

Der Brief

Spring 2016



The Newsletter of the Historical Society of North German Settlements in Western New York and Das Haus und Der Stall German Heritage Museum. 2549 Niagara Road - Vergholz, Niagara Falls, NY 14304. www.dasbaumuseum.org, dasbaumuseum@gmail.com

The Einhaus Grand Opening !!!



(pictured here under construction)

The Society of North German Settlements in Western New York will celebrate the grand opening of the Einhaus on **Saturday, June 4, 2016** from 2 – 5:00 PM at the museum site. Thank you to all the people who helped bring this project come to life! Please feel free to attend this special event and see the finished product.

Press Release



FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

The Historical Society of North German Settlements in Western New York,
Das Haus und Der Stall German Heritage Museum, 2549 Niagara Rd., Niagara Falls, NY 14304

March 1, 2016

Contact: dashausmuseum@gmail.com, <http://dashausmuseum.org/>, (716) 795-2890

Grand Opening and Ribbon-Cutting Ceremony For the Haseley “Einhaus” Reconstruction Project

Bergholz, Niagara Falls, NY – The Historical Society of North German Settlements in WNY, Das Haus und Der Stall German Heritage Museum is pleased to announce the grand opening of the newest addition to the German Heritage Museum campus, the newly reconstructed Haseley “Einhaus”.

An open house on the museum grounds will be held from 2:00 PM to 5:00PM with the Ribbon Cutting Ceremony at 3:00 PM on Saturday, June 4, 2016.

“We are happy to introduce our latest accomplishment to the community and to those who helped to bring this project to fruition. Our organization wishes to take the opportunity of this event to publically thank our members, the local community and all of the local representatives for their important and continuing support of our local museum and Historical Society. Without their help this project would never have been completed,” said John Schultz, President of the Historical Society.

In 1843 over 800 Lutheran Prussians established several communities in Niagara County. Martinsville, Walmore, and Bergholz being the three primary areas. Their primary reason for leaving Germany was to obtain the ability to worship as they pleased and avoid persecution from the State for their beliefs. These hardy immigrants were exactly the type of people that America needed at that time. Many of the descendants of the original families still live here in the area. One of the original log cabins (now covered with clapboard) that housed many families during the first winter in 1843 is still preserved and is now the Das Haus Museum.

In 2008 our Historical Society acquired from the Haseley family one of the first locally built structures to be erected in Bergholz. This unique structure is called an “Einhaus” or “All-in-One” house / barn in which the early settlers lived with their livestock under one shared roof. This design was brought over from Northern Germany. This part house, part barn was carefully disassembled by Mr. John McNamara of McNamara Construction, specialists in traditional timber frame construction and stored in a barn in Bergholz for several years. The original “Fachwerk” (clay & straw filler in hand hewn timber squares) frame of the structure is still in remarkable condition. Mr. McNamara marked and numbered each barn timber for easy reassembly as it was taken down.

Over this past summer, with the help of Niagara Greenway funding, our historical society contracted with John McNamara to reconstruct the “Einhaus” on the museum property. This structure provides a perfect place to display our growing collection of early farm tools and implements as well as give us more room for our existing historical household artifact displays to expand. Now, in conjunction with the existing museum, we hope to provide many enhanced educational opportunities for interested people and visitors of all ages to come and see how the immigrant settlers of this area of Niagara County worked and lived to help build the communities here in Western New York.

Found in the Files –



St. James Lutheran Sunday School "Upper" Grades – 1951 – 75th Anniversary Booklet

In the last Der Brief we published this photo and promised you the names in this issue so here they are.....

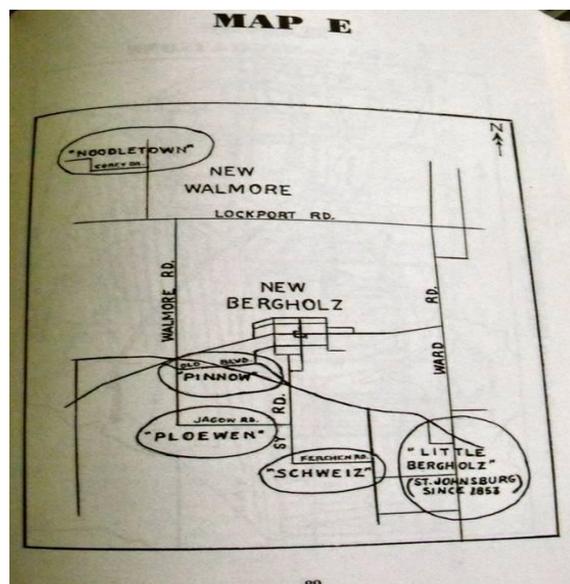
Row 1. Dennis Milleville, Priscilla DeVantier, Lois Milleville, Linda Retzlaff, Beverly Milleville, Alice DeVantier, Jean Milleville, Ruth Haseley, Wally Frerichs

Row 2. May Carole Burrow, Barbara Milleville, Karen DeVantier, Margo Weigand, Lois Ann Haseley, Diane Blank, Judy Pollard, Ronald Ferchen, Boy ?

Row 3. Loren DeVantier, Audrey Ferchen, Elaine DeVantier, Marilyn Mueller, Ann Louise Wendt, Joan Pollard, James Tierney, Jerry EWendt, Boy ?

Row 4. Vernon DeVantier, Delbert Mueller, Billy Buerger, Helen Jagow, Harriet Burrow, Kent Milleville, Ralph DeVantier, Don Milleville

Row 5. Milton Mueller, Roger DeVantier, John DeVantier, Norman DeVantier, Helen Milleville, Eunice Mueller, Elsie Milleville, Ray DeVantier



Also in the last issue of Der Brief we talked about the early names of places around Bergholz that are shown on the above map from Eugens Camann's book. Here is some of our board's research on the matter...

Noodletown - Noodle is low German (Platt Deutsch) for potato. The old people said that a lot of potatoes were grown there and thus the nickname was Noodle town. I think that there were some day laborers cottages there. My dad says that Cory drive was still called Noodle town road when he was a boy. I think there is a stone works there now and the road used to go from Walmore road to Tuscarora road. I asked my dad what the low German word for noodle is and he said it is also noodle you have to get the meaning from the context of the sentence. Actually, some of us still call the Cory Drive area, Noodletown.

Here are some old newspaper articles mentioning Noodletown Road, Noodletown Railroad, Noodletown. It's hard to nail down a definitive location as several articles that were found vary. For example...

TOWN HISTORIAN

The Rape on Noodletown Road...

...Murder on the Toonerville Trolley Line

It was a beautiful day in the spring at the turn of the century and the daily train was pulling out of the Tonawanda train depot on its way to Olcott Beach. Looking out of the window of the car sat a young girl in her teens. A very pretty, slender girl she was with long black hair and a smile on her face that could delight everyone. A charming person this Sarah Mumford was, just ask anyone.

The train was making its journey through some picturesque farm land and the further she traveled, the more this farm area made a favorable impression on her. Sarah said to herself, "This is a place where I want to live and take up work". The train was now approaching a small station called Demsey Station in the Town of Pendleton. Before the train started up again, she gathered up her belongings and stepped down on the station platform looking around to see to what direction she should go. She started to walk towards a ridge name Beech Ridge Road in search of someone who would hire her.

Off Beech Ridge Road there ran another road called Noodletown Road. Sarah walked down this road until she met up with a local farmer of some wealth and stature. After some discussion with the farmer, they agreed for her to take up work as a bonded servant. Sarah was not happy with the arrangement, but she had fallen in love with the countryside so she agreed to this arrangement (a decision she would later regret). As Sarah settled down in her work, the neighbors would come over to visit her. They asked her name. She replied, "Sarah Mumford is my name and I do not know hence where I came from for I just travel around from one place to another to find a decent place to work and live".

Sarah being as pretty as she was, had a very good personality, which drew some of the younger people in town to like her. However, some of the older townsfolk, particularly some of the women did not take to her. Sarah being a person who did not know where she came from or who her family was was looked down upon by many people.

As she did her outside chores, her long black hair and the movements of her body would flow gently in the breeze. Sarah worked very hard for her employer. She tended to all of his needs as efficiently as she could. But in exchange, he would treat her badly, cursing her and striking her over and over again. She cooked for the farmer and his three sons and whatever was left over was hers to eat. In the evening when her work was done, some neighbors would come over to ask her about how she liked the town and her work. These visits from the neighbors made the farmer and his sons very jealous and angry. As a result, they would beat her and on occasion they would take her to the smokehouse and tie her by the wrists. But Sarah was

independent and would not stop talking to her friends.

Down the road a bit there was a small schoolhouse. The schoolmaster liked Sarah and took it upon himself to give her a few lessons after his classes ended. Sarah wanted to learn all she could even though she did not know how to read or write. The schoolmaster considered her a student just like the children who regularly attended classes and even asked her to be in the school's annual picture. Sarah felt that she did everything she was hired to do for her employer, so she felt that what she did on her own time was her business.

One night in the fall, there was a terrible thunderstorm. So terrible that no one dared to leave the shelter of their homes. Late in the evening another farmer living on the Noodletown Road heard a clatter of horse hooves and the rumble of a buggy with its top up. Since it was not fit for man or beast to be out, he and his wife looked out of the window, but could see nothing. All of a sudden a large clap of thunder and a huge flash of lightning lit up the sky allowing the folks to see that a buggy was going down the road at a full gallop. They could almost recognize the man behind the reins on the buggy and they also saw what to them was a body laid across the buggy.

The day after the storm, Sarah was not to be found. The few friends she made since she came to town set out to see if they could find her. Then several days later a local hunter made a grisly discovery along the tracks of the Toonerville Trolley Line. It was the mangled remains of Sarah Mumford. Her body was almost severed in two and her once pretty face was so badly beaten that it was difficult to positively identify her as Sarah Mumford. Her body was

brought back to town where an inquest was held. At this inquest it was determined that her body was so badly damaged that it was impossible to determine the cause of death. However, they were able to determine something of great significance. Sarah was in a "family way". The inquest also determined that the carriage seen by the farmer and his wife that stormy night did in fact belong to and was driven by Sarah's employer.

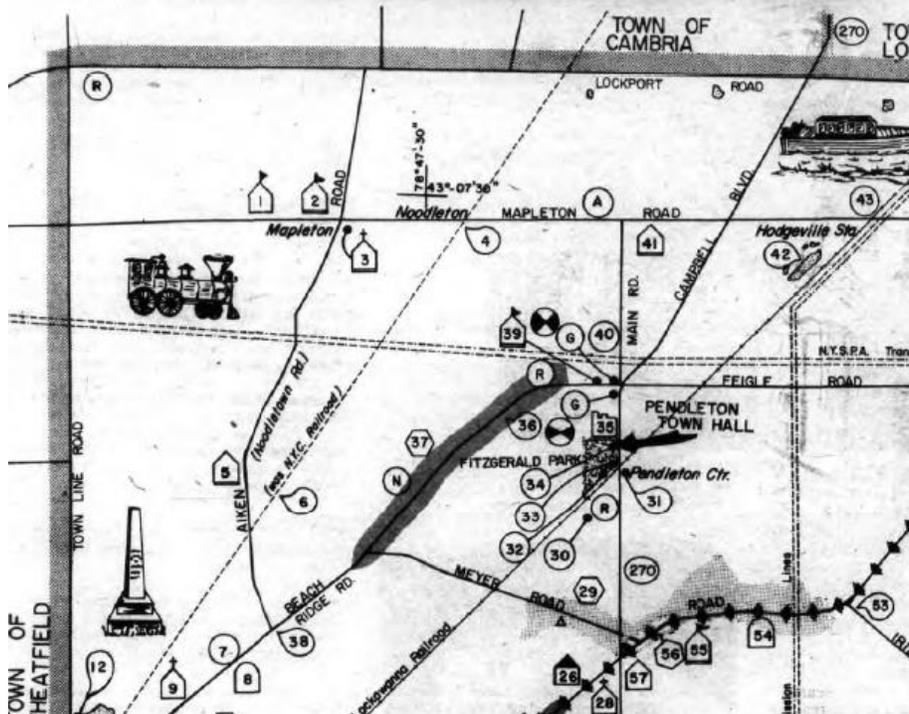
Did Sarah die because many of the town's people disliked her, or did some member of her employer's family know about her being pregnant and silence her forever, so as not bring shame to the family? Or did Sarah Mumford lay her young body down on the railroad tracks when the midnight train was going by? She may have been afraid of what people would have done to her and her baby once they knew her secret. We will never know what really happened that dark and stormy night.

Sarah was put to rest without a Christian burial in a cemetery on Mapleton Rd. in the Town of Wheatfield. Only her name "Sarah Mumford" is inscribed on the marker that identifies her grave, perhaps she is buried near the grave of her murderer. To this day, you'll find that on occasion someone puts flowers on the grave of Sarah Mumford.

Ben Sobczyk
Town Historian



Town of **PENDLETON**



Tractor Tires To Undergo Tests

WALMORE, June 21--It will be rubber versus steel in the Martin Milleville pasture lot in the **Noodletown** road tomorrow afternoon.

Beginning at 1 o'clock, standard time, **Niagara** county farmers and dealers in both types of equipment for farm tractor wheels will be able to see for themselves the relative advantages of each material. The newest styles in tractor tires will be on test, Mr. Milleville announced.

The test site is located near the Tuscarora road, midway between the Sounders Settlement and Lockport roads on what is known on some county maps as the "Lovers' Lane" roads, on the Milleville section of the Edward L. Haseley estate. The demonstration will be free to all.

Pinnow - Pinnow is the name of a village in Germany apparently some of the people that lived at that spot on the map came from that village. Pinnow is a municipality in the Uckermark district, in Brandenburg, Germany. It is very close to the Polish border.

Schweiz- I have always wondered about die Schweiz as this would seem to me to have something to do with people of Swiss origin and I did not think any of our people came from that area but perhaps long ago they did as we have many people of French origin who became German. Schweiz is Swiss or Der Schweiz is Switzerland.

Talking about village names, I hadn't heard of this one before : **Bergholz** - From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia. In 1287 the bailiff of Pasewalk is mentioned by John de Berkhofte (Krabbo no. 1431 Or). The first mention of the town was given in 1484.

In our last issue there was a reprint of a 1973 newspaper article that gave a recipe for German rice pudding. DON'T USE IT! This editor has been informed that using 1 gallon of water and 1 gallon of milk each is way off base. It should be 1 cup of each. I guess boiling away 2 gallons of liquid would take a while, don'tcha think.



Das Haus in 1896

In 2003 the Historical Society presented a “reading” written by Wilma Lass regarding the two women above. Included here is a newspaper article from 1897, an introductory page from June 5, 2003 and then the script of the reading.

The Evening News – North Tonawanda, Saturday, November 6, 1897

ONE DEAD.

Caroline Numan Passed Away Yesterday.

MRS. MEHWALDT

Is Rapidly Failing, and may not survive the Shock of Her Sister's Death.—The Funeral of Mrs. Numan Occurs Tomorrow.

Caroline Numan is no more. She died at her home in Bergholz at 7:15 o'clock last evening. The cause of her death is well known to readers of THE NEWS Caroline Numan, aged 86 years, and Josephine Mehwaldt, aged 80 years, sisters, had lived together in a humble little cottage at Bergholz for more than ten years. Owing to their extreme age they were carefully looked after by kind friends and relatives. On Wednesday, October 28th, and after repeated visits to the little cottage of Josephine and Caroline, during the three days previous, there being no apparent life inside the house, friends forced an entrance through a window in the second story. The aged sisters were found unconscious. They were under the influence of coal gas. Mrs. Numan was sitting in a chair. Mrs. Mehwaldt was in bed. At the time it was believed both were dead, but a closer examination proved life was not yet extinct and all that was possible to do was done to revive them and save their lives. Dr. Martin of North Tonawanda was summoned. He said without hesitation that Caroline Numan could not live. It was only a question of

time when she would expire. She died yesterday. Dr. Martin said Josephine Mehwaldt might live, but it was doubtful. She is now lying at the point of death. She is daily growing weaker, and it is believed she cannot long survive. The shock of the news of her sister's death may hasten the end.

The last seen of the *two* sisters, before they were found Wednesday, was the Sunday previous. This leads to the belief that these aged persons were unconscious about three days. It has been the cause of much wonderment on the part of doctors that they they were still living when found. Unusually sturdy constitutions is the only explanation that can be given. The theory advanced by several correspondents as to the cause of the condition of Caroline Numan and Josephine Mehwaldt, was an attempt at suicide. This theory is without a thread of truth. There is every evidence that this coal gas poisoning was accidental. The truth most likely is that the sisters retired as usual Sunday night. A small parlor stove was in the room where Mrs. Numan was found sitting in a chair. The fire had probably been banked. The coal smouldered, thus creating gas and the rooms being filled with the fluid, the victims were rendered helpless and remained unconscious until they were found the following Wednesday. Caroline Numan was 86 years, 8 months old. She was born in Germany, but had lived here 51 years. All that time she was a resident of Niagara County. The deceased is survived by a sister, Mrs. Mehwaldt, and two daughters. The funeral will occur tomorrow at 1:30 from the bouse and 2 o'clock from ' he Holy Ghost Church. Rev. Luik will officiate

IMMEDIATE RELEASE
Exclusive to Buffalo NEWS

Wilma Lass
2782 Niagara Rd.
Niagara Falls NY 14304
731-9905

June 5, 2003

The Grobengiesser sisters will "come to life" again at 7 p.m., Thursday, June 19, when the Historical Society of North German Settlements meets at the Wheatfield Senior/Community Center in St. Johnsburg.

The reading will be set in 1897, as the two women rock in their living room and recall more than 50 years in America. They arrived in 1843 as part of a large group of refugees from Prussian religious persecution who settled in the Town of Wheatfield.

The older of the two women to be portrayed was Caroline Grobengiesser Seebald Newman, born in 1811. She was already a widow when she left Germany with her two daughters, then 6 and 5. A story from her life after her remarriage is part of the program.

The other sister was Justine Grobengiesser, born in 1817. At the age of 39 she married the widowed Bergholz potter, Carl Mehwaldt. After Mehwaldt's death in 1887, the sisters, both widows, moved into Justine's log house across the road from the pottery. Their home is now "Das Haus" the principal building of the society's heritage museum.

Bernice Forsey and Fern Suckow, members of the organization, will play the parts of the two women. Later, the reading will be taped, so that short scenes can be played to visitors in the sisters' recreated living room in the museum. The project marks the 160th Anniversary of the migration.

"This is a try-out," according to author Wilma Lass. "Before we make the tape, we want to make sure that visitors will understand the stories and that the speeches and scenes are not too long. Just by their reactions, the audience will help us make the script better. Perhaps they can add stories they have heard from the old days."

TWO SISTERS

This reading is set in 1897, as the two Grobengiesser sisters rock in their living room and look back 50 years, to their early days in America. They arrived in 1843 as part of a large group of immigrants from Germany who settled in the Town of Wheatfield. They left Prussia because of religious persecution.

The older of the two women was Caroline Grobengiesser Seebald Newman, born in 1811. She was already a widow when she left Germany with her two daughters, then 6 and 5. We meet her when she is 86 years old.

The other sister was Justine Grobengiesser, played here when she was 80 years old. She was born in 1817. Justine and Caroline and eight other Grobengessers came to America on the Barque Rainbow. After living in America as an old maid for almost 25 years, Justine married the widowed Bergholz potter, Carl Mehwaldt. When Mehwaldt died, the sisters, both widows, moved into Justine's log house across the road from the pottery. Their home is now "Das Haus". As we begin this reading, you are here in their living room.

JUSTINE: It looks as if we are the last of the Grobengessers in Bergholz.

CAROLINE: Yes, Grandma and Mama and Papa died. There are Luise's children, but they're Camanns. She had such a time after Christoph died and left her with nine children. It's a good thing she had those older boys. Fritzie was 18 then, wasn't he? The baby was just over a year old.

JUSTINE: Now there are all those grandchildren.

CAROLINE: August and his family moved to North Tonawanda. I guess their hardware store is doing pretty well.

JUSTINE: And brother William (Wilhelm) and his family moved to Illinois. We haven't heard from them in a long time.

CAROLINE: Even our little sister Charlotte is gone. I never thought that God would call her before he called me. God gave me such a hard life.

Sound of chairs going Rock, Rock.

JUSTINE – Are you glad that you came to America?

CAROLINE – Yes, I guess. But sometimes I wonder how things would be different if --- Well, after my first husband died, back in Brüssow, I could have married Gustav Wendt. He was a big farmer who stayed in Germany. I would have been a Bauer's wife with servants and daughters and sons-in-law close by me.

JUSTINE -- You wouldn't marry him then, he wasn't a true Lutheran, and you wouldn't marry him now. He would have been worse than Newman.

CAROLINE – Yes, Newman was a hard man to live with. He wanted me to call him Herr Newman! MISTER Newman, indeed. I just called him Newman.

I still want to cry when I think of that cake.

I'd saved the butter and got some special flour and made a beautiful cake for my daughter. And Newman came home and saw it on the shelf. He knew it wasn't made for him, so he dropped it into the drinking water bucket.

Every time I handled that bucket, I thought about cake crumbs floating in the water, and soggy cake on the bottom of the bucket. I would have been so much better off without him.

JUSTINE -- Are you sure? You always had trouble getting enough money to live on. You were always good working with hats. You still have a real talent, you can make ladies look good. You move the flower a little, put on a leaf or a feather. But people don't want to pay much for that. Many times you had nothing in the house for your girls, even the chickens went hungry. Pastor was just trying to do good when he told Newman to marry you!

CAROLINE -- Pastors don't know everything. Why I let Pastor Buenger talk me into marrying that man, I'll never know.

JUSTINE – We have had some problems with our pastors.

CAROLINE -- It started with Pastor Ehrenstroem. He was so convincing in Germany, that the Dear God wanted us to leave our homeland and come to America. He said that in America we could worship God the true way, that we could believe that the bread and wine are truly the body and blood of Jesus. We all wanted to be sure the young people learned the right things, so they would not go to hell.

JUSTINE—And that was true, that is what has happened. Here in America, we can use the words of the old church service, we can sing our own hymns, and we do teach the children the true faith.

CAROLINE—But Pastor Ehrenstroem had to stay behind in Germany when we came. He preached such powerful sermons. The officials were afraid he would make even more people follow the true Lutheran faith and leave for America. So they put him in jail for a year.

Something bad happened to him in jail.

JUSTINE—Either there or in New York City when his wife died so suddenly.

CAROLINE—When he got here to Bergholz, he had such strange ideas. He thought we should burn our precious prayer books, and yell and shout in the church

JUSTINE—and walk on water at the Niagara River

CAROLINE—and confess our sins constantly

JUSTINE—and always make a big fuss over him.

CAROLINE—I was so glad when he left. Only a few young women went with him, and even they came back, almost secretly.

JUSTINE—But no one ever blamed them for it. They are happy here again.

Rock, Rock

JUSTINE – I always liked Pastor von Rohr, but he sometimes disappointed me too. We all depended on him so much at first. He could speak English and he knew how things are done in America. We were so happy that he studied to be a minister and then accepted our call in Bergholz.

CAROLINE—But he just couldn't see what a pig-headed fool old Doctor Grabau became.

JUSTINE—Oh, shush, Caroline. When we get older, we all are sometimes pig-headed fools. Von Rohr was trained as an army man. He never knew how to correct a superior when his orders were not wise. And he was loyal. I liked that about him. He would not leave Doctor Grabau when so many others did.

CAROLINE -- Finally Doctor Grabau was the one to leave his own synod. Well, Doctor Grabau always thought things should be done his way.

JUSTINE --I guess that's why the Missouri Synod so much wants to have the congregation be the boss, not the minister.

CAROLINE --Well, the Buffalo Synod has changed to be more that way too now.

JUSTINE --And ministers are different now. Young Pastor Grabau at St. Jacob's is not at all like his father. Pastor Mackensen in Walmore seems to be a nice young man.

The Congregations make mistakes too. Look how the voters at Holy Ghost made the von Rohr people mad. They didn't share the property when the congregation

broke up. We women would have given them a share – it was only fair. Do you think women will ever get a vote in the church, especially if they are widowed or not married?

CAROLINE – Oh, sister, you do think up such strange things!

Rock, Rock

JUSTINE – Well, were you sorry about coming to America?

CAROLINE –A bit. Those first years were bad. The boat trip was awful, I was seasick most of the way, and so were most of the rest of the family. Counting me and my daughters, and Luise and her family, there were twelve of us Grobengessers on that ship. But only you and my girls were there to clean up after me. Caroline and Augusta were so little, and there was no husband to speak up for me.

JUSTINE – What I didn't like were those weeks in the warehouse on the river in Buffalo. We couldn't use the water, everyone dumped everything in it. The water didn't flow fast enough to move the dead horses and cats out to the lake. There were rats inside and pigs outside. All around were people we couldn't talk to and they couldn't understand us. The men were drunk, and the women, well, you know what the women were. We couldn't cook or clean. We just prayed and sang hymns all the time.

CAROLINE – I guess it did some good. We got our land and built Bergholz.

JUSTINE – Oh, we were busy. It was the only way to keep warm. I was interested in the log houses, that was so new to me. I had never seen block houses put up before.

CAROLINE – We tried to stuff the spaces between the logs with leaves and clay. But it wouldn't stay.

JUSTINE – Even in the German-style houses, the mud didn't stay. Remember the rye we grew at first? None of the mills would grind rye flour. But we needed it just for the straw. That held better, but before long we had to cover the houses with boards.

Rock, Rock

CAROLINE—(laugh) – I think of our first gardens. The ground was full of roots, but it worked up well. What big potatoes we got – and what a lot of cabbage! We thought it would last all winter.

JUSTINE – Yes, we made a big bed of straw on the square and put a huge pile of cabbages on it and covered it with more straw. It was beautiful to see. We were so happy.

CAROLINE— Then winter came. Remember? We didn't know it could be so cold. It froze before snow could cover the pile. And then there was the January thaw, and by March all the cabbages were rotten and stinking. It is a good thing Governor Hunt loaned us money, or we would not have had anything to eat.

JUSTINE –The fire wants some more ^{coal}wood. It is drafty in here and it's getting colder. I hope the fire holds until morning.

Rattle, rattle There, that should do it.

CAROLINE--Maybe tomorrow we should ask Hoffmeister to make us a better door. This one shakes so much in the wind. I can almost hear it come apart.

JUSTINE--Let's push some more rags in the cracks around the windows and the door to keep the cold air out. Come on, we should move around a little, I'm beginning to feel a bit weak.

Noise of getting out of the chairs, and footsteps. Rock, Rock

JUSTINE—You sing the hymn tonight, I like to hear you sing. I'll read the lesson. Then we can say our prayers and go to bed. (*Fading out*) We'll pull up the covers and go to sleep.

THE END

(Note: The two women were asphyxiated in the house in November, 1897. Caroline died ~~the next morning~~, after they were discovered, but Justine lingered for ~~six~~ ^{nine} days and died on November 11.)

Should we conclude with the Lord's Prayer in German?

Vater unser, der du bist im Himmel.

Geheiligt werde dein Name.

Dein Reich komme.

Dein Wille geschehe, wie im Himmel, also auch auf Erden.

Unser täglich Brot gib uns heute.

Und vergib uns unsere Schuld, als wir vergeben unserm Schuldigern.

Und führe uns nicht in Versuchung.

Sondern erlöse uns von dem Übel.

Denn dein ist das Reich und die Kraft und die Herrlichkeit in Ewigkeit.

Amen

Membership News

PLEASE COME TO THE "EINHAUS" GRAND OPENING AND RIBBON CUTTING ON SATURDAY, JUNE 4th FROM 2:00PM TO 5:00PM! THE RIBBON CUTTING CEREMONY WILL BE AT 3:00PM AND LIGHT REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED.

Thank you to those people who have made their annual contribution! If you have not made your annual \$20 donation to HSNGLSWNY please do so as soon as possible. Remember, all contributions are due April 1st this year and going forward every April 1st. Your donation allows us to continue the important work of the society and send you Der Brief on a quarterly basis.

Upcomming Events

April Meeting – 4/21/16, Wheatfield Community Center, 7:00 PM, Topic – Hugh Neeson – The history of Bell Areospace

May Meeting – 5/19/16 Wheatfield Community Center, 7:00 PM, Topic – "Show and Tell"

May – Oct. – Das Haus Museum is open every Sunday from 2:00 PM to 4:00 PM

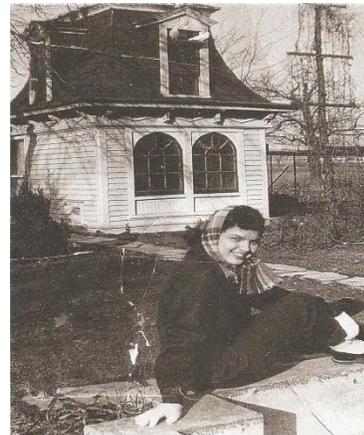
June 4 – Einhaus Grand Opening 2:00 PM – 5:00 PM

Board Members Corner – Board members of HSNGLSWNY have been asked to submit an article to Der Brief regarding their early memories or other topics of interest. The following is our first installment from Dorthy Kew.

I was asked to share childhood memories with Der Brief. I have always wanted to write a book because I have wonderful happenings in my growing up years. I am Dorothy (Reisig) Kew. I grew up on Cayuga Drive near the end of the city line. I am the youngest of six children born 1942. My dad Carl Reisig fought in World War I. After marriage to Dorothy (Wingert) whose mom was Wilhelmenia Strasburg Wingert. She was the daughter of Ferdinand Strasburg and Augusta Loge Strasburg (all Bergholtz people). Dad worked at Schoellkopf power plant. He was superintendent when it fell over the gorge. I grew up among many Germans (myself included) I lived among the Krulls, DuBois, DeVantiers and Millevilles. I enjoyed visiting the DuBois barn where Mr. DuBois boarded horses. My best friend Brenda Milleville and I would take our dolls and buggies down to play at the creek near Mr. Williams home. Also went down Williams Lane with his barn at the end (now Williams Rd.). We went over to her grandpa Millevilles' barn where we let the cows lick our jeans and we pet their soft forelock, teased the bull and looked for baby kittens above the hay loft. We also enjoyed little bottles of orange and chocolate milk from the dairy. We made leaf houses on the grass, played hopscotch, marbles, hide & seek, jump rope, roller skate and bike ride. I sometimes used Myron Muellers' rowboat docked in front of our house to go down the creek to Greenwalds' Hot Dog Stand. We also skated on the creek when it was safe. We sledded down the hill across the creek from Dan Muellers. I enjoyed the pond at Ed Muellers yard. They also had a pergola from the Pan American Exposition. They kept homing pigeons in it in later years. I was a junior bridesmaid in Audrey Muellers wedding to Norman Walk and attended a German shivaree the night before. My other friend was Gail Fose. Her dad had Fose Print Shop on Cayuga Dr. and had a tennis court that he froze for the neighbor kids to skate on. His wife Mary taught me how to skate and ride a bike on the dirt court. They built a log cabin at Zoar Valley where we went on Gail's birthday many years.

I had nine close girlfriends on Cayuga Drive. All my age within a year. We all continued living there until we got married. We are a unique group. Six of us have been married over fifty years. Six of us still get together once a month for lunch. One lives in California and joins us when she comes this way. The other is in Franklinville and comes sometimes. We reminisce about old times a lot. A wonderful childhood for all of us. Too bad a lot of children can't have that kind of time today.

Right- My sister, Carol Reisig sitting by Ed Mueller's pond with the Pergola from the Pan American Exposition in the background.



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We maintain Das Haus und Der Stall German Heritage Museum, sponsor an annual dinner, hold informative monthly meetings with special speakers, offer for sale books and other items published by the Society, and distribute Der Brief, our quarterly publication to 29 States and 3 foreign countries.

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