 1870 Census of Washington Co., Ohio

44 Concerning Frank D. Sullivan's father, long ago Ernest Thode also assisted me by looking in the Restored Hamilton Co. Marriage Records 1850-1859. This record was found: David Sullivan married Catharine Lucy, Aug. 26, 1854, St. Thomas Parrish. Then on Ancestry Plus we looked up the 1860 Hamilton Co., Ohio, Census and found David Sullivan, 25, (would have been born 1835), deckhand, Ireland. Following these leads, I wrote the Archdiocese of Cincinnati and requested specific information on the David Sullivan who married Catharine Lucy. However, the genealogical worker in that office was not able to confirm this hypothesis.

1910 with Rosa, 63, while he is 55. She is his second wife, and they have been married for 30 years. Both can read and write. He died of pulmonary tuberculosis. I did uncover one other possible record of Frank D. Sullivan a few years before I heard from Michael Sullivan. There is a census entry for a Frank Sullivan in Cincinnati for 1870 living in a household with 93 men, 7 women and 2 infants. Keeping in mind his report of the unknown name and birthplace of his mother, it is possible that he was an orphan.

With this additional background information, then, let us return to 1875 and the marriage of Carolina Buertel to Frank D. Sullivan in Washington County, Ohio. Their first child, Margaret Melissa Sullivan was born Sept. 8, 1877. Her brother William Henry Sullivan was born on April 11, 1880.<sup>45</sup> The third child, Franklin Marion Sullivan, my grandfather, was born on March 23, 1881.<sup>46</sup> Frank and his brother, William were certainly born just about a year apart. Then in the 1880 Census of Marietta, Ohio, taken on June 11, we see Frank D. Sullivan and his wife, Caroline, she is keeping house, he is working in a saw mill, and they are living on Seventh Street with Maggie M., 2 and 1/2 and Willie, 1 month old.

What was most probable, I think, was that Frank D. Sullivan was indeed a loose, Irish riverboat man. He picked up work on steamboats whenever he wanted a change of venue. He came to manhood in Cincinnati and was used to the riverboat life. He did indeed build this family in Marietta, Ohio, but he moved in and out of town even then, and he probably had other women when he was out of town. He apparently liked women several years older than he. He met this Rosa, possibly even marrying her, too, but possibly waiting until he learned of Carolina's death. He left his Marietta family some time in 1881, never to return. Carolina died of cancer when Franklin Marion, her youngest son, was four years old. That would have been around 1885.

There is a final story which my mother told me, that I must now retell to conclude the ignoble fate of my great great grandmother; I tell it with only heartbreak for her. There were also twin girls that resulted from the Frank D. Sullivan union with Carolina Buertel. I do not know how they fit into the birth order of the other three children, but perhaps it was the gap between the first and second child, perhaps they were the first children. One tragic day there was a kitchen accident during canning or food preparation in which the girls were scalded to death. The family had a plot in Oak Grove Cemetery; it is the plot in which my great grandmother, Eva Fickeisen Noe, my grandmother, Clara Noe Sullivan, and my grandfather, Franklin Marion Sullivan are buried. Also buried in that plot are both the twin girls who were scalded and Carolina Buertel herself. All these graves are unmarked. Mother said they were buried one on top of the other.

### **Back to Jacob and Elisabetha Buertel Zimmer**

In the 1900 Census, Jacob and Elisabetha Buertel Zimmer are still living in northern Lawrence Township on their farm down the road from the Abraham Fickeisen farm.

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<sup>45</sup> Conflicting dates are given, the date is on his Social Security application and his death certificate is 1881. However, the census people could hardly have been wrong that the infant was 1 month old.

<sup>46</sup> Again, there is a conflicting date a year later. So this date, too, could be off by a year. Even as early as age 18, Frank Sullivan's birthdate was listed in the 1900 Census of the U.S. as 1882.

Abraham had passed away five years before, and now the only people on the Fickeisen farm were Margaretha, Abraham's wife, now 75, with two more years left to live, and their youngest child, Dan Fickeisen, now 26. There is also one young man living with, Jacob and Elisabetha, Franklin M. Sullivan, 18, their adoptive son. Rather than let him go to an orphanage, Jacob and Elisabeth had taken the boy in and raised him as their own son. However, he is listed in 1900 as their nephew. More clarity on Frank's status with the Zimmers will emerge as the tragic story continues.

In the Spring of 1882, right around the same time that Frank Sullivan had been born, Jacob and Elisabeth had their fourth child, a son named Jacob. By this time, Jacob, Sr. was a scion of the community. His obituary proclaims: "For many years he was a prominent member of the Ludwig Lutheran Church at Pleasant Ridge. He was for many years a member of the board of education of Lawrence township." They waited until November until holding Jacob, Jr.'s baptism, and then they probably held it at Ludwig Church, because it was some shindig. This baptism was a big deal, an event not to be missed. There were probably more than 20 people there, because almost 20 people were listed as witnesses. Little Jakey's grossmutter was there, as was his aunt Juliana Buertel, who had married Jacob Gilcher, his uncle Karl Buertel, who had married Jacob Fickeisen's daughter Elisabeth. At least three of Louis Ten Biehl's children were there. Son, Daniel Biehl had married Jacob Fickeisen's daughter Eva, and son, Heinrich Biehl had married Abraham Fickeisen's daughter, Anna Philobena. Daughter, Louisa, had married Christian Becker and was there. Other family names represented there were Born, Close, Dauber, Lankford, Templeton and Wagner.

From what my mother has told me, it wouldn't be too much out of line to imagine that little Jakey Zimmer was the equivalent of the prize son in the family of a civic leader, or as close to that as these first generation immigrant farmers could get. So when Frank Sullivan came to live with the Zimmers around 1885, he had to find a way to fit into this new territory. Apparently he did; my mother says that the two boys, Jakey and Frank, were playmates in youth, and, as was typical for young men in that time and place, they quickly began to assume the mantle of hard farm labor. For the first few years, it's possible that Frank may have found living with the Zimmers easier. His father had abandoned a mother and several children, he lost his mother, he was separated from his brother and sister, but now here he was with a new family with all the resources they needed. Unfortunately, this good fortune was not to continue. We see in the McKittrick Ludwig Cemetery inscriptions the following entries:

ZIMMER. JACOB ... BORN, 1848 - DIED, 1925.

ZIMMER. ELIZABETH ... WIFE OF JACOB ZIMMER, BORN, 1849 - DIED, 1926

ZIMMER. JACOB, C ... SON OF JACOB & ELIZABETH ZIMMER. BORN APRIL

30. 1882 - DIED OCT. 12 1893. - AGED 11 YRS. - 5 MO. - 12 DAYS.

ZIMMER. CAROLINA ... DAU. OF JACOB & ELIZABETH ZIMMER. BORN JAN. 4, 1874. - DIED NOV. 22, 1892. - AGED, 18 YRS.- 10 MO.- 18 DAYS.

I don't know what took life from the Zimmers' second child, Carolina. She was still not yet in her twenties. It was not too uncommon for a family out on Pleasant Ridge in the second half of the 19th to lose a child or two to a number of illnesses. Whatever the

cause, I'm sure that the Zimmer family was in grief for the loss of this first daughter, second child.

I have listed below only the known causes of death for young people, and documented names and dates from the Berg Church and other genealogical records. However, there were a number of accidental deaths of various kinds, and a number of deaths with unidentified cause. Rarely, illness attacked an entire family. For example, some kind of infectious illness took three children from the Martin and Carolina Ebeling Martin family in September of 1868.

- “chest weakness” (1886: Johann Knoch, 20)
- consumption, tuberculosis (1870, 1885, 1888, 1891, 1898, 1904: Philipp Dippel; Catherine Zimmer, Karoline Mueller, 21; Maria Zorn, 28, Maria Noe, 26; Hermann Biehl, 18)
- death in combat (1862-3: Ludwig Zimmer, 22; Claus Henning, 24)
- “death blue cough” (George Schramm, 2 months)
- “brown cough” (1872: Karl Pfaff)
- diphtheria (1863-4, 1872: Elisabetha Born, 2; Luisa Stephan, 2; Ida Schramm, 1; Ludwig Weiss, 5)
- drowning in well (1857, 1872: Jacob Decker, 2; Wilhelm Zimmer, 21)
- hepatitis, jaundice (1897: Frieda Biehl, 2)
- hemorrhage and hypothermia (1888: Luisa Fickeisen, 24)
- intestinal or abdominal inflammation (1867, 1905: Elisabetha Kohl, 11, Clarence Berg, 13)
- measles (1897: Friedrich Buertel, 20)
- pneumonia (1885, 1899: Emma Zimmer, 1; Elsa Becker, 4)
- typhus (1869: Katharina Pfaff, 20)

A year later in October an even more tragic death shook the Zimmer family to its foundation, if there is an order of tragedy. I will simply tell you the story the way it was told to me by my mother, Lorene Sullivan Andris:

A crop of sorghum had been harvested and was being processed at the mill. Frank and Jakie were left to supervise it, and father Jacob went home and went to bed. The boys had been out in the ox cart and were returning to the farmhouse during a thunderstorm at 2:00 a.m. Lightning struck a tree and scared the oxen. The oxen bolted and threw Jakie from the ox cart. His neck was broken, and he died instantly.

The Zimmers got angry with Frank, but eventually forgave him. Decades later, Murt Guckert told me that the night the accident happened, he and his brothers had heard Frank screaming, and Murt's dad and the brothers went down and helped Frank. But according to Murt, it was the talk of Pleasant Ridge that the Zimmers blamed Frank for the death of Jacob, and they lost a lot of friends.

The details of the rest of Frank Sullivan's story will be told with the history of the next generation. In brief, though, Frank had an agreement with the Zimmers, according to his grand daughter, that he would stay with them and care for them in their old age. He

married Clara Noe in 1912, and the next year my mother, Ella Lorene, was born. Unfortunately, Clara and Elisabeth did not get along well. One day they fought over whether Lorene could have some special bread Elisabeth had baked for Jacob. It was one of those “last straw” events, and Frank was forced to move his family to Marietta. There he began work as a teamster and then worked at the Safe Cabinet Company. He gambled and drank and died at the age of 39 in 1921 when my mother was 7 years old.

As for Jacob and Elisabeth they moved from their farm to a smaller place a few years before they died. When Jacob died in 1925, Elisabeth went to live with the one remaining member of her nuclear family, her daughter, Clara Biehl. She died a year later.

## Conclusion

If you have read this book, you will have a very good overview of the lives of my six German American great great grandparents, and even a little information about my one Irish American great great grandparent, John Sullivan. Your picture will include why these people left the Rheinland-Pfalz in Germany and why they settled in Washington County, Ohio. You will know their major triumphs and tragedies. You will know where they came out of the womb, and where they laid down their heads for the last time. You will know who was in their confirmation class, who married who, who didn't get married and what they died of. You will know about their parents and children. You will know about their church, what it looks like, and what their farm life sounds and smells like; the roads and the fields they traversed as they rode or walked here and there. You will know how they contributed or didn't contribute to American history. You will know some of their idiosyncrasies, their passions, their conflicts with others and with the church. In short, you will know these people as well as you do your next door neighbor, maybe better. At least that was my goal in writing this all down.

## Appendix 1: Families Buried in the Ludwig Cemetery

Aside from my own ancestors which I have already discussed above, almost all of the other families buried in Ludwig Cemetery have their family name on some piece of land within a mile or two of the place. Twelve **Beckers** have graves there, including Theobald Becker (1802-1853) [that early date does raise a question about whether the body is actually there] and his wife, Katharina (1822-1889). A probable son or close relative of Theobald is Jacob P. Becker (Dittweiler, 1830-1901) and his wife, Carolina Motz Becker (Altenkirchen, 1834-1921).

The **Close** name (German: Kloß) appears six times and includes Jacob Close (1825-1884) and wife Carolina Motz Close (1824-1908). Their son, Charles (1857-1903) is interred in Ludwig Cemetery. Jacob's namesake, Jacob, Jr. and wife, Elisabeth “Lizzie” have three children interred in Ludwig Cemetery: William (1885-1902), Ella (1888-1903) and Louis (1895-1897). It must have been with very heavy hearts that Jacob and Elisabeth put Louis into that grave.

One of the fun things about genealogy is that occasionally you correspond with people whose ancestors were neighbors to your ancestors. Such is the case of Thomas E. Dauber who is the great great great grandson of Theobald and Barbara Schultheis

**Dauber.** Theobald's older brother, Jacob **Dauber** (1838-1913) and wife Catherine Becker Dauber (1844-1931) rest in the Ludwig Cemetery along with four of their eleven children: Wilhelmine (1864-1897), Daniel (1866-1926), Adolph (1876-1878), and infant, Carl. For a couple of decades Theobald and Barbara lived out on Pleasant Ridge, but moved to Marietta in the first decade of the 20th Century. Also resting in Ludwig Cemetery are Catherine Dauber **McBride** (1874-1939), Jacob and Catherine Dauber's third daughter, and Freida E McBride (1896- ), their grand daughter.<sup>47</sup>

At the bottom right of the map in Figure 21 there is a very large plot of land (240 acres) designated to John **Miller**. I believe this must have been the property of Johannes Miller (1828-1894) married Carolina Schramm (1835-1879). Conflicting reports suggest he was either born in Altenkirchen or in Washington County, Ohio. The Millers appear in several censuses of Lawrence Township with their large family of ten children. He lists his occupation as carpenter in 1860, but as farmer later.<sup>48</sup> Besides John and Caroline the Ludwig Cemetery holds the bodies of several members of this family. Second daughter, Mollie (1856-1911) and third son, Theodore (1866-1892) are Miller children. Two infant children are buried here, a daughter (1874) and a son (1875), when Carolina was around 40; her own life ended at age 44. One other Miller is buried there: "Elizabeth **Muller** ... born Lauer, wife of the preacher, Johann P. Muller, born Sept. 10, 1846, died Nov. 30, 1892 ..." I have not been able to identify her further.

In 1875 the property of Jacob **Semon** (1819, Trauweiler-1890) straddled the line between Fearing and Lawrence Townships. The southern tail of this 70 acre lot tucked neatly between the properties of Jacob Fickeisen in Fearing Twp. and Frederich Buertel in Lawrence Township. Jacob is buried in Ludwig Cemetery, along with his wife, Margaretha Shanz (1834, Etschberg-1914). In part, his epitaph reads "Heir ruht Jakob Semon." Several of their eight children are interred in Oak Grove Cemetery in Marietta, including Jacob's second son, Karl (1868-1945) and wife, Elizabeth Koenitzer. However, two of Karl's infant children are buried in Ludwig Cemetery, a son in 1908 and a daughter in 1914. Karl and Elizabeth did have grandchildren. Their daughter, Florence E. Semon Biehl (1899-1979) married Raymond E. Biehl (1895-1981) and they had a son. Both are interred in Oak Grove Cemetery. Karl and Elizabeth's son, Capt. Karl William Semon (1909-1986), a WW 2 veteran, married Grace Lorine Nichols (1910-2002) and they had a son.

There are five people with the name of **Schultheis** (or Schultheiss) that are buried in Ludwig Cemetery, and we have discussed two of them so far, Katharina, who married Louis Ten Biehl, and Lewis, who married Eva Noe. Figuring out the other three has turned out to be difficult. Let's start by looking at the three Schultheises that have farms near Ludwig Cemetery. Looking at the map in Figure 21, the Schultheis farms are shown orange-brown: one plot each belonging to A. Schultheis and P. Schultheis adjoining the Buertel and Semon farms, and two plots of land for F. Schultheis, one

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<sup>47</sup> Catherine McBride and Frieda McBride are found in the 1920 Census of Lawrence Twp. living with widow Catherine Dauber and two other brothers. The McBride marriage ended in divorce.

<sup>48</sup> Further research may show that George Peter Miller (Anne) owned part or all of that property in 1850, and that he inherited his land, or shared the large plot with brothers.

adjoining Jacob Zimmer's property, another adjoining Lewis Biehl corner to corner. A. Schultheis is very probably Adam Schultheis (1810-1875). He and his wife, Margaretha (1812-1891) are both buried in Berg Cemetery. Ludwig, Eva Noe's husband, is a younger son of Adam and Margaretha Schultheis. One Jacob Schultheis is buried in Ludwig Cemetery, but without any identifying birth or death information, it is hard to place him. Finally, the couple, Karl Schultheis (1856-1930) and wife, Louise (1857-1934) lie in Ludwig Cemetery. According to Find a Grave, Karl's father was Nicholas Schultheis and his mother was Katherine Decker.

We do find census records for both Peter and Frederick Schultheis, living in Lawrence Township right where the 1875 Atlas of Washington County shows them to be. From these we can reconstruct that Peter Schultheis (1847- ) married to Carolina (1850- ) had four children in 1880. Frederick Schultheis (1842- ) married to Louisa (1842- ) had five children in 1880. However, I see no connection between these Schultheis families and the other ones mentioned above.

Various names appear on the Ludwig Church Cemetery Inscription roster only once. One such name is inscribed thus: "**Bloomingdale**, Mattie, wife of Reece Bloomingdale, Born May 6, 1875.—Died Dec. 22. 1903." Now Frederick J. Bloomingdale held 56 acres a farm or two northeast of the Ludwig Cemetery. You can see it in light gray on the map in Fig. 21. He, his wife, Elizabeth and his typical stair step large family are found in the 1870 Census of Lawrence Township. His youngest son at the time, Rees A. Bloomingdale, was apparently still on the Bloomingdale farm in 1910, living with two of their children and his older brother William. Catherine "Mattie" Remmy Bloomingdale had, of course, been buried in the Ludwig Cemetery seven years in 1910.

The name of **Gerhold** in the Ludwig Church Inscription roster carries a poignant story. In 1850 Martin Gerhold possessed a 100 acre farm in Fearing Township of modest worth a little more than halfway down Whipple Creek from Lawrence Twp. to the Berg Church. He had a younger wife, Caroline, and four children, the first two with the uncommon names of Doretta and Lucinda. On Beethoven's birthday in 1852, his fifth child, John M would be born. John is buried in Ludwig Cemetery along with his second wife, Rosa Braun Gerhold (1859-1909). John apparently inherited the farm, his father remaining there until his death. John sired three sons by his first wife, and then five more children by second wife, Rosa. After Rosa died in 1909, the oldest daughter by John and Rosa, Annie M. married Albert J Lauer. They first lived as the third generation on the farm, and later moved to another dwelling on the property, starting their own family. However, Annie's older brother, Edward, remained on the farm until his death in 1964 and was interred in Ludwig Cemetery.

Translating the German, we read: "**Walker**, Elisabeth ... wife of Aaron Walker, born, Schneider, born March 11, 1811—died May 2, 1861." There indeed was an Aaron Walker who owned about 75 acres two farms south of the Fred Buertel farm. He is written up in both the 1860 and 1870 Censuses and his farm was assessed in the 1870 Non-Population Census. He was quite successful, and had a son named Aaron who was married in the Berg Church. This Elisabeth Walker may indeed be his wife, even though the census records do not clearly jibe with her name or birth date. Also in the Ludwig Church Cemetery Inscription roster is the name of Jacob **Wummer** (1801), born



in Hahnweiler, died December 9, 1863. However, Find a Grave shows him buried in the Old Berg Church Cemetery.

The case of this inscription is interesting: “**Wagner**, Catherine, Born, 1861 — Died, 1928. This person may well have been the wife of Henry Wagner (1873, Pennsylvania), who was living with wife, Catherine, close to that age, and four children on Pleasant Ridge. Also note that while no Henry Wagner appears on the 1875 Atlas, he does appear in the 1910 Census of Lawrence Township, right next to Henry and Anna Biehl, who did live near the intersection of Pleasant Ridge Road and Moss Run Road. Catherine’s maiden name may have been Miller, because her sister, Mollie Miller was living with them. This possible identity also illustrates that while the 1875 Atlas is indeed an indispensable tool in constructing the 19th Century German genealogy of Washington County, Ohio, there were many, many farms of German immigrants that were too small to show on the map, or were sublet from larger farms, or just houses rented on farms. Also families often made living arrangements for sons and daughters, brothers and sisters that will not be indicated in the Atlas.

## **Appendix II: Our Trip to Europe**

In August of 2000 my brother, Tom Andris, my sister, Vicki Smith, and I set out for a 10 day visit to France, Belgium and Germany. Other than just to have a good time renewing our sibblingship and seeing part of Europe, there were two other specific reasons for the trip. Many years before, Tom had lived for almost a year in Belgium, and he got to know quite a few of our Belgian relatives and establish several friendships. Tom had also travelled there with his dad, Fernand Andris for a shorter time. Tom wanted to renew those friendships and also introduce Vicki and I to these good people. The other purpose was to meet up with Heinrich Becker, with whom we had arranged a meeting. Heinrich was going to take us to see several of the villages from which our German ancestors had emigrated.

It turned out to be a truly wonderful trip; that once in a lifetime experience that can never be reduplicated. I don’t think such a trip could have gone better than this one did. Fortunately, as I have done on several occasions, I had the presence of mind to journal almost each day about what had happened on that day. I have decided to reproduce this journal here. I think it fits very nicely to supplement my carefully researched and crafted family history with an informal and basically unedited report on this trip. If you do read it through, one thing I promise you is that you will understand why I called this book what I did. And so, let’s begin.

### **Transatlantic Flight**

My brother and sister have always really impressed me. They were both good looking and smart, and while I was smart, I was never very sure about my own good looks. They both got married and had children; I took a long time to settle down into a relationship. And, I always believed in them. For example, I really believed that we all could be successful songwriters. Being an older brother, I worked with them to develop their talent. When they were in their teens, I taught them vocal arrangements of “In My Room,” “Graduation Day,” and several other popular songs. We sounded pretty good. Even though I moved 500 miles away from our home town, I went to all but one of their

childrens' high school graduations. My brother roomed with me when he was an undergraduate student and I was a graduate student at The Ohio State University, a situation which I consciously cultivated, since I was concerned that my brother was floundering in school. My sister once came to stay with me in St. Louis for a few days, while she sorted out her life. And always, except for one year when my dad and I were fighting over his drinking, I looked forward to holiday vacations with my family of origin.

Now here I was, age 61, on a transatlantic flight with Vicki. I had arranged to connect with her flight at Pittsburgh, where her husband, Jerry, had driven her. We were flying to Frankfurt, Germany, renting a car, and driving to some youth hostel in Strasbourg, France, where we were meeting my brother. I spoke a minimal amount of German and no French, Vicki spoke a few words of French and no German. On the other hand, Tom is a high school language teacher and speaks both French and German fluently.

I had been to Europe once 22 years before, and the transatlantic flight was just as I had remembered it. A boring 7 hour ride in cramped seats, being kicked by kids behind you, trying to get some sleep in impossible positions, occasionally smelling your own and other people's not so pleasant smells, watching whatever was seven miles below slowly creep behind you. To be sure, there were also a few big differences. No smoking was a gift. I wasn't seized with a sudden panic when I first realized we were out over the Atlantic with several hours to go. There was a Sony entertainment system on this US Airways flight that did finally manage to function correctly on the return.

And I was with my sister! The first thing we did was to order complementary drinks. We both had scotch and water, she tried Dewar's and I had a Johnnie Walker. That loosened us up quite a bit.

Vicki had had an amazingly full summer. She had become grandmother by her first son in July, and was now to become grandmother again in August by her second son. She had signed a deal to sell the two story frame house 627 Seventh. St. and buy a newer, smaller, one-floor plan in the country. But that deal had fallen through, and she and Jerry were now living out of boxes in their old home.

Little Jimmie, who thought he'd never grow up, never come of age, never experience the standard joys of life, was now two years from retirement. He had gotten a job teaching at a university 30 years ago, pursued his hobby as a pianist in several bands, come out, lived through several failed affairs, settled down 15 years ago into a reasonably stable relationship with Stephen, helped Stephen raise his then high school-age daughter, bought an old town house, and seen Stephen through a nearly fatal illness. In just three weeks, Jim and Stephen would be attending the blessing of the relationship of Stephen's daughter Stephanie and her partner, Dawn, in Mystic, Connecticut.

We talked about the trip to come, of course, and about our lives. The three of us were equal partners in this trip, and it felt really good. Somehow, now I was just brother Jim, rather than big brother. When Tom and I had begun to explore this trip over a year ago, Vicki raised her voice and said, in effect, "Wait a minute! Maybe I'd like to go with you." It was Vicki's traded time share that we would be staying in for a week. It was Tom's linguistic ability, European experience, and sociable nature that would guide us. And it

was my intensive research into our family history that would ultimately carry us to Selchenbach in the Rhineland-Pfalz area of Germany, where we would meet for the first time, the mayor of Selchenbach, our fifth cousin, Manfred Harth.

It seemed a bit weird, though, to be eating dinner at 8 p.m. and breakfast four hours later, even though the clock had wound forward to 5 a.m. In between dinner and our fitful attempts to nap, in anticipation of the dreaded jet-lag, we talked about many things. Our dad, now deceased for seven years, his drinking, his relationship to mom, our mother, still bright at nearly 87, her struggle with health problems, the ups and downs in each of our long-term relationships, our concern for Tom and his own struggles.

### **Renting our Lodgings in Strasbourg**

One of the first things Tom did for Vicki and me was to walk us over to a nice inexpensive bed and breakfast. He said that we should walk there; that if we tried to drive, he didn't know whether he could find it. I noticed along the way a distinctly European character to this city. We set out along a paved walkway that took us along gardens, an old Jewish cemetery, and a stream. Along the way we saw two ladies leaning out of their apartment windows, talking across a rope loaded with drying clothes.

The Inter Hotel on la Ruc de Tour, called the Hotel Caveau, had a charming courtyard, with white tables and the ever-present geraniums cascading over the second story balcony. A young, attractive French woman in her thirties arranged our room for us. It was about \$40 for a room and \$19 for 3 breakfasts, "petit déjeuner." She definitely did not speak English, and it was the first of many times when Vicki and I were glad that Tom was along to translate for us.

Once we had our room secured, we went back to the youth hostel so that Tom could check out. Then we stashed all our things at the Caveau. Tom was eager to show us the city of Strasbourg. We caught a bus to the downtown area and then sat out on foot for the area around the cathedral in the center of the city. As with any sizeable city, many unique sites and sounds grabbed us as we walked along the sidewalks.

### **Dinner near Notre Dame Cathedral**

The streets of old Strasbourg, like many German towns we were to see, were not laid out in a perfect crisscross pattern. Rather, they seem to have grown up somewhat haphazardly. Often streets follow rivers, creeks or natural geological formations like cliffs or escarpments. We wended our way in a general direction which Tom claimed would lead to the old cathedral area. We were hungry, or at least, I was, and I saw many interesting restaurants and shops along the way.

Finally, we were in the square around the old cathedral, called the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It is a totally imposing structure with detailed and ornate stone carvings across its entire front. Just over the door arches the figures of many saints. Above the entrance, fully three stories high, looms an even more impressive rose window. Shadows of the late afternoon sun had already started their progression across the square.

The first thing I wanted to do was to see the inside of the cathedral. There were towering vaulted ceilings and glorious stained glass windows that harkened back to

another time when this building was indeed the center of all civic life in Strasbourg. It was very dark inside. Towards the front was an enormous bank of votive candles, most of which had been lit in prayer or memory of some soul. I went ahead of Tom and Vicki and sat in a row of chairs there. The altar was magnificent, but I knew that the ambient light wasn't sufficient to generate a picture. The environment of this cathedral was so clearly evocative of a powerful, transcendent God, that I was pulled back in memory to days when monks prayed and choirs chanted.

In Europe we noticed that restaurants definitely have different practices than in the U.S.A. Very often, when we entered a restaurant, no one came to seat us. We were expected to sit down. Maybe in 5, 10 or even 15 minutes someone would come and take an order. At La Cigogne there were at least three waiters, and there was a distinctly "professional" rapport between them. When they weren't serving, they stood in the doorway and made comments about the patrons or other events nearby. Our waiter looked like a typical Frenchman, young and handsome with very dark hair and eyes and a pink complexion.

After a while, our French waiter came and took our drink orders. Tom and I ordered Riesling to drink, which came in distinctive little glasses with green stems that we saw all over Germany. Vicki had a coke. We drank a toast to our successful voyage. Another thing that is different about Europe from the U.S.A. is water. If you order water there, it won't come in a drinking glass. The waiter will ask you if you want mineral water or not. Then he or she brings a bottle, which you pay for. My brother was insistent that you could drink tap water in Strasbourg, which he proceeded to demonstrate back at our room. Occasionally, since I have gout and have to drink a lot of water, I also tried the tap water in a couple of places and nothing notable happened to me.

We ordered our meals. This was definitely the best meal I had in Europe. Vicki's food was Soupe l'Oignon Gratinee for 35 DM (Deutsche Mark) and Salade Milanaise at 58 DM. Tom had the Tom Choucroute Royale for 89 DM. It contained sausage and other kinds of meat, like pork hocks. Jim had the Suprême de Saumon à la crème de Riesling at 79 DM. This was the best salmon I had ever eaten. It had a mustard-Riesling sauce, and was served with green beans and potatoes. We also had Alsatian bread with our meal. For dessert, we split an Alsatian Apple Tart, another winner.

While we were sitting at La Cigogne (The Swan), we were entertained by a couple of street musicians who were really quite good. A man who looked like a South American Indian was playing the flute. I was quite impressed and went over to listen to him and to take this photo. Immediately after he finished his "session" he came directly over to our table and presented himself. I gave him a tip. Later on, we also heard a German accordion player who was excellent.

### **Walking to the Light Show**

Now properly wine and dined, and feeling the full sting of jet lag, I was ready to go back to the Hotel Caveau and crash. However, Tom had another plan in mind. He really wanted us to go to this light show that was apparently given every evening of the summer. He said that it was quite spectacular, and he tantalized us with stories of acrobats walking upside down on tightropes over colored fountains. Once again, he

thought that he could find it if we started walking, but wasn't quite sure where it was. And so we began walking along the river towards this square. On the way we passed quite a few scenic vistas.

We got to the location about an hour before the show began. Tom said this was necessary because people came in at the last minute and the square became extremely crowded. I was hardly able to stand up from fatigue. I found a place next to a stone pillar and literally sat down in the dirt and went to sleep. When I did wake up in 20 minutes or so, I found a stone wall and sat on it. While I was there I looked between the leaves of a tree and spied a couple of young lovers having dinner on the level below me.

Tom and Vicki guarded their position looking over a waist-high wall toward the stories-high stone wall on top of which the water aerobics were to take place. About a half hour before the show was to begin, Tom summoned me to come stand in place. I did, and, just as he predicted, people showed up and began to crowd in on us. One older woman was doing her best to insinuate herself between Vicki and me, but we mustered up our most selfish behavior and shut her out.

Now it was getting very dark. I can remember that there was a big container of flowers in front of me. I had the perfume of sweet petunias in my nose for the entire show. Fish and boats dallied in the water. Once the light show started, we were fascinated for the next hour or so. Apparently a long row of as many as 15 fountains were hooked up to some controlling mechanism which took them through various shapes and colors and heights. It was like "a ballet of water fountains." All of this was accomplished to music. I didn't get a picture of it, but there was a woman suspended in mid-air on an invisible wire over these fountains. She swept back and forth in various positions as the ballet was going on. Later we would indeed see the tight rope walker cross the fountains upside down. All in all, it was a most marvelous way to end the day. We finally made it by bus back to our room about midnight, and I slept soundly until the next morning.

### **From Strasbourg to Heidelberg**

Everyone felt a lot better after a good night's sleep on Saturday morning of August 12. We took advantage of our breakfast. There were rolls (Brötchen), croissants, cheese, sausages, tee and coffee. A typical German breakfast. We listened to the simultaneous conversations in German and French as the other hotel patrons ate their breakfast, too. Tom really wanted us to see more of the sites of Strasbourg. I was of the opinion that we should embark on our trek to Vicki's traded bed and breakfast. I suggested that we stop at Heidelberg on the way.

We got our things packed in the Opal. Then we stopped at a supermarché nearby. We needed bottled water and some other supplies. To protect us from the sun, Vicki bought a straw hat, and I bought a cap. We headed east across the Rhine and up A6 toward Heidelberg.

Heidelberg was a place I had been before on my trip in 1978. I remember that the bus drove up to the castle, and we had about 45 minutes to explore. Since Vicki had said that she wanted to see castles, it seemed to be a good place to head for. We were already pretty good at following the Michelin map that I had bought years before. We had quickly rejected the AAA map as being pretty useless.

Once we got into the city, we kept following the signs to "Stadt Centrum" and "Berg." We tried to drive up the hill to the castle but every parking space was taken. So we backtracked and parked about a mile away. As we retraced our steps on foot, we saw some very charming sites. There were very narrow streets, and on the way we saw churches with a unique style. Heidelberg has a flower pot orange hue to it, as do other German towns.

After a while we came upon a lovely, large square. There was some kind of university there, but my pictures didn't turn out. I hope to either go back someday and find out what all the statues stand for, or maybe some kind soul that is reading this page will write me and tell me what we were seeing. We could see Heidelberg Castle in the distance, up on top of a hill. There was also a very spectacular view of the city of Heidelberg both inside and outside of the castle grounds.

While we were in Europe, we walked up and down many hills. The castles were usually on top of hills, and we all seemed to favor the pedestrian mode of travel when we could. We saw this castle up on a hill, and we started walking up to it. Vicki was way out in front as we walked up a long, long set of steps. The castle area is quite large. A big part of the castle is pretty much in ruins. Today and all but two of the days that we were in Europe, the weather was absolutely beautiful—cool, sunny, clear air. The sky was a vibrant blue.

### **From Heidelberg to Schleiden**

It wasn't too far up the autobahn that we encountered a second wall of tail lights. This time, I was prepared. I pulled over to the side and consulted the map. My strategy was to try to get off the freeway, drive ahead on local roads for about 20 miles, and then get back on the autobahn. After a little uncertainty and traffic weaving, we were able to get off at Bingen. This was a charming little town, once again, linearly laid out along a tributary to the Rhine. The buildings were at least a hundred years old.

Vicki and Tom had called her time share the night before, and they had told her that if we were going to arrive later than 8 p.m., we should call ahead and arrange a way to pick up the key after the office closed. The afternoon shadows were now quite long, and it appeared that a stop in Bingen for this purpose was called for. We parked the car on a narrow sidewalk (a common thing in Germany). While Tom and Vicki went to figure out how to use the local phone, I took a quick nap. Jet lag was again rearing its persistent head. They returned in about 15 minutes, and arrangements had been made to pick up the key.

Now we tried our best to follow the roads out of Bingen. We were completely out in the country, and I was only moderately confident that we would run into the autobahn any time soon. But . . . Lo and Behold, A6 appeared and we drove triumphantly on to it. We were now well ahead of the traffic snarl and on our way to the time share. I had adjusted to autobahn driving and was making good time without becoming a nervous wreck every time a speeding Mercedes dogged my tail.

But then we got off the autobahn and onto the 60 km of two lane road leading to Schleiden. Tractors, hay carts, recreation vehicles were around every (frequent) turn. We later found out that, at least in the Rhineland Pfalz, there were special paved road

systems that connected all the tiny Dorfen (villages) in an area (Kreis). It was getting quite late that night, but now, and many times in the future, we would observe some strong basic differences between Germany and the U.S.A. In this green, hilly country there were fields for cattle, hayfields and crops growing everywhere, with just a few wooded areas. There was absolutely NO litter anywhere. No aluminum cans, no plastic grocery bags, no styrofoam cups, no discarded clothing, no missing shoes, no, nothing. Not a shred of evidence that humans were living there. There were absolutely NO billboards in the country. No cigarette ads, no liquor ads, no movie ads, nothing was blocking the beautiful scenery. We saw NOT ONE abandoned building. No old shacks, no old barns with "Mail Pouch Tobacco" or "Lilly Snuff" in faded old paint, no trash heaps of washing machines and refrigerators. Not only did we not see any old, decrepit farm buildings, we ONLY saw houses or buildings of any kind huddled in the tiny towns. In the distance, down in a valley along a river, you would always see one, two or three tiny villages, houses close together, always with burnt orange, strongly gabled roofs. Only once or twice did I see any building in evidence of some disrepair.

As we slowly made our way towards Schleiden around curve after curve, we settled in for a very late entry. Vicki had precise directions to our condo, but we had quite a time finding it anyway. We missed the turnoff the first time. The first surprise was that the condo was not in Schleiden, but six km north in Gemünd. At last we were driving up the hill out of Gemünd and to our home for the week. Just as the lady had said, we went into the building where the office was, and in the right drawer of a bureau was the key. All the parking spaces were full, since we had arrived so late. To top that off, our condo was on the third floor, no elevator. But we boldly dragged our stuff up to the apartment. I heard Vicki's cry of delight when she saw the condo as I was coming up the stairs.

The condo was lovely. There was a big living room with fold-out couch, and overstuffed chair, TV, a phone, and a table off to one side that seated six. On one side of the living room was a small, but completely appointed kitchen, on the other side were floor to ceiling glass doors that opened onto a balcony with tables and chairs. The next day we were to find that that view was totally relaxing and beautiful. We could see one of the asphalt roads that the farmers used winding around a hayfield filled with yellow daisies and tiny houses off in the distant valley. There also were two bedrooms and two bathrooms. Vicki took the master bedroom, and Tom and I traded off most nights between the couch and the second bedroom. I slept three nights in the bedroom which had a skylight right above the bed.

When we had unpacked a bit and settled down, I was so exhausted that I just went to sleep. Unfortunately, I can't remember the exact details (which I HOPE my sister will fill in), but sometime that night, Vicki got news that her second son, Joe, and his wife Corby, had made her a grandmother for the second time this summer. What I do remember though, at this time, is a really hysterical chain of events.

After about an hour, I heard Tom and Vicky coming up the front steps and talking and laughing. They were all excited about the little bar they had found up at the top of the hill, and they had been out drinking in the bar. The bartender was Klaus, and his assistant was Marco. "Come on, Jim," they said, "let's go down to the bar and celebrate some more." So we did. Well, the first shock that we got was that when we entered the

bar again, Klaus had a barmaid's short dress with apron on and was behind the bar getting ready to serve a birthday cake to a patron. My brother, in typical humor, said, "Klaus, I think blue is a better color for you." Klaus's outfit was a red and green check with ruffles. Tom said a lot of other funny stuff that night, which perhaps he can recall.

My sister, Vicki, took some really good pictures. In addition to the two bartenders, Tom had made friends with a man from Holland; Michael, was his name. He was sitting at the right end of the bar. Tom, Vicki, I and Michael sat at the bar in that order and talked about many things. It was the first of several times when I had a chance to practice using my German to make small talk. I found that I really could understand most everything that was being said and could make myself understood, too. Michael was the first of several people who told me that I did a good job on my German, which actually totally amazed me. But the theme of the evening was definitely celebration—celebration of little Justin Thomas Smith's coming into the world, celebration of the fact that we had actually done it, made it, the three of us to this site with a full vacation ahead of us, celebration of our siblinghood, and celebration of this wonderful joint adventure.

At any rate, Vicki had had a couple of drinks and was actually in a dancing mood. She danced one dance with Michael, but wouldn't dance a second one. I think she danced with Marco, too, but I'm not sure. And she was talking a lot and telling everyone about the news of her new grandchild. Translating all this into German was also fun. Sadly, (but not too sadly, after all, this was a bar, and people are supposed to have fun in a bar) we overstayed our welcome. Klaus and Marco had to get up at six the next morning and do some other work somewhere else. They didn't actually tell us to go, but we could see that their enthusiasm had waned by 1 a.m. So we bid our goodbyes at last to Michael and headed for our condo and a lovely night's rest.

### **Our First Day in Gemünd**

The day before, Tom had found out that we could have breakfast at the bar and cafe just up the hill from where we were staying. We arrived at this restaurant about mid-morning, after a much needed night's rest. Once again we were reminded of the very different European practice typical in restaurants. No one seats you, and there are no signs saying what you should do. Rather, we found a seat at a table of four and waited. There was a waitress who was tending the bar and the other customers. After about 15 minutes, she came and took our order. We ordered off the menu, but when we asked for Brötchen (bread rolls), we were told that there were none. We could have toast, instead. We also ordered eggs. Michael, the guy with a small van from the Netherlands was having breakfast at another table, but we didn't ask him to join us. What finally arrived was Brötchen (she said she found some), cheese wedges in tin foil, jam, and cold cuts. She also brought a boiled egg in an egg cup. With our tea and coffee, it actually was a good breakfast.

Another item that we did have on our agenda was singing. I mentioned in the introduction that the three of us have been singing for a long time. Whenever there is a family get together—graduation or holiday—we usually haul out the guitar and sing our standard repertoire of songs in three-part harmony. When Vicki and Tom were in high school, I worked out several arrangements with guitar accompaniment. The Beach Boys "In My Room" and "Graduation Day" and Peter, Paul and Mary's "San Francisco Bay



Blues" are probably our best songs. Over the years our repertoire has shrunk from about 10 songs to the present three or four. However, we STILL have to sing "Graduation Day," and Vicki's husband, Jerry, has been kind enough all these years to chime in with the last note for that song. The first time he did it to surprise us, but we thought it was so funny that he's now expected to do his duty. So I took my guitar all the way to Europe in the hopes of getting some practice for our still not named trio.

That morning Vicki and I wanted to go on a walk after breakfast. However, Tom volunteered to restring the guitar instead of going for the walk. So Tom stayed in the apartment (also recovering from last night's celebration), while the two of us went out to explore the field behind the condo. As we walked, there was a row of condos to the left. We were staying on the top floor of about the third or fourth building down in this row. The road that we walked skirted the top of the hill behind the condos, then went down toward the valley and came back across the field towards the bottom of the hill. We took a side trip down the dirt road at the top of the hill. It was a very beautiful landscape, with yellow and pink flowers and some kind of tree that had orange berries all over it.

When we got back from our walk, we decided to do some exploring of the town. To tell the truth, since we spent several days in Gemünd, I can't remember all the exact details of our day. I do remember that it was Sunday, and we were told that everything closes up tight as a drum on Sunday. That turned out to only be partially true. We drove around Gemünd, and that area was hilly. Church steeples and the wooded hillsides make for interesting views in almost any direction. On the right, the camera was looking in the opposite direction. I think we spent the middle part of the day just exploring the downtown and surrounding area of this resort town. In fact we spent several days enjoying this place.

One of the things we liked about this and several other German towns was the fact that the business area was pretty much closed to automobiles. Once in a while we would see a car, apparently with special permission, drive through the pedestrians. There was a broad, traffic-free main commercial street in downtown Gemünd. There were a lot of neat shops and restaurants: delicatessens, pastry shops, butcher shops, and bakeries. One place that Vicki spent a lot of time at was the Löwensahn (literally, the Lion's Tooth, or, in English, the Dandilion). This was a children's clothes shop, and there were some adorable outfits there unlike anything you could get in the U.S.A. She bought several outfits for her new grandchildren, and I think Tom did some grandkid shopping too. You can see the Löwenzahn in the picture to the right.

There was a "Salzburg style" restaurant down at the foot of the hill of our condo complex. It sounded interesting, and so about three in the afternoon, we went down to explore it. An attractive lady in maybe her late thirties was our hostess and server. We were ushered through the indoor restaurant to a dark wood deck that overlooked the valley we were in. It really was a tranquil and lovely view. In this part of Germany there are lots of green tree covered hills and orange-roofed houses down in the valley. That is what we were looking at. We came back to this restaurant a couple of more times at different times of the day. The deck always seemed to be well populated with natives and tourists. I suppose there were about 20 seats in all. There were large, colorful paper napkins and placemats at each place. I had soup and a dessert, Vicki had a cheese and

fruit plate, and I think Tom had an enormous breaded pork cutlet. We sipped our tea and beer and enjoyed the late afternoon. We also chatted with our hostess, and I was able to practice my German a little bit.

I think we continued to explore for a while after lunch. We might have driven back to Schleiden to see if there were any shops open, and found them mostly closed. Whatever the case, we were really glad that we were in Gemünd and not Schleiden. Gemünd has more things for tourists to do, Schleiden is just like a village with the kind of shops that people need for everyday activities. One of the days we were shopping, we stopped for a mid-afternoon drink at a little outdoor cafe. Part of the time we sat on a park bench in the little park facing the river that ran through the town. There were ducks and swans, trout and other fish in the river. There were also "works of art" in the river. Apparently some local artists put some modern type constructions and sculptures there. In the background was the Hotel Friedrich. We ate there twice and the food was really good. One item you saw on the menu a lot was Curried Turkey Breast Strips. I had that at two different places.

The Hotel Friedrich was a very traditional restaurant. There was a salad bar, although by no means the same as the U.S.A. Germans seemed to eat more raw vegetables, and there wasn't such a great variety of salad dressings. The most common one was like a light, slightly sweet ranch, maybe with yoghurt. Their soups tended to be lighter, too. But always, the menu was full of meat, especially beef, pork and fish.

### **We Discover Monschau**

One of the first things we did on that Monday in Gemünd was to go shopping for breakfast food. At least I think we went shopping first thing, but I also think we might have done this the night before. At any rate, we entered the local supermarket. Just as we had discovered in Strasbourg, the supermarkets are very much the equal of medium-sized supermarkets in the U.S.A. However, one sees some very different and interesting products in Europe, right alongside the more familiar ones. For example, there are cheeses and breads you don't see in America. We ended up getting lots of breakfast stuff, yoghurt, Brötchen, juice, milk, coffee, hot chocolate, cheese, cold meat, and some snack stuff. For \$7 a piece, we provided for five breakfasts.

After breakfast, we went down to the condo office, where they had a lot of interesting travel information. Tom talked to the clerk in German, while Vicki and I stood back and tried to follow what was going on. One thing we found out was that there was to be a bus tour of the Rhine on Thursday, and we definitely wanted to go on that. Also, I had been looking on the map for a possible interesting place around Gemünd/Schleiden. For some reason, I had identified the little village of Monschau as an interesting place. I didn't have a shred of information on it, but it seemed to be calling to me. I mentioned to Tom and Vicki that if they didn't have a better idea for the afternoon, this town of Monschau might be a good place to visit. They agreed.

The charm of Monschau turned out to be quite compelling. It is just a few miles from the Belgian border, and is located in the "high fenn" region, which is marshland. In the spring, thousands of wild daffodils bloom there. Monshau itself is a town that snakes along a very curving river.

We had our usual animated round of discussion about how to get to Monschau while I was driving us there. The mountain road was extremely curvy, and we finally ended up parking in the lot of a glass house. However, from the moment we set foot on the cobblestone street into Monschau, I had no doubt that this city would be one of the highlights of our trip. Every new bend in the winding street seemed to enhance the mystery and charm of this old town.

We must have walked half a mile along this winding street. The only thing that made me sure that we were on the right path was all the people that were going to and from somewhere. Soon, we were simply astonished as the beauty of Monschau began to unfold before our eyes. For centuries, three and four story buildings have been built along the curving river whose exteriors are covered by dark logs and white stucco or frame inset with quaint windows. We did a lot of shopping in Monschau, too. There were more interesting shops than anywhere else we visited. I bought a cuckoo clock there and also a huge round loaf of pumpnickel bread that weighed 5 pounds and lasted the entire ten days of our trip.

And so we were led by the winding, narrow streets into the town square, and into a pleasant dinner at the Bellavista Pizzeria Ristorante, where we had Spaghetti Bolognese and a good chianti wine.

### **In and Out of a Ditch**

Before we took this trip, one of our big priorities was meeting our Belgian relatives. More than two decades ago, brother Tom went to Binche, Belgium with his father, Fernand, and uncle Alphonse and stayed for months. Tom has been back at least one time since then. He has made fast friends with many of our Belgian relatives over the years. Tom has told us many wonderful stories of his adventures in Belgium: how our father helped to mend a family feud there, how he spent many days and evenings in the Cafe Zoauve in Binche drinking and even dancing on tables, how friendly and even loving our relatives were, and many other pieces of family lore. Binche is also famous all over Europe, indeed, even the world, for being the site of the Carnival du Binche, a celebration similar to our mardi gras, where the whole town appears in clown costumes.

You can read about my brother's adventures in the online articles on our father's maternal grandparents (Leon Dorval and Josephine Sebille) and paternal grandparents (Arthur Andrisse and Louise Lebrun) to be found in my family tree.<sup>49</sup> Tom called our relatives the night before and made arrangements to meet everyone at the Cafe Zoauve, which at one time had belonged to Cyrille Rousseau, my paternal grandmother's nephew.

We got up to a cloudy morning on Tuesday, and after our breakfast in the condo, including some incredibly heavy, but delicious rye bread from Monschau the day before, we set out on the German country roads towards the autobahn to Belgium. We took B258 out of Schleiden to E40 and headed east. We had been to Monschau the day before, which helped us to get a sure start.

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<sup>49</sup> <http://www.siue.edu/~jandris/genealogy/html/andris1.html>

As soon as we crossed the border from Germany to Belgium, the landscape changed dramatically. First of all, the Germans use almost every square inch of their land for crops or pasture. Houses cluster tightly in the villages, the rest of the rolling hills are green, with patches of woods. As we drove on the two lane road into Belgium, pasture changed to marsh. The road was very straight with pine trees on either side. Also the quality of the road became much poorer. We were in the French-speaking section of Belgium. People who live here are referred to as "Walloon."

Soon after we got on the freeway, it started to rain, quite heavy at times. Tom said that this was exactly how it was when he was here earlier in July. We managed to stay on the freeway to Charleroi. Tom mentioned that there were beautiful cliffs along the way, I think Luvain was the place, but the rain was so hard we didn't see anything. Eventually we took route 55 south off of the autobahn towards Binche.

Our plans, as I said, were to go to the Cafe Zoauve and stay pretty much all day, allowing various relatives a chance to drop in. However, we were in for a big change in plans, one which at first was frustrating and frightening for me, but which turned out to be alright in the end. We had just sighted the Binche city limits sign. Vicki said that she would like to have a picture of her standing under the sign. So like the dutiful brother, I pulled off at what looked like an abandoned filling station about 100 feet from the sign. I backed up to get a better view. CLUNK! Our Opal station went into a ditch. Tom said, "We're done, we're done!" and threw up his hands. I put on the parking break and walked back to see what had happened. The right rear tire was dangling completely free of any ground, and the car was resting on the frame on the right side. Had we gone back any further, we might have ended up in a 5 foot ditch.

I looked at this situation and felt a completely hopeless feeling surge over me. I felt so foolish for doing this. I thought that this would mean that we would waste most of our day dealing with the ditched car. Tom and Vicki were trying to be reassuring. Later they would tease me mercilessly, and Tom would exaggerate the story every time. It was really quite hilarious. Each time Tom repeated the story he would gesticulate with his hands to show how the car literally teeter-tottered on the edge of a giant chasm. We weren't quite that close to such disaster.

As we were discussing what to do, a guy drove up in an European SUV and asked us if we were having problems. He seemed quite willing to help. Fortunately, Tom and he were communicating quite well in French. This Belgian walked around the car assessing the situation. He said to Tom in French that there was probably a heavy-duty hook and eye that would screw into a sealed hole on the front bumper of the car. He looked in the trunk, and sure enough there it was. He popped the cover off of the hole and screwed the hook-and-eye into it. Then, almost unbelievably, he produced a heavy duty, plastic-coated metal cable. He attached it to both vehicles. I got in the car, and released the brake as he started to pull. TUNK! As quickly as we had fallen into the ditch, we were pulled out. Needless to say, we were all extremely grateful. I think Tom gave him about \$30, which certainly was worth it.

It turned out that this fellow also had a cell phone, and Tom borrowed it to call our second cousin Suzanne and her husband Aginor. Before it was clear that our Belgian samaritan could free us, Tom recalled that Aginor owned a garage. In just a few minutes

Aginor showed up in his car. After our introductions and Tom relaying the tale of our close call, Aginor led us through Binche and the downtown area to his house.

### **Our Lunch with Suzanne and Aginor**

We had such a wonderful time at Suzanne and Aginor's house that I'm not sure where to begin. Perhaps with introductions. They had a nice little one-floor brick house landscaped with cedar plantings. Suzanne showed us a picture of her mother, Charlotte Rousseau Dufour. Aginor is Suzanne's second husband. Charlotte was the daughter of Felicité Dorval, who was the sister of my paternal grandmother, Victorine Dorval. Felicité Dorval married Jean Rousseau, a coal miner. Charlotte had a sister, Julia, and a brother, Cyrille.

Of course, as usual, brother Tom was doing most of the talking, and he would have to remember what the conversation was about. It wasn't too long until Pierre, Suzanne's brother, and Jeanette showed up, along with someone's niece, her husband and their child. Right away we were offered something to drink. I tried a Belgian beer that was very sweet and heavy. It was quite a contrast to the German pilsner I drank most of the time I was in Europe. Pierre and Tom talked a lot about the visits that he had made previously with our father and Uncle Alphonse. Charlotte wanted to fix us something to eat, but at first we politely declined. After a while, Aginor took us out in the back yard to see his garden. It was quite extensive. Aginor raised tomatoes in a greenhouse. Eventually, first the niece and then Pierre and Jeanette left.

Suzanne again asked us if we wouldn't like something to eat. Tom said that it might be nice to have some french fries. (Belgians are known in Europe for having the best fries.) She asked Tom if he would like some home-made mustard mayonnaise to go with the fries, and Tom said that, well, he would, if she didn't mind. The negotiation for this delicious late lunch continued, and eventually we ended up eating a large omelette, a huge bowl of french fries, and a big plate of Aginor's home grown tomatoes.

It was determined that sister Vicki would go out in the kitchen to help Suzanne with the meal. Tom said that this was unheard of, that a Belgian woman would show visitors to her kitchen, so Vicki was very special. What happened next was just the best fun. Earlier, Suzanne had shown us a huge bowl of Aginor's home grown potatoes, washed and scrubbed. Now she produced the peeled potatoes. She handed Vicki a paring knife and indicated to her that she was to slice these potatoes as her part of the bargain. Vicki bravely dived into the paring job, but she confided to me as an aside (in English, of course) that she didn't cook much any more, and wasn't sure at all about this. After a couple of potatoes, it became apparent that Vicki's talents didn't lie in hand-paring and slicing potatoes. Then, with a big grin, Suzanne produced a mechanical device that automatically sliced the potatoes. She showed Vicki how to push a potato through and come up with perfect french fries. Vicki tried it once, and exclaimed, "Now this, I can do." The potatoes were ready for frying in no time.

They had a french frier built right into their stove. (I remarked that we used to have such a frier in our electric stove, back when we were growing up.) We asked what kind of oil they used, and were told it was "arashide," or peanut, oil. Suzanne prefried the french fries, but did not brown them. Then she drained them for a while. Now she mixed up the

mustard mayonnaise from scratch, using an egg, oil, mustard and salt, and a wire whip in a big bowl. At last the delicious meal was placed on the dining room table: fluffy omelette, french fries, tomatoes and home-made mayonnaise. We ate and ate but still there was food left. Tom and Aginor were also having a few beers.

After a while, Suzanne got out a fascinating videotape of the Carnivale du Binche and played it for us. During the mardi gras period, there are several societies in the city that take to the streets. It turns out that our relatives are a part of the Gilles, which are the most famous of four characters. There are 10 societies for about 900 Gilles. The names of those societies are: Petits Gilles, Régénéraires, Indépendants, Supporters, Récalcitrants, Incorruptibles, Incas, Maxim's, Jeunes Indépendants, Amis Réunis. Families that are in these societies begin months before to prepare elaborate costumes. Since only Binchois men can be Gilles, I'm assuming that one of the main roles of the women is to make the costumes. Then on three nights, the costumed family members take to the streets and quite a festivity begins, filled with dancing, drinking and other kinds of merriment. Through the videotape we were shown the whole process.<sup>50</sup>

While we were watching the video, Suzanne received a call from brother, Pierre, who lived just down the street with Jeanette. We were asked if we wanted to go over to their house for dessert. And that is another chapter. But one more charming thing happened. It had become apparent that Vicki and Suzanne really liked each other. Suzanne disappeared down the hall. In a moment she came back with a large, original, signed poster of the Gilles de Binche, and handed it to my sister. "It's for you," she said in French. Vicki was thrilled, and we were touched.

One other thing that Tom was quite comfortable with, since he had visited before, but which caught me off-guard was the Belgian manner of saying hello and goodbye to relatives and close friends. They hold your hand, and bus you three times, left, right, left, I think. Of course, you are supposed to respond similarly. Without experience, it was a bit awkward for me. By the end of the day, I was doing quite well.

We walked over to Pierre and Jeanette's charming place, where we were served pastries, coffee, and a very fine vintage wine. Tales of past visits and memories of old flowed in the conversation between Tom and our Belgian cousins, Suzanne and Aginor, and a stronger bond was formed between two countries and two branches of a family. Then it was getting late, and the visit continued at Cafe Zoauve.

### **Reflections on Binche and Eupen**

Visiting Binche has been a transforming experience for me. I don't know why, but I never studied French. Instead, I chose to study the language of my mother's people, German. My dad and uncle spoke French occasionally, but when I was in high school, no French course was offered. I did take about six weeks of private tutoring in French from my eleventh grade teacher, Miss Thelma Geiger. But her German courses were very popular and fun. My course was set. I took scientific German in college. Later in

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<sup>50</sup> For years, there is a wonderful website on Binche's Carnival produced by Hugues Deghorain, who now has a website on Pinterest. However, many videos of Carnaval de Binche are on YouTube.

life, my mother's vivid recollections of her German grandmother set me on a path of discovering my German roots.

But now that I have visited Binche, Belgium, I am suddenly motivated to learn to speak French. Granted that I met a fifth cousin in Selchenbach, Germany, and that was very exciting, the fact is that I have a living kinship with my many Binchois relatives. I want to know more about this part of my family. My brother says that the Belgians he has known are warm, generous and friendly, and stand in stark contrast to the treatment he has received in France.

At last, we had to leave Le Zouave and head back to our condo in Gemünd. It had been a remarkable day, filled with adventure. The autobahn drive in the pouring rain, the appointment with the ditch just outside of Binche, the hospitality of Suzanne and Aginor, Pierre and Jeanette, the communality of the bar and our other cousins, all these things were swirling in our minds and the topic of conversation as we drove back to Germany.

We began to discuss where we would eat supper. It was getting quite late, and we weren't at all sure we would even find a decent restaurant open. We decided that we would drive into Eupen, a Belgian city near the German border. We wound our way through the sinuous streets and came to an area that had many shops and restaurants. We parked the car and began to look for a good restaurant. Right away, Tom spied a Chinese restaurant and said, "I could go for Chinese tonight." I thought it was kind of bizarre for Americans to eat Chinese food in a Belgian restaurant, and I encouraged us to look other places.

And so we did. Only trouble was, we stopped at an upscale Euro restaurant and it looked like it could be an hour before we ate. Everyone in the restaurant was dressed up and drinking white wine over candlelight. So we walked some more and eventually passed the Chinese joint again. I said, well, let's look at the menu and see what is in here. The menu was quite extensive. We could see that it was virtually deserted.

I'll let Vicki tell part of the story now: "When you tell the story about the Chinese restaurant (which I know you will tell much better than I ever could) please include that when we were deciding about the menu at the door, I asked if they had Cashew Chicken and a little voice from inside said "yes we do." It was Rocky as he was listening to us as he set the tables.

And that was our introduction to Rocky, a delightful and charming young man of Asian extraction, who was the sole waiter "lurking" in the establishment. He was quite slight of build and walked with a noticeable limp. We began talking to him—I was concerned to have a vegetarian dish—and that was available. What happened next was that Rocky and Tom began to have a "contest of languages." Rocky had made his English ability clear to us. Now Tom said a few words in German, and Rocky responded appropriately. Next, Tom tried French, and still Rocky held in there. However, Rocky became more and more impressed with Tom's linguistic ability, and said so.

We got our food ordered, and as we chatted with Rocky, we discovered that his native language was actually Dutch. That is the third language of Belgium, along with German, French, and a Brussels patois. He had discovered that he had an ear for language, and was certainly putting it to good use in this restaurant. During the meal, as our dinner

began to unfold, and Tom was making wisecracks, I kept reminding us all to "remember that Rocky hears everything we say." By the end of the meal, he and Tom were chatting as if they were old friends. We left him a big tip, and as we left, Rocky said, "Goodbye, Tom." It was odd, but it almost felt like we should "keep in touch."

We were driving at night back to Monschau along the more or less straight road with pine trees and "fenn" or swamp on either side. Then we were back on the winding, but good, roads through the western German hills. We had truly had a wonderful day.

### **Monschau Revisited, Rhineland, Here We Come**

The day after our visit to our Belgian relatives we continued to talk about what a wonderful time we had, and, of course, both Tom and Vicki continued to tease me mercilessly about driving the Opel into the Binchios ditch. Tom had visited them the month before Vicki and I were in Europe, and he told them at that time that he wasn't even sure that we would make it back to Binche. So he was especially pleased that we found the time to travel again to Binche.

After breakfast in our condo, we went back to the complex office and discussed once again with the attendant whether the Rhine tour to Koblenz and Rudesheim would make. The situation did not look promising at all. Only four people had signed up and they needed at least 12. Over the next day, we decided that we could put together our own Rhine tour. We would drive down from Schleiden to Koblenz. At least part of the trip would be on the autobahn. The now unlikely tour was going to visit Ehrenbreitstein, one of the largest fortified castles in Germany, if not the largest. We decided we would look for it on the way through. Next, we would drive down the Rhine River and see whatever little villages and wineries were along the way. We could see from the map that the river was dotted with many castles on both sides. As it turned out, we went down the east side of the river. Finally, if we got to Rudesheim, we would have dinner and then come home.

If I remember right, Vicki had to return to the Löwensahn in downtown Gemünd, because she had some reservations about the clothes she had bought for her grandchildren a couple of days before. Tom also bought some things for his daughter Heidi's children. The rest of that Wednesday was devoted to another visit to Monschau. I didn't take my camera that day, but I did want to recall some of the many things that we did.

On our second visit, we entered the town from a different direction. The first time, we had entered by the glass house and parked in their parking lot. This time we parked in the city parking lot outside of town. In many of these small German cities, we found that one buys a parking ticket from a machine and displays it in the window of his or her car. One of the first things I did was to buy a piece of pottery, a sachet holder, in a lovely shop by the river. Wouldn't you know that the day before we left for America I managed to break that pottery. Tom took it home with him and said that he would repair it for me. Both Vicki and I bought several pieces of embroidered cut work from a couple of shops. This type of work was very popular in the Monschau shops. There were gifts galore in this town. Probably the most extravagant item that I bought, and it was for myself, was a cookoo clock from a Monschau jeweler. I had always wanted a genuine cookoo clock.



This one has a German fellow in lederhosen on the front holding a beer stein. He takes drinks on the hour when the cookoo announces the time.

There are a couple of other outstanding memories in my mind from Monschau. We really did a lot of climbing while we were there. First we climbed up a pretty high hill to a castle ruins and explored it. The castle was situated on a high point and you could look down from either side of this hill into the river valley that curved around it. We were well above the tops of the highest town buildings, so the view was spectacular. We examined the castle ruins, but could not get inside. Then Tom got the idea that he was going to climb clear to the top of the hill, even though he had been complaining about his feet and shortness of breath. Vicki stayed right on his tail and they disappeared up into the forest. I have to admit, I felt a little hurt that they would just go off and leave me, because, frankly, I thought they would never find their way back to where they had left me and end up in some other part of town. However, I calmed down and just sat quietly on the nice benches that were there and enjoyed the perfect breeze and the view. In about half hour to 45 minutes, I heard Tom's voice in the distance and then Vicki's. Tom was quite triumphant about climbing the hill, although he was disappointed that there was no great view at the top, only lots of trees.

We climbed back down the long steps that led to our vantage point and it was time for lunch. I have to admit that I think I called more of the food shots than anyone, but it seemed amenable to all. There was this nice restaurant that was up on the second level, just on the edge of the town square where we had eaten spaghetti the night before. We had a Pilsner or two and a nice lunch. There was a sun umbrella over our outside table, and our German Fräuline was quite friendly and helpful.

After lunch we walked to the other side of the city and began once again to climb the higher hill over there. There was a large castle at the top. First we walked up a long set of stairs and then ended up in the area of the castle. There were many nooks and crannies in this castle. There were at least two tall observation towers, quite large, and there was a large fortified bridge that ran between these two towers. Also there were various stairways that went up and down in the large, dark cavernous rooms on the ground floor with dirt and pebbles covering the surface. And of course the view was once again spectacular. I'm beginning to think that the only thing commendable about castle life other than the safety was the view.

After we climbed back down from our second hill, we were all pretty tired. I think there was a snack, and then a bit more shopping. The last thing that we did was to go through the glass house that we had missed the last time we were in Monschau. The glass was quite interesting. It was very modern and maybe in the Italian style. There were very large, unusually shaped vases, and lots of color, clear yellows, oranges and blues. We debated about buying some but despaired of ever getting it home on the airplane. Tom was bummed out so he just sat on a bench outside while Vicki and I tried to test our browsing and shopping mettle a final time.

And that's where my memory of this day ends. We probably had dinner in Gemünd and sang a little bit, but I think we all were shopped out and tired.

## Driving to Dittweiler

And then it was Saturday morning. Just like that it was time to leave the condo at Gemünd. We didn't talk about it, but I'm sure we all must have been thinking of how quickly our week in Europe had flown by. Last night and then today, each of us had been squeezing our possessions and new acquisitions into our luggage.

It had clouded up and was raining off and on. We had our final breakfast of left-over food that we had bought so many days before. Even though I was fighting a gout attack, I was the first to get my luggage and guitar wrestled down the two floors of stairs and stacked in the front hallway. One of Tom's small suitcases was so pathetically packed full, it was almost too heavy to lug. He had bought a lot of books at some place. The strangely designed fold out couch was now put back in place.

We headed out for Trier, via several country roads and at least two autobahn switches. It was bittersweet leaving Gemünd, as attractive a resort town as its sister city, Schleiden, six kilometers away was common. From Schleiden we took 258 thru Blankenheim to 257. And, once again, there were the usual assortment of slow moving farm vehicles on the windy, two-lane roads. At 257 we drove past Ulmen and took A1 to Trier. Tom had made it clear several times that he would like to visit Trier. He told us that it was one of the oldest cities in Europe, and spoke of many historical points of interest there. He kept bringing the topic up in typical fashion: "It sure would be nice to see Trier!"

I, on the other hand, was very focused at getting down to Dittweiler. I had called Heinrich Becker the night before, and he had very clear expectations that we would be there close to noon. The trip down was at least three hours long. And so, when Tom would reiterate his semi-plea, I would say something like, "We're not even getting any place near Trier," "We're supposed to meet Heinrich at noon," or "I don't want to wrestle with city traffic at this point."

However, the day before, I had failed to get more money converted to Deutsche Marks, and Vicki and Tom were also quite low on spendable German cash. I kept discussing this situation with Vicki, how it was Saturday and the banks might not be open in a small town, how everything locks up tight as a drum on Sunday in this part of Germany. The closer we got to Trier, the more logical it seemed to me that we would at least stop and try to get some money changed. It was really quite comic, because as I reluctantly inched towards this decision, Tom began to get more and more gleeful about the prospect of getting to be in Trier. Now he was on to the Porta Nigra, the black gate, which was a well-known Trierian landmark. "It sure would be good to see the Porta Nigra," he kept saying. "No," I would reply firmly, "we're only going to go to a bank and change our money."

We got off the autobahn and began our side trip to Trier. It turned out that the Moselle River ran down to Trier, and that there was one main highway that ran along it. We were in kind of a wide funnel that led in the direction of our destination. We passed a Burger King on the right. We kept looking for a bank. Finally, Tom got out a couple of times and asked directions. The second time he got in the car with a jubilant tone. "He says that the bank is down there, just beyond the Porta Nigra." Fortunately for us all, I had

matured enough since our college days not to get into resisting Tom, now that his fervent wish seemed to be materializing. In fact, I was kind of enjoying it. "We're going to see the Porta Nigra, we're going to see the Porta Nigra," Tom chanted, mentally clicking his heels together.

I managed to park our loyal steed, the Opel station wagon, on a sidewalk in view of the Black Gate, and it certainly was black with centuries of grime. In order to get to the area where the bank was, we had to cross under the street in front of the Porta Nigra. It was really like going down into a subway. We came out on the other side into a plaza leading down one of the long, wide, and open shopping streets that we had seen so often in Europe. And there was our bank. Tom and Vicki got into one long line, and I in another one. I felt that same twinge of excitement that I had been feeling about the prospect of conducting this business exchange in another language by myself. The process was actually quite drawn out, apparently lengthened by the use of American Express Travelers Checques. The clerk had to fill out an extensive form, and also did so in his best German handwriting.

At last we had our money, too much it would turn out. But we didn't feel that we could take the time to explore the plaza. It was now after noon. We piled back into the car. I drove into a driveway beside my parking place which led to a parking area for a condo development, turned the car around and headed back in the direction we came from. As we neared the Burger King, we all agreed, at my suggestion, to have lunch there. I pulled left across the traffic and into a stall facing the building.

This Burger King was actually quite large and rather attractive. It had a spiral staircase to the upstairs, where extra dining space and the rest rooms were. We got the usual fries, cokes and burgers, except I had a Big Fish and hot tea. A Turkish family of brothers apparently managed this site. I noticed that the Turkish guy that waited on me had a bad cough, and at one point he had a coughing fit as he ran off to the back of the restaurant. There were also a group of young girls that were being terribly noisy in a corner of the restaurant. It also seemed to me that there were the usual supply of attractive young men and women in the place. We ate our food, shooing away a few flies. After I went to the rest room, we left.

The night before, I had finally managed to learn how to call the phone number that Heinrich Becker had sent me by e-mail to America. Heinrich had said that he would meet us at the Waldmohr Rest Stop on A6. As we left Trier we had to pick up A62 (E422) to Landstuhl A6 (E50) to Saar. It was all very complicated, but by now the three of us had become an effective, if sometimes testy, navigational team. It was an interesting process. Tom would often assert that he knew exactly the way to go. Sometimes he was right, sometimes he wasn't. Vicki, on the other hand, was great and a real sergeant at making sure directions or the map was followed. What I would often do that I think added to our success was to not drive too far before checking out our new direction against some supposed landmark or sign. That saved us a couple of times from wasting too much time.

We were at the Waldmohr rest stop. I called Heinrich, and told him to meet us. We stopped in and bought some beverages. Heinrich arrived in a forest green Volkswagen. We were delighted to meet him and he seemed pleased to meet us. Heinrich's English

and Tom's German were excellent, and our communication got off to a good start. After exchanging a few pleasantries, we followed Heinrich to Dittweiler.

On the way there, I reflected on how we had met. A year or so before our trip, I had been at the Marietta Genealogical Library doing some family research. One of our main reasons for this trip, at least as far as I was concerned, was to visit some of the many little German Dörfen that I knew were birthplaces for my great great grandparents on my mother's side of the family. I asked a German genealogy expert, Ernest Thode, who works in that library if there were any people in Germany I could contact while over there. Without hesitation, he gave me the mailing address of Heinrich Becker. I had written Heinrich a letter explaining the purpose of our visit, and he had kindly offered to meet with us. As it turned out, he not only met with us, but provided us with a guided tour of our ancestral homeland.

Heinrich drove us around Dittweiler, showing us a restaurant and inn, the bed and breakfast where we would stay for two days, his own home, and then back to the bed and breakfast. He introduced us to our landlady and then advised us that we were to come over to his house for barbecue that evening. Our rooms were very nice. There was one room with two single beds, where Vicki and I slept, and a TV room with a foldout couch where Tom slept. There was an entire kitchen, where breakfast was served and a lovely sun porch that overlooked the town and valley. We got our things unloaded, settled down for some naps.

One other site that Heinrich showed us was a memorial to the American astronaut by the name of Ross. He explained to us that Ross also proudly proclaimed his Dittweiler ancestry. The memorial was in the town meeting hall, a new, attractively appointed building. Then it was time for our visit to dinner with Heinrich and his wife Erika.

On the way to Heinrich and Erika's house, which was just down the street from our bed and breakfast, he pointed out the house of his oldest son, who was also out barbecuing for the evening. His two beautiful, blond little granddaughters came running over to see him. They were four and six years old. Later we would watch them coyly play in the Beckers' back yard.

At the Becker's house, we were introduced to Heinrich's lovely wife, Erika. She has been studying English for several winters now. We were taken to their living room, where we sat on heavy, dark wood overstuffed furniture surrounding a coffee table. There, Heinrich showed us their guest book. It contained several entries for like-minded travelers, whom Heinrich had assisted in their search for ancestry or the beauty of these small German towns. On the left side of each pair of pages were pictures that Heinrich had snapped of his guests, and on the right side were appreciative messages of thanks and gratitude from his many guests. Included in this list were several names I recognized. Astronaut Ross was there, on two separate occasions. Also there was a picture of Barbara Gearhart Matt and her husband. Barbara was the one who had published a translation of the Berg Church records from Washington Co., Ohio. These records were originally written in German fraktur script and contain the names and many facts about nearly all of my mother's German ancestors. We were handed the guest book and instructed to inscribe our thoughts and sentiments in it, to be returned the next day.

After a short time, Heinrich moved us outside to the backyard. Heinrich and Erika had created a beautiful pool area in their yard. This structure is hard to describe, because I have seen nothing like it in the U.S.A. It was a building about the size of a narrow garage. It was covered, but the side facing the garden was open. There was a table which could seat six or so. Behind the table in the wall was built in a barbecue pit. I asked Heinrich if this were built because it frequently rained in this area, and he said that that was the reason. We were able to sit there while Heinrich cooked barbecued pork steaks. Erika brought out delicious potato salad, slaw with apples and cabbage and bread to compliment the meal. We also had some pickles.

Heinrich served us beer. He explained that German Pilsner is a much finer beer than you can usually get in the U.S.A. It has an initial bitter taste, but is very light and good and satisfying. I have learned from this experience. Just the other day, I went to a Mexican restaurant and ordered a beer called "Dos Equis." I read on the bottle where it was made by a man who was an expert in brewing German pilsners. And sure enough, its taste was indeed similar to the Pilsner that Heinrich had provided.

I wish I had a tape recording of that evening. But of course, that would not have been proper. However, it was so delightful, and we were all so grateful for the Beckers' hospitality. They, seemingly, were just as delighted to meet us. We found out about the Beckers work and family, their travels and plans, the ways of Dittweiler, and such things. Tom, as usual, was his sociable self and said a lot of things in German. I had begun to develop a technique of communication that I thought worked very well. I could understand a lot of what was being said, Vicki not at all. So every once and a while, if there was a lot of "German flying around," I would jump in and try to speak it myself, or ask Tom if what I thought was being said really was the topic of conversation.

One of the highlights of the evening was when Heinrich broke out the Apfelschnaps. He explained to us that, unlike in the U.S.A., Germans were allowed to have their own schnapps distilled. So every year, a typical german thing is to distil your own mash at home. When it is of the right consistency and maturation, it is taken to a local distillery. There they measure it and certify that it is of sufficient quality to be made into liquor. Then they bottle it for the customer. Actually, I'm not sure now whether it is distilled before or after it is taken to the distillery. At any rate, the Apfelschnaps were delicious, and Tom had a few shots of it. Wow! It was 80 proof. Unfortunately, I could just take a small taste, because I was "guarding my toe" from an earlier gout attack.

We left that evening for our bed and breakfast feeling very warm-hearted to our German benefactors. They had been wonderful ambassadors of good will for their Rhineland-Pfalz. We could see that life in this sleepy village was sometimes lively too. There were still the sounds of the festivity of barbecues at several points along the street as we walked back to our bed and breakfast.

One more fascinating story that is worth telling is this. A few years ago, my brother, Tom, gave me a book that had been published for the 675th Jubilee Celebration of the Kohlbachtal ("The valley of the creek where coals were found".) One of the articles in that slick magazine was by none other than Heinrich Becker, and was entitled "The Forgotten Sons and Daughters of Dittweiler." In this article was told the tale of German ancestors who had settled the Highland Ridge area of Washington Co. in Marietta,

Ohio, just a few miles west of Pleasant Ridge, where the Noes, Fickeisens, Buertels and Zimmers of my own past settled from 1840 to 1870. I had cherished that article and, laboriously, paragraph by paragraph, each night for an hour before going to sleep, I translated it in to English. Then I published it on the Internet. As Heinrich Becker and I were getting to know each other over our e-mail conversations, I suddenly remembered that article. I knew it had to be the same person, and sure enough, it was. Perhaps it's not so surprising, given that Heinrich and Erika have both visited the Washington Co. area, but somehow, it still does seem a bit miraculous to me.

Our next day was to be just as exciting, when Heinrich, Erika, and their friends, the Peifers, would spend the whole day showing us our ancestral birthplaces.

### **We Visit our Ancestral Villages**

One of the evenings that we were in Dittweiler, and I think it was the night before our tour of our ancestral birthplaces, we were treated to "Donnerwetter." I can remember from my early childhood many vivid things about my great grandmother, Eva Fickeisen. Whenever we would have a summer thunderstorm in Marietta, Ohio, she would proclaim, slightly under her breath, and in her old German dialect, "Donnerwetter!" Well, the night of Aug. 19, 2000, Dittweiler was treated to a royal thunderstorm. It lightnined (Blitzen) and it thundered (Donner), and the rain poured down. We had to close all the windows on the sunroom except for a crack at the top. It was a display like I've seldom seen, but I "knew in an instant" that this was the Donnerwetter my great grandmother was referring to.

The next morning when we got up in preparation for our tour to Niederbexbach and the area around Kusel, the air was lovely and fresh. We had a nice view from our landlady's sunroom. The Dittweiler street outside looked inviting in the fresh morning air. Our landlady put before us fabulous breakfast of cold cuts, three kinds of cheeses, Brötchen, butter, pickles, coffee and tea. We got to know a little about her. She had a son and a daughter, now both out of the home. Just a couple of years before she had lost her husband. A loving picture of her husband in his hunting clothes, and others of her children and grandchildren hung on her walls. Pictures, mementoes of a trip to Paris years before, decorated another room, along with a beautiful collection of pewter plates and ceramic beer steins.

### **Introduction to our Tour**

Heinrich had invited his friends Michael and wife, Rita, to accompany us on our tour. Michael was quite good at speaking English, and he wanted this opportunity to travel with us so he could practice his English. It was decided that Michael and Rita would go in the Opel with Vicki and me, while Tom would ride in Heinrich and Erika's car. Being curious about many things I had seen in Germany, I plied Michael with questions, but he didn't seem to mind. Only once did he say that something was just too complicated to understand.

My specific goal was to tour an area of the German state of Rheinland-Pfalz where several of my great great grandparents were born. This region is about 45 miles southwest of Frankfurt am Main between Luxembourg and Heidelberg. We wanted to visit a total of five villages.

The first place we headed for was the most southwestern point of our trip, Niederbexbach. I have a picture of the three of us standing in front of the city limits sign at Niederbexbach, which is a tiny "Dorf" south of Bexbach, just a few miles east northeast of the French border in the area of Germany known as the Saarland. Andreas Noe was our great great grandparent who was born in Niederbexbach in 1835 and came to the U.S.A in 1854 as an 18 year old man with his parents, brothers and sisters. Earlier, I have written about the entire saga of Andreas and his wife, Carolina Harth Noe.

### **On to Selchenbach**

Later in the day we were to meet the mayor of Selchenbach, Manfred Harth and his wife. Manfred was descended from the same line that generated Andreas Noe's wife, Carolina Harth. Through Manfred's research we were able to push our Harth line back two more generations to Johann Heinrich Harth (wife, Maria Katharina ) who was born 1682 in Quirnbach and died 28 Apr 1747 at Osterbrücken. As with Andreas Noe, I have written in detail about the life of Carolina Harth. Andreas and Carolina Harth Noe were the parents of my mother's mother's father, Ludwig (Lou) Noe. We turn now to the second branch of my mother's ancestry, her father's mother, Carolina Buertel.

### **Dennweiler/Fronbach**

Carolina Buertel came to the U.S.A. in 1848 with her father, Adam Buertel and his new second wife, her own mother, Juliana Klein having died in Carolina's first year of life. She married an Irishman by the name of Sullivan and died when my grandfather Frank Sullivan was quite young. We know the names of Adam Buertel's grandparents, thanks to the Berg Church records, but do not have exact dates, which must go back to the middle 1700's. Dennweiler/Fronbach is one of the many lovely, peaceful villages in the Rhineland-Pfalz area of Germany.

### **Gumbsweiler: Finally "Ich Rieche das Blut meiner Vorfahren"**

Here it was at last. I hadn't felt it when I stood beneath the sign of Niederbexbach with Tom and Vicki, I hadn't felt it when I stood in front of Manfred Harth's house. Several times on our tour of these small places, Heinrich had asked me, "Well, do you smell the blood of your ancestors here?" And the question had kind of been an embarrassment, because I wasn't sure whether I felt this connection or not.

But then it happened as we came to Gumbsweiler! I did "smell the blood" of my ancestor, Abraham Fickeisen. The feeling started very small in my heart, but it grew steadily. As we approached the bridge above, Heinrich drove on through, but I stopped for a minute to take pictures. As I stood looking into the river Glan and the field beside it, I was certain that Abraham Fickeisen had stood here 150 years before and said goodbye to this place he loved. I was sure that he and his love, Margaretha Mueller, had walked along this river. I could see him walking the three miles to Buborn to be with Margaretha.

### **Batche, Batche, Kuche**

Vicki, Michael, Rita and I joined the others in "downtown" Gumbsweiler, which is a really small village—no gas stations or grocery stores, just a long street or two with a few

dwellings. I stood looking at one set of buildings that held a particular fascination for me; I don't know why.

I thought about the many stories my mother had told me: about how Abraham Fickeisen and Margaret Mueller had come to the U.S.A. on a ship that took 48 days to cross the Atlantic Ocean, about how they took turns sleeping on the trunk that held their few homemade clothes and possessions, how Abraham was almost caught by Prussian soldiers at the dock.

I walked a few yards and looked at the town church. Heinrich said, "This is very likely the church that Abraham Fickeisen attended." He explained that in 1818 in the Palatinate two church groups, Protestantische-Evangelische und Lutherans, reunited. (They had separated during the time of Zwingli and Calvin.) Then in 1848 there was a revolution in the Palatinate in which Pastor Daniel Hirsch participated, failed, and had to leave. Heinrich said that he went first to Erie, then Washington Co., Ohio where he eventually started seven Protestantische-Evangelische churches, including the Berg Church. This information has further impacted my thinking about Abraham and Margaretha. Daniel Hirsch very likely was instrumental in getting them to the U.S.A.

Then a most innocent, but astonishing thing happened. I don't recall exactly how it started, but Heinrich or Michael had said something that sounded like a German "Volkssprache" or saying. I replied that I had learned many old German expressions, and especially nursery rhymes and baby songs, at my mother's and grandmother's knee. I started to recite this rhyme, which I will attempt to write down here. I will have to write it phonetically, because I never saw it written, only heard it said. "Batche, batche kuche, die Bäcker hat gerufen, . . ." Our German friends' faces had suddenly lit up. I said "I'm not sure of the words here."

"Wer will gude kuchen backen, der muß haben sieben . . .," Heinrich replied. I repeated what he had said, and he said it with me. Everyone's eyes were on Heinrich and me. There we were, both speaking a dialect that I had only heard in the U.S.A., and he had primarily learned in Germany, reciting a poem that thousands of children had learned down through the generations. We continued, "Butter und Schmalz, Eier und Salz, Milch und Mehl, und Safran macht die Kuchen gäl." The poem literally means "Bake, bake a cake, the baker has to make, whoever would bake good cakes has to have seven ingredients: butter and goose fat, eggs and salt, milk and flour and saffron makes the cake yellow." It is told to toddlers, being held on mother's lap, very much in "patty cake" fashion. I felt connected, really connected to these, my new German friends, and to the homeland of my ancestors.

They wanted to know what other rhymes I knew. I shared a songs I learned from Thelma Geiger, my 11th grade German teacher. More, they said. I shared a bit more. Then Heinrich began to share rhymes with me that I had never heard. One that he shared, I wrote down: "Hoppe, hoppe reiter. Wenn er fällt, dann schreit er. Fallt er ihn der Grabe. Fressen ihn die Raben, Fallt ihn den Sumpf. Macht er reiter, plumps." As Heinrich has explained in an e-mail to me, the rhyme means "Whoops, whoops, the riderman, when he falls, he will cry out. When he falls into a ditch, the ravens will eat him; when he falls into a swamp, he will go 'bump!'."



I told Heinrich that day, "Now, I smell the blood of my ancestors!"

### **At the Cemetery**

We drove to the cemetery in Gumbweiler. I was really kind of hoping that we would see some tombstones of relatives of Abraham Fickeisen. However, nothing of the kind occurred. Heinrich explained to me that in Europe, you will only find tombstones for the last 30-50 years. They use the graveyards over and over, burying new bodies on top of the old ones. He also had already told me that if the Fickeisens were herdsman, then they would have moved around quite a lot. We didn't have a chance that day to go to Hundsheim or Lauterecken, both listed birthplaces of Fickeisen kin.

At some point, Heinrich also encouraged me to pursue the Mormon Church records. He explained that you can request records and they will actually send them to you through the mail. I hadn't realized that before. It was getting quite late in the day. We had been at it since early morning. Thank goodness for the big breakfast fixed by our landlady. But we were wearing out. The Beckers and the Peifers had been very patient and indulgent with us. As we drove from Gumbweiler, it was suggested that we stop at a nice place and have a beer or two. It was probably 3:30 or so in the afternoon.

Just as we had parked and were getting ready to enter the establishment, we happened to notice several railroad hand-cars. Whole families were having lots of fun hand-pumping these cars. Heinrich explained that this was the newest vacation idea in these parts. Next, we were seated and ordered a round of Pilsner. I noticed that many people were just sitting having nice conversation and beer in the middle of the afternoon. The atmosphere was very calm, cordial and charming.

### **On to Buborn**

After our late afternoon Pilsner, there was one remaining birthplace left to visit, that of Margaret Mueller, wife of Abraham Fickeisen. Buborn is only 3 miles from Gumbweiler. We drove to the cemetery and looked around a bit, but there were no Müllers names on the tombstones. I strained to see if I sensed Margaretha's spirit hanging over this place. And maybe I did. I would have gone on down into the town, but it was very late at the end of a very long day. I knew my guides were tired and wanted to return home. But I will always cherish this brief view of my great great grandmother's birthplace.

It was time to say "Auf Wiedersehen!" to our German friends, first Michael and Rita and then Heinrich and Erika. I felt profoundly grateful to our guides for their help in finding our ancestors' birthplaces. I know that all of us, Vicki, Tom and I told them that if they ever traveled to the U.S.A., they would have a welcome place to stay in our homes.

We decided that night to dine at the local inn in Dittweiler. The food and the Pilsner were good as usual. After that, we rather quietly did our final packing and went to bed. We had told our landlady that we wanted a lighter breakfast at 5:30, because we had to drive to Frankfurt by 11:30. Vicki and I had to board our plane that was flying out the next morning. One very sweet thing that our landlady did was to give us all memento commemorative plates with wild birds on them.

The next day, we kept on schedule. Only two problems occurred. I had drunk too much of the landlady's strong tea, and it made me so nervous I had to stop and pace around

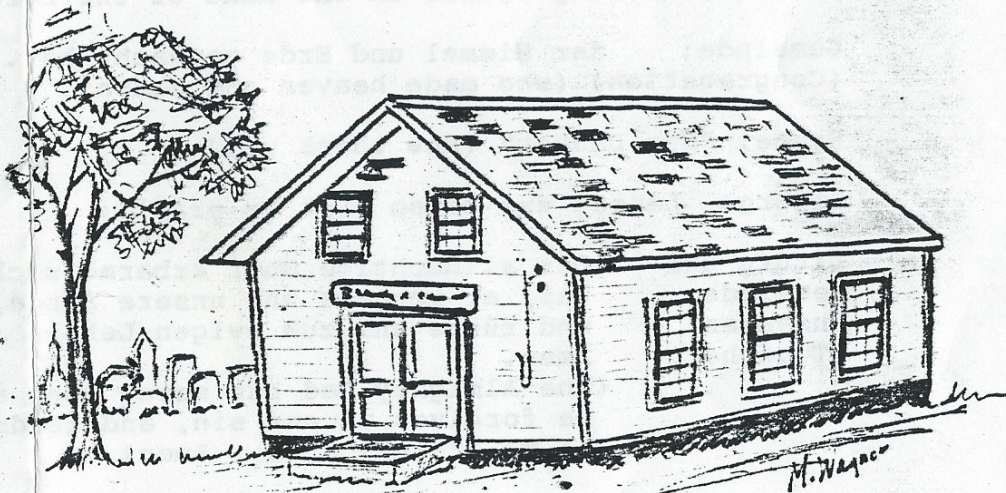
in a rest stop for a while. But I got over that. The other thing that bothered us was that Tom's plane didn't fly out until the next day, and he was clearly making plans to sleep in the airport. As it turned out, Tom made a lot of friends that night, and was fine.

I don't think we will ever be the same after this trip. I know at one point, I think it was when we were visiting our Belgian relatives in Binche, I had the strange thought that the entire gene pool of Fernand and Ella Lorene Sullivan Andris was returning to their parents' place of origin. I think I even said as much to Vicki and Tom. I just hope it's not the last time we are able to do this.

### **Appendix III: Aug. 22, 1993 Berg Church Service Leaflet**

In my research into the German-American churches of 19th Century Washington County, Ohio, I found very few documents or accounts pertaining to the actual liturgy one would have been likely to encounter there. I've already written of some of the reasons for this obscurity above. Consequently, I was fascinated when I found a Berg Church Service Leaflet that was printed for the Aug. 22, 1993 2:30 p.m. service held at the Berg Church. I spoke to Donna Berg Betts on Nov. 9, 2015 about that leaflet, because she and others were responsible for its creation. She told me that it was put together in consultation with both the Marietta College German department of the time and also two ministers of churches located in German Village, Columbus, Ohio. The resulting service, therefore, does represent the kind of service one would encounter at the Berg Church around the time it was built in 1870 or 1871. It does have historical value. Mrs. Betts kindly has permitted me to reprint a copy here in the appendices.

# BEN'S CHURCH



Open House Services

Sunday, Aug. 22, 1993

2:30 P.M.

## BERG KIRCHE (Church)

1846

22 August, 1993

2:00 P.M.

GLAUBE, HOFFE, LIEBE  
 AND NOW ABIDETH FAITH, HOPE, LOVE, THESE  
 THREE; BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE.

DER HAUPTGOTTESDIENST  
 (God's Important Service)

Orgelvorspiel: (Prelude) Donna (Berg) Betts

Liturg: Jack Leather  
 (Reader) Unsre Hilfe stehet im Namen des Herren,  
 (Our help stands in the name of the Lord)

Gemeinde: der Himmel und Erde gemacht hat.  
 (Congregation) (who made heaven and earth).

Hymne: "Nun Danket" (Now thank we)

Liturg: Lasset uns beten (Let us pray)

Liturg und Gemeinde: Der allmächtige Gott erbarme sich  
 uns, er vergebe uns unsere Sünde,  
 zusammen und führe uns zum ewigen Leben.  
 (Together) Amen.  
 (The Almighty God has mercy upon us,  
 he forgives us our sin, and leads  
 us to eternal life. Amen)

Psalm 100: Ernest Thode  
 Interpreter Anna Halfhill

Isiah 55: 10-13 Barbara Matt  
 Interpreter Sarah Beck

Offering:  
 Hymne: Faith of our Fathers

Celebration of Holy Communion

Die Familie gringt Brot und Wein  
 (The family brings bread and grapejuice.)

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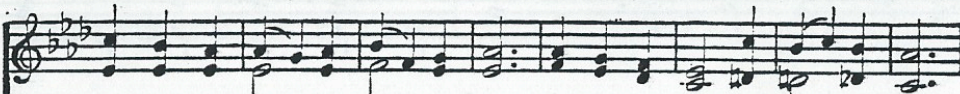
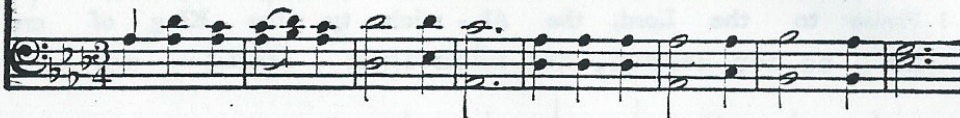
Faith of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER

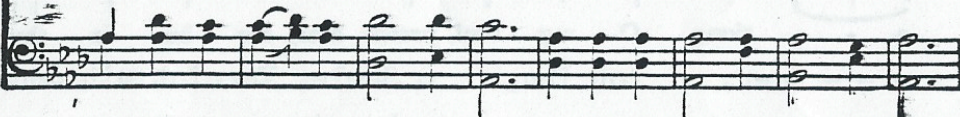
H. F. HEMY



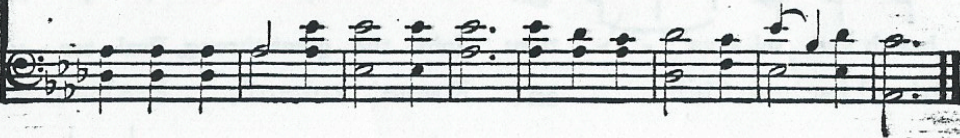
- 1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
- 2. Our fa-thers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
- 3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word!  
 How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!  
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:



Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!  
 Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!  
 Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!



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## General Hymns

14 14. 478

PRAISE TO THE LORD

*Joyfully, with dignity*

Stralsund Gesangbuch, 1665

The Chorale Book for England, 1863

I Praise to the Lord, the Al - migh - ty, the King of cre -  
 Lo be den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehr -

a - - - tion; O my soul, praise him, for he is thy  
 - - - - en; Lob ihn, o Seele, Vereint mit den

health and sal - va - - tion: Join the great throng, Psal - ter - y,  
 himmlischen Chör - - - en: Kommet zuhauf, Psalter und

or - gan, and song, Sound - ing in glad ad - o - ra - tion.  
 Harfe, wacht auf! Lasset den lobgesang hör - - - en.

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## General Hymns

67. 67. 66. 66

NUN DANKET

*In unison, majestically*

JOHANN CRUEGER, 1647

adapted by FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1840

I Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voic - es,  
Nun danket alle Gott, mit Herzen, mund und Handen,

Who won - drous things hath done, In whom his world re - joic - es;  
Der Grosse Dinge thut An uns und allen Enden,

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way  
Der uns von Mutter leib Und Kindesbeinen an

With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.  
Unzählig viel zu gut und noch jetzund gethan. A - men.

MARTIN RINKART, c. 1630; Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858, alt.

Kommunion Gebete: Rev. Jack Leather  
(Communion prayers)

Liturg und Gemeinde: Vater Unser (Over)  
Kurt Ludwig

Austeilung: (Distribution of communion)

Segen: Es segne und behüte uns der allmächtige  
(Blessing) und barmherzige Gott, der Vater,  
der Sohn, und der heilige Geist. Amen.  
(The almighty and merciful God, Father,  
Son, and Holy Spirit, bless and  
protect us. Amen)

Hymne: "Lobe den Herren" (Praise to the Lord)

Prelude to Memorial: Kurt Ludwig

Memorial Dedication: Outside



VATERUNSER  
THE LORD'S PRAYER

Vater unser im himmel, geheilligt werde dein Name.  
*Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.*

Dein Reich komme. Dein wille geschehe, wie im Himmel,  
*Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done, in heaven,*

so auf Erden. Unser tägliches Brot gib uns heute,  
*so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread,*

und vergib uns unsere Schuld, wie auch wir vergeben  
*and forgive us our debts, as we forgive*

unsern Schuldigern. Und führe uns nicht in  
*our debtors. And lead us not into*

Versuchung, sondern erlöse uns von dem Bösen.  
*temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

Denn dein ist das Reich und die Kraft und die  
*For thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the*

Herrlichkeit in Ewigkeit. Amen.  
*Glory, forever. Amen.*