



ASHHS Wishes Everyone a Happy Mother's Day!

I want to ask you something!

Does your mother live yet? Is she with you or is she farther away? Is she in her best years and healthy, or is she old and cant get around too good?

Why do I want to know, I want to know more yet. I want to also ask, have you today or yesterday made your mother happy? Have you given her your hand, or have you told her that you think a lot of her and always think of her fondly. Have you brought flowers lately?

Now what! You have not thought of that? Perhaps you did not want to do this because of others! However that is your decision . If your mother should pass away, then the best Wreath that you can get, with the best flowers that man can get, that your Mother shall have! That all the neighbors & all the people that go along shall see how much you thought of your good little Mother. And a nice Stone she shall also -have on her grave. And upon there shall be a little nice Verse. Yes that is for sure! Have you thought of one yet?

Also you, stop once! Look at me. Perhaps you could tell this Verse to your Mother now. Perhaps another word here & there & you don't have to tell that it shall go on her stone!

Do that man! Yes? Let the people and the neighbors think and talk what they want. Bring today your Mother some pretty flowers, & when you don't have flowers and can't get any then give your Mother something else. And if you have nothing, then give her your hand and a good word. You shall see how your mother is happy, and if her eyes go blank and she really don't know what to say, and then thoughtfully says that wasn't really necessary.

Not necessarily so! Not for your Mother, but for you it is very necessary, that you once in awhile reflect and give thanks. Where did you really come from, and who taught how to walk and laugh, and



Dott ick di mol eben wat fragen?

Left dien Mudder noch? Is se bi di, oder is se wieder weg? Is se noch in de besten Joahrn un gesund? Oder is seal oolt un kann ne recht mihr mit?

Worum ick dat weten much? Oach, ick wull giern noch mihr weten. Ick wull oak noch fragen: Hest du dien Mudder vandog oder gustern mol'n Freid mokt? Hest ehr mol eben de Hand geben? Oder hest ehr mol segt, dat du doch'n barg van ehr hooln deist, un jummer fein an ehr dinkst? Oder hest ehr mol'n poar Blumen brocht?

Nu, wat-? Hest doar ne an dacht? Oder hest dat ne doon mucht-for de Annern? Ober dat steiht doch al fast bi di: Wenn dien Mudder mol starben schull,-den besten Kranz dat du kreigen kannst, mit de scheunsten Blumen, dat man geben deit,-den schall dien Mudder hebben. Dat all de Nabers un all de Lud, demit no'n Liek goht, dat seeht: wu vel du van dien lutt goode Mudder hooln hest. Un'n scheunen st schall se oak hebben- up ehr Graff. Un doar schall ook'n lutt, feinen Spruch up stohn. Jo dat schall gewiss!! Hest di al een'n utdacht? Jo?

Oach, du, stopp mol eben! Kiek mi mol an! Magst du dussen Spruch ne al nu mol to dien Mudder seggen? Villicht mit annere Wort, un du brukst jo oak ne to seggen dat noheer mol an ehrn stohn schall.

Doo dat man mol, jo? Lot dien Lud un lot de Nabers man dinken un snacken, wat se wot. Bring du dien Mudder vandog man mol'n scheunen heurp'sh Bloomen! Un wenn du keen Bloomen hest, un ook so gau keen kreigen kannst, denn gef dien Mudder wat anners. Un wenn du goarnix hest, denn gef ehr mol eben de Hand, un gef ehr'n geodes Wort. Schass man mol seehn, wat dien Mudder sick freit, ook wenn ehr bloos de Oogen blank ward, -ook wenn se goarne recht weet wat se .seggen schall, ook wenn se sinnig afweehrt un segt: Dat harr nu wurklich ne neudig don

Ne, neudig don harr't ne. For dien Mudder ne. Ober for di deit dat groat neudig, dat du di doar af un an mol up besinnen deist: Wonem du eegentlich herkommen bust, un werkeen di dae-Loopen un dat Lachen lichter hett, un werkeen di toierst dien letten Hand foolt hett di dat Beden bi-brocht. dat du jeeder Tied dien Recht kregen hest, mit Eten

~ Poems continued on page 4

Elected Officers

President

Michael J. Kearney
563-242-0414
MikeJKearney@yahoo.com

First Vice President

Franz Neff
563-340-7480
fmneff@speedconnect.com

Second Vice President

Recording Secretary

Marcella Siegel
563-284-6617
marciejsiegel@gmail.com

Corresponding Secretary

Janice Danz
563-381-5206
vjdanz@aol.com

Treasurer

Daniel W. Holst
563-209-3722
danielwholst@gmail.com

Immediate Past President

Franz Neff
563-340-7480
fmneff@speedconnect.com

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Nominations:

Layout and editorial contributions by:
Fortifying Your Written Word
www.danielwholst.com



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

121 W. Bryant Street
P.O. Box 506
Walcott, Iowa 52773-0506
ashhs.org
ashhswalcott@gmail.com
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.

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Crosses of Distinction

We last left Harimann on the shores of France. He was trying to return to Schleswig-Holstein to find his missing brother and reunite with his family. He also wanted to join Prussia in the upcoming battle against France.

Some Frenchmen who were ferrying rubber rings across France convinced Harimann that these rings are for agricultural tools.

Harimann agreed to help them, and they are currently traveling eastward across France.

Please keep your membership current.

Don't miss out on the stories
and events coming in 2021 and beyond.

We also want to hear and print your stories of travel, heritage, and life history.

Send submissions to danielwholst@gmail.com

From the President

By Michael Kearney



Moin!

Just in the last few days the European Union has lifted the quarantine requirement for visitors to Europe who are fully vaccinated. Consequently, I have initiated contact with our Schleswig-Holstein members to see if they would like to have the postponed conference this September. In light of the fact that some time is necessary for the planning and arrangements for such an event, it will be interesting to see if they consider it feasible.

Our vaccinations have covered a good percent of our population, but the EU has been lagging. I will keep everyone informed of any feedback that I get from Schleswig-Holstein.

Yours truly
President

facebook

Happy Mother's Day

~ Poems continued from cover page

who first took you by the hand
and taught you to Pray?

Who taught you right from
wrong, help you with eating &
drinking & with clothes and boots
and all what belongs to life!

And that is very necessary,
that you think back about all these
things, and all the help and happi-
ness that your Mother has given
you. And perhaps how little time
she has left, and little time to get
things in order.

Now you must realize what I
have all said I really mean! And
you must not turn your head and
look in the corner as when you got
one on your nose. Sitting around
and growling you can do enough
later after your Mother is gone.
However now give her your hand
and tell her something to make her
happy, that you can do yet today.
Better yet now quickly do it now
man! You shall see what a fine day
it is, and also for you!!!!!!

Translated by Glenn Sievers

Un Drinken, un mit Tug un Stebeln in
mit allns, wat doar tohort!!

Un dat deit oak groat neudig for
di dat doar mol ober nodinkst, wu
weenig du van all dussen Krom, van
all de Holp un de Freid, de dien Mud-
der di geben hett--bit nu, wedder an
dien Mudder goodmukt hest. Un wu
weenig Tied di villicht blooss noch
bleiben deit, um dat noch beeten wed-
der in de Reeh to moken.

Muss mi ne dull wesen, dat ick
di dat all so seggen doo, ick meen
dat wirklich so. Un muss ook ne den
Kupp wegdreihn un in de Eck kieke
as wenn di een an de Buer stott harr.
Rumsitten un grubeln kannst noheer
noch genoeg, wenn dien Mudder mol
doot is. Ober ehr mol de Hand geben,
un ehr mol'n lutte feine Freid moken,
dat kannst du blooss noch vandog.
Am besten is: Nu gliek!! Doo dat
man, jo? Schass man mol
seehn, wat dat for'n scheunen Dag
ward! Ook for di!!!!!!

By Rudolf Kinau
Reprinted from "Bi uns an'n Diek"

ASHHS Calendar

ASHHS is tentatively planning on having a quarterly meeting on August 15, 2021. All other details about the meeting have yet to be decided.

Please keep this date open as we look forward to seeing everyone.

We wish everyone a Happy Mother's Day and a Happy Father's Day!

New Email Address

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

Immigrant Stories from Schleswig-Holstein to America

~ By Hans-Werner Hamann

As announced in the previous newsletter, the following is the compilation of the Tank family, who emigrated together with the Riebling family on May 15, 1852 from Hamburg on the sailing ship Johanna Elise to New York. They arrived in Castle Garden, New York on June 23, 1852.

The people marked are the passengers of the Johanna Elise. Hinrich Friedrich Tank with his second wife Catharina Elisabeth, maiden name Jasper, with six children and his brother Wilhelm Eduard Tank, a cabinet maker.

The traces of the Tank family in the USA are difficult to find. Heinrich Riebling's wife was a née Krull and thus related to the Tank family. Hinrich Friedrich Tank's mother was Ida Margaretha Krull and an aunt of Heinrich Riebling's wife Anna Dorothea Krull. She died in Milwaukee a year after arriving on Aug 6, 1853. One can perhaps assume that the families had no contact until then. Perhaps now the contacts are lost or one can no longer prove any more today.

Heinrich Riebling's eldest son, who stayed in Germany, wrote a history of the Riebling family circa 1900. He wrote that the Tank family was the driving force behind the emigration. As a result, it was Heinrich Riebling's wife who kept talking about emigration until Heinrich Riebling finally gave up.

The eldest daughter of Hinrich Friedrich Tank was Elisabeth Dorothea Tank, born April 27, 1839 in Bredenbek. She was baptized at Maria-Magdalenen-Kirche in Bovenau on May 26,

1839, and she married another German immigrant Joachim Wilhelm Theodor Garber from Kloddram (today part of Vellahn) in Mecklenburg ten years after arriving in the USA. The family name was then changed to Gerber in the USA. He emigrated to the United States with his mother and siblings in 1855.



In the Tank family, some descendants from Oregon and Chicago visited me in Bredenbek in 2013 (see above photo), it was reported that the Tank twins Heinrich Johann and Nicolaus Georg grew up in the Gerber family.

They had eight children, most of whom died very young. Elisabeth died on July 25, 1918 in Milwaukee at the age of 79. Her husband Joachim died at the age 62 on June 2, 1902.

Therese Catharina Tank born on May 19, 1843 in Bredenbek. She was the daughter of Hinrich Friedrich Tank and his second wife Catharina Elisabeth Jasper and was nine years old when she came with her mother and father and her siblings on June 23, 1852

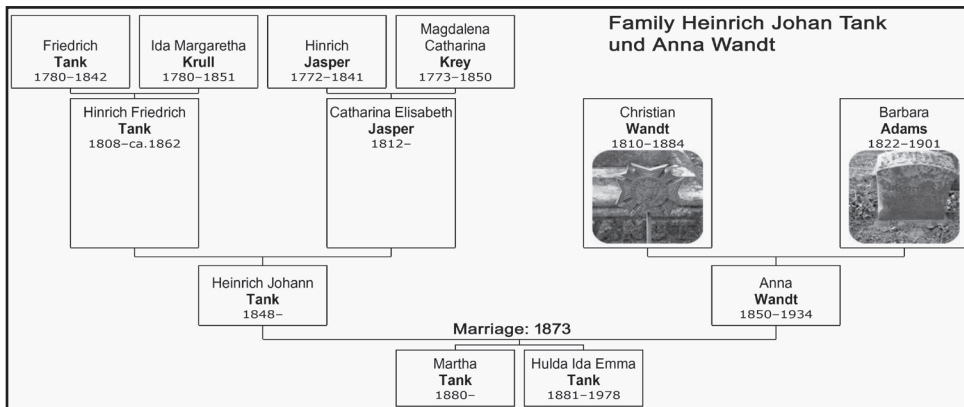
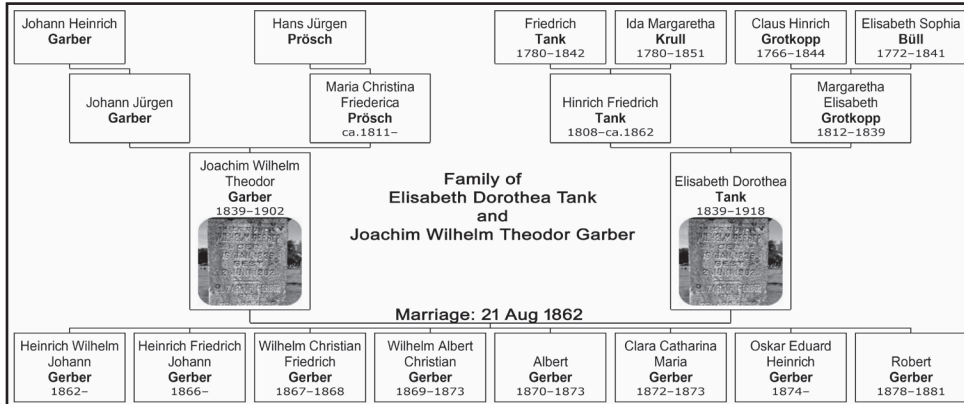
to America. She married Heinrich Friedrich Grobe on August 25, 1867 in Milwaukee. Her husband Heinrich was born on August 19, 1842 in Neuenkirchen, Mecklenburg. They had two children: Emilla * 1868 and Albert * 1870. Heinrich Friedrich Grobe died too young on Feb 15, 1873 at the age of 30 in Milwaukee.

After the early death of her husband, Therese Catharina Tank married Johann Friedrich Tessmann on August 8, 1875. He also came from Germany; he was born on January 23, 1840 in Lauenburg, Pomerania. Two children were born from this marriage, Hulda in May 1877 and Fred (Friedrich) Tessmann on July 29, 1881. Therese died on June 6, 1906 in Milwaukee.

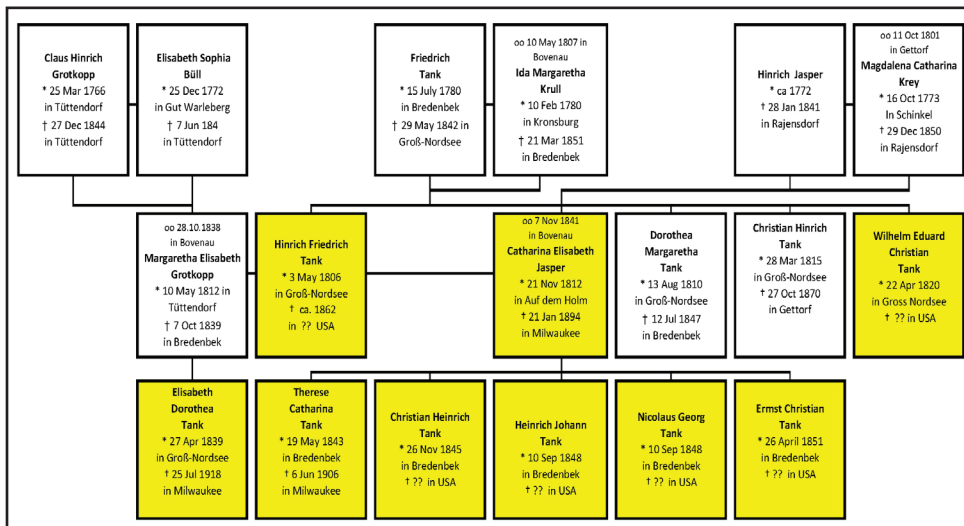
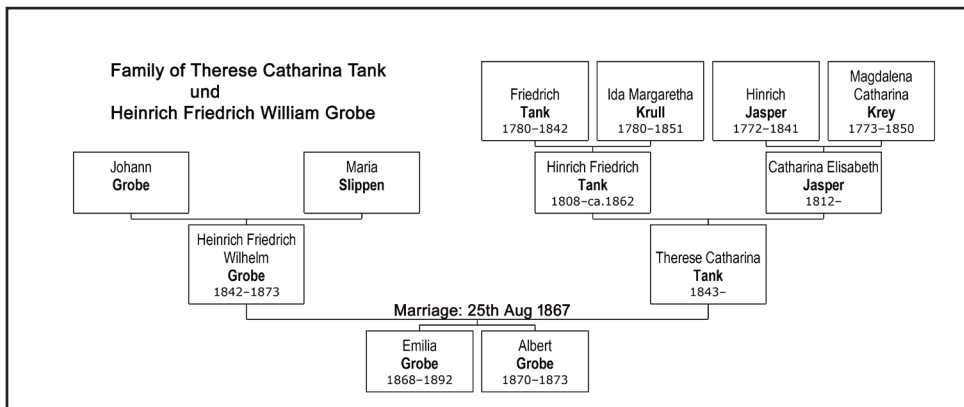
The twins Nicolaus Georg Tank and Heinrich Johann Tank were born on Sep 18, 1848 in Bredenbek and also came to America on June 23, 1852 with their parents Hinrich Friedrich Tank and Catharina Elisabeth Jasper.

Immigrant Stories from Schleswig-Holstein to America

By Hans-Werner Hamann



Bovenau Church: 1900 ↑ 2018 ↓



Immigrant Stories from Schleswig-Holstein to America

~ By Hans-Werner Hamann

Both were baptized Protestants on December 13, 1848 in the Maria Magdalenen Church in Bovenau. Bredenbek does not have its own church and belongs to the parish of Bovenau. All baptisms, weddings and funerals take place in this church. So far, no traces of Nicolaus Georg Tank have been found in America.

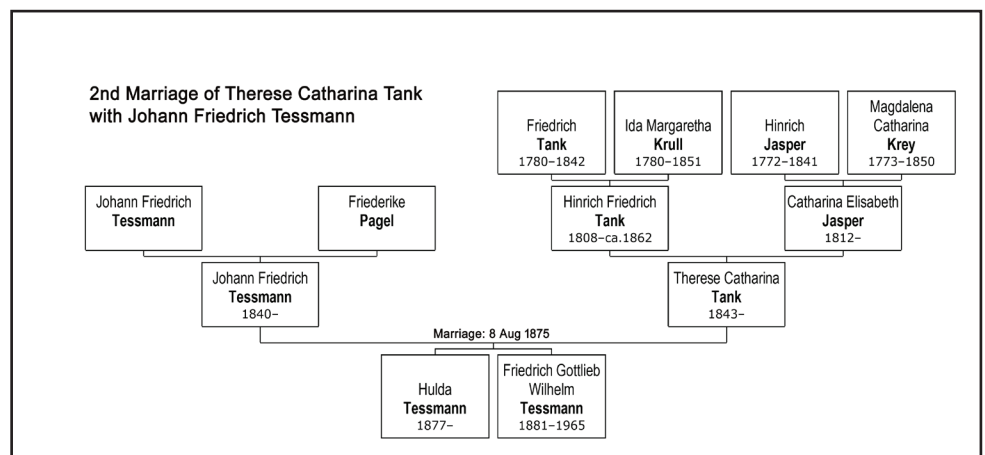
His twin brother Heinrich Johann Tank married Anna Wandt in 1873 at the age of 25; she is said to have been born in Wisconsin in October 1850. Her parents Barbara Adams and Christian Wandt also came from Germany, the father from Saxony and the mother from North Rhine-Westphalia. Anna Wandt had five siblings, all of whom were born in America. Two children are known from Heinrich Johann Tank's marriage to Anna Wandt: Martha Tank * Feb 1880 and Hulda Ida Emma Tank * July 2, 1881 in Milwaukee.

In the Tank family, it was said that Heinrich Johann Tank had its own meat market and livery stable in Milwaukee. This is also evident from the censuses. Until 1890 he

is still called a cattle dealer and then some years later, a meat market and livery stable. The picture with the horse is the only photo that has been found of him so far. Until 1920 he was mentioned in the census together with his wife, and his daughter Hulda, who was married to a Frank Monday from Kansas, also lived with him. He also came from Germany, his parents changed their family name, the German Montag became the English Monday. No traces of the other children of the Tank family have yet been found in America. This also applies to Hinrich Friedrich's brother Wilhelm Eduard Christian Tank *

April 22, 1820 in Krummwisch on the Estate Gross Nordsee. He was a trained cabinet maker and came to America with the Tank family on June 23, 1852.

All this information and more can be found at www.ancestry.com I wrote it and more in the "Tank-Krull-Riebling Family Tree". The names and dates of the church records in Bovenau go back to 1712. If you have any questions or additions, please write an e-mail to ha-wehamann@t-online.de



~ 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.

***An ASHHS Membership
Makes a Great Gift!***

You will find the application on the back cover.

A Conversation with Kelly Lao

Executive Director, German American Heritage Museum, Davenport, Iowa

AE: Hi Kelly, welcome back. We are curious about other German American Heritage Centers and the types of collaboration that occur between them?

KL: Hello everyone. I'm happy to be back. There are quite a few German Heritage Centers. I'll talk about those that we deal with mostly and/or are within close proximity to us.

Washington D.C. has their German American Heritage Museum. Technically, it is located within Washington's Chinatown which is interesting and their building is smaller than ours. But they also have a staff of three personnel. Of course, being in D.C., they are lucky in that they can host fancy galas with congressional representatives and senators and other government officials. But they are not the only one in Washington. That area hosts around 25 different German organizations.

Illinois has a German American Heritage Center. Considering that we share the same name, internet searches can become confusing or somewhat funny.

Chicago has their DANK Haus. One of our former staff members, Samantha Lundeen, is now at the DANK Haus, so I'm sure we will be working much more closely with them. I'm looking forward to visiting them. They saved portions of an old Chicago beer hall by recreating it in their own building using much of the original materials.

There is the larger, umbrella organization, DANK (Deutsch Amerikanischer National Kongress). They are the largest German American organization with a presence all over the United States.

The University of Wisconsin-Madison has the Max Kade Institute for German-American Studies.

Also, the Goethe-Institut from Germany has a global reach in teaching the German language and culture.

DeWitt, Iowa has their German Hausbarn Museum. And Manning, Iowa has the Hausbarn. Both of their buildings were originally built in Germany in the 17th and 18th centuries and then disassembled and then reassembled here in Iowa.

All of these places have different missions whether it be language, research, or publishing, but they are all important to our German-American heritage.

An interesting side note, there are at least twenty towns in the Midwest named New Berlin.



It is sometimes more convenient to work organizations within our own area. We've worked with Jewish Federation of the Quad Cities quite a bit. We've worked with the Max Kade Institute in Madison several times and have shared exhibits with the Heritage Museum in Washington.

Collaboration with the other centers is important, so that we don't duplicate or repeat research. We also get ideas for speakers by looking at the speaker series from other locations.

AE: What is the importance of heritage in this 21st century hyper-connected social media world?

KL: I believe it is very important to connect the past. We need to know our connections to our past and our family so that we can all realize what got us here and what our ancestors had to do and endure to ensure that we have the lives we have today.

For example, even though I don't know the specifics of how my ancestors arrived, by learning why other people left and what they experienced helps me connect to my own ancestors.

Heritage is meaningful to me. And it's meaningful for me to also think about in different contexts.

A Conversation with Kelly Lao

My grandfather is Chinese. I'm not sure why he left China and went to Cuba, but he left Cuba for the US when Castro came to power.

So, we should look at immigration in larger historical and political contexts.

My grandfather lived in Chinatown within Havana, and we really don't think much of other cities around the world having a Chinatown besides in the US. That is important to know because our German immigrants also established their cultures in countless cities with singing groups, Turner societies, and more.

It is really amazing to see all these different cultures come together, and for families to tell their stories.

Culture, stories, and ethnic communities all create a shared outlook on humanity with empathy and understanding toward all different cultures, and you know that people aren't going to stop moving all over the world.

AE: Does the Heritage Center reach out to non-German groups?

KL: We sure do.

We have worked with the Mercado event in Moline. We will have a booth at this summer's *Mercado en el Rio*- at LeClaire Park in Davenport.

When we work on World War Two exhibits, we often reach out to the Jewish Federation, so that we can talk accurately about the Holocaust with actual Jewish stories and Jewish-German stories.

We worked with the Swenson Center for Swedish Immigration at Augustana to create a woman's immigrant exhibit and holiday displays.

Schools reach out to us—and other heritage groups—when they hold a world cultural festival for their students. We have participated in these all over the Quad Cities.

Tapestry Farms has acquired land near Third and Brown in Davenport for a Crop Sharing Association for immigrants and refugees. These new immigrants are now living in the same area first populated by our German immigrants. We would like to work with them to record their stories of how they came to Davenport. And how some of their experiences are the same and how others may be different.

It is interesting that these new immigrants and our German immigrants both started their new lives by

farming.

AE: Germany is very active today in refugee efforts. Any exhibits planned on that subject?

KL: I just had a meeting with Katja Sipple from the Washington D.C. GAHM, and she wants to create an exhibit that can be hosted coast to coast. It would discuss more modern German aspects and what is happening today in Germany and their underlying interests and influences.

AE: Many German heritage groups tend to struggle with an aging membership. How can heritage groups engage with younger audiences?

KL: We must demonstrate the importance of German heritage to our younger generations to keep them connected to that heritage.

Starting young is essential, and once we start teaching them, it is easier to build upon that foundation in the future.

Music is a great way to start because even when we've had events with the Quad City Symphony Orchestra I see many common members. Language is also important. There needs to be places where kids can learn the German language.

Did you know that many of our area schools have a German club?

AE: No, I did not.

KL: Wouldn't it be great for us to create a German club hub here at GAHC, so that the students from each of our school's German clubs can connect with each other.

We try to work with the schools to help them, but they also help us. For example, we had some of the German clubs brainstorm what they would like to see here at the GAHC.

The students in these German clubs really like German music, particularly German Techno music. They also want to meet actual German kids.

It is important for them to have a voice in our heritage organizations. We would like to have a student board member.

It's all about starting with people that you know care about you. And since these kids are already interested, then maybe we can get into their club meetings.

~ Continued on page 12

Crosses of Distinction

~ By Daniel W. Holst

Chapter Twelve "International Intrigue"

Harimann took shelter from the strong springtime-sun and rested in back of the wagon. Not to mention feeling tired from a long night of maneuvering the wagon on dark country roads through the back country of France. With a little ingenuity, he had arranged some crates and used a few blankets to make a nice little cubby hole. He looked up at the canvas strung across over the wagon. It was tightly drawn over the ribs, yet some must have had come loose as a portion undulated as the wagon moved eastward. The undulations were rhythmic and hypnotic. He watched them carefully. He let his eyes focus upon the canvas. He lost himself within each trembling ripple. He thought of his brother, Hansi. He wondered where he was. He hoped he was alive. He hoped to find him. He was tired of waiting and hoping. He was tired.

Harimann felt the wagon quickly slip to the right and drop about six inches. It jerked him out of his trance. They must have fallen into a rut. For days now, Harimann traveled eastward in this small caravan. They were ferrying a cargo of rubber rings for agriculture equipment. At least that is what he was told aboard the ship that carried him and the cargo of rings into France. Yet, he had his doubts. They hadn't once stopped for trade or even traveled through any larger French cities or met with any agricultural businesses. Harimann remembered seeing crates from America marked J.I. Case and Advance-Rumley at the port, yet they never talked with those traders. Whatever truth was entwined in these rings, their destiny awaited them to the east. And for Harimann that was where he hoped to find Hansi. So, for now, he helped René and his father along with the other French men move this caravan. Apparently, not to France, but through it.

The wagon bounced hard. The wheel must have hit a branch, a rock, or just drove quickly over a bump. But it still launched Harimann upwards from his cubby hole and when he landed, he hit his head on the edge of a crate. He yelled a few German obscenities.

"Hey, boy. What's going on back there? Get up here. You've got to see this. Heaven has arrived."

Feeling for blood around the back of his head,

Harimann climbed out of the back and found himself in a sea of little pink fairies. But maybe that was his head injury talking. But once he focused his eyes and regained some sense, he saw small pink flower petals. They were drifting en masse among the mild winds. Many actively cavorted among the ground while others flickered and floated around them.

The driver looked over and smiled at him. "Pink happiness."

Harimann sat there for a moment entranced. "They're beautiful. What—"

"We are traveling through a field of cherry blossoms at the perfect time. The flowering has ended and now the petals are flying off the cherry trees. These blooms came late. But perfect for us. Yes?"

Harimann just stared at them. He was entranced for a moment and forgot the slight blood stain on his hand. He saw one petal that danced just in front of his eyes. Time slowed as he noticed every twist and turn, each shade of pink that glimmered off the fragile petal under the day's powerful sun. It quickly flew into his face followed by a gust of dirt and dust. Then a bang.

"Everyone, get down," commanded a voice from around them.

Some unseen force pulled Harimann backwards off the seat and forcibly on the ground. Then another hand pulled him under the wagon. He glanced over and saw René pulling his leg.

More shots were ringing out.

"René, what is happening?"

René looked over at Harimann with a bewildering incredulity. "Really!"

At the sound of a few bangs, grains of sand and debris flew up into their faces.

"Keep your face down, *imbécile*. They dynamited our lead wagon."

Harimann put his face down and grabbed the back of his head with both hands. His head was still bleeding, and he was feeling weak. But his heart was beating fast, almost as fast as the gunshots ringing around them. Terror grasped him, and he could no longer see any reunion with Hansi. He shook uncontrollably; he felt the wet dirt beneath his eyes.

Slowly, and beginning almost imperceptibly, a thunderous roar rose from the ground. It began from the ground, but now he sensed the wagon itself shak-

Crosses of Distinction

~ Continued from previous page

ing. More shots rang out. Not from those that attacked but coming from the cluster of horses galloping towards them. Every rider squeezed their horse tightly with their legs while they used both hands to fire rifles into clouds of dust and debris. Harimann just hoped that was towards the attackers. He just hoped they would kill the attackers.

Another tremor shook Harimann. He dared to keep watching and saw that the riders had pulled one of the wagons over on its side. A rope was lassoed to the wagon. He then saw some riders gallop away from the rope and into the countryside. They still fired their rifles as they blended into the dust and petals. The rope flittered towards the ground.

“Get over here now,” ordered someone in French, although parsed in a broken and wrongly accented French. That same man crawled over and pulled both Harimann and René from under the wagon. Each in one hand. And in one whipping motion threw the boys against the tipped wagon. “Stay here. Out of sight.”

Once Harimann and René shielded themselves between the rubber crates, Harimann saw the man grab his pistol and with fluidity and conservation of action, he quickly twisted his eyes around the crate then snapped his pistol around, fired a few times, and twisted back behind the crates.

It was a graceful dance that the man repeated a few times. After a few shots, another man joined him. The first man would twist and fire, then in a practiced harmony, the other would fire a few shots while the first reloaded and prepared his next action.

Harimann just sat there protected by the crates holding his head to hopefully stop the bleeding. Already it seemed he had bled a lot. The firefight seemed to take a long time, but his dad had often talked about how time flows differently in war particularly when under fire. Harimann thought of Hansi in this situation. Maybe he was already dead. He probably just went back home. Either way Harimann just felt betrayed and abandoned like a lame child of a farm animal. His tears, having yet to stop, kept flowing. But he felt a heated anger within him. He didn't like it, but he welcomed it.

Once the firing stopped and the riders successfully dispatched—or killed—the attackers, they quietly righted the wagon, reloaded the cargo, tended to the

wounded, and started a fire to cook an early dinner.

Conversation began as everyone's nerves began to calm, and someone asked who the riders were.

“British agents,” replied the one of the riders.

“British? That hardly makes any sense,” said someone else.

“Queen Victoria may have a vast empire, but she has eyes everywhere. We are agents from the Topographical and Statistic Department within the British War Office.”

“Okay, but why us, why now.”

“Napoleon the third is a strong ally to the Queen. We are here to protect his war assets. You are Bonapartists. It was royalists who attacked you. You both would destroy France with the other's blood.”

The men looked aggrieved at this.

Harimann, who sat there with a bandage around his head, turned at this news. His voice, more forcible than expected, shouted out, “War assets? You all want to destroy Schleswig-Holstein.” He waited a moment and asked, “But isn't Victoria's daughter, Helena, married to our Prince Christian, our princess?”

The lead agent took in a deep breath. He hadn't expected that question and didn't want to reveal too much. “The Queen doesn't wish harm upon Schleswig-Holstein, but perhaps she favors its rise.”

“Then she can't both support France and us.”

“The Queen may be Machiavellian, but she is also a pragmatist. She must support Napoleon, but she knows that only a hard-fought victory can unite Schleswig-Holstein into a strong German state. If a German victory comes too easily, then any German unity will be fleeting. It is time for a German nation to join Europe.”

Harimann thought of this for a few moments. His words made sense, but he still felt something amiss. Perhaps it was his own naivety at the complexity of international machinations. “Then what must I do. I need to return to Schleswig-Holstein.”

René turned to Harimann. “Then help us get these rings to the coming war.”

Harimann looked at the British agent who shrugged his shoulders and smirked at Harimann. “If you desire to help Schleswig-Holstein, then bring them this fight.”

A Conversation with Kelly Lao

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I think high school is a really good place to start. We are also going to focus our outreach in grade schools because that is where they first learn about immigration.

It is also important to find things that are kid-friendly like crafts or activities that expose them to the larger culture.

We are going to have an exhibit on *Jugendstil* which is German Art Nouveau. It will replace our *Valor and Victory* exhibit. We are also planning a German toys exhibit for the holidays.

AE: Do you see a danger in the possible politicization or radicalization of ethnic groups?

KL: As a parent, I'm always concerned about what my children see on the internet. There are sites and chat rooms where radicals seek to indoctrinate our younger generations with hate. But there are ways to combat that.

I would love for the GAHC to be part of a larger fabric. Wouldn't it be so cool for this whole street and block to become the center for all cultural centers. For example, right outside our door could be the African American Cultural Center and then next to them, the Mexican Cultural Center. We could have a central area where people can visit and learn about all the different cultures in the Quad Cities. That would be absolutely awesome.

Going forward not many people will be 100 percent German, so we have to place ourselves in a quilt, or collage where all groups have a role to play.

Unfortunately, back in 2013, we had a man arrive here and it was just me with Ruth and Janet. And he figured that since we were a German Center that we would join his cause or offer a sympathetic ear towards his scary anti-Semitic, Holocaust-denying rhetoric. He eventually left, but he did sit in his car for a while.

This is why history and historical artifacts are important. We have learned to ensure that our exhibits have physical evidence of history, even if it includes the horrific.

AE: What can we expect from the German American Heritage Center in 2021?

KL: We are strategic planning with our board once again. After a difficult year for everyone, we need to decide a way forward and make sure we are best serving our members. Museums are going to have to continue to adapt to the ever-changing environment. We have a great staff and group of volunteers who really work hard to share great programming, exhibits, and reach out to our community; that is sure to continue!

Visit the GAHC at www.gahc.org

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LADY GERMANIA

Ein Kleines Deutsches Mädchen Traum Geschichte

~ (A Little German Girl's Dream Story) By Gladys Edna "Gay" Wellendorf Black

~ Continued from previous issue

Monday found us pursuing genealogy. Three of my great-grandparents immigrated or had their roots in the Dithmarschen area. We wanted to tour and get a feel for Dithmarschen. We specifically chose Meldorf because the church there is the repository for the church records for both the Norderdithmarschen (north) and Süderdithmarschen (south) areas. The ancestor we know least about is my great-grandfather John J Peeters (Peters) born in 1847 and immigrated to the US and settled in Iowa in 1866. Essentially all we know about John Peeters prior to his life in Iowa is his reported birthday, year of emigration, and that he came from Dithmarschen (area). We signed up for a preliminary introduction to the Dithmarschen church records. During this introduction we learned that there were twenty-seven active parishes in Dithmarschen in 1847 and most of the parish records for this period are not indexed. After examining a few records, we found that it was almost an impossible task for us, we knew the records would be in German, but the handwritten script and abbreviations used were beyond our skills. The church record custodian offered his professional services at a very reasonable rate to do a search of all Dithmarschen records for births of John (Johann) Peeters. We agreed to his services, but he told us that due to his vacation and other business it would be several months before we received his report. This afternoon we visited Dithmarscher Landesmuseum in Meldorf. It is a complex of four Museum buildings (1859 – 1995) that offers the public insight into the Dithmarschen National history and way of life between the Middle Ages and the present. Since it's founding in 1872, information of the agricultural past has been gathered, along with examples of changing life and life styles. Here is a look at life in Dithmarschen between the Empire in 1871 and the 1960s: train station, post office and school, living rooms, outdoor toilet and a hairdresser, a country doctor and operating room, a shopping arcade, a country garden, bar and cinema—and much more. This evening we drove a few kilometers east to Hüsum on the Nordsee (North Sea). We wanted to see and photograph the sunset over the Nordsee. In this endeavor we were disappointed, first it was a very

cloudy evening, obscuring the sun, and second from our viewing point the sun was setting over land, not water. We settled for dinner in a very quaint middle-eastern restaurant just off the beach.

Tuesday morning, we checked out of Zur Linde and drove south in Dithmarschen, first to Elmshorn and then to Horst. In Horst, we purchased a Horst city flag. The flag was a gift for my uncle to fly over his Iowa farm during family gatherings. His mother's (my grandmother) maiden name was Horst. We then drove to Tornesch to check into a hotel. The hotel was nothing special, just a convenient and clean place to stay for our planned events this evening. Later in the afternoon we met Sabine and Werner Wieben in Uetersen to visit the Rosarium. The Rosarium is the oldest and largest rose garden in Northern Germany. It was established in 1929 and designed by four prominent German landscape architects. The Rosarium covers seven hectares (17 acres) with more than 35,000 roses of 1020 varieties in all gradations of color and aroma. I tried, but I wasn't able to take pictures of all of them, my camera memory chip filled up. The picture of the couple holding the Texas flag is Sabine and Werner. [Editor: ASHHS does not have this picture] Both of their daughters were at the time visiting friends in Little Elm, Texas. One daughter had just completed a year as an exchange student in Kansas, and the older sister had been an exchange student in Texas several years earlier. We drove a few kilometers to a restaurant in the county named Aalkate (Eel Cottage). The restaurant was on the Pinnau River, which flows into the Elbe River. Aalkate is located on a dike above the river. We were seated on an outdoor deck overlooking the river and pastures of grazing sheep. While we were eating, the Nordsee tide was coming in, and we saw the Pinnau water level rise several feet. We all ate fish that were regional specialties. However, neither Tom nor I were brave enough to try their featured dish, eel. During our next visit, we are committed to try the eel. Werner told us it was delicious.

Wednesday, we drove into Hamburg. We had been advised by Sabine and Werner to drop our luggage by our hotel, return our rental car, and take the train from the airport to downtown Hamburg. In Hamburg we booked a four-hour bus tour of the city. Its route

Ein Kleines Deutsches Mädchen Traum Geschichte

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carried us by many points of interest, and we were allowed to get off the bus and visit the attractions and board the next bus at the stop where we got off. The bus tour was a very convenient and economical (about \$35/person) way to get a birds-eye view of the city. The one attraction that had been suggested for us to see was St. Michael's Church. There are many churches in Hamburg, but St. Michael's is one of the oldest and the most well known. It is a beautiful and well-furnished church, but its primary feature is an observation platform on the steeple. The platform is accessible by elevator (for a fee). The platform offers a magnificent 360-degree view of Hamburg. On one side it overlooks the docks and wharfs on the river Elbe where ocean going ships arrive and depart. I got "goose bumps" just looking down and thinking of how many of my ancestors sailed from here. We rode the train back to the airport and caught a taxi to our nearby hotel. We had our last dinner in Germany at a neighborhood restaurant we walked to. Tonight, at the restaurant we met only the second American couple that we encountered during our entire 16-day stay. The other American couple we met in Lübeck, on our second day of the trip. We were often told that not many American tourists travel north of Hamburg. However, many Europeans vacation in the cities of Hamburg, Lübeck, and Kiel and many "take the sun" on the Ostsee and Nordsee beaches. You ask, "Do you speak German?"

"Nein." Neither of us do, we studied a language CD before the trip, and had an electronic pocket dictionary, but each of us knows only a few basic German words and phrases. Did we have any language problems? No, not really, we were surrounded by friends—Jürgen, Gisela, Kurt Arp, Horst Perry, Caren Hartmann, Sabine and Werner and by hotel staff, restaurant workers, and people we stopped on the street that spoke English. The Ruser Hotel and a few other restaurants had English menus available. Our rental car had a GPS navigation system. With the GPS and maps, we had no problem finding our way around. Tom found it to be fun driving on the German roads and highways.

Thursday morning, we arose early for our flight home. The hotel provided a shuttle service over to the airport. Check-in at the airport went smoothly,

although we did find German security much more thorough than in the US. They checked contents of most carry-on bags and all electronic equipment like razors, pocket calculators, hand-held recorders, battery chargers, PCs, and my CPAC. They were put in a tray and carried to a separate counter where they were checked very closely. The flight from Hamburg departed at 9 a.m. and arrived in Newark nine and one-half hours later at 11:30 a.m. It was a long morning but a pleasant flight. The big shock was when we arrived in Austin about 5 p.m.; the outside temperature was 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Yes, it was quite the jolt after the Schleswig-Holstein daily temperatures of 50 to 65 °F.

From the German Bible, a farewell greeting from our house to your house:

"Der HERR segne dich und behüte dich"

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:"

4 Mose 6:24

Numbers 6:24

Gladys Wellendorf Black

August 30, 2010

Note:

This document was written by Gladys Wellendorf Black, and edited by Bill Gottsch for publication in his newsletter (no longer being published). After publication, this copy was edited a second time by Gladys Black to include some details not included in the original publication. Bill Gottsch's website contains 'Bill Gottsch's Family History' referenced in this document.

~ Further edits provided by the ASHHS editor

