



MUSEUM located at 122 N. Main St.
(The Luelleman House)

2-04

THE TOWPATH

Published quarterly
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NEW BREMEN HISTORIC ASSOCIATION

P.O. Box 73 - New Bremen, Ohio 45869-0073

(Founded in 1973)

VISITING HOURS: 2:00-4:00 p.m. Sundays - June, July, August
(Or anytime, by Appointment)

MEMBERSHIP: \$10.00 / Year - \$5.00 Spouse

(Life: \$100.00 / \$50.00 Spouse)

April - 2004

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7:30 p.m. at the New Bremen Library or Museum

◆ THE TOWPATH ◆

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THE TOWPATH is a historical reflection of New Bremen and the surrounding area - researched, written, and/or edited by Lucille (Topp) Francis, EDITOR, and published quarterly by the New Bremen Historic Association. Any stories and/or pictures that our readers are willing to share are welcomed.

COMPLIMENTARY COPIES

With each quarterly mailing of **The Towpath**, a number of Complimentary Copies are sent to folks who might be interested in reading one or more of the articles in that issue. If you are one of these people and would like to continue receiving future issues, please send the appropriate amount of dues (subscription) to the above address. (P.O. Box 73)

6th ANNUAL COMMUNITY PICNIC

The New Bremen Historic Association will be holding its 6th annual Community Picnic from 12:00 noon to 4:00 p.m. on **Sunday, June 6, 2004** at the museum at 122 N. Main St. We will have an "Antique Road Show" with auctioneer, Tim Eiting, doing the appraisals. A donation of \$1.00 per item appraised will be given to the Auglaize County Crisis Center.

The following items will be raffled off for \$1.00/ticket - 6/\$5.00:

- (1) Fire Extinguisher, (2) "Interurban on Main St." print,
(3) "Then & Now" book, (4) "Military Memoir of W.W.II" book,
(5) N.B.H.A. cap, (6) "N.B.H.A. Museum" mug.

There will also be a **Pie Baking Contest**, with the winner to receive 2 tickets to the 2004 Christmas Candlelight Dinner.

The museum will be open for those who would like to browse. Refreshments will be available. [submitted by Tom Braun]



HELP PRESERVE NEW BREMEN'S "LOCK ONE"

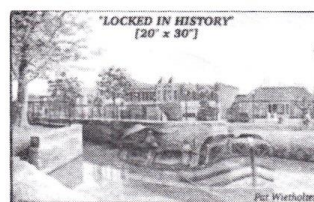
Many activities are being planned to raise funds to preserve Lock One in New Bremen. A "Help Preserve Lock One" festival will be held in the Lock One Park area on

SUNDAY - JUNE 27, 2004 from 12:00 noon to 4:00 p.m.

One of the main activities of the day will be a

CANAL "DUCK RACE"

You can help us raise funds for this community project by sponsoring ducks for the duck race. Each numbered plastic duck may be sponsored for a \$5.00 fee. The ducks will be put into the canal at the Plum Street bridge (next to the old poultry plant) and they will "race" north to Lock One. Prizes will be awarded to the winning sponsors. (Sponsors need not be present to win.)



At 4:00 p.m., a drawing will be held for a 20" x 30" color print of the Pat Wietholter painting,

"LOCKED IN HISTORY"

Tickets for this drawing are available for \$1.00 each, or 6/\$5.00. (Again, you do not need to be present to win.)

The fees for sponsoring ducks, the purchase of tickets for the print drawing, or other donations to "Help Preserve Lock One" are being accepted at P.O. Box 1 - New Bremen, Ohio 45869-0001. For more information, call 419-629-2685. [Joyce Ruedebusch]

LIVING ON A FARM

How brightly through the mist of years
My quiet country home appears –
My father busy all the day
In plowing corn or raking hay.

My mother moving with delight
Among the milk pans, silver bright –
We children just from school set free
Filling the garden with our glee.

The blood of life was flowing warm
When I was living on the farm!
I heard the sweet church-going bell
As o'er the fields its music fell.

I see the country neighbors round
Gathering beneath the pleasant sound.
They stop awhile beside the door
To talk their homely matters o'er.

The springing corn, the ripening grain
And "How we need a little rain."

"A little sun would do no harm –
We want good weather for the farm."

from McGuffey's 4th Reader

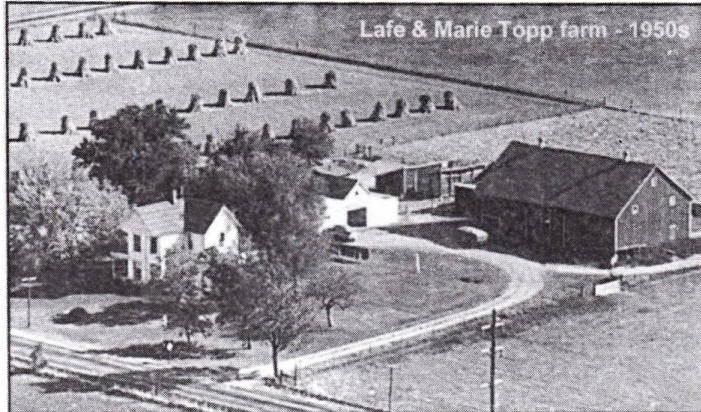
[This poem was first published in the July 1999 issue of St. Paul Church's "The Beacon" by Marge Lietz in her "Joyous Echoes" feature.]

THRESHING MEMORIES

from "Ralph May Remembers"

Whenever a threshing caravan crossed the Plum St. bridge near my home in New Bremen on its way to the Wellman farm, it would stop to take on water from the canal. The heavy intake hose would be thrown over the bridge railing and the man on the water tank would operate the hand pump. The threshing caravan usually consisted of four vehicles: the steam tractor/engine, the water tank, the separator (threshing machine) and a house trailer (where the men would sleep overnight.) The "chug-chug" sound of the old tractor engine and of its steam whistle as it moved through town was most interesting.

After the caravan arrived at the farm where the threshing was to be done, the long belt was put in place to connect the fly-wheel of the tractor to the separator. The blower stack was headed in the direction the straw was to fly, the sheaves of wheat were brought in and the process of threshing began. The blower stack moved from side to side as the straw stack began to build up. The engineer and the man who directed the piling up of the straw seemed to have the most interesting jobs. The men who hauled in the sheaves of wheat and then pitched them up onto the feeder had to work fast to keep the separator going. A long wagon bed on the side of the separator received the grain.



This is the farm where I grew up (at the corner of St. Rt. 274 & St. Rt. 364, 3 miles west of New Bremen), along with my sister and brother. When we moved there in the fall of 1948, I remember that there were two log houses on it. One was on the "back 40" going south down the lane to the right of the barn. There was also an old well with a pump there. My Dad tore the house down within the first several years and we used the logs for firewood. The other log house was situated just to the left of the barn, between the barn and the corn crib and machine shed. It had been covered with barn siding and part of it had been used as a garage by the previous owner, Jake Froning. After moving the center part of the white building from a neighbor's place and enlarging it to use as a garage, machine shed and granary, the log house garage was used as a hog stable. There were steep narrow steps going up to the upstairs.

This picture appears to have been taken in the early 1950's, as the car sitting in front of the garage looks like the 1950 Chevy we had. The wheat shocks in the field are probably some of the last ones to be seen in this area.

Fall 1947 - Lafe Topp farm



Neighbors Helping Neighbor

In the summer of 1947, when we lived on the John & Mary Ellerman farm on Lock Two Road, our Dad became ill with spinal meningitis.

That fall, the neighbors came over to harvest the corn for us.

(l-r) Lafe Topp (with Kathleen & Stanley), Elmer Stienecker, Arlon Sollman, Felix Kremer, Leroy Schwarck, Oscar Heitkamp, Lendor Sollman, Ewald Beickman, and Bill Quellhorst with his dog, Rover. (Note the ever-present whiskey bottles.)

Lucille (Topp) Francis, Editor

Six to eight men made up the work force. The men refreshed themselves from the sweat and blowing chaff with the contents of a whiskey jug kept in the cool grass in some distant fence corner. I could never figure out how whiskey could keep you warm in winter and cool in summer! (*Perhaps it helped to clear the dust out of their throats?*) The farm women always prepared a good meal for the men.

Wheat shocks in mid-summer and corn shocks in the fall were two of the most picturesque scenes on the farm.

[Ralph May]

LIFE ON THE FARM

by Lester Blanke from "Tales of Yesteryear" - 3/17/1997

The town of New Bremen, in its early days, was actually built up by the farmers. Some of the stores and businesses we had that were connected to the farmers were the early pork-packing plants and shipping along the canal, the early flour mills, the blacksmith shops (Tony Schwieterman & Curly Gast), White Mountain Creamery, clothing stores in New Bremen and Lock Two (Mueller Brothers and Garmhausen Brothers - the farmers bought all their clothing there), plow-making factories, lumber mill, carriage factory. So you see, the industries of New Bremen were patronized by and were the result of what the farmers needed and spent money on.

We used to milk cows by kerosene lantern, stacked wheat on a wagon to take to the barn, husked corn in the field in mid-winter, carried a 50 pound sack of wheat from the threshing machine up 14 steps to the granary, shoveled corn with a scoop shovel into the crib which was 3 feet above your head, pumped water to fill the tank for the cattle, carried water into the house every day, carried coal, filled the wood-box with wood. These are some of the tasks which I and other farm boys had to do.

Rural Mail Delivery

Rural Free Delivery (R.F.D.) was started in September, 1896 after a great deal of hassling with the Congress of the United States. Before that time, the farmers had to drive to town to get their mail from the Post Office. This may only have been done once a week. I think that Rural Free Delivery in New Bremen began around 1900, maybe a little later.

The first rural deliveries were done by horse and buggy all over the United States. In New Bremen we had two routes. One carrier took care of the territory west of town and the other carrier took care of the territory east of town. In August 1940, when I began my career as a rural mail carrier, the two routes were consolidated into one because the automobile was in use then and the route could be taken care of by one person.

We not only had first class mail, but we also had marketing mail, such as Sears-Roebuck catalogs, to pass out to the patrons. (May I say this - I don't believe everybody used those Sears-Roebuck catalogs to place orders from! There were other uses for them, too....)

It was a great aid to the farmers when they got their mail delivered, first by wagon and then by automobile. I can remember as a boy sitting on the front steps of our home on the Blanke Road 7 miles southeast of New Bremen, waiting to see the mail carrier go by. Then we knew that in about 20 minutes, he'd be coming by our house and we'd be at the end of the lane, waiting for the mail.

The First Telephones

The telephone came into use in the country sometime between 1910 and 1920. This was when I was in elementary school and we had approximately a 3/4 mile walk to the Weiskittel School at the corner of State Route 29 & Blanke Road. As the neighborhood boys and girls were walking together down the road, it was very handy to pick up a stone & see if we could knock those insulators off the telephone poles.

When we first got a telephone, we were on a party line. Out in the country, there'd usually be about four households on a party line. You didn't have to go through the central telephone office to get your party if you were calling your neighbors - you just rang one long and one short for one individual, or two longs for another individual. That made it very handy because everyone could always hear the rings. That meant, of course, that everybody knew what everybody else was doing because they could listen in very easily.

Early Transportation

The early transportation that I remember was the horse and buggy. This was how my brother, Orrin, and I drove the 7 miles back and forth to New Bremen for my first two years of high school. When we'd get about a mile from home, we didn't have to worry about getting the horse to go - he would tear out for home to get to his stable and feed. My last 2 years, a Model-T Ford was used.

The horse and buggy was followed by the automobile. My Dad was always interested in anything new and when the automobiles came out, we were practically the first people in the area to have one. We had a big Studebaker 7-passenger car. Can you imagine a 7-passenger car with a 4-cylinder engine? We didn't have to worry about speed limits, because we couldn't go that fast! Quite often, on Saturday evenings, we would go to town (even when we had the horse and buggy). When we'd go to town with the automobile, we would drive there and park, and before long there'd be 20 to 25 people gathered around that big Studebaker. We eventually got a Buick and then a Pontiac.

In the winter time, we would take our car and put it up on jacks where it stayed for the winter because the roads were so bad that you couldn't drive, and we had to go back to using the horse and buggy.

Rural Electrification

We used kerosene lamps to read and study by, and lanterns to do the work in the dark in the barn. Since my Dad liked to get new things, he bought a Delco plant from a traveling salesman. We built a little building, put storage batteries up on the side walls, had a little generator that was operated by a motor, and at nighttime, when we would go to bed, we would start that motor and it would recharge those dry cells. Then we would have light. That was for light only. After that came the rural electrification, which was done by the government putting up the poles. Then we had real light! That was a godsend to the farmers.

My Life & Memories

I graduated from New Bremen High School with the class of 1922. After one year of schooling at the Shelby County Normal School at Anna, Ohio, I taught in a one-room rural school for 7 years (West Side / German Township Special), teaching the first through the eighth grades, followed by 9 years as a teacher and principal of the Central Grade School in New Bremen. I was a rural mail carrier and a state officer in the Ohio Rural Letter Carriers Association, which gave me the opportunity to travel all over Ohio.

I also played a lot of baseball. When I was playing baseball at Lima, Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig were barnstorming through the area and Babe Ruth went out to pitch, with Lou Gehrig batting. I was the batting practice catcher, so..... I can say that I caught Babe Ruth!

Two men who stand out in my mind are our former St. Paul Church minister, Rev. Bassler, and Father Will, former priest of Holy Redeemer Church. I believe these two men did more for the ecumenical movement in New Bremen than any other ministers we have had. Father Will is a good friend of mine.

My wife, "Toots" and I celebrated our 70th wedding anniversary in August 1996. I asked her for a date after I had played in a ballgame and was still in my sweaty uniform. She thought for a little bit, then said that she already had a date, but she would break it and go out with me. That was 70 years ago, and we are still going strong.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Both Les & Toots Blanke have since passed away - Lester on 10/30/1998 and Lorraine / "Toots" on 5/31/2001. Father Carl Will also passed away, on 3/24/2003.

EARLY FARM MEMORIES

by Esther / "Sis" (Wagner) Evans – December 1993

I was born May 11, 1911 at the Wagner family farm north of New Bremen, Ohio which had been in the family for 3 generations (since 1835). My parents were George Hoadley Wagner and Mathilda Marguerite Settlage. They were married 4/28/1898 and I was the youngest of 5 children. My 4 older brothers were Sylvanus ("Hans"), Harry (Sr.), Richard (Dick) and Alvin ("Pete") Wagner (named after our grandpa, Peter Wagner.)

One of my first memories was going to Sunday School in my brother's class. I wouldn't go in mine because I was too shy. I was given a piece to recite at the Christmas program. When I got in front of everyone, all I could do was stand there and cry. I was so shy I often hid behind my mother's skirts.

We decorated our Christmas tree with popcorn and cranberries. There were candles that were lit only when we were there. Our big treats were an orange, hard candy and chocolate-covered cherries in our stockings. I'm sure there were other gifts under the tree for us. At Easter there were candy eggs to hunt. Dad also loved to tease us on April Fool's Day & usually got the best of us.

German was spoken in our area and I could understand it, but I never learned to speak, read or write it. Cousin Alma Geiger was a teacher at a 1-room school. She stayed with us, so I learned English early. There was always a church service in German.

We had cows that were milked by hand. We had a separator to get the cream to make butter to sell. We also sold milk. We had chickens and sold eggs. We used horses and mules to pull the plows to work the land. We raised corn and made silage. Neighbors always helped each other with threshing and butchering (5 or 6 hogs at a time). We always served a big dinner for all who were there to help with the work. We would put the ham, bacon and summer sausage in the smokehouse. I disliked having to scrape the intestines from the hogs for the sausage casings. We also made headcheese.

I had a pet lamb which was butchered and I wouldn't eat the meat. One day I was sent to Aunt Pauline (Settlage) Wehmeyer who lived 1½ miles from us. Well, she served the best meat I had ever eaten for dinner that night – my pet lamb!!

I always wanted to milk the cows when I was small. One day Dad and the boys were helping neighbors so I decided I could milk the 11 cows. Boy, I never wanted to do that again!

We washed clothes on a rub-board, but later got a wringer. I think in the winter clothes were sometimes hung in the attic to dry. At other times, they were hung on a line outside even if they froze. Everything had to be ironed and of course, the iron had to be heated on the wood stove.

The wood stove had a tank for hot water. Baths were taken in a tub in the kitchen on Saturday nights. We had chamber pots, washbasins and pitchers of water upstairs.

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Later we had a bathroom upstairs. Before that you used an outhouse during the day and a chamber pot (which was stored under the bed) at night. We were lucky as we had a coal furnace with a grate open to the top floor that helped to keep us warm in the winter.

If it was real cold, you took a hot brick to bed with you. We had sheet blankets and comforters. The comforters were made for each child by Mother. We raised sheep and she spun the wool to make the comforters. All winter we slept on cotton blankets and didn't wash them until spring unless absolutely necessary. You always pulled the covers off so they could air during the day.

In summer we used an oil cook stove and the well was used to keep things cool. We also used kerosene lamps and later Delco lights – they were something like electric lights. Water came from a well and was brought to the house in a bucket for drinking, cooking and washing. Later on we had a pump in the kitchen for water.

Mother was a wonderful homemaker and worked so hard. She was also always ready to help anyone who was ill or having a baby. At night she would read the Bible and other stories to us. We also played checkers. We had a Victrola (cylinder-type). Some of the cylinders were religious and others were humorous in content. I didn't have any girls to play with so Mother somehow found time to play house with me. It must have been fun for her as she had 4 boys to raise before I came along. I also liked to walk over to Aunt Pauline's place so I could play with her 2 babies, Margaret (Wehmeyer) Shroyer and Robert Wehmeyer.

We made our own fun on the farm. The boys would ride just about any of the farm animals, including calves and pigs. I used to ride the horses when the folks took a nap. This worried Dad as the mules were in the pasture too. One time cousin Kathryn Geiger and I got on the horses which still had their harnesses on. They got excited and ran. We fell off, but luckily they just stepped over us. Another time my brother Pete and I hitched up 2 calves to my baby buggy to take the dolls for a ride. The calves ran off and wrecked the buggy and the dolls.

I remember we once had a pet raccoon which had been in the circus and did tricks. I enjoyed watching it. The boys also did a lot of trapping and put the animals in cages. Well, I went to look at a skunk, and he let me have it. The folks thought they would have to bury me to get rid of the smell! My brothers would go fishing at a neighbor's creek and I'd tag along. We had to be careful not to stand under a tree as a black snake might fall on one of us.

I liked to go with Dad when he went fishing at Lake St. Marys because we always stopped for an ice-cream cone. We would go to town on Saturday and church on Sunday with a horse and buggy. I liked to go the Geigers as they had a bakery in St. Marys and would give me cookies.

Dad raised bees so we had our own honey. We also made maple syrup in the spring from sap, and molasses from sorghum. Also, we picked morel mushrooms in the

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orchard after the spring rains. We would pick strawberries along the railroad track on the back of our farm. Wild strawberries made the best shortcake. Mother's shortcake and apple dumplings were wonderful. Mother made great graham bread and coffee cake each week. We kids could hardly wait for her potato pancakes to be done and we'd eat them as fast as she could fry them.

In the fall we would pick up hickory nuts and black walnuts. We had fruit trees - pie cherries, green gage plums, apples and pears. We also had elderberries and wild blackberries. There was a mulberry tree in back and I'd get stains on my dress since I couldn't leave them alone. We had red raspberries (my favorite) and gooseberries (which I didn't like too much.) There was one black cherry tree that didn't produce many cherries, but we would keep an eye on them and could hardly wait to climb the tree and eat them.

We bought our clothes from the Sears & Roebuck catalog. I usually got one dress each year for winter and one for summer. The old catalogs were put in the outhouse for use there.....

Our house was never locked - no keys. Hobos (homeless men riding the freight trains) would be given something to eat when they came to our door. They always ate outside and sometimes slept in our barn.

We walked to a 1-room schoolhouse - Huenke School, built on the corner of our land. Grandpa Peter Wagner donated the land. I guess Mr. Huenke built the school, thus the name. It had a wood stove for heat, a well for water, and 2 outdoor toilets - 1 for boys and 1 for girls. There were always nasty things written on the walls by dirty little boys.

We used a horse and buggy for travel until we got a car about 1916. We made several trips to Defiance, Ohio where Uncle Frank Wagner lived. We would start early and take a lunch. If we were lucky, we would only have 5 or 6 blowouts. It took us all day to travel the 60 miles, so you know the roads were not very good.

Mother was always helping sick people and then got very ill herself. Various things were done, but in the end she was operated on in the kitchen and died on February 7, 1922. I was only 10 years old at the time. Her casket was placed in the parlor. I'm sure there was a funeral service at the church and a graveside service. I think when Dad died 5 years later, he was taken to the funeral home.

At times after Mother died, we had a housekeeper. Some aunts came to the farm each week to do the baking when we were alone. Then my brother "Hans" (Sylvanus) married Agnes Opperman on February 2, 1924 and they came to live with us. Their daughter, Jocelyn (Wagner) Chiles, was the last Wagner born at the farm.

After I finished 8th grade at the 1-room schoolhouse, I wanted to go to Memorial High School in St. Marys. I stayed with the Mooney family there. Mr. Mooney had been an ambassador to Uruguay in South America. I got so homesick I left. Dad and a neighbor who had children

took turns taking us to school. In my sophomore year, because of Dad's illness, we moved into St. Marys to live. I walked a mile 4 times each day when I went to school. I came home at noon every day to fix lunch for Dad as he was very ill with diabetes and tuberculosis.

After Dad died on March 24, 1927, a cousin let me stay with her until I finished my sophomore year. I stayed with Hans and Agnes that summer. That fall I went back to the Mooneys and worked for my room and board. The next summer I worked for the older Ausmans for a small wage and returned to high school for my senior year. I graduated in 1929 with honors, having an average of 90% or better for 4 years work. I took out ashes and got up early in the morning to iron shirts. I stayed with the Ausmans until January 1930 when my brother Harry had me come to San Diego, California.

The trip to California was a big event for a young country girl. Hans took me to get the train to Chicago. I was to be met there by the Ausmans' 2 elderly aunts, both in their 80s, and travel with them to California. I was to stay at a certain place in the depot and wait for them. I really got worried as the time was nearing for the train to California to leave, but they finally got there. What a year - getting to see the mountains and all. Cousin Dean Settlage* met the train and she took me to see the Pacific Ocean before Harry came for me.

I kept house for Harry and a friend. The Betts family lived next door and they took me with them for a week at the beach. Later Harry drove a friend and me to Vancouver, Canada, and I got to see the redwood trees and the coast, which were so beautiful. In the fall I went to work at the county hospital. Later, I worked for 2 different Jewish families as a housekeeper and nanny.

After Harry and Eloise were married on August 3, 1931, my sister-in-law and I would go to the movies for 25¢ and get a hamburger for a dime. In 1933, I was with Harry and Eloise on Christmas Eve when a friend of Harry's brought a sailor by the name of John F. ("Bob") Evans to the house. We all went to a dance that evening. Bob and I started dating and were married May 19, 1934 in San Diego. In 1957, we moved to the Rogue River Valley in Oregon. We have lived happily ever after.

All of this was quite a different life from what I had left in Ohio!

NOTE: Esther Marie / "Sis" (Wagner) Evans died at Medford, Oregon October 20, 2003 at the age of 92. She was survived by her husband, "Bob" Evans. She had written this memoir 10 years earlier at the age of 82. Her nephew, Harry Wagner (Jr.) of Portland, Oregon sent a copy after her death to Tom Braun.



A.C. Settlage - 1920

*Dean Settlage was the daughter of A.C. Settlage. Mr. Settlage taught several years at the North (Lock Two) School, served as president of the N.B. School Board (1920), was an undertaker for the Klanke Furniture Co., and became secretary of the Auglaize Hoist & Body Co. when it was organized. In 1923, the family moved to Los Angeles where he died February 11, 1941.

RAMBLINGS & RECOLLECTIONS

by Robert G. Heinfeld - Ada, Ohio - 12/22/2000

HORSES

Perhaps one of the best places to start in reminiscing about the New Bremen of my youth (1930s & 1940s) would be about horses. When I was a youth, there were many horses about. For one thing, not all the farmers had tractors, and even if they did, they also kept horses because some farmers were not quite ready to completely relinquish the horse for the more modern method of farming.

People could be seen coming into town with their horses to pick up things and, more importantly, to bring grain to Kuenzel Mills for sale and to have some of it ground into flour for home consumption. Very few people came to town in a buggy by this time due to the advent of automobiles, however one man in particular comes to mind - Frank Fullriede, who would bring his beautiful black buggy with shiny red wheels to town and park it behind Win's Saloon. Frank loved to play cards and also to watch the other card players. He was a crippled man and could not drive a car, therefore the buggy served his purpose very well.



Most of the horses were "work" horses. Julius Hoepfer had a milk route for 21 years - Herman Blanke had one for 45 years. Both delivered milk for the White Mountain Creamery, which later became Beatrice Foods (now extinct). Hoepfer later changed his wooden wheels to rubber-tired Model-T wheels. This made for a smoother and more quiet ride.

The horses, by the way, knew the milk routes and would stop at every stop without being halted. They would stop at the correct stop, wait for what would be the normal length of time to make a delivery, and then move on. One time Henry Westerheide (who took over Julius Hoepfer's route) was delivering milk in the Lock Two area and fell asleep. After waiting the usual length of time, the horse went on, but the customer did not receive his milk.

Raymond ("Caddy") Moeller, who had a bakery, had a horse-drawn wagon that he delivered baked goods with. Caddy had a large bell under the wagon, which he rang by pressing his foot down. This, of course, drew the housewives to his wagon.

Another merchant that comes to mind who made

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deliveries was William ("Butch") Schelper. Lafe Neuman and Ed Jung slaughtered animals for Butch Schelper and also delivered meat once a week in the "Old Reliable Meat Market" wagons. They also rang a bell to announce their presence. The meat would be hanging in the wagon and the housewives would go to the back of the wagon to order what they wanted. It would be weighed right there for the customer to see. The housewife might bring a large dinner plate out to either Ed or Lafe and get a ring of fresh sausage which would cover the entire plate and would cost just 25¢. Everything was clean, however there was no refrigeration. [see Marge Lietz's meat wagon article in the October 1997 issue of "The Towpath"]

Bill Varno was the garbage pick-up man and used a horse for his work, also.

Auglaize Furniture Co. had a large high-wheeled wagon and used a team of dray horses for their runs to the railway depot and up town.

Horses would sometimes run away. One morning Herman Blanke was delivering milk to the Kroger Store and a large semi with a loud exhaust came by and startled the horse. The horse was tethered by a large weight that Herman would place on the ground to prevent such a thing as running away. On this occasion, however, the horse became so frightened that he took off, carrying the weight with him. I was working at the Sunoco Service Station (at the corner of Monroe & Main Streets) at the time, sweeping their driveway. I took off after the horse, but couldn't catch him because of his speed. When he reached the Hollingsworth Hotel, someone else ran out and stopped the runaway.

Another runaway that comes to mind was when Christian Hehr had his horse "parked" in front of Dr. Fledderjohann's office on South Main Street. Unbeknownst to him, there were bees in a nearby tree. Christ Hehr had just walked away when the bees came out of the hollow of the tree and began stinging his horse. The horse broke away and went wildly screaming down South Main St. with Mr. Hehr running after him and yelling in German that bees were stinging his horse. Hehr, an elderly gentleman with white hair, was running and chasing his horse and waving his straw hat, and the horse was running from one side of the street to the other. This made a rather awesome sight to behold.

There was a wooden watering trough in front of Dr. Fledderjohann's home (on South Main St.) and there was a long hitching rail on the north side of St. Paul Church.

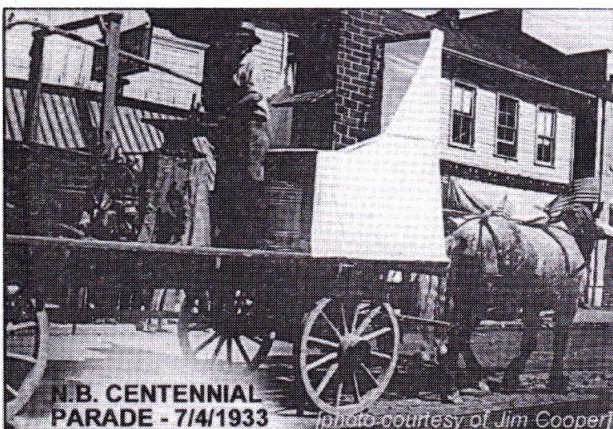
One incident that comes to mind is about a man who spent most of an afternoon drinking in a saloon uptown. Upon leaving, he staggered to his wagon and barely made it onto the wagon. Because of his condition and unclear words, his horses didn't know what to do and they jerked from one side of South Main Street to the other. People were watching on both sides of the street. I was on my bicycle delivering newspapers and barely made it out of the way. Those poor horses were so confused and excited that they must have been completely exhausted when they were put in their stalls for the night.

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Drs. Henry & Leonard Schmidt, the local (father & son) veterinarians, had a large barn and outdoor pens to take care of sick animals that were brought to them. They sometimes treated humans as well as animals. I remember many people going to them for their medical needs - Epsom salts was a common remedy. I was always fascinated to go in with my father (Otto Heinfeld) and see all the jars on the shelves with parts of animals, particularly the jar that had the 2-headed calf in it. Dr. Leonard Schmidt was a loud-voiced man, smoked cigars, and enjoyed cussing if he felt like it. He told many times how horses would kick him and how he would have to hobble a bull for treatment.

A Mr. (Frank) Jung had a leather and harness shop on South Washington St. Everything could be bought there in the way of horse supplies.

In summing up horses, I think Tony Schwieterman's blacksmith shop fascinated me the most, with those mammoth dray horses that stood in there back-to-back, waiting to be shod. The blacksmith shop was located on North Washington St. directly behind Wilbur Rairdon's Livery Stable. The floor was wood and the horses were constantly stamping their feet to rid themselves of horse flies. When they stamped their feet, the whole building shook. I was absolutely scared to walk through that row of horses. Tony, however, while not a large man, could easily hold the weight of a horse if the horse became tired of standing while being shod. His leather apron was well worn because of those hooves between his legs.



Tony B. Schwieterman in New Bremen's 1933 Centennial parade, with his bellows, forge & chimney. Taken in front of Wint's Cafe and "Caddy" Moeller's Bakery.

The blacksmith shop, of course, smelled of manure and of the sooty soft coal that was burned in the forge. During my lifetime, Tony used an electric motor to feed oxygen to the forge. He kept a pail of water with a dipper in it to quench his thirst.

I enjoyed listening to my father and these other people telling stories. Remember, in those days children rarely talked - they were told to listen! [RGH - 12/22/2000]

MORE RUNAWAY STORIES

A team of heavy draft horses belonging to Omer Jordan became frightened Tuesday afternoon and staged a wild runaway down South Washington Street. Mr. Jordan was assisting Benjamin Vornholt in moving to his newly purchased residence at 125 S. Washington and had left the horses standing in the alley behind the Vornholt dwelling. Becoming frightened, the horses tore loose and sped down Washington St. and were not stopped until they reached Julius Hoeper's property south of town. One of the horses sustained a deep gash on its forehead and will likely lose the sight of one eye, while the second horse escaped uninjured. (N.B. Sun-10/14/1921)

New Bremen was treated to the spectacle of an old-time runaway this noon when a team of horses belonging to August Kuest broke loose on West Monroe Street and ran wildly to the corner of Monroe & Washington Streets. The horses narrowly missed dashing headlong into the heavy concrete light standard just east of the Monroe St. bridge and were stopped near the First National Bank building. (N.B. Sun - 2/28/1929)

Julius Hoeper narrowly escaped what might have been a fatal accident Wednesday morning when his milk delivery wagon was literally demolished, gallons of milk and cream were spilled on West Monroe St., and numerous bottles reduced to shards when Frank Topp ran into his vehicle from the rear. Mr. Hoeper sustained numerous slight cuts and bruises, though no bones were broken. Today he was unable to be on his route. Topp's one fender and light were also pretty well smashed up. Property damage is estimated to run over \$100. (N.B. Sun - 9/21/1939)

Following his accident last week when his delivery wagon was literally demolished and he himself sustained painful body injuries, Julius Hoeper, who for 21 years, day in and day out, rain or shine, winter or summer, supplied his customers with their daily rations of milk, concluded to dispose of his route and retire from active business pursuits. He sold his horse and other equipment to Ray Warner, North Walnut St., who hitherto has been employed as truck driver for the White Mountain Creamery. (N.B. Sun - 9/28/1939)

Ray Warner today sold his milk route which he purchased several weeks ago from Julius Hoeper. His successor is Henry Westerheide, who has been engaged in the insurance business. (N.B. Sun - 10/26/1939)

JUNE RUNS AWAY

"June" was nonchalantly pulling her milk wagon down South Washington St. last Friday morning, when along came a huge semi-trailer truck with a loose canvas tarpaulin flapping behind in the breeze. It scared the wits out of June and she took off full speed, wagon and all. The wagon tong struck the fender of a parked car and broke, dragged on the road and added to her confusion and excitement. She ignored the traffic light at Washington & Monroe and headed north where she narrowly missed the parked car of Elton Bruns. She tried

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to make a turn onto First St., but failed and came to an abrupt halt when she struck the canal bridge. Luckily, she struck the bridge or she and her wagon would have landed in the canal.

Henry Westerheide, June's owner and the operator of the White Mountain milk route, stated that damage amounted to only about 60¢. Henry was fortunate in locating another wagon 'tong to replace the broken one.

Besides an injured pride, June suffered only minor scratches and abrasions, and was able to be back on her accustomed route the next morning, none the worse for her spree.

(N.B. Sun - 6/15/1950)

A PERSONAL STORY

I remember one day in the mid 1940s when my parents were hauling manure on our farm 3 miles northwest of town, Grandpa Christ Otte took the load of manure out to a field to be spread. On the way back up the lane to the barn, all at once the team of horses he was driving (Queenie & Nellie) bolted for the barn, throwing him backwards into the manure spreader. He received numerous cuts and abrasions and Mom had to take him to town to Dr. Fledderjohann's office to have his wounds treated. I can still remember the sight and smell of all the iodine.

I also remember using the horses to pull the hay up into the haymow with a hayfork and a pulley. I was allowed to handle the reins to walk "Nellie" away from the barn to accomplish this.

Sometime around the late 1940s to early 1950s, Nellie got lockjaw and my dad had to shoot her. That was a sad day at our house. That was also the end of the horse era for us.

Lucille (Topp) Francis, Editor

BAKERY TO CONTINUE UNDER OLD MANAGEMENT

Raymond Moeller Again In Charge

A change effected last week in the ownership of Moeller's Bakery at 30 South Washington St. was of short duration. Purchased last week by Herbert Trautwein, the business was operated for only two days by him and then resold to its former owner, Raymond Moeller. Mr. Trautwein had at one time operated the establishment for a period of 12 years, but until recently was connected with the New Bremen Broom Co. In order to re-purchase the business, Mr. Moeller canceled an option which he held on a bakery at Mt. Victory, Ohio. As before, "Caddy" will be assisted by Mrs. Moeller and his brother, William Moeller. The horse and wagon delivery system started several years ago will also be continued.

(N.B. Sun - 2/21/1929)

TIMES DO CHANGE!

Village lot owners in New Bremen are having their lots plowed these days, not by the old horse-drawn method, but by the new roto-tiller. The job of plowing and harrowing is done in one single operation, the modern implements pulverizing the soil, making it ready immediately for planting. Times do change!

(N.B. Sun - 4/29/1948)

CHILDHOOD FARM MEMORIES

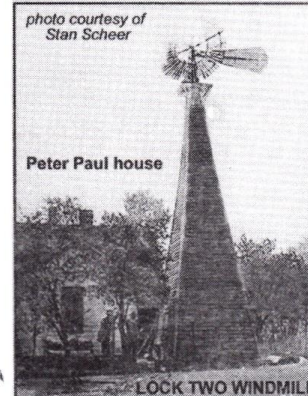
by Robert G. Heinfeld - 4:00 a.m. - 3/10/2004

My farming knowledge comes from my experiences on my Grandfather George Heinfeld's farm as a lad. Perhaps you can use some of them in your farming issue.

Water

All the farms had hand pumps to fill stock tanks and for household use. Some farmers had a "hit-skip" engine to pump water, using a pump jack on the hand pump. Another method was using the wind's energy. Using a

wind mill was an easier way than hand pumping. Water then wasn't the best quality, and many illnesses resulted from the use of impure water (typhoid fever, etc.).



Milking

Milking was done morning and evening. Cows were locked in a yoke (or stanchion) and fed while someone would sit on a small stool and do the hand milking. The cows would switch their tails and hit you on the head. The tails were usually covered with manure. (usually dried, but not always - I used to cut the long straggly ends of their tails off with a hedge clipper so they wouldn't wrap around my neck - Editor).

The milk was put in 10 gallon milk cans and stored in the stock water tank to be kept cool and prevent souring. Sometimes the milk was hand separated with a DeLaval separator. The whey was fed to the hogs and the cream was put into 5 gallon cans. [Sometimes we would skim off some of the cream that had risen to the top of the milk cans overnight to use for whipped cream. - Editor]. In the mornings, an open bed milk truck (in my time they were enclosed - Editor) would pick up the milk. In the summer time, there was a great deal of spoilage.

[I always looked forward to having a can of milk turn sour. That meant that the milkman wouldn't take it and we could eat the "clabbered" milk (with brown sugar and cinnamon on it) or it could be made into cottage cheese. It tasted much like present-day yogurt. - Editor]

Chickens

Chickens were usually left to run free around the barnyard, but a henhouse was provided with individual nests lined with straw. Eggs were gathered daily, put in crates, and usually were kept in the fruit cellar to keep them cool. They would be picked up weekly by Leo Kuhlhorst's or Jerry Dietrich's egg plants. The hen house was noisy and very dusty. Sometimes you would have to chase an old "cluck" off a nest as she was trying to hatch her eggs for chicks. The clucks could get very sassy. Sometimes the henhouse had to be de-loused. Farm animals needed "health" attention and Dr. Schmidt did the veterinary work.



Arnd Heinfeld (X) bought this tract of land in the southeast quarter of Section 3 in German Township in 1841. It was then forest land, which he cleared and farmed. He was one of the first farmers in the area to experiment with underground drains. At first he built them out of wooden channels. Later he began experimenting with burnt clay tiles. Before he attained any success in this line, a tile yard had been established here and he did not carry his experiments any further. He conducted his farm successfully for about 35 years, when he turned the management over to his son, Gerhard/George. For 62 years, George operated a threshing outfit with which he covered a large section of the rural territory every summer and fall, threshing wheat and oats for many farmers. This barn burned down in 1927. — IDs: George Heinfeld (by engine), Edward Fricke (by beer keg), August Ahlers (behind Fricke), Franklin Kuenning (holding bottle), William Heinfeld, son (standing on separator), Simon Buckloh, nephew (white suspenders), Otto Heinfeld (Bob's dad - with rounded hat, standing 5th from right), Henry Wittenbrink? (black beard.) [IDs by Robert G. Heinfeld]

Threshing

Threshing was a busy time for all, and it became a regular festival for the threshing ring. All of the members came to each farm where the threshing was to be done and helped bring in the wheat sheaves to be threshed in the barnyard. This was one busy time for the women, too, in preparing the huge threshermen's meals. The men ate separately from the women and kids. Large tables were used and sometimes the food was served in shifts. Coffee was boiled in a huge granite pot with a large handle on the side to make it easier to pour. I must say, the food was excellent - I know because I ate at many farm threshing meals. I always looked forward to the different kinds of pies that were offered.

The threshers were a boisterous, loud group of fellas. Washing their hands and faces was usually done outdoors where a pitcher of water and a basin with hand soap was provided. One towel was used by all - mustaches and beards were also wiped with the towel.

Threshing was done with steam. In later years, gasoline tractors came on the scene. I only remember gasoline - steam was used in the 19th century.

Field Work

After the wheat was harvested, the fields had to be plowed and prepared for sowing more wheat. Wheat was

sowed in the fall (usually after the fly-free date in late September) and oats and corn were planted in the spring. This required getting up early each day, hitching up the team of horses, and doing the plowing, etc.

Steady Job

In the old days, farmers had a full time year-round job, not real steady like a factory worker, but busy nevertheless. The tending to the animals was constant. Cow pens and horse stalls needed to be cleaned often, manure taken out and new straw spread around in the stalls. The manure was spread out on the fields with a manure spreader - in the early days the spreaders were pulled by horses. In the winter time, digging the frozen manure out of the stalls and spreading it out in the open was rough, hard work.

Religious Experience

Above all, farmers were Christians. They worked out in the open and knew what they had to be thankful for in their livelihoods.

Epilogue

It is now 5:00 a.m. and I just realized that you and Lowell both grew up on a farm and know all about it!

[Yes, Bob, but it's so much more fun to read about somebody else's memories. It brings back some of our own that we may not have thought of. - Lucille]

ONE FARM'S HISTORY

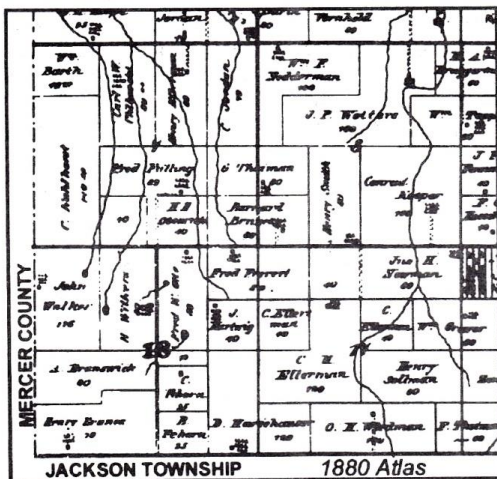
When Edward Hirschfeld turned 76 years old on April 25, 1940, he was contacted by the "Sidney Daily News" to arrange an interview to recognize his 51 years as a thresherman in and around Mercer County. When the reporter arrived at Edward's home, he found that Edward had taken paper and pencil and had written the story himself. The paper printed the story as Edward had written it. When I read his story, I was fascinated to find out that Edward had been born on the very same farm that I grew up on and where my parents lived from October 1948-January 1974. (see box at right & picture on page 2)

In April 1994, after many years of family research by Edward's grandson, Robert L. Hirschfeld, and his wife, Evelyn, Bob compiled a booklet to record his grandparents' story. He dedicated it to the children of Edward & Elizabeth (Bergsieker) Hirschfeld "who always wanted to preserve their parents' history, but never seemed to get around to it."

The following is a compilation of both stories:

John Henry EDWARD Hirschfeld was born April 25, 1864 on a farm in Section 18, on the southwest corner of St. Rt. 364 & St. Rt. 274 (at that time called the New Bremen-Chickasaw Rd.), the 4th of 13 children. His parents were Adam & Sarah (Fark) Hirschfeld. Their children were: John Adam (1860-1896), Katherine Althoff (1861-1951), George (who lived only 19 days in 1863), Edward (1864-1944), Mary Alvina Schneider (1865-1924), Emma Maria (1867-1895), Martha M. Bertke (1868-1907), Henry Carl ("Charlie") (1871-____), William Theodore (1873-1956), Franklin Benjamin (1875-1966), Henry Frank (1877-1968), Henry Elias (1878-1934), Henry Lafayette/Levi (1880-1894).

Edward's father, Adam, had been born on the same farm, which was originally two 40-acre farms. The north 40 had been owned (11/1/1838-1856) by Edward's grandfather, Charles Hirschfeld, and the south 40 had been owned (1830s?-11/23/1863) by Edward's great-grandfather, Adam Hosmann. Each farm had a log house on it. Adam Hirschfeld purchased the north 40 in 1856 and the south 40 on 11/23/1863. (According to a drawing by Bob Hirschfeld, the house on the south 40, shown below as the J. Hartwig farm, was a 2-story log cabin with a porch.)



EDITOR'S NOTE: When my parents purchased this farm in June 1948, there were still 2 log houses on it. One was on the "back 40" going south down the lane beside the barn (see picture on pg. 2). I don't remember a porch, but I do remember looking inside and seeing that there had been wallpaper on some of the walls.

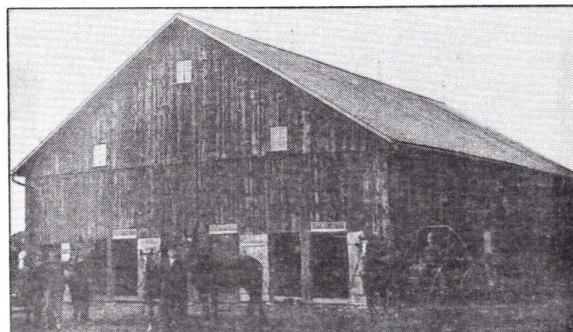
The other log house (on the "front/north 40" was situated just east of the barn (see pg. 2). I remember the steep narrow steps going upstairs (I often went up and would sit there day-dreaming. Living on a hog farm, it didn't always smell the best!) The name Fred Frevert (a former owner) was written on the wall going up the steps. (According to the 1880 Atlas of Auglaize County, Fred Frevert at that time owned the "north 40" and J(ohn?) Hartwig owned the "back 40"). Also, the name Ben Vomholt was written on the door of the feed room in the barn. The Vomholts lived on the "north 40" later (1898 Atlas). By 1917 (1917 Atlas), the John Hespe family lived on the front 40 acres and the Jacob Froning family lived on the back 40.

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N.B. Sun - 2/21/1919: Herbert Schulenberg, real estate agent, purchased the 80 acre John Hespe farm west of here on the Chickasaw road. (Shown on the 1880 map as the Fred Frevert farm, 40 acres was in Section 17, across Rt. 364.)

Schulenberg then sold the west 40 acres to Jake Froning for \$7650, taking in on the deal the 40-acre former Hartwig farm due south which has been occupied by Froning.

Ehrhard Hespe, who has heretofore managed his father's farm west of town, and his brother, Elvin, have purchased Henry Hegemier's livery and taxi business which has been conducted for several years past in the Thompson barn. Elvin had previously been in the employ of Mr. Hegemier and is well acquainted with the business. The Hespe brothers will also carry the agency for the Dort auto.



The John Hespe farm - ca. 1919
(corner of Rt. 274 & Rt. 364)



Photos courtesy of Vernon Doenges

This is the farm where Edward Hirschfeld and his father, Adam, were born. It was sold to Jake Froning in 1919 and to Lafe & Marie (Otte) Topp in 1948. (Vernon Doenges's grandmother was a sister to John Hespe.)

HIRSCHFELD FAMILY HISTORY

by Robert L. Hirschfeld - 1994

The Immigrants

Christopher Hirschfeld (1774-5/24/1842) and his 3 sons - Ludwig & Charles (both sons of Christopher & his 1st wife, Augusta Wend) and Ernst George (son of Maria Elizabeth Wiedbrauck) emigrated from the village of Ottenstein, Holzminden County, duchy of Brunswick, Germany - a small farming village in the highlands of the Weser mountains. Christopher was a farmer and a blacksmith.

On 6/14/1834, 1 year after the death of his 2nd wife in June 1833, Christopher and his 3 sons (aged 34, 29, 18) left Germany. They arrived in Baltimore on 7/31/1834.

After arriving in the U.S., Christopher and his sons traveled to Mercer County in western Ohio, which was part of the Congress Lands of 1819 (see pg. 6 of the October 2003 issue of "The Towpath"). On 9/12/1834, the 2nd son, Charles, purchased 120 acres of land in Marion Township - 80 acres west of St. Johns Rd. and 40 acres east of St. Johns Rd. & south of Amsterdam Rd.

On 1/30/1835, Charles transferred the 120 acres to his father, Christopher. (Charles later received a patent signed 9/15/1835 by President Andrew Jackson.) On 9/28/1837, Christopher transferred 60 acres to Charles and 60 acres to Ernst George.

Christopher and his oldest son, Ludwig, both died in 1842 - Christopher on 5/24/1842 and Ludwig on 12/21/1842. Thus, all the Hirschfelds in Mercer and Auglaize County descend from either Charles or Ernst George Hirschfeld.

Charles Hirschfeld

Charles Hirschfeld (10/21/1804-3/28/1856) married Catherine Hosmann on 6/18/1837. In 1838, Charles sold his 60 acres in Marion Township and purchased 40 acres in German Township, on the southwest corner of Routes 274 & 364. Charles & Catherine had 6 children: Adam Henry, John William, Mary Louise, Christian Adam, Anna Maria and John Herman. The 2 girls died of cholera in 1849, a day apart.

After the death of his 1st wife, Charles married 2 more times, to Maria Carolina (Heheman) Sundbrink & Eva Margaretha (Goldschatt) Wehmeyer, and had 3 more children: Adam Ludwig (wife #2) and twins, Sophia Lenore Nedderman & John Bernard (wife #3). Charles's 3rd wife died 7/27/1855 and Charles died 3/28/1856, leaving behind small children. The 3 youngest were raised by their mothers' relatives. Seventeen year old Adam Henry was given responsibility for his 3 oldest brothers (aged 15, 11, 6). Later, these 3 brothers were taken to Indiana by their Grandfather Hosmann, where they settled and raised their families.

Ernst George Hirschfeld

Ernst George Hirschfeld (8/18/1815-6/5/1885) was a 1½-brother to Charles. He married Anna Maria Barjenbruck (Barienbrock) on 10/21/1838 and they had 2

children. After Anna died, Ernst George married Mary Elizabeth (Iburg) Curry and they had 4 daughters. After his 2nd wife died, Ernst George married a 3rd time, to Maria Engel Louise (Ortman) Worthmeyer and had 2 more children.

It is Ernst George Hirschfeld's 60 acres in Marion Township that was sold (on 8/22/1845) to Father Brunner for the purpose of building the Maria Stein convent. George eventually owned 80 acres in Sections 15 & 16 in German Township, along Amsterdam Road.

Adam Henry Hirschfeld

Adam Henry Hirschfeld (11/19/1838-11/12/1885) married Sarah Fark on 6/2/1859. At first, he rented his father Charles's farm (north 40 acres) from the estate and later purchased the shares of the legal heirs. On 11/23/1863, he purchased his Grandfather Hosmann's farm (south 40). On 8/25/1868, Adam sold his 80-acre farm and moved to New Bremen. Finally, on 3/4/1870, he purchased 80 acres in Franklin Township in Mercer County (see description on page 12). Here, in the summer of 1879, Adam and Sarah built a 2-story 8-room house for \$1600, using the lumber from their own trees. This replaced a double log cabin. Adam painted his name on the glass transom above the front door.

On 7/15/1896, Adam's son, Edward, bought the farm from his mother, Sarah. She then moved to town to live with another son, Benjamin.

On 4/8/1942, Gilbert Hirschfeld became the owner of the farm. In 1981, Adam Hirschfeld's great-grandson, Nathan Hirschfeld, tore down the 102-year-old 1879 8-room house and replaced it with a new one for his Uncle Gilbert. Gilbert lived there until he passed away 2/11/2004. The farm is now owned by Frederick G. Hirschfeld, son of Edwin Hirschfeld.

Edward & Elizabeth (Bergsieker) Hirschfeld

Edward Hirschfeld (4/25/1864-3/31/1944) married Elizabeth Bergsieker on 11/26/1896. "Lizzie" Bergsieker lived on a small farm near Cleveland. After her father died in 1892, she helped run the farm and care for her younger siblings. Early in 1896, Lizzie was invited to a party on Southland Road north of New Bremen (the present Eugene Kuck farm) by her Greber cousins (their mothers were Niemeyers). Edward Hirschfeld was asked to play the violin. Lizzie was attracted to Edward and wrote him the first letter. Thus began a 6-month correspondence between the two, each writing about 2 letters per week (Edward wrote about 35 letters.)

On 7/15/1896, Edward bought the farm from his mother for \$4000 and on September 10th, she sold him all the grain and livestock for \$600. On September 25th, he made a trip to Cleveland to visit Elizabeth. This was only their 2nd meeting. On October 14th, Edward's mother moved to New Bremen and on Thanksgiving Day, Edward & Lizzie were married in Cleveland. They had 7 children: Victor (2/3/1898-9/3/1986), Edwin (8/9/1899-3/3/1983), Leroy (12/12/1900-12/22/1983), Gladys (4/5/1903-11/2/1933), Ada Johnson (11/4/1905-5/31/1993), Frieda Ankerman (11/8/1908-7/22/1999), Gilbert (2/4/1910-2/11/2004).

A THRESHERMAN'S STORY

by Edward Hirschfeld - April 1940

I was born 76 years ago on April 25, 1864, on the farm where Jake Froning now lives on the New Bremen-Chickasaw Road. After a few years (8/25/1868), my father sold the farm and we moved to New Bremen in the large 2-story brick house where Anna Schwepe now lives (112 N. Main St.). There my father operated a saloon in a part of our home, selling both food and drinks to the businessmen who stayed in the 2 hotels across the street (Laut & Lehmkuhl Hotels). Then, 70 years ago (3/4/1870, when Edward was 5 years old), our family moved to the 80-acre farm 7 miles northwest of New Bremen where I now live, on the southwest corner of Clover Four Road & St. Johns Road. Gas from a gas well on the northwest corner of the farm was used to heat our house.

In the fall of 1870, I started my education in School #4, a 1-room frame building that stood north across from the northwest corner of the farm. It had been built in 1860 and existed until 1896. *[The Liberty Special School was then built in the woods on the Fred Bertke/Alvin Dicke farm northeast of School #4. When that location did not prove satisfactory (ca. 1906), it was moved south with a team of horses to the Henry/Edward Dicke farm on the southeast corner of Clover Four Rd. & St. Johns Rd. The school closed in 1940.]*

My father (Adam Hirschfeld) was a farmer and soon after moving on this farm, he bought a threshing machine and began doing custom threshing for the neighbors. When I was about 19 years old, he became ill and was unable to continue operating his threshing outfit, so my oldest brother, John, and I ran the rig for him that fall. Soon after that (11/12/1885), our father died.

The next 2 years, we made the rounds running the rig for our mother (Sarah (Fark) Hirschfeld). After that, John and I started in for ourselves. We traded our old portable D-June steam engine (which had to be pulled from farm to farm by horses) for a new D-June 16-hp traction engine (able to move under its own power). At that time, neither of us was worth a dime, so we bought the engine on 2 years time.

First Traction Steam Engine

Ours was the first traction steam engine to be used in these parts. The first winter we had it, we formed a partnership with Henry Grothaus, who now lives east of Lock Two. "Fuddle Heinie", as we called him then, had a sawmill for us to use with our new engine. After one season, we bought our own sawmill, which we ran every winter for nearly 20 years.

Our first season of threshing on our own, we had an upright boiler D-June engine and Springfield vibrator separator. After a year or two, we bought another complete outfit. This was purchased from Henry ("Cap") Schaefer, New Bremen's widely-known Civil War soldier, and his partner (brother-in-law?), Bill Brune, who lived where William Kuhlhorst now lives (later the Ray & Irella Wente farm, on the northeast corner of Rts. 364 & 274).

Now that my brother and I each had an outfit and were able to cover twice the territory we had formerly covered, we began to make money. We threshed as far south as the White Mountain Creamery farm at New

Bremen, as far west as Sebastian, northwest to Montezuma, north to St. Marys, and all along Route 66 (now 66A) between St. Marys and New Bremen.

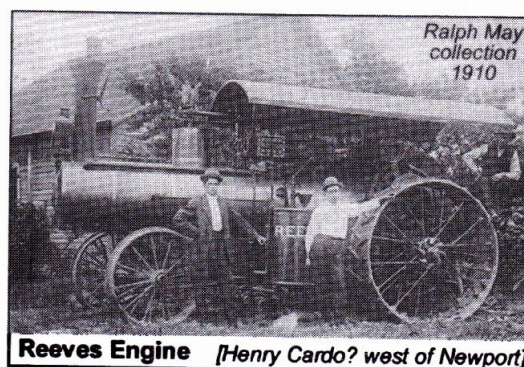
Threshing Season

The threshing season started in July. The first wheat was hauled directly from the field and threshed. Later in the season, wheat stored in the barn was threshed - this sometimes extended the season to October or November. Oats was threshed about the same time as the wheat.

Before the war (W.W.I.), the price for threshing was 2¢/bushel for oats and 3¢ for wheat. During the war, it went up to 5¢ for oats and 8¢ for wheat. I furnished the tractor and the fuel.

In the old days, we stayed overnight at the farm where our outfit was. At first, before the self-feeder equipment was on the separators, we traveled with a crew of three. Later, two of us were the permanent crew. I have slept in a good many different farmhouses in my time.

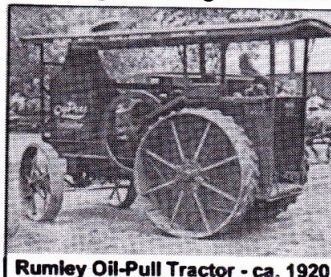
After several years of threshing, sawing, hulling clover (separating the seed from the pods), shredding corn (removing the ears from the fodder), and "buzzing" wood, my brother died (7/16/1896). After that, I discontinued the use of the one outfit and the sawmill and threshed by myself. In all, I threshed for 51 years, not counting the last 2 when I only threshed my own crop. Although I went out of the threshing business 3 years ago, I still live on the farm.



Reeves Engine [Henry Cardo? west of Newport]

Early Threshing Equipment

During my threshing career, I used 2 D-June engines, first an upright 12-hp boiler, then the 16-hp traction engine. Later, I used a 13-hp Gaar-Scott engine and 2 Reeves engines. One was a 6-hp cross-compound (an arrangement whereby the same steam was used twice), and the other a 20-hp double-cylinder engine. About 20 years ago, I bought a 20x40 Rumley oil-pull kerosene



Rumley Oil-Pull Tractor - ca. 1920

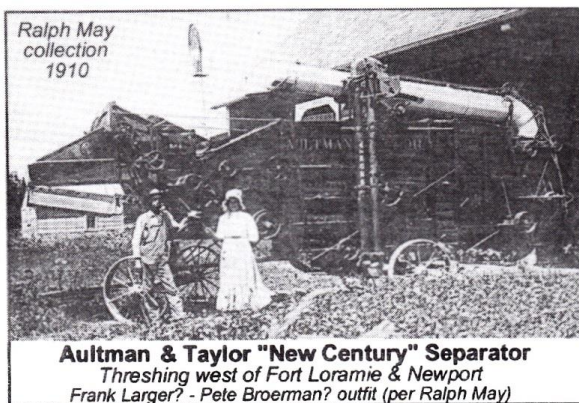
powered tractor, an outfit as large as a steam engine, which uses oil in its radiator instead of water. This engine has a roof over the driver like a steam engine, and it cost \$3300 when new. I still use it for threshing.

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The first separators had no blower or swing-stacker, and so the straw had to be worked back from the machine by hand and the grain had to be measured with ½-bushel containers. (On later models, the grain was weighed.) The bands were cut and the sheaves were fed in by hand. The cutting was done by a man who stood near the feeder and wielded a serrated knife. He had to be careful so his hands wouldn't be cut as he reached for the sheaf of wheat.

I had 2 Gaar-Scott separators, one a hand-feed machine and the other an up-to-date outfit with self-feeder, weigher and blower. In the early days, the thresher who had one of the first separators with a blower lost out on business until the farmers got used to the new idea. At first, the farmers were afraid that the blower "sucked" the grain through the separator too swiftly. Actually, the blower had no effect on the straw until it was through the separator, but you couldn't tell some of the old farmers that.

I also had a Reeves compound separator, a Robinson separator, and the one I have now - a 32x56 Aultman & Taylor. These were big machines compared to the 20x36 machines most farmers now use.



I have also had a McCormick-Deering shredder, an Aultman & Taylor clover huller, a Birdsell huller and a Victor huller. The separators cost around \$2000 and the hullers about the same.

Threshing "Accidents"

There was a whiskey jug in the barn every place we threshed and everybody had a good time. I was never drunk in my life, but somebody got drunk most every day.

In the first years we threshed, it was the practice for the farmer to come and get the separator with a team of horses and pull it over to his place. One time a farmer was pulling the separator from his neighbor's place to his own place. When he turned in his driveway, he turned too short and the rear wheel of the separator went into the ditch. He was thrown from his seat and lay in the ditch on the ground in front of the wheels. If the horses had pulled, the separator would have run over his legs. Too much whiskey!

Another time, a fellow was cutting bands when suddenly he fell backwards off the platform onto the barn floor and got quite a bump. Too much whiskey!

Another incident I remember - one afternoon in the fall, when the ground was thick with leaves, we were taking a short-cut through a woods from one farm to the next, and we came to a creek that was all covered with leaves. One fellow in our party must have thought that it was dry land, and he waded right through it. Later that afternoon, he fell from the straw stack (about 15 feet) and his fork followed him. Too much whiskey!

I have had several accidents with my rig, and twice I broke through bridges. The first time was at the "Clover Four" bridge where Herb, Bill & Edwin Dicke now live on 3 of the corners. We were going to thresh at Bertke's on the other corner (where Howard Wiehe now lives). It was on a Saturday evening and one side of the bridge gave way so that I was almost caught between part of the bridge and the engine. I slipped down into the creek, but that accident very nearly got me. By Sunday noon, I had the engine out, and by Monday morning I was threshing at Bertke's.

Another accident was at the bridge west of Clover Four. Here the front wheels were already across the bridge when it gave way - only the rear wheels were still on it. I saw the bridge giving and jumped off. This was an upright boiler engine and it fell over backwards and broke the smokestack off. This was also on a Saturday night, and the next morning we went over and got him out.

Threshermen

Some of the men who have done hand-feeding for me were Louis Schierholt, Henry Grube, Henry Blanke, Henry Grothaus, Billy Kawell, and Christ Kawell.

Among the blower-tenders were John Schierholt, Lincoln Temple, Richard Speckman, Albert Harrison, "Werley" Frank, Joe Hein, John Grieshop, Vincent Fischer, Paul Dicke, Ed Nieter, Ben Bruns, Billy Fenneman, Frank Hoeft, Ray Wilker, Lafe Dammeyer, Ferd Stroefer, Elmer Gilmore, Zeke Pierce, Henry Warner, "Quito" Ellermann, and my sons: Victor, Edwin, Leroy & Gilbert Hirschfeld.

Most all of my old customers have passed away. I don't suppose there are more than 1/3 of them still living. Once, my brother John and I were helping father hull clover in the barn in mid-winter at John Sear's farm, where John Klosterman now lives. When we went in for supper, we had honey in the comb, which was a treat.

I have owned 4 farms. Three of these my boys now own. The home farm is intended for the boy who stays with me on the farm. I have 6 living children - 4 boys and 2 girls. Thank you for the patronage that you have given me and good luck to all of you. *Edward Hirschfeld*

(Gilbert was the boy who stayed with his parents on the home farm at 8460 Clover Four Road. He never married. When the Hirschfeld family reunion was held on 6/22/2003, Gilbert's nieces and nephews gave him a plaque for being the longest living descendent of Edward & Elizabeth. He died 2/11/2004 at the age of 94.)

A FARMER'S LIFESTYLE

by Robert L. Hirschfeld - 1994

My grandfather would rise early in the morning, put on his flannel shirt and bib overalls and go to the barn to do the chores. The windmill would pump water out of the well and force it up into a water tower that stood in the center of the barnyard. From there it would be transferred to a small livestock tank. The horses were fed first, so they would be finished eating by the time field work would start.

Hogs were watered, slopped, and given ear corn on the feeding floor. When they weighed about 200#, they would be butchered for food. Cows would be fed grain in the manger, and while they ate, Grandpa would sit on a 3-legged stool with a clean bucket between his knees and milk them. Surplus milk was separated by a separator into cream and skim milk. After milking, the cows were put out to pasture to graze.

Chickens were kept mostly to have fresh eggs, but also to be used as food. Their pans were filled with water and grain was put into the feeders.

The Farmer's Wife

While the farmer was doing chores outside, his wife would put wood in the cook stove and start a fire so she could cook breakfast - often eggs, bacon and cornmeal mush, or maybe gritz or blood pudding.

Cooking and eating were done in a summer kitchen, a small brick building standing away from the house. It was divided into 2 rooms - 1 small room for firewood, hand pump and sink, and a larger room for the cook stove, kitchen table and cupboard. The cook stove had a firebox with an ash box beneath it. Beside the firebox was the oven. Cooking was done on top of the firebox and oven. Water was heated in a reservoir beside the oven. Above the cooking surface were 2 warming ovens. The table would be covered with oil cloth.



This miniature Majestic Range is owned by Fred & Dorothy Luedtke

To wash clothes, water would be heated on the cook stove. Soap would be made using basic ingredients of lye, water, grease, and borax. The clothes was hung on a clothesline to dry and was pressed with an iron that also had to be heated on the stove.

Kerosene lamps were used to light the house. They needed to be filled with oil, the wicks needed to be trimmed, and the glass chimneys had to be cleaned.

Field Work

After breakfast, the farmer would harness the horses, beginning with putting the collar on the horse's neck and fastening it, then throwing the harness on the horse's back, fastening the hame over the collar, putting the crupper under the tail, and fastening the belly band strap. Next, he would put the bit in the horse's mouth and slip the bridle over the head. The horses were then led from their stalls and positioned side by side, at which time the reins for guiding the team were attached. Next they were

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hitched to the implement to be used that day. On the way to the field, there would be gates to open and close.

The first step of preparing the soil for planting was to plow the ground. The farmer would walk behind the plow in the furrow and guide it as the horses would pull the implement (see picture on pg. 19). Next, the soil was pulverized with a disk harrow, then dragged to level it. Finally it would be rolled with a cultipacker to break the large clods and compact the dirt. Then, when the weather was right, the seeds would be planted.

Butchering

At least once a year in cold weather, several hogs and a beef would be butchered. This was an all-day job and the work was shared by neighbors and relatives. The meat would be salted, smoked, fried or canned to preserve it.

Suppliers of Necessities

In the early days, huckster wagons would go from farm to farm to bring food items and household supplies. They would also buy and sell chickens, with a crate being attached to the bottom of the wagon to hold the chickens. The earliest wagons were enclosed and were pulled by a horse. [see picture in the January 2004 issue of "The Towpath". Later, supplies would be brought around in trucks. I remember the Watkins man (see picture on pg. 16), the McNess man, the Rawleigh man, and of course, the Fuller Brush man. - Editor]. Many necessities could also be ordered from Montgomery Ward or Sears-Roebuck catalogs. When the new catalogs came, the old ones were used for toilet paper.

In the early days, an outdoor toilet would be located near the house, often with fruit trees and a vegetable garden close by that needed to be tended.

Early mail deliveries were also made by horse & buggy (see Lester Blanke's story on pg. 3).

Summary

My grandparents, Edward & Elizabeth Hirschfeld, had a battery-powered telephone, a crank up phonograph, a player piano, and a battery-operated radio. The horse and buggy, the Model-T Ford, farming with horses, the steam engine, the threshing machine, clover huller, corn shredder, saw mill and the outdoor toilet are now things of the past. Many of these items are now displayed in museums. The end of their life marked the end of one era and the beginning of a new one. Their children enjoyed the labor-saving electrical appliances and devices that were made possible through rural electrification. The gasoline and diesel fuels brought more efficient and powerful tractors to the farm. Even the farm implements became more sophisticated.

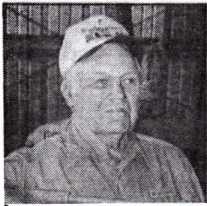
Edward & Elizabeth were religious, worked hard, saved their money and invested wisely. The people who reaped the harvest of their fruitful lives were their children and grandchildren.



Victor Lost His Freckles

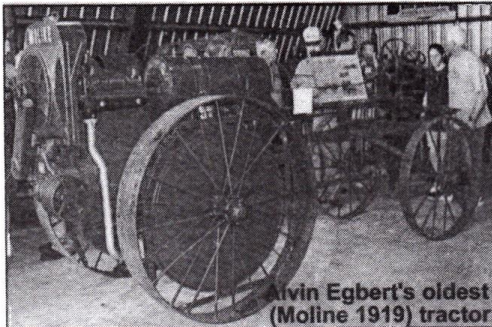
Elizabeth Hirschfeld was sewing confirmation dresses for her daughters, Gladys and Ada, when Victor came to the house in pain. When he couldn't remove a radiator cap on the tractor, he had become angry and hit it with a hammer. The cap flew off, the steam came out, and Victor's face was burned severely. His mother applied egg whites and changed his bandages often. When Victor's face healed, his freckles were gone!

ANTIQUE TRACTOR COLLECTION

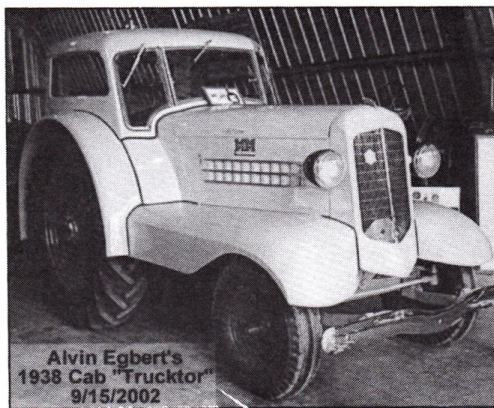
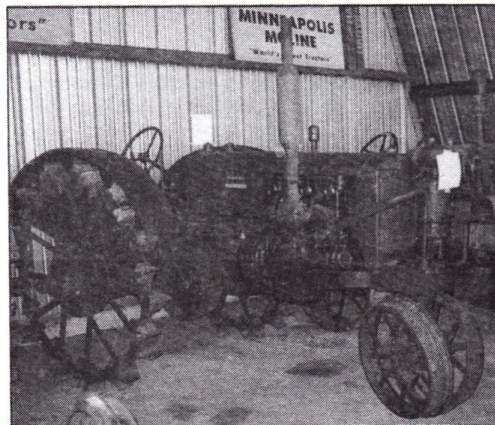


Alvin Egbert - 2002

Alvin Egbert bought his first antique tractor to restore about 1985 and subsequently became a collector, buying tractors from all over the Midwest. When the Shelby County Farm Tour was held on 9/15/2002, he owned 60-65 tractors and had 40 of them on display that day - all Minneapolis Molines. Alvin passed away on 9/17/2003. On Friday and Saturday, June 25th & 26th, 2004, his widow, Barbara, will be holding a 2-day public auction to dispose of Alvin's collection. Here are pictures of a few of his antique tractors.



Alvin Egbert's oldest (Moline 1919) tractor



Alvin Egbert's 1938 Cab "Trucktor" 9/15/2002

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FAVORITE SINGERS

[by Robert G. Heinfeld - 1/16/2001]

Herman ("Bud") Laut told me that in 1927 or 1928 a black man with his three sons came from Piqua to give the entertainment one evening for the boys of the American Legion after their business meeting. These boys and their father eventually sang before the crown heads of Europe, the Pope, the President of the United States, and of course for all of us. They were none other than "The Mills Brothers" from Piqua, Ohio.

They were also shoe-shine boys in Piqua. Bud remembered how he went out to meet them when their father drove up in his Model-T Ford. New Bremen was one of the first of many places that they visited and entertained. Of course, they never returned to New Bremen for another engagement. (or did they? - see below).

Last night marked the first fall meeting of the New Bremer Rod & Gun Club at the Odd Fellows Hall on West Monroe St. with an attendance numbering fully 125 members and guests. The affair proved to be all it was anticipated for. The "Colored Quartet" of Piqua, under the direction of A.B. Smith, furnished some very pleasing selections. [N.B. Sun - 9/7/1939]

I went to Dayton one afternoon purposely to see and hear The Mills Brothers sing at the RKO Keith Theater. (There was usually live entertainment following the movie - New York had nothing on Dayton, Ohio.)

The father stood far off to the left with a microphone, his sons stood center stage, and a guitar accompanist stood immediately behind the three brothers. The father merely boom-boomed in the mike, like a bass drum. The audience brought the house down (or really up, because everyone stood up and applauded.) This was singing like you've never heard - all I could say was "Great!" If you have any doubts, listen to a record or tape of their most famous songs, "Paper Doll", "Someday", or "Glow Worm." I'll venture to say you will either snap your fingers, tap your feet, or do both. These men were just great.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Some years back, the last surviving Mills brother, Donald, and his son, John, put on a show in the auditorium of the new Piqua High School on Looney Road near the Piqua Mall. We were fortunate to get to see them there and they sounded just as good as when the whole group used to sing together.

On Monday, July 23, 2001, "The Mills Brothers" current "group" performed at Bear Creek Farms at Bryant, Indiana. The Mills Brothers group now consists of John Mills (the son of Donald Mills who died in 1999), and his partner, _____ Hutton?, who once sang with "The Platters". Mr. Hutton sang the Platters' famous songs, "Only You" & "Twilight Time" and received much applause.

On Saturday, June 26, 2004, The Mills Brothers will again be performing in New Bremen - at the James F. Dicke Auditorium. New Bremen's own "AC Swing Band", directed by Scott Kuenning, will provide the backup music. Tickets for this 7:00 pm event are available at the Western Ohio Hdwe. for \$18.00 per ticket. (or call 419-629-3336)

From the Mailbox



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Dear Ms. Francis:

1/8+13+24/2004

I am sending a check for a 2-year subscription to *The Towpath*. It is always most interesting! My father, Retired Judge Jacob J. Boesel, is 86 years old and is a lifetime member of the N.B. Historic Association. He has always been interested in New Bremen. His dad, Otto, and his brother, Paul Boesel, started a law practice together in Wapakoneta after Otto and his brother-in-law, Theodore Tangeman, quit their law practice in New Bremen. Theodore became Ohio Director of Commerce in Columbus and Otto went to Wapak.

Otto Boesel and Theodore Tangeman married sisters – Otto married Bessie Stone and Theodore married Maud Stone. Both Stone girls were school teachers and later became milliners. Otto and Bessie had 3 sons – Paul G., Kenneth Stone & Jacob James Boesel. Paul and Kenneth are both deceased. In March 2002, Uncle Ken's children, Judy (Boesel) Kelly and David P. Boesel, arranged a very nice 90th birthday celebration for him in Pittsburgh which my dad and I attended. He passed away the following August.

I have a very interesting book, "Phillip Jacob Maurer and his Descendents in America" a genealogy published by Dorothea (Dicke) Maurer in 1968 about the families that came over on a sailing ship in 1833 from Lauterecken, Germany and settled in New Bremen. My great-great grandfather, Hon. Charles Boesel (1814-1885) was among those on that ship.

When Dad was a judge in Auglaize County in the late 1970s, my sister, Kathy Dunn, often took her 2 daughters, Barbara and Allison, to visit their grandparents. She visited New Bremen a few times, took some pictures, and gathered some history and knowledge about the Boesels.

When Dad received his latest Towpaths, I sat down with him and we reviewed the items in them. Both Dad and Uncle Ken were Captains in W.W.II. Their maternal grandfather, Dr. Michael Stone, was a Captain in the Civil War. (Read more about Dr. Stone and his family in "The Towpath" – July 2000. Captain Stone's Civil War sword and other items were donated to our museum and can be seen there.)

Dad was a Finance officer with the 4th Division, landing 6 days after D-Day on Utah Beach on Normandy. He was awarded a Bronze Star for Meritorious Service for paying the infantry in their foxholes month after month - on time and accurately. He said he would go to a French bank with a U.S. Government check and get \$2 million in cash that filled his office to the ceiling. He then distributed the cash to the soldiers or their Sergeants in the line of duty.

Uncle Ken entered W.W.II around the age of 30, having previously been a bank examiner for 6-7 years. Thus, he was instrumental after the war ended in re-establishing the German banking system that had been completely wiped out. He also landed on Utah Beach – 17 days after D-Day. Both Dad and Uncle Ken were in England first.

My grandmother, Bessie (Stone) Boesel, said that her family (Michael & Margaret Stone) was the only English family in New Bremen or the area. Her father, Dr. Stone, would visit the ill in the German families and she and her brother and 2 sisters would accompany him in his horse and buggy to translate for him, as they all spoke German well from going to school and playing with the children of the German families. Dad said his parents would speak German at the dinner table when they didn't want their boys to know what they were talking about.

Sincerely,

Margaret J. Boesel – Columbus, Ohio

Dear Lucille:

1/11/2004

Enclosed is a check for a 2-year subscription to *The Towpath*. You do an excellent job of publishing it.

Many years ago I put a new wood shingle roof (1979) and new siding (1981) on your museum. You have a hard-working group of officers who keep the place in good repair.

My ancestors settled in the New Bremen area in 1834. They once (until 1845) owned the land where the convent was built at Maria Stein. (see Hirschfeld story on page 11).

I once owned a nice collection of threshing pictures, but they have become lost.
Bob Hirschfeld – St. Marys



Dear People of New Bremen:

1/12/2004

I hope some of you older folks will recognize the names of my husband and sister-in-law, Jim Tangeman and Jean (Tangeman) Pritchard. [They are the children of Royal Tangeman and Louisa Schmidt. Jean graduated with the N.B.H.S. Class of 1939, and Jim is 1-2 years younger.] Jim and Jean lived with their grandparents [William & Alvina (Blumhorst) Tangeman] until Jim's sophomore year in high school, when they moved to Detroit to live with their Mom (1938-1939?).

Both Jim and Jean would love to hear from the New Bremen people. Jim is now 81, but he still has wonderful memories of his life in New Bremen and a good sense of humor. Lately he has been wondering a lot if any of the children he went to school with [class of 1941] are still living in New Bremen, and would like to hear from them.

We served as Missionary builders for almost 20 years. We helped build churches and worked in Christian camps repairing anything that needed fixing. We retired 6 years ago and now live close to most of our family. We enjoy working in our flower beds and having folks come for a visit and a meal. Last October, Jim fell in our back yard and broke his neck. We are thankful his spinal cord wasn't severed, so he is still able to walk. We also attend church regularly.

We hope to hear from you and if you are able to travel, you are more than welcome to come for a visit. It would certainly brighten our day. God be with you all.

Our addresses are:

Jim & Jo-Ann Tangeman
10452 Onondaga Rd.
Onondaga, MI 49264
(Ph: 517-569-9954)

Jean (Tangeman) Pritchard
715 S. York St. – Apt. 313
Muskogee, OK 74403-7502
(Ph: 918-686-8443)



Royal J. Tangeman & daughter, Jean – ca. 1922-1923

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Dear

1/28/2004

My husband and I found the January 2004 issue of *The Towpath* to be most interesting. The information about Lock Two brought back many memories. We were particularly interested in the interview with Bernice (Doenges) Dilger. When I was growing up in New Bremen, my parents, Rev. & Mrs. Emil Bassler, spent many an evening playing cards with Bernice and Eddie at their home on North Main St. When Bob and I were married on 6/20/1958, we hid our car in the Dilgers' garage during the wedding ceremony.

My mother, Marion Bassler, is now a resident in a nearby nursing home. Her memory isn't very good, but when I showed her the picture of the Dilgers and their house, she was pleased and seemed to have pleasant memories of past days.

Thanks, Evelyn (Bassler) Baur - Mt. Sterling, MO



To N.B.H.A.:

1/29/2004

Thanks, folks, for the complimentary copy of the January 2004 issue of *The Towpath*. Enclosed is \$10.00 for a 1-year subscription.

I read with much interest the articles on Lock Two, the grain elevator, etc. My brother, Carl, and I (the young ornery boys that we were) would sneak into the mill "at nite time" and ride up and down the hand-operated elevator shaft for excitement.

We had many enjoyable times hunting, fishing, and just playing along the Miami-Erie Canal while living in Lock Two, now more than half a century ago. We were teens at the time, in the early 1950s - cherished memories, indeed. H.F. ("Bud") Richey - Lakeland, Florida

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CORRECTION: Bud's mother, Helene (Wuebbenhorst) Richey, called to say that their house in Lock Two had been moved from the Ed Burmeister lot on the southwest corner of North Main & Ash Streets, not from the Wuebbenhorst property on the corner of North Herman & Ash, as I stated on page 4. She said the house had sat west of the Burmeister house and that they purchased it for \$25.00. (1/22/2004)



Lucille or Susie:

2/3/2004

Here is \$10.00 for a membership for my sister, Carolyn (Schaefer) Wolfe, in Celina. I read her some of my *Towpath*, but I can't show her the pictures - this will be better. We both enjoy the paper. I am sure glad you are doing a good job of fixing up and saving a lot of our history. My next visit, I will make sure I get to the museum. Keep up the good work.

Thank you, Louise (Schaefer) Jones - Cassopolis, MI



Dear N.B.H.A.:

2/4/2004

I am enclosing another year's subscription to *The Towpath*. Every issue is filled with interesting articles, but your January 2004 issue was extremely chuck full of goodies, especially "Growing up in Lock Two." I also included some memorial money for Virgil. He was interested in the work you do.

I continue to look forward to every issue. I just wanted you to know how much your good work is appreciated.

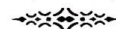
Sincerely, Loree (Doenges) Nedderman - New Bremen

Dear Lucille:

2/10/2004

One of our children has the January 2004 issue of *The Towpath* listing the people who are assembling pictures of the canal boats, so I am sending some pictures and information to you. Bill's dad, Homer Buss, was born and raised in New Bremen and often told me how excited the children were when a canal boat came through town. They especially enjoyed watching the boats go through Lock One. Watching the last canal boat go through town was a vivid memory of his childhood. Thank you for everything you do for the museum.

Sincerely, Virginia (Rinehart) Buss - Longboat Key, FL

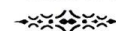


Dear Lucille:

2/15/2004

Enclosed you will find my check for membership dues for 2004. My father, Leroy Haeseker, passed away on December 17, 2003 at the age of 95. Although he did not belong to the N.B.H.A., he enjoyed reading my copy of *The Towpath*. He always said it brought back a lot of old memories. He was able to live at home up to 2 weeks before his passing. Thank you. Keep up the good work!

David L. Haeseker - Trotwood, Ohio



Dear Tom:

2/26/2004

I want to thank you for your letters, the complimentary copies of *The Towpath*, and also to let you know our new address. After working in Iowa for only about a year, I was laid off from my job last June due to downsizing. I was fortunate enough to find new employment after only 6 weeks and we moved back to the Chicago area as of early December 2003.

As you might imagine, the past year has left little time for my genealogy hobby. However, I would like to support the Historic Association's efforts in preserving New Bremen's past. To that end, please find enclosed a check for \$10.00 to begin my membership.

Bernard T. Schroeder - Palatine, IL



Dear Towpath:

3/22/2004

It was so interesting to see Lock Two featured in the January 2004 issue of *The Towpath*. Our dad, Wilbur John Garmhausen, was always so proud to have grown up there. He never forgot either Lock Two or New Bremen throughout his 94 years.

Growing up, we loved hearing him tell about his experiences in Lock Two. We knew that he stabled his pony, Bob, in the barn still standing southwest of the mill, and rode him in the Fourth of July parade. He caught turtles in the canal and sold them to the saloon to be made into turtle soup for the patrons. He also told us about the 1-room school (no longer standing) and of the high-jinks played there. We heard about how, when he was older, he helped weigh grain and then later, how he drove the truck for the mill.

Thanks for a great article! We never knew Lock Two was called New Paris, but that bespeaks of the hopes and dreams to be worked for in a young country.

Best regards, Betsy (Garmhausen) Hunter - Dobbs Ferry, NY
Janet (Garmhausen) Bock - Columbus, Ohio



Dayton Daily News Carriers in New Bremen - ca. 1950
Tom Holdren (14?), Gerry Hirschfeld (12?),
John Glass (13), Bob Finke (16?)

Lester Glass (John's father) was the circulation manager for the Dayton Daily News. He went to all the towns in the area and took pictures of the carriers in those towns.

The Glass family left New Bremen in 1952 and moved to Piqua. John Glass & Gerry Hirschfeld were both in my class (the class of 1956). Tom Holdren was in the class of 1954 (with his future wife, Joyce Inman, and Tom Braun), and Bob Finke graduated with the class of 1952 and married Mary Holdren, sister of Tom Holdren.
Lucille (Topp) Francis, Editor

GROWING UP IN NEW BREMEN

[from "The Evening Leader" - 8/29/1997]

I was born in Piqua, Ohio on July 25, 1937 in Piqua Memorial Hospital. My family moved to Richmond, Indiana about 1939. My earliest memory is of when I was about 6 years old and in the first grade. In the spring, our teacher took us to Glen Miller Park in Richmond for an outing. It was a beautiful day, sun shining, flowers growing. There was a natural spring there and I took a drink from it. I can still taste that water.

We moved from Richmond to New Bremen and lived there for 7 years. I have a lot of memories about New Bremen from those 7 years.

My mother was a telephone operator there, and on weekends I would go to the telephone office at the corner of Main & Monroe Streets and pull the handle for the alarm they set off at 12:00 noon.

My dad was a circulation manager for the Dayton Daily News, so when I was about 9 or 10, he gave me a paper route. My route covered the downtown and the main street north to the city limits. I took papers to the Schulenberg "Drug" Store which was a favorite place of mine, then to the old woolen mill in the center of town (South Washington St.). I still have my route book with all the names in it.

I delivered papers to Bill Combs, who had an ice house next to the canal (on West Plum St.). He would talk to me about his days as a canal boat captain.

At the end of my route was a filling station run by Ralph Fogt. He was always willing to buy me a pop or a candy bar, & in the winter I would always warm up there.

Can you believe the papers were a nickel then? Sunday papers were a dime. I collected 40¢ a week per customer. I think I made about \$1.00 per week, but somehow managed to save \$125, because when I was 16, I bought my first car (a 1937 Chevy) for that \$125.

During the summers in New Bremen, my sister Jean (Rigsby), and I spent a lot of time at the swimming pool on West Plum St. I learned to swim there. We would also go to the movies a lot, which back then cost only a dime! Then we would go to Schwieterman's Drug Store for a soda or a "purple cow", which also cost a dime.

I was in the Cub Scouts in New Bremen, then the Boy Scouts. We walked from New Bremen to St. Marys and back one time - 16 miles round trip.

Another memory I have is of going to the railroad tracks a block from our home on South Franklin Street. There was a hobo camp down near the tracks and I would play there. Trains came by and once the train stopped and the engineer let me get on and he took me for a ride to Minster and back.

For several years my dad, Lester Glass, played Santa Claus at the five and dime store downtown. He loved doing that.

One of my best friends, Leroy Will, took over my paper route when we left New Bremen. I always liked going to his house out on their farm west of town and he liked coming into town to our house. His mother was a great cook. She had an old wood-burning stove that she baked bread and pies in. I loved those! Leroy's dad, Ferd Will, was of German descent and he and his friend, Benny Tangeman, would get together and talk German. We learned a few German cuss words from them!

I collected rocks and arrowheads when I was growing up in New Bremen. In a field next to where we lived, I would follow a farmer when he plowed and would find a dozen arrowheads. As I got older, my mother always complained about taking my box of rocks whenever they moved. I still have my rocks!

I wore a pair of high-top shoes that had a place for a pocket knife. I wore those in school and in church.

Once on my paper route, I found a badge. It belonged to our town constable, Molly Wehrman. I took it to his house and he thanked me for finding it - red face and all.

What I remember most about growing up in New Bremen was playing outside at night in the summertime. We would play "kick the can" and "hide and seek" with all the neighbor kids.

Our folks would get together at card parties and play a game called "sheephead". There was no TV then and I think people were more friendly.

The home I lived in is now gone and replaced with new homes, and the grade school playground is a parking lot, but I still have my memories of growing up in New Bremen.
John Glass - Minster, Ohio

Curators' Report

NEW ACQUISITIONS (Partial Listing)

(submitted by Joyce Holdren)

DONOR: Stamco

- 1-Stamco history written by Janet Fledderjohn
- 2-Framed pictures: O.O. Poorman Co., 1906-1918;
Streine Tool & Mfg., 1935-1937;
(4) Aerial views, 1965-1968
- 3-Streine Tool & Mfg. Co. Stock Certificates
- 4-Annual reports: O.O. Poorman, Monarch, Genesis
- 5-Tax returns - 1911-1931
- 6-Accounts payable - O.O. Poorman Co., 1915
- 7-Accounts receivable ledger box - 1963/1971
- 8-Stamco valuation & appraisal - 10/22/53, 10/21/54
- 9-Stamco plan of organization - 1956
- 10-Accountant reports - 1938-1954
- 11-Budget - 1965-1966
- 12-Stamco Social Co. booklets

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DONOR: Linda Holdren / Riggs Food Express

- 1-Office chair (blue), (2) large empty notebooks
- 2-Desk pen holder w/name plate: "Betty L. Komminsk"
- 3-"Riggs" Desk Calendar 2003, Match book, Stationery,
Cigarette lighter
- 4-Brenner pocket knife w/case
- 5-Miscellaneous company-related items
- 6-Photo: "Riggs" truck passing by "old time farmers"



DONOR: N.B. Administrative Office

Architectural & engineering plans for 1938 swimming pool

DONOR: Rita Jagoditz - Norwood, Ohio

New Bremen Elementary School picture (with names)

DONOR: Dean Waterman

Mayor's Proclamation: Businesses & dwellings to be draped in black on 9/19/1901 to commemorate the funeral services of President William McKinley.

DONORS: Dr. Kenneth & Kitty Ziegenbusch

"H.W. Rairdon" bill of sale folder; "Bakhaus & Kuenzel" address book - 1907; Ropp's commercial calculator.

ON LOAN from James F. Dicke, II

"New Bremen Sun" - Book 1, 9/17/1886-1/6/1888
[see "The Towpath" - October 2003]

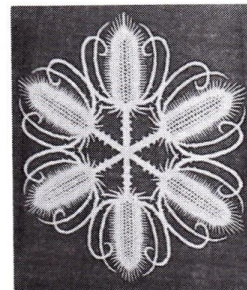
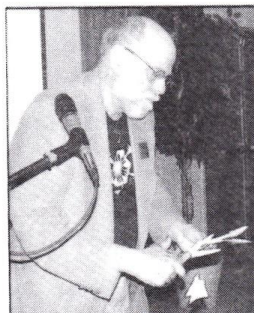
-19-

ANNUAL DINNER

Photos & report by Genevieve Conradi, Historian

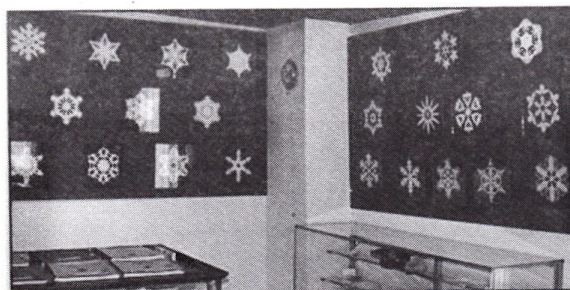
The weather was pleasant outside, but snowflakes were flying inside when the New Bremen Historic Association held its Annual Dinner on Monday evening, March 15, 2004. The event drew approximately 125 people and was held in the Faith Alliance Church recreation center.

A delicious roast beef dinner was prepared by Ruth Krieg. The dinner was served by the youth of Faith Alliance Church and their sponsor, Rev. Dave Wray. They did a wonderful job keeping cups filled and clearing tables.



Teasel

Dr. Snowflake, a retired surgeon from Ann Arbor, Michigan, was the guest speaker for the evening. Dr. Snowflake, who is Dr. Thomas Clark, is truly an artist with a scissors, craft knife, and other cutting tools. He had the group cutting out beautiful snowflakes before the evening ended. He also demonstrated how to make some of the more intricate cuts in fancier designs and showed slides of snowflakes he has made with a holiday theme. Books depicting his snowflakes were sold before and after the dinner. Many of Dr. Clark's snowflakes have been on display at the museum since the end of January. More than 500 people have toured the museum to see these truly amazing pieces of art work.



Trustees were elected for new 3-year terms at the business meeting. Tom Braun and Jay Stauffer renewed for another 3 years, and Dennis Klingler was welcomed as a new Trustee for the next 3-year term. Outgoing Jerry Brown was recognized for his past years of service.

Many people commented on how they had enjoyed the program. They left talking not only about Dr. Snowflake's designs, but also about the ones they had cut out themselves during the program.

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NEW MEMBERS THIS QUARTER (THRU 3/26/04)

[*Spousal Memberships @ \$5.00 or \$50.00/LM]

2/2/04	^Brucken, John - Brecksville, Ohio
2/6/04	^Gerling, Leon (LM) - Wapakoneta, Ohio
1/23/04	^Hartwig, Diana (Elking)(LM) - New Bremen
1/23/04	^Heitkamp, Paul - New Bremen
3/12/04	^McClure, Walter (LM) - Crossville, Tennessee
1/23/04	^Pape, Janet - Celina, Ohio
2/13/04	^Poppe, Elaine (LM) - Wapakoneta, Ohio
2/13/04	^Schroer, Joyce (Dicke) - Berlin Heights, Ohio
1/23/04	^Settlage, Lester - New Knoxville, Ohio
2/19/04	^Turner, Carol (Vandemark)(LM)(rejoined)-N. Bremen
2/11/04	^Verhoff, Mary (Homan) - New Bremen
1/21/04	^Waterman, Kim (Rismler)(LM) - New Bremen
1/27/04	^Wierwille, Dixie (LM) - New Bremen, Ohio
1/26/04	Ahlers, Elsie (Fogt) - New Bremen (LM)
2/25/04	Bender, Jane G. - Ann Arbor, Michigan
1/29/04	Bergman, Ivalou (Greve) - New Bremen
2/9/04	Bertke, Lisa (Shelby) - New Bremen
1/12/04	Boesel, Margaret J. - Columbus, Ohio
1/20/04	Doenges, Andy - New Bremen
1/23/04	Hartwig, Steve (LM) - New Bremen
1/13/04	Hirschfeld, Robert L. - St. Marys, Ohio (rejoined)
1/27/04	Hunter, Robert - St. Marys (Transfer)
1/27/04	Kellermeyer, Dennis - Perrysburg, Ohio
1/29/04	Koeper, Barbara (Forwerck) - New Bremen
1/29/04	Kuck, Lee - New Bremen
1/29/04	Kuck, William H. - New Bremen
1/29/04	Kuenning, Virginia (LM) - New Bremen
3/2/04	Maurer, Mary (Waesche) - New Bremen
3/12/04	McClure, Doris (Bushman)(LM) - Crossville, Tenn.
3/18/04	McDaniel, Susan (Schmiesing) - New Bremen
1/23/04	Meckstroth, Norman - Celina, Ohio
1/23/04	Pape, John - Celina, Ohio
2/2/04	Pritchard, Jean (Tangeman)-Muskogee, OK (rejoined)
2/27/04	Pulskamp, Linda - New Bremen
2/2/04	Richy, H.F. ("Bud") - Lakeland, Florida
1/27/04	Richy, Herbert - St. Marys, Ohio
2/5/04	Roediger, Gene - New Bremen
3/1/04	Scheer, Jerry G. - North Little Rock, Arkansas
2/18/04	Schott, Christine - New Knoxville, Ohio
2/26/04	Schroeder, Bernard T. - Palatine, Illinois
2/13/04	Schroer, Steven - Berlin Heights, Ohio
1/29/04	Schwartz, Dianne (Wissman) - New Bremen
1/28/04	Schwartz, Louis - New Bremen
1/30/04	Schwartz, Roger - Katy, Texas
1/23/04	Settlage, Helen (Piehl) - New Knoxville, Ohio
1/27/04	Snyder, Patricia (Meckstroth) - New Knoxville, Ohio
2/5/04	Sollman, Earl - Bradford, Ohio
2/21/04	Steen, Matthew - Troy, Ohio
2/2/04	Tangeman, James - Onondaga, Michigan
2/11/04	Verhoff, Bradley - New Bremen
3/1/04	Voess, Dr. Judy K. - Austin, Texas
1/22/04	Vosler, Rev. J. Michael - St. Louis, Missouri
1/21/04	Waterman, Brad (LM) - New Bremen
2/9/04	Waterman, Rebecca (Freeman) - New Bremen
2/12/04	Wissman, Carl - St. Marys, Ohio
3/8/04	Wissman, Lee - Celina, Ohio
2/3/04	Wolfe, Carolyn (Schaefer) - Celina, Ohio
2/4/04	Ziegenbusch, Michele (Bambauer) - New Bremen

CORRECTIONS & CLARIFICATIONS (January 2004)

Barbara (Pape) Schmidt called to correct her mother's name (pg. 11, January 2004) in the paragraph about piano players at the silent movies. Mrs. Adolph Pape was Mariann Blanke (daughter of Herman Blanke, the milkman). Magdalena Gobrecht was the wife of Alvin Pape, Adolph's brother.

Pages 9-10: The Ed Bambauer family first lived next to his blacksmith shop (where Robert & Dorothy were born) and then moved to the 2nd Garmhausen house along Lock Two Road (where Katherine was born). Next to the Bambauers was the Louis & Matilda Heinfeld house (Leroy & Lawrence's parents) which faced south. Across the alley was the Oberwille house, facing north. Later, the Ernst & Lucinda Topp family lived there.

[info provided by Katherine (Bambauer) Schmieder]

ADDITIONS TO LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

2/6/04	^Gerling, Leon (new)
1/23/04	^Hartwig, Diana (Elking)(new)
1/28/04	^Klinger, Darrin
3/12/04	^McClure, Walter (new)
2/13/04	^Poppe, Elaine (new)
2/19/04	^Turner, Carol (Vandemark)(rejoined)
1/21/04	^Waterman, Kim (Rismler)(new)
1/27/04	^Wierwille, Dixie (new)
1/26/04	Ahlers, Elsie (Fogt)(new)
1/28/04	Dicke, Roger
1/23/04	Hartwig, Steve (new)
1/28/04	Klinger, Christina (Harrod)
1/29/04	Kuenning, Virginia (new)
1/30/04	Lance, Jenney (Meyer)
2/5/04	Luedeke, Rebecca
3/12/04	McClure, Doris (Bushman)(new)
2/13/04	Poppe, John A.
2/2/04	Scheer, Jack
1/31/04	Tontrup, James
1/26/04	Topp, Sheree (Ahlers)
1/21/04	Waterman, Brad (new)
2/2/04	Wissman, Jack

MEMBER DEATHS REPORTED THIS QUARTER

3/4/04	Boesel, John J. (Massachusetts)(died 2/4/04)
1/16/04	Boesel, Kenneth (LM)(died 8/25/2002)
1/1/04	Hunter, Charleen (Fark)(died 1/1/04)
1/15/04	Rupert, Ross (LM) (died 1/15/04)

MEMORIAL DONATIONS

The following memorial donations have been received this quarter:

In memory of Thomas H. Dicke

by LaRue Dicke & Carole (Dicke) Ferguson

In memory of Marvin John Dietrich

by Fred & JoAnn (Dietrich) Mackenbach & William & Jane (Dietrich) Douglas

In memory of Elizabeth (Grothaus) Freytag

by Richard Freytag

In memory/Hy. Wm. & Justina (Lamping) Hoewischer

by Kathryn (Hawisher) Almich

In memory of Marie E. Mueller

by Jerry Mueller

In memory of Virgil Nedderman

by Loree (Doenges) Nedderman

In memory of Mary "Ella" (Knorre/Bloss) Pape

by Mary Ann (Bloss) Gardner

In memory of Rosella (Oldiges) Schaefer

by Louise (Schaefer) Jones

In memory of Paul & Alice (Schmidt) Wissman

by Jack & Ann Wissman

MEMORIAL DONATIONS

Memorial donations are welcomed in any amount. When donations for any one person or couple have reached \$100.00, a brass plate engraved with their name(s) is attached to the Memorial Plaque.

Corrections & Clarifications (continued)

According to the "New Paris" map (on page 13) from the 1880 Atlas of Auglaize County, the first scales for the Lock Two Mill were located on the north end of the park (before there was an official "road" going past the mill. At some point, scales were built in front of the mill (on the east side), where the farmers could drive through with their grain (picture, pg. 7). About 1948, the scales were moved back to the park, just north of the office building, in order to accommodate larger vehicles. (see pg. 8)

[provided by Jim Donnerberg]

[Thanks to Lloyd Schroer for alerting me to these items.]