



## The Fehmaraner Picnic in Iowa

By Kathlyn Hofmann

*My*

grandfather, Hans Baasch, was born southwest of Kiel near Nortorf in 1890. Around 1900 his parents and their



four children moved to Burg auf Fehmarn in the Baltic Sea. A few months before his sixteenth birthday in 1906, Hans, encouraged to emigrate by his grandfather, arrived in Iowa. In 1913, Hans' younger brother Otto also came to Iowa. Both brothers married and started families: Hans near Clinton; Otto at Miles. Their parents came in

1922 and a sister (Dora) in 1923. Hans' twin sister Anna had married and was raising her family in Germany. Sadly, my great-grandmother passed away in 1925, and her husband decided to return to Germany the following year. Dora also went back to keep house for him.

With such strong family ties, we enjoyed the correspondence and visits by various cousins and friends throughout the years. Otto visited his homeland six times from 1928 to 1966. Hans only returned in 1950 to celebrate his sixtieth birthday with Anna, his twin sister. I majored in German in college and have visited my relatives in Schleswig-Holstein and other parts of the country many times. ~ Continued on page 6

## Friendship Conference

The American Schleswig Holstein Heritage Society invites you to attend the 30th birthday party of the society. It will be held in connection with the annual Low German conference.

The weekend begins on Friday at the German American Heritage Society, 712 W. 2nd Street, Dav-enport, Iowa. Cocktail hour begins at 5:00, dinner at 6:00. The theme of the evening is immigration. We will have a social hour and short program. The Immigration Museum will be available to visit. Price for the evening is \$15.00.

On Saturday, September 28, the conference will be at the new Cambria Hotel, 5061 Competition Dr., Bettendorf, Iowa (Interstate #80 and Middle Road exit).

~ Continued on page 4

*Welcome Fehmaraner*

**THE FEHMARANER PICNIC**

will be held on Saturday, September 13, 1952

at OAK PARK, Clinton, Iowa

Route 136, 6 miles northwest of Clinton

**Come Early! Bring a Picnic Dinner! Program starts 2 P.M.**

**Afternoon Dancing to Pinnow's Old Time Band**

**Evening Dance Music by Arnie Paulsen and His Band**

*Fehmaraner and Friends Welcome*

**A. WILDFANG, Secretary**

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*ASHHS Headquarters*

The **ASHHS Goal** is preserving and promoting the heritage of Schleswig-Holstein in the USA. We encourage cultural exchange, family research, study of the languages and dialects of Schleswig-Holstein, conferences and other programs pursuant to the above objectives.

The **ASHHS Newsletter** is published bimonthly for its members. Contributions are welcomed. Submitted material remains the property of the submitter until publication. Please cite sources and give others credit where due. Observation of copyright privileges is required. Responsibility for accuracy of printed information lies with the submitter, not with ASHHS, the ASHHS Newsletter, or the Newsletter committee. Corrections will be published if given in writing. The Newsletter committee reserves the right to edit material for space, form, spelling, and grammar.

### Deadlines for Submissions

Dec 15 for Jan/Feb Issue  
Feb 15 for Mar/Apr Issue  
Apr 15 for May/June Issue  
Jun 15 for Jul/Aug Issue  
Aug 15 for Sep/Oct Issue  
Oct 15 for Nov/Dec Issue

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## ASHHS

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563-349-1983

**ASHHS Policy** on Publicizing Events and Activities of other Societies and Organizations: As a matter of mutual interest and courtesy, this Newsletter may publish articles and notices about German-American events and activities which are not sponsored or organized by ASHHS or its board of directors. The publishing of such material in the Newsletter shall not in any way imply any ASHHS responsibility for the content, results, success or failure of such activities and events.

**The ASHHS Genealogical Research Policy:** ASHHS provides research assistance for its members only. Members who desire this assistance should contact the genealogy director by regular mail or e-mail. The ASHHS genealogy director maintains and utilizes access to a variety of available genealogical resources to assist in all research activities. The genealogy staff will strive to locate information and assist members in their searches. However, if the desired information cannot be located, the genealogy director may provide the member with a list of alternative research sources. Members are expected to pay for any expenses (such as photocopies, printing and postage) associated with a search. The ASHHS genealogy staff will provide 3 hours free research to members, after which there is a minimal fee if further research is desired. The e-mail address of Karen Puck, the ASHHS genealogy director, is [kpuck2015@gmail.com](mailto:kpuck2015@gmail.com).

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# Conference Registration Form

Low German Friendship Conference Registration  
September 27-28-29, 2019

Registration is for Friday evening welcome dinner, Saturday Conference (includes lunch and dinner) and Sunday lunch (after Sunday church service). The total price is \$125.00 per person. Prorated price is listed below if you do not plan to attend the entire conference. Please fill out this form and include your check made payable to ASHHS Low German Friendship Conference and send to:

ASHHS  
C/O Mary Burchett  
5513 Woodland Avenue  
Davenport, IA 52807

NAME 1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

TELEPHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

EMAIL ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

Any questions, please call:

Franz Neff (563) 340-7480

Mary Burchett (563) 355-6274

Hans-Werner Hamann Whatsapp +49 16096981960

Friday night only \$15.00

All day Saturday \$60.00

Saturday night only \$35.00

Sunday lunch only \$15.00

## ~ Help Wanted ~

*Do you enjoy genealogy, ancestry and research?*

ASHHS is looking for a volunteer to assist Karen Puck with genealogy.

The volunteer must be computer and internet savvy and have experience with genealogy and ancestry.

Volunteer must be local to Eastern Iowa.

If anyone is interested, please contact me at [danielwholst@gmail.com](mailto:danielwholst@gmail.com).

## *An ASHHS Membership*

## *Makes a Great Gift!*

You will find the application on the back cover.



## From the President

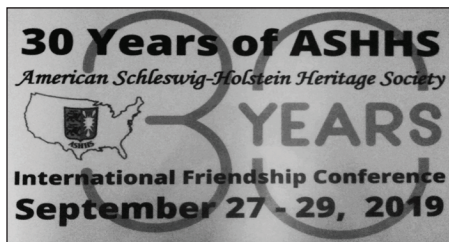
By Franz Neff



Moin moin!

Our annual conference is here. We eagerly look forward to celebrating the 30th anniversary of ASHHS with all of our members. If you can attend the conference, we will enjoy our celebration together with you. For those unable to attend, we will dearly miss you, but please know you are part of our celebration. Our next newsletter will contain a full summary.

The ASHHS chalet participated in the Bennett, Durant, and Walcott parades. Thanks to all who helped. BTW, the Durant Fireman's parade award our chalet with second prize which sported a new sign—at all the parades.



Yours truly,  
President Franz Neff

## Friendship Conference Information

~ Continued from page 1

On Saturday, registration will start at 8:00am, the conference starting at 9:00. The speakers will be Dr. Charles Kuehl speaking on early immigration and the businesses that started because of the immigrants and Dr. Yogi Reppmann who will speak on the Keokuk Peace Pipe Paper Project of 1932. After lunch there will be a tour of LeClaire. Dinner will be at the hotel at 6:00pm. Price for the entire day will be \$60.00. If you can only come for dinner that will be \$35.00. After dinner there will be music. A group performing Blue Grass music will entertain. Sunday will end the conference with a short church service and lunch at Hickory Gardens, Davenport, Iowa. Sunday lunch cost is \$15.00.

A block of rooms has been reserved at the Cambria. Information will be provided on request.

We hope to see you there. Final deadline for reservations is September 14. See Page 3 for reservation form.

If you have any questions, call:

Franz Neff (563) 340-7480

Mary Burchett (563) 355-6274

### Corrections:

Last issue on page 1, Hans-Werner Hamann's name was incorrectly spelled Han-Werner Hamann.

Also last issue on page 6, Ingeborg Stoermer's was incorrectly spelled Ingaborg Stoemer.

We apologize to both Hans-Werner and Ingeborg for our mistake and any inconvenience this may have caused.

## Calendar

ASHHS ANNUAL MEETING  
November 17, 2019

The American/Schleswig-Holstein Heritage Society (ASHHS) annual meeting will be held at 1:30 p.m., on Sunday, November 17, 2019 at the Walcott American Legion, 121 W. Bryant St., Walcott, Iowa.

The program has not been determined at this time. More information will be available in the November-December newsletter.

Light refreshments will be provided. The program is free and open to the public. The American Legion Hall is handicap accessible. For more information, call Mary Ann Muller 563-284-6640, or e-mail leemarmul@aol.com.

## New Email Address

The ASHHS office now has a new email address. please make note of it. It is: [ashhswalcott@gmail.com](mailto:ashhswalcott@gmail.com)

# Fueled by Schleswig-Holstein: An Energy Revolution

~ By Hans-Werner Hamann

Reactor disasters in Chernobyl and Fukushima have led to a rethinking and energy transition in Germany. We have shut down and dismantled nuclear power plants. To replace them, wind and solar power plants are being built. Since 1990, we have reduced our CO2 emissions by almost 30 percent.

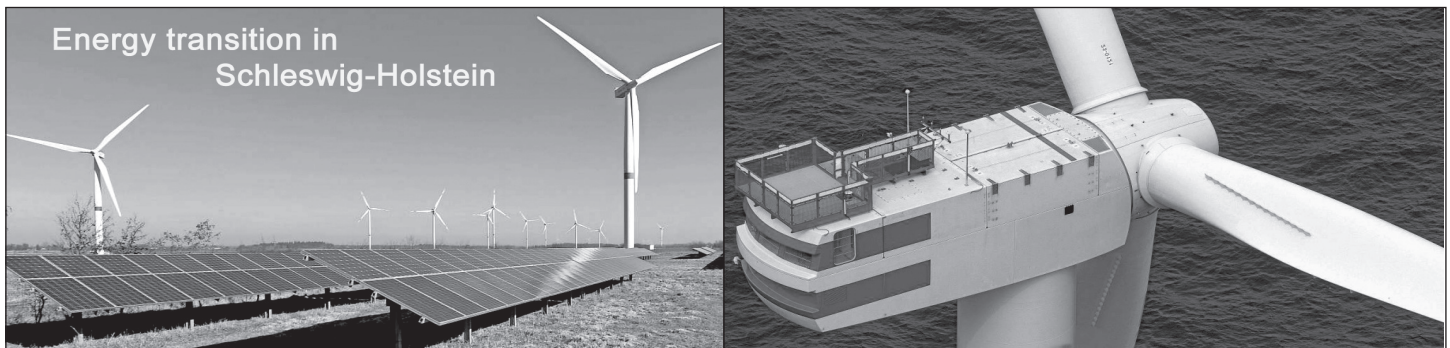
As a land between the North Sea and the Baltic Sea, Schleswig-Holstein is well suited for the use of wind energy. This applies inland as well as at sea. Approximately 8.5 gigawatts of installed capacity from wind energy onshore and offshore are already online. As a result, wind energy makes the greatest contribution to the energy transition among renewable energies. By the end of 2016, wind energy generated around 95 percent of the energy in Schleswig-Holstein.

By 2017, the government had approved thirty-four offshore wind farms in the North and Baltic Seas with over 2,200 wind turbines. The wind farms in the North Sea are connected by submarine cables, which land in BÜsum and from there continue on land. A connection to the three-phase network is planned in Brunsbüttel and Segeberg. By the end of 2018, some 3,661 wind turbines have been built on the mainland in Schleswig-Holstein.

With the generation of 6.7 gigawatts onshore and around 1.8 gigawatts offshore, wind energy is the largest producer of electricity from renewable energies in Schleswig-Holstein. However, an additional 1.6 megawatts and 0.5 gigawatts of energy are generated by photovoltaics and biomass respectively. Together, these renewable energies deliver a capacity of more than 10 gigawatts. In the future, electricity generated in Schleswig-Holstein will help boost the power grid down to southern Germany.

In the future, the energy generated by photovoltaic (PV) will continue to increase. Many areas adjacent to the Autobahn with PV modules are already built and ready for use. In Bredenbek, a solar park will be created with 35,000 modules which will then be able to supply approximately 2,500 households with energy. It should be ready to use in fall 2020.

Many houses already have such PV modules on the roof and cannot only be self-sufficient but also boost the power grid with their excess energy to help others. I did this last year and built twelve PV modules on the roof to the south. In one year, around 3,000 KWh was generated, of which we have consumed about half. My wife and I have changed our household schedule so that large energy consumers such as the washing machine, dishwasher, or dryer are only used when the sun is shining. We have enjoyed the energy transition that Germany is making and that we have made in our home. Protecting the environment brings us great joy.



# The Fehmaraner Picnic in Iowa

By Kathlyn Hofmann, ~ Continued from page 1

The story of Hans and Otto Baasch is similar to many immigrants from the late nineteenth to the early twentieth century. They often gathered with friends and neighbors from the homeland. Together with other immigrant friends from Fehmarn and Schleswig-Holstein, the idea for an annual gathering that would be known as the Fehmaraner Picnic was born. My aunt, Georgiana Baasch, was the last secretary of this picnic group. After she passed away, we found a box with records of attendance and activities from 1938 to 1967. A few years ago, we gave those records to ASHHS. A recent trip to Fehmarn and a discovery I made at the museum there inspired me to visit the ASHHS library in Walcott to take a closer look at the picnic records and to write this article.

The first entry is dated 1938, with eighty-seven people in attendance. They met at “Danceland” on highway 136 north of Clinton. In 1961, they celebrated the twenty-fifth year of the Fehmaraner Picnic. That places the first picnic in 1936. It was not the twenty-fifth picnic, but rather the twenty-fifth year since the first picnic. Understandably, there were no picnics from 1942 to 1947. My mother remembers attending many of these gatherings with her family. She thinks the first one was held on my grandparent’s farm. Most likely it was a group of friends and neighbors, but no record exists that we know of. This picture is probably from the second gathering in 1937 at the Matth Nolting home in Preston, Iowa. Mom is the little girl third from the right in the

front row.

At the 1938 picnic Otto Baasch was elected president and Matth Nolting secretary. The next picnic would be August 8, 1939 in the same location. Each person attending contributed 50 cents to help with postage, building rental fees, and other expenses. They must have advertised well because Matth’s minutes from 1939 state that 250-300 people attended. There was music and dancing in the afternoon. At 8 p.m. Mr. Parkhouse from Maquoketa showed a film on Fehmarn and the World’s Fair in San Francisco. Then there was more dancing. At the end of the evening, everyone sang Schleswig-Holstein Meerumschlungen (Schleswig-Holstein Surrounded by the Sea). It was decided to hold the 1940 picnic on the first Sunday in August in Maysville, Iowa.

The location of the picnic alternated between Clinton and Maysville every two or three years. In 1955, they decided to have it in Maysville every year, but the 1965 and 1966 entries in the book have it again in Clinton. After lunch and lots of conversation, they usually started about 2pm with a business meeting followed by singing and dancing in the afternoon. Several programs included a magician and a ventriloquist or a comedian who told jokes in Plattdeutsch. After the



evening meal there were sometimes slide or film presentations and always more dancing. Prizes were given to the oldest Fehmaraner attending, the family with the most people present, and the person who had come the farthest.

In June 2019, three of Otto Baasch’s granddaughters, ten of Anna’s grandchildren and I, along with our spouses and various children and grandchildren, spent three days together near Travermünde. There were eleven of us from the USA and forty from Germany. This was our first global family reunion. We all agreed it would not be our last.

A few of us continued the reunion three more days on Fehmarn. At the Heimatmuseum in Burg, I told the woman working there about my connection to the island. She remembered seeing the name Baasch somewhere in one of their books. While my husband and I looked around, she copied a chapter from Fehmarn: Steine die reden können (Fehmarn: Stones That Can Talk) by R. Trede. One chapter describes a June 1958 reunion of people confirmed in Burg including the pastor’s greeting in Hochdeutsch and a sermon in Platt-

# The Fehmaraner Picnic in Iowa

~ Continued from previous page

deutsch. There is a list of all those attending—159 confirmands. My grandfather's sister was there. So was Mr. Matthäus Nölting from Preston, Iowa. His wife Carrie is listed as a guest. During the afternoon program, Matth relayed greetings from others living in the USA who could not attend and read a poem written by Otto Baasch and Hilda Böhnke, a family friend my grandfather had sponsored to Iowa. The poem is in Plattdeutsch and tells about the immigrants' longing for their island home and how the annual picnic helped them feel less homesick.

~ English translation next page

## TON FEHMARANER-FEST IN JOWA

Ja, min leewe Lüd, nu is he weller dor,  
de Dag, op den wie töw een ganzes langes Jor,  
uns Fehmaraner Picnic.  
Mench, Mudder, dat is doch klor, pack man gau dat Eeten in  
to'n Fehmaraner Fest, da mutt wi hin, dat is een Fierdag.  
Nu sitt wi hier tosam und wöllt recht fröhlich sien  
un Leeder wüllt wi sing, von Heimatleew und Wien,  
wüllt uns de Hänn nu drücken för eene korte Tied  
wüllt von all dat snacken, wat in uns för ewig blew.  
Vergeeten wüllt wie hüt den sworn Arbeitsdag  
und fröhlich schall se klingen, uns lewe Modersprak.  
Und uns Gedanken wandert torüch int Heimatland,  
na uns lütt Insel Fehmarn, dor, wo uns Weeg ens stünn.  
De Grotenbroderfähr lieg dor so fein und blank.  
Hee, Käpten, bring uns röwer, denn lang habt wie nich Tied,  
wüllt bloß de Plätz besöken von unsre Kinnertied.  
Kamt man, ji Leewen, all tosam, glieks sünd wue öbern Sund,  
dor steiht he schon, de Börger Kirchturm, - oh, de goode Moder Eer  
mit all dat schöne Korn, - und op de saftigen Wieschen  
seet wie de Swattbunten gahn.  
Gau vorbi an Busch und Hecken, sönst wart dat to lat,  
töw, ich will blot noch bekieken de schöne Blumenstaat.  
Gat ji man ruhig wieder, na Burg, na Petersdörp, na'n Staaken  
oder sogor na Staberhuk, ik will alleen jo laaten.  
Jeder hett sin allerleewsten Platz.  
Oh Heimat, leewe Heimat, an di, dor holt wi fast.  
Und liesen weiht de Abendwind öwer de Insel hin,  
und mit dat kümmt een Ruschen, ich weet, wiet kannt nich mehr sin,  
dor lieg he ok schon vör mi, de schöne Ostseestrand.  
Wie oft heff ick dor seeten in dinen witten Sand!  
Wie oft heff ick ankeeken denn Sünnenunergang!  
Öwer de blaue Ostsee de Fischerboote treckt.  
As ständige Begleiter hör ick de Möven schrien.  
Ick mutt nu Abscheid nehmen, mi wart dat Hart recht swor,  
un liesen rullt de Tranen mi öwert Antlitz dal.  
So veel hest du mi geewen in düsse lütte Stünn.  
All min Verlang un Sehnen is vört Erste weller stillt.  
Uns Herrgott höllt uns Schicksal in siene Hänn;  
vundag wie wüllt em danken.  
Dörch em schick wie uns' Gröten öwer dat wiede Meer.  
Mit uns ganz Harten roop wie di nu to:  
Min leewe Knust, min Heimatland, wie seht di noch mal weller!



*Tiefe, 1976*



*Tiefe, 2019*

# The Fehmaraner Picnic in Iowa

By Kathlyn Hofman

## FOR THE FESTIVAL OF THE FEHMARANER IN IOWA

So, my dear people, now it is here again,  
The day, we look forward to a whole long year,  
Our Fehmaraner Picnic.  
Gosh, Mom, hurry, you need to pack the food  
we must go to the Fehmaraner Festival, that is a holiday.  
Now we are sitting here together and want to be happy  
and want to sing songs of our love for our homeland and wine,  
want to shake hands and for a little while  
We want to talk about all that is eternally within us.  
Today we want to forget the toils of our workday  
and let our dear mother tongue ring out happily.  
And our thoughts will wander back to the homeland,  
To our little island Fehmarn, there where once our cradles stood.  
The Grotenbroder Ferry is docked beautiful and shiny.  
Hey, Captain, take us over, because we don't have much time,  
We just want to visit the places of our childhood.  
Come, dear ones, all together, we will soon be across the sound,  
There it stands the church tower of Burg, oh good Mother Earth  
with all the beautiful grain, and in the juicy meadows  
see the black and white cows walking.  
Quickly passing bushes and hedges, otherwise it will be too late  
I just want to see the beautiful flowers.  
Go to Burg, to Petersdorf, to the Staaken  
or even to Staberhuk, I will leave you alone.  
Everyone has his favorite place.  
Oh homeland, dear homeland, we hold on to you tightly.  
And quietly the evening wind blows over the island,  
and with that comes a rushing sound, I know, it can't be far,  
there it lies before me, the beautiful Baltic beach.  
How often have I sat there on your white sand!  
How often did I watch the sunset!  
The fishing boats sail across the blue Baltic  
As constant companions I hear the seagulls cry.  
I must take leave now, oh how heavy is my heart,  
and quietly the tears roll down my face.  
You gave me so much in this short hour.  
All my desire and yearning is quenched for now.  
The Lord God holds our fate in His hands;  
Today we want to thank Him.  
Through Him we send our greetings across the ocean.  
With our whole hearts we call to you:  
My dear coast, my homeland, we will see you again some day!



*Fehmarn Cows, 1956*



*Nolting, Matth & Carrie, 1960*



*Fehmarn Sunset, 2019*



# Liederkrantz has Deep Roots

By Jim McKee

*This article was printed July 27, 2019 in the Lincoln Journal Star and is reprinted here with permission. ~ Editor*

As settlers in the Nebraska Territory ventured further westward in the late 1880s, a colony of German Americans arrived in today's Hall County and provided the nucleus of the city of Grand Island.

Quite naturally, one of the first local organizations centered around the German culture which flourished and survives today as the Liederkrantz.

John Wallich, born in Schleswig-Holstein in 1833, immigrated to the United States in 1852. After first locating in Missouri, he moved through several states, arriving in Grand Island in 1861 and became a farmer.

Before statehood Wallich served in two territorial legislatures representing the thinly-populated counties of Platte, Merrick, Hall and Buffalo. With

statehood in 1867 he was elected County Clerk for Hall County and by virtue of being in that office also became the first District Court Clerk for the county.

As one of the 105 voters who signed the petition to incorporate the city of Grand Island in 1872, he was appointed one of the first five city trustees and was elected the city's first mayor the following year. In 1880 Wallich was appointed state auditor and elected Grand Island city clerk simultaneously.

The first Liederkrantz in the United States was founded in Philadelphia in 1835. In October of 1870 a group of Grand Island men met to form a club to promote German singing and socializing as a Liederkrantz society "to retain and cultivate German music, literature and culture."

That November the Liederkrantz constitution was perfected and by-laws accepted. The 40 members agreed meetings would be conducted in German, there

would be a \$2 initiation fee with annual dues of 50 cents per month and that they would meet in the "new wooden Dodge School" to be rented for \$3 a month for meetings and set every other meeting as a Maennerchor or men's choir.

They then elected John Wallich as their first president, began soliciting donations for purchase of a \$400 piano and secured donation of two city lots from the Union Pacific Railroad for an ultimate clubhouse site. Although the Union Pacific felt it would be excellent publicity for the city as well as railroad speculators, they stipulated the deed for the lots would not be effected until the hall was actually built.

*The 1911 extant Liederkrantz Hall in Grand Island is shown here shortly after its completion. It continues to serve as a community gathering place as well as meeting hall for the 'German singing and socializing' organization.*



# Love and Peace: Woodstock on Fehmarn Isle!

By Daniel W. Holst

Flügge Lighthouse rises high and shines brightly above the southwest coast on the Isle of Fehmarn granting guidance and direction. We tend to look upwards to find inspiration, to find the reason for and an escape from the banality of life's pain and pleasure. We seek the new, the different, and the exciting to lift us up from the cultural malaise in which we grind every day.

Cultural anthropologists have often remarked how George Lucas' Star Wars lifted America out of the hopeless and despondent 1970s. Yet at the birth of that decadent decade, German youth faced many difficulties. They were born from the ashes of World War Two. They suffered global scrutiny from the Nuremberg Trials. Cold War divisions unwove the threads of the powerful German familial and political tapestries. They found themselves surrounded by a growing and oppositional military occupation that led them again to a global precipice of doom. Not to mention an exaggerated disillusionment between generations. Oh, what to do!

Woodstock was legendary in Europe, so Love and Peace organizers Helmut Ferdinand, Christian Berthold, and Tim Sievers wanted a European version. Like their American siblings, they found their counter-revolution in the music once believed to exemplify sex, drugs, and rock-n-roll. As if anything could contain sex, drugs, or revolutionary music, it was this music that inspired organizers to create the Love and Peace Festival on Fehmarn Isle from 4 – 6 September 1970.

Inspired by the Isle of Wight festival, the organizers loved the idea of hosting it on an island. However, this festival that under any other circumstances would just have barely been a blip upon global music scene faced three, even four dramatic challenges that ultimately created its infamous reputation. It was financed by the German sex industry (Ahhh, memories). Security was provided by violent German Hell's Angels biker gangs. It was scheduled for the sunny weather-proof days of early September. It featured Jimi Hendrix.



*Before and during performance on Fehmarn*

# Love and Peace: Woodstock on Fehmarn Isle!

~ Continued from page 10

Up to 75,000 youth attended the festival. Some were accosted and beaten by security. And it rained. And rained a cold rain. Those who waited for Jimi Hendrix had to wait an extra day—in the cold and rain. But Jimi Hendrix finally took the stage on September 6, 1970 and was welcomed not only by cheers but by a chorus of boos of frustrated concertgoers who had waited too long.

Jimi being Jimi (and I paraphrase) told them that if they were going to boo at least do it in harmony. Eventually the music played out the frustration. The sun shone, and Jimi played on.

Yet what should have been just a stop along a talented career, the September 6 festival on Fehmarn Isle became the final concert performance of Jimi's life. He died September 18, 1970 in London. Overall the festival was a financial disaster and the performances, including Hendrix's short set, were generally lackluster.

But.

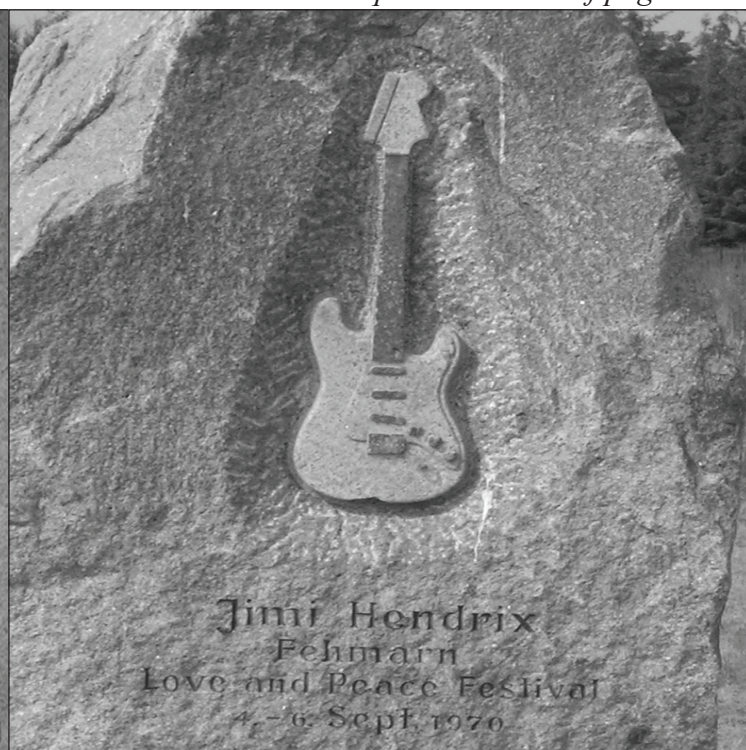
Music always plays out frustration. Such is its nature. It creates language and unity; it cannot be stopped by material or metaphysical constructs. Many call it the voice of God. It is the sun that shines across cultures and generations. It is our spirit.

Music is the life we reach for when the life we know becomes difficult. One can certainly argue that the lifestyle of many performers like Jimi shouldn't be emulated, but then let's ensure that the struggles of his childhood be never repeated. Let me then ask a simple question, can music exist without struggle. Music expresses pain, pleasure, and praise. These expressions all lead to and arise from struggle. Music is the lighthouse of our lives. It shelters us underneath direction and safety. Let it play on. Play on Maestro, whoever you are!

~ 2020 will be the fiftieth anniversary of Love and Peace and his death . See request at bottom of page.



*Festival Advertisement*



*Memorial stone at festival site*

**~ Did you see Jimi Hendrix on Fehmarn? ~**

*I am searching for stories and pictures from those who attended the Love and Peace festival on Fehmarn. If you have any, please email me at [danielwholst@gmail.com](mailto:danielwholst@gmail.com).*

# Crosses of Distinction

By Daniel W. Holst

“Ruminations”



~ 11 May 1870, 0830, Munich, Bavaria

Alongside Tikva, Adamina began her breakfast in the hotel restaurant with a thankful prayer towards her aunt's charity. Afterwards Tikva wanted to stroll outside seeking some fresh air. She wanted Adamina with her, but Adamina was still tired and desired to write in her journal. The clerk, having introduced himself as Fester, assured them that the area around and within the hotel was safe, so Tikva departed while Adamina stayed behind.

Adamina saw a carved wooden table and its two cushioned chairs with cabriole legs snuggled under the morning sun perfectly feathered through a spotless window. Sitting down, she could clearly see her mother admiring the statues and colorful gardens in the hotel's *Promenadeplatz*. Such cleanliness and beauty reminded her of her father's pure and spotless love. She sought inspiration from the morning sun and opened the bag containing her journal. A case fell out and landed on the table with a clunk. When they fled Romania, her father gave her this gift and told her how the Romanian Petrache Poenaru invented the first fountain pen. At that time, she didn't care; she disliked the Romanians and wanted to destroy the fountain pens. But she remembered her father's words: *Dearest Minna, all people are good; all people are evil. We struggle to escape prejudice and discrimination and to live every day within God's will together in a humanity where the honor and humility of difference serves to unite us in understanding.* Adamina sat

and thought of these words and the kind wisdom her father always shared. Even now, a few days after his death, he still lived within her.

Adamina sat down and began to write. *Dearest Father, I miss you and I love you, but how can I love when hate consumes me against those who killed you. How can hate exist alongside love? Does that make me evil? Does God still love me?* She tried to understand her feelings, to decide if it was love or hate that would define her. She breathed deeply and looked out the window across the *promenadeplatz*. She saw her mom sitting on a park bench admiring the statues guarding the hotel. She found grace through her mom's strength, thanking God for such an example. Watching the people, she admired the men in top hats walking with their wives in dresses that had abandoned the crinoline in favor of the slimmer bustle. They all walked among the flowering trees and bushes oblivious to the tall statues or perhaps comforted within the gratitude and safety granted by their ancestors.

She didn't know when, but a tear soon splashed upon her journal. And she began to cry. Her lacrimal system purged her emotions down her eyes and cheeks while her mouth shuddered to maintain her dignity.

Fester, the clerk who welcomed them yesterday, saw Adamina crying. He walked over and placed his hand on her shoulder, "Adamina, are you okay?"

Adamina felt queasy at his touch and squiggled away from his hand. Although she believed it was just a thoughtful and benevolent gesture, she still didn't like it. "Thank you Fester. Yes, I'm Okay. I just need to cry. Thank you, but please just leave me be."



# Crosses of Distinction

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Having noticed her aversion to his touch, Fester removed his hand and gently responded, “Okay Adamina, please let me know if you need anything.” He walked away repeatedly muttering *hohlkopfe* to himself, and he felt like he did something inappropriate. He just couldn’t understand what.

Adamina cried. She lost her father. No, not lost. Her father’s wise and gentle spirit was wrested away while his body laid lifeless before them. She needed him. Mom needed him. Looking out the window again, she saw her mom sitting alone on a bench, her head resting in her hands. This grief connected Adamina to her mom in the most intimate way. Separated as they were, she mourned with her mother. The grief of losing her father, she discovered, was both isolating and unifying. An act nobody seeks, yet life cannot exist without it. She continued writing: *Dad, how can we recover without your guidance? Mom is broken; I’m broken. We are broken. Aunt Angelika arrives in a few days to bring us to Hamburg. She will be expecting you. She doesn’t yet know the grief we live. Where will this journey end? I don’t, can’t, want to live without you.*

Adamina paused, looked again outside, her mother was admiring one of the statues. Adamina wondered who they were. Around them, many flowers either began their, or were in, full bloom. Delicate petals of yellow, red, blue, and violet attracted the wanderers hypnotized by such strong yet ephemeral palettes to reach down and accept their aromas. She saw her mom among them. Adamina could just make out the slightest grin on her mother’s face when she smelled some flower. She wanted that happiness to last for her.

Several guests engaged Fester in hotel business. Adamina watched him work flawlessly. She imagined his maneuverings to cater to each guest’s needs as a delicate dance. A performance only for her. It excited her. Her chest heated and her breathing became agonized; she then recognized a growing untoward anger. It was not for Fester, but for them who occupied his time. He was the first person she knew in this new land. She wanted to know more, to understand his kindness from the passion that stirred his turbulent eyes that reminded her of the vast Black Sea. She hoped that tempestuous passion in his eyes echoed a

kind yet passionate intelligence for life and happiness.

Finally, he was free. She walked over “Fester, I—”

“Adamina, I’m sorry for—”

“No.” she emphasized. “You did nothing wrong.” You didn’t, you don’t know.

“Know what Adamina?”

“My father was killed by a gang who, who tried to.” Adamina’s hands clammed; she felt a flushing rise through her neck to her face.

Fester stood still. He saw her hands grab the counter to ground her and how her jaw tightened against her growing anger. He kept calm and quiet, hoping it would help her. No emotion showed on his face except for a calm patience to let Adamina finish.

Adamina refused to succumb and capitulate to raw emotion. She anchored her eyes with Fester’s.

“They tried to attack me, to grab me and hurt me.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Thank you, but please don’t ask me about it.”

Her phrases became fragmented. “I can’t. I feel responsible. My dad died.” She wanted to stop, to talk about something else. A few seconds passed, maybe a minute, and she looked at the flowers resting on the counter. “Fester, what are these flowers?”



“Ah,” he replied, stepping over to the vase. “This is the German Chamomile. It has a beautiful yellow bloom surrounded by white petals.” He leaned a little closer to her and soften his voice as if in caution. “But its aroma is powerful.” Then in a whisper hiding a secret, Fester dared Adamina, “It is magical.”

This intrigued Adamina; she was caught in his trap. She lowered her face and at first took in a few testing breaths, and then pleased she wasn’t turned into a toad, she inhaled deeply. “Oh Fester, what a wonderful scent. It is so calming and, I don’t know, apple-y. I love it.” And she stole another long taste of its scent. “Where are you from Fester?”

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# Crosses of Distinction

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“I’m from the Black Forest.” And then standing tall, weight spread evenly with arms straight and hanging slightly down with palms outward, he smiled and proudly declared. “I am Fester. I am from the black woods.”

Adamina held back a giggle as she sought the best response and crossed her arms on her puffed-out chest. “Well, I’m from Romania and I once swam in the Black Sea.” And then she could no longer hold her emotions.

They both laughed.

Tikva walked back in the hotel through the beautiful revolving doors. She looked at them with incredulity. How amazing, she thought of the hotel’s seamless integration of beauty with technology and architecture. Back in the lobby, she saw Adamina and Fester laughing together. Anger overcame her. She wanted her daughter next to her. Dawud, Adamina’s father, Tikva’s husband, died just a few days ago and had to be buried within twenty-four hours per his Islamic traditions.

She glared at Adamina. Has she already forgotten him, forgotten her? How could she so soon disrespect her family? Unable to think calmly, she marched over to Adamina who was still looking at and laughing with that little pernicious German boy. Tikva reached out for Adamina’s shoulder, and loudly bolted “Adamina!” ~ *To be continued*

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## German American Heritage Center, Davenport, IA

*Upcoming Events—PLEASE see [www.gahc.org/events](http://www.gahc.org/events) for details.*

**- Historic German Davenport: An Indoor Presentation of our Historic Walking Tour**

*September 1, 2-3pm*

**- Teen Scherenschnitte Workshops**

*September 7, 10-1pm*

**- GAHC Book Discussions: The End of Days by Jenny Erpenbeck**

*September 10, 7-8pm*

**- Visiting Author Beth Howard: Hausfrau Honeymoon**

*September 14, 2-3pm*

**- Simply Circuits**

*September 15, 2-3pm*

**- 9th Annual Fall Frolic Benefit Gala**

*September 20, 5-8pm*

**- Mighty Oak Scherenschnitte Workshops**

*September 21, 10-1pm*

**- Halloween Scherenschnitte Workshops**

*October 5, 10-1pm*

**- Berlin: Before and After the Wall Fell**

*October 12, 2-3pm*

**- Fall Basket Weaving Workshop**

*October 13, 12-4pm*

***See a listing of the items  
ASHHS has for sale on  
the inside of the back cover***



# American Schleswig-Holstein Heritage Society Membership Application

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