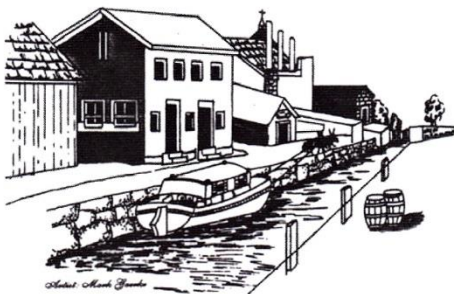


2-06



# THE TOWPATH

Published quarterly  
(January - April - July - October)

## NEW BREMEN HISTORIC ASSOCIATION

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

MUSEUM located at 120 N. Main St. (founded in 1973)

VISITING HOURS: 2:00-4:00 p.m. Sundays - June, July, August  
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**MEMBERSHIP: \$12.00 / Year - \$6.00 Spouse (Life: \$120.00 / \$60.00 Spouse) April - 2006**

**BELOW: John Tomhafe of New Bremen, retired Nickel Plate Railroad engineer, standing in front of NKP Road Berkshire No. 765 at the Fort Wayne Railroad Historical Society's locomotive shop.**

The 765 was retired in 1993 and went into the shop for a major overhaul.



It took over 12,000 volunteer man-hours to restore the 765 to the Lima blueprint specifications.

When the restored 765 was rolled out on October 27, 2005 for a big open house, thousands of people came to see her. One of the people in the crowd was New Bremen's own John Tomhafe,

dressed in full steam locomotive engineer garb. John became a fireman on the NKP on November 12, 1947, and on January 12, 1953, he was promoted to engineer. His was the last class of engineers to be promoted under steam. The next class went to work on diesels.

Most of John's career was spent working out of Lima, Ohio, the city where the 765 was built. He didn't get to run the 765, however, until long after the NKP got rid of steam. In the early 1980s, John ran the 765 on several excursion trains out of Lima and Bellevue. He retired from railroad service on December 12, 1986, having worked on the railroad over 39 years.

John has an extensive collection of train memorabilia. In March 2003, he shared some of his memories with us at our annual dinner at which the speaker for the evening was Daniel Meckstroth, a New Knoxville native, who gave a video history of the railroads of Auglaize County, especially the Nickel Plate Road. (The above picture of John Tomhafe appeared in an article in the May 2006 issue of "O Gauge Railroadng".)



[Photo by Gen Conradi]

### ANNUAL DINNER - 2006

On Monday, March 20, 2006, our annual dinner was held in the St. Paul's Church educational building. After a roast beef dinner cooked by Ruth Krieg and her helpers and a short business meeting, racing enthusiast Dave Kramer was introduced.

Although Dave attended his first automobile race with his parents and their friends when he was only about 10 years old, he did not start researching the New Bremen Speedway and collecting memorabilia about the local track until about 1994. In January of that year, he and his wife, the former Deb Dammeyer (daughter of Don & Jan Dammeyer) attended the funeral of Don's uncle, Wilbert ("Pete") Dammeyer. Wilbert and Marie Dammeyer's daughters, Janice Ursin-Smith and Carolyn Cook, told stories of how their dad had watched the races at the New Bremen racetrack from the roof of his barn (the former Frank Kuenning farm). Dave became interested in finding out more about the racetrack and began searching through the microfilms of the *New Bremen Sun*.

In *The Towpath* of January 2005, a large portion of the history and pictures of the New Bremen Speedway in that issue were provided by Dave. At that time, we also offered for sale color prints of the September 7, 1958 race. Over 200 prints were sold!

As can be seen in the above photo, Dave brought a large amount of memorabilia to display at the dinner.



## ◆ "THE TOWPATH" ◆

"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.

Lucille Francis, Editor & Membership ----- 419-629-3148  
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**WEBSITE - [www.newbremenhistory.org](http://www.newbremenhistory.org)**

Johanna Schroer-----Webmaster

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**AMSTERDAM REMEMBERED**

by St. Marys Native, David Armstrong (1833- )

[New Bremen Sun - 9/6/1928]

[The following historical sketch was written for the "Lima Star" by Daniel F. Mooney of St. Marys, former Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary to Paraguay, South America.]

"Onerous is the task of a person who attempts to write of a one-time participant in the affairs of a locality of which no physical evidence whatever remains. In such a case, resort must be had to vanishing tradition and folk lore, both of which are always wanting in accuracy. I had to so advise myself as to Amsterdam, once a promising village in what is now Auglaize County.

**Historical Highway**

The most historical highway in northwestern Ohio and northeastern Indiana is the Fort Wayne and Piqua Road (now designated as Route 66), established before the eviction of the Indians from its locality, when both Fort Wayne and Piqua were fortified and garrisoned Indian trading points.

Among those who traveled that road when a primitive blazed trail are General ("Mad") Anthony Wayne, Simon Kenton, the Girty brothers, Johnny Appleseed, Gen. William Henry Harrison (later president of the United States, who was for a season stationed at St. Marys) and numerous other men of historical prominence.

This thoroughfare intersects the watershed of Ohio at a point near the village of Minster. The most important part of the road in early times was that section between the village of Fort Loramie on the south and the city of St. Marys (anciently, the village of Girtystown) on the north, the distance between the points being less than 15 miles.

Fort Loramie was the headwater of the Miami River system from which shipments on crude flatboats were started, first in Loramie Creek to its confluence with the Miami River, then down this stream to the Ohio River, through that water course to the Mississippi, and finally down the "father of waters" to the Gulf of Mexico. At St. Marys, boats were loaded with produce for ultimate carriage to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, traversing enroute the St. Marys River to its junction with the St. Joseph River at Fort Wayne, then through the Maumee River to Lake Erie, and finally through the Great Lakes to the St. Lawrence River. Between Fort Loramie and St. Marys, the transportation over the watershed had to be by land, which made that section of the road of very considerable importance.

**Permanent Towns**

While northwestern Ohio was known to adventurers and Indian fighters at a very much earlier date, its serious and permanent settlement took place early in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Previous to this, the occupation was of a military nature, outside of a few hunters, trappers and traders who had established posts of a kind both at Fort Loramie and St. Marys. With the advent of the home builders, villages were established at intervals along this road, then known as the "Wayne Trail". Many of these immigrants were German and Dutch, wherefore names for the towns were transplanted from their parent countries.

**Amsterdam**

The traveler on Route 66 today passes an intersection one mile south of New Bremen where it is crossed by a pike known as the "Amsterdam Road". There is no habitation on either of its four corners now (in 1928), yet there was a time when the site was occupied by a promising little village with prospects as good as any settlement in the neighborhood.

David Armstrong, a nonagenarian St. Marys native who died recently, remembered Amsterdam when it was a village with a score of homes, several stores, factories, a grist mill and a distillery, considered a necessary equipment of any hamlet in those days. The settlement continued until visited by the cholera scourge in 1849, when the entire population of the village was exterminated. No man, woman or child escaped the ravages of the awful disease. There was no human being left to carry on. Their habitations decayed, returned to dust, and Amsterdam became a rapidly vanishing memory. Its former location is now no more than countryside and its fields of waving grain voice no echo of the time when busy housewives there plied a daily care, when prattling children were engaged in the amusements of their age, & where crude forefathers of the hamlet regarded it as a metropolis in embryo. Amsterdam is a ghost town of a past whereof no chronicles were written.

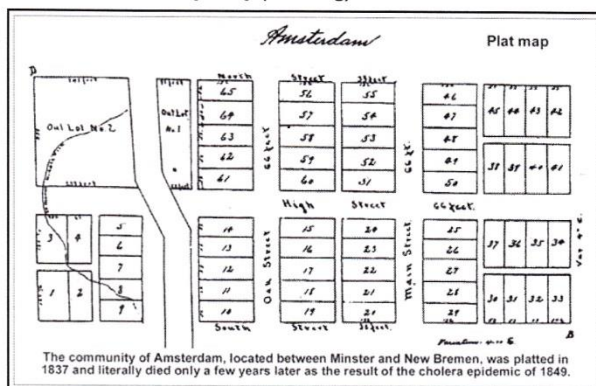
[Daniel F. Mooney - 1928]



## AMSTERDAM – A CHOLERA GHOST TOWN

from "The Evening Leader" – 10/16/1999

by Katy (Berning) Gilbert



"The Asiatic cholera epidemic spread across the country and arrived in Auglaize County in June of 1849. Many children were orphaned with no one to care for them. It was reported in Minster that the deaths were so rapid that bodies, in crude coffins, were gathered twice each day and taken to the cemetery for burial without benefit of mourning or religious ceremonies.

A simple sign, such as a piece of white cloth hung on the front door, indicated the presence of another victim or victims. The deceased were buried four tiers deep in two trenches, each seven feet wide. The collected coffins were buried twice a week by Joseph Bussing, a man who lived three miles west of Minster, with the aid of a Mr. Rumping and two other helpers. Theodore Dickman, who was a lad at that time, recalled counting 27 lamp-black coffins stacked among the hazel bushes at the cemetery waiting for burial.

Charles Boesel (1814-1885) of New Bremen stated that from a population of about 700 people in that village, there were 150 who died of the disease. Church records of St. Paul and St. Peter Churches indicate that 122 people died from St. Paul's Church and, between July 27<sup>th</sup> and August 18<sup>th</sup>, 50 from St. Peter's Church died. There were only those two churches in New Bremen at that time. A few of the deaths were attributed to scarlet fever, typhoid or malaria, however the majority of the deaths were caused by cholera. The victims were buried in a mass grave in the church cemetery on Herman Street across from St. Paul's Church.

Of all the pestilential diseases, cholera is perhaps the most awe-inspiring. It may run so rapid a course that a man in good health at daybreak might be dead and buried by nightfall.

The fear of cholera saw the beginning of sanitary awakening in Europe and this country and led to the development of public health programs in the world. The disease is characterized by profuse diarrhea, vomiting, muscle cramps, dehydration and collapse. It is contracted by the ingestion of water or food contaminated by the feces of cholera victims, but since the bacteria remains with a majority of patients for two weeks or less, there is rarely a vector or carrier in the usual sense.

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Contamination may be caused by cockroaches or houseflies who have feasted on the feces of patients, or an infected person with unwashed hands may handle food to be consumed by others. Sewage-contaminated water supplies, however, have been the major cause of serious epidemics.

### The Town of Amsterdam

Amsterdam was located between Minster and New Bremen on the Piqua and St. Marys Road (now Ohio 66). The original plat was 20 acres, which lay on both sides of the proposed Miami and Erie Canal and crossed the Piqua and St. Marys Road approximately a quarter of a mile.

There were 65 lots in the town, with the average size being 52' x 132'. On March 28, 1837, 10 outlots were added, bringing the total to 160.15 acres. When cholera struck in 1849, 57 of the 75 lots and outlots had been sold.

The town of Amsterdam was platted and entered for record August 10, 1837 at St. Marys, then a part of Mercer County. (Auglaize County was not created until 1848.) The approximate borders of Amsterdam and its outlots were from Amsterdam Road on the north, west to where the railroad track is now, south to Wuebker Road, east for approximately ¼ mile, and back to Amsterdam Road.

Stories from the past indicate Amsterdam died with the cholera epidemic in the summer of 1849 and the town was soon forgotten. The only remaining evidence of Amsterdam today is Amsterdam Road, which was North Street in the original plat (see accompanying plat map).

My grandparents, born in the 1880s, were not sure where the town had been. They knew it was in the area of Amsterdam Road, but were unsure of the exact location. The irony is that my grandmother was born in a house on Amsterdam Road and it had been located in the original town of Amsterdam. The land was bought in 1864, 15 years after the cholera epidemic.

The area listed as outlots 51-65 and outlot 1 are where Pizza Hut, Gilberg's Furniture Store, Lube Express and the newest New Bremen water tower are located.

Hearsay has it that the town of Amsterdam was created as a "buffer zone" between the Catholics of Minster and the Protestants of New Bremen, who brought their religious feuds from the old country.

In the 1930s and 1940s, the Amsterdam neighbors were Catholic and Protestant. Farmers and their wives helped each other with threshing, butchering and quilting. They celebrated life together. Births, weddings, anniversaries and deaths were times to get together, support each other, and enjoy each other's company."

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** This article was written by Kathryn Ann (Berning) Gilbert, who passed away on February 27, 2006, just 2 weeks before her 68<sup>th</sup> birthday after a 4-month battle with cancer. Katy also quoted an article which had appeared in the April 1996 issue of "The Towpath" about Louise (Wehrman) Finke, whose mother died in the cholera epidemic while still holding her baby daughter, Louise, in her arms. You can read this article on our website at [www.newbremenhistory.org](http://www.newbremenhistory.org).



## 1854 CHOLERA EPIDEMIC – WILLSHIRE, OHIO from "The History of Ohio & Van Wert County"

*by Dr. J.W. Pearse, one of two practicing physicians in Willshire at the time, who lost his wife in the epidemic.*

<<<<>>>>

"In the summer of 1854, that terrible scourge, the 'Asiatic cholera' became epidemic throughout the country. In some localities, the death rate was very high. The greatest fatalities were in the Black Swamp regions and as an account of its ravages in one locality is typical of all others, a description of conditions preceding its advent, and its results, are sufficient for all.

### Weather Extremes

The winter preceding the epidemic of 1854 had been unusually cold. Rivers and creeks and springs were all frozen when the spring freshets started. The St. Marys River rose to overflowing and, being gorged with ice and driftwood, the waters spread out and thousands of acres of land became inundated. This was followed by a season of drought. From the latter part of May until July 28<sup>th</sup>, no rain fell. Everything was dried up by the scorching rays of the cloudless sun.

### Gloomy Apprehensions

The condition of Willshire, like all other towns not provided with town ordinances, was in a most unhealthy state. The streets, alleys and byways were filled with animal and vegetable remains, and the laws of hygiene were unduly overlooked. Thus it was when hot weather and drought set in. The atmosphere was unduly charged with the germs of disease, which commenced pouring out its immeasurable fury on the fatal 19<sup>th</sup> of July.

On this date, nature seemed unmistakably to foreshadow something unusual. Men's faces were overshadowed with fearful suspense. There was a fearful looking for things out of the ordinary - the red glare and the most scorching heat of the sun's rays reflected back as if in mockery from the already parched earth. The cattle were lowing and wandering to and fro as if in search of food and water. The birds flew screaming through the air as if pursued by demons of hunger. The very dogs, as if in mockery of the fearful doom that awaited us, sent up their doleful howls. Willshire up to this time had remained in status quo, while her people retained their accustomed measure of human kindness and their liberal share of hospitality and generous feeling for which she had always been noted. Yet, we must confess that in point of morals and religion, Willshire had never been so low.

### Unaccountable Phenomenon

The first case was that of a hard-working (also hard-drinking) man who was attacked on the eve of July 19<sup>th</sup> and who expired within a few hours. One of the most remarkable and most unaccountable phenomenon was connected with the history of the cholera - the migration or disappearance of the entire feathered tribe, together with the houseflies. By the 25<sup>th</sup> of July, not a bird or housefly could be seen or heard anywhere. They remained in blissful seclusion until August 7<sup>th</sup>, when our ears were again solaced by the merry chirp and musical songs of the birds.

But, alas for Willshire, out of 175 souls in the town, forty had migrated to that bourn from whence there is no return. On July 21<sup>st</sup>, a committee of three men was appointed to bury the dead and to extend help to those in need. Never did three great spirits merit a greater share of gratitude than did this brave trio. As they went forth in their perilous duty, no money consideration alone could have induced them to enter the cabin of Stackel and remove five dead bodies already in an advanced state of decomposition, and then to burn the cabin. They believed, however, that humanity and order demanded this of them. These men all lived to receive the reward and homage they so richly deserved from a grateful community. At this time, Dr. Melscheimer and I were the only practicing physicians in town, and as might be expected, our sleep was gotten in the saddle.

### Rapid Course of the Disease

For our own protection, because of the rapid course of the disease, Dr. Melscheimer and I worked together. A short time after we had left the house, a lady came for medicine. My wife (Mrs. Pearse) at this time was in apparent good health. She left our parlor for the office where she prepared the medicine. On turning to hand the lady her medicine, she was noticed to reel and stagger. When the lady looked at her, she was horrified in seeing her color change from a florid red to a leaden gray. My wife was now in the last stages of cholera.

Messengers were immediately dispatched for us. We were found seven miles in the country. By the fleetness of our horses, we were able to be at her bedside in a few minutes. She expired after three hours of illness.

### Strange Coincidence

An hour after my wife ceased to breathe, as she lay with her hands crossed upon her bosom, so powerful had been the contractions of her muscular system during the last throes of the fell destroyer that the innate action of the nervous vital fluids brought to bear upon the extensor muscles of her arms was sufficient to raise her right arm and lay it at full length across my breast as I sat by her bedside. Nevertheless, life had been extinct for one hour.

### Desolate Homes

Thus it was in our town and vicinity until July 28<sup>th</sup>, when to our unutterable joy, the heavens became aglow with lightning and a deafening roar of thunder, and the long coveted rain began to descend upon the parched earth and the atmosphere became cold and healthy. The disease germs were either burned up or beaten down to be trodden under foot, for the disease now disappeared as if by magic. Men with their families began to return. There were to be found but two remaining families. Desolation and destruction were to be seen everywhere.

Doors were thrown wide open. Deathbeds were standing on the street. Sidewalks were white with lime, used as disinfectant. Sorrow and gloom reigned supreme. No song or cheerful voice was to be heard. Stout hearts quailed before the desolation and gloom that everywhere met their gaze - Rachael weeping for her children and wouldn't be comforted because they were no more, for about forty kind friends had left the town never to return."

*[preserved by Dora (Dicke) Maurer – Gary, IN (date unknown)]*





**THE WILLIAM & ANNA (KLUTE)  
TOPP FAMILY - ca. 1885**

Sophia (Luedeke), William Topp,  
Wilhelmine (Donnerberg), Anna, John,  
Caroline (Mohrman), Carl, Henry, Julius.

(An older daughter, Mary Brueggeman,  
was married and gone from home.  
Ernst was not born until 10/13/1885.)

Dear Lucille (Topp) Francis:

2/22/2006

Recently I asked you about one of our ancestors by the name of Johann Wilhelm Staub. You recommended that I check the Topp family history book which you had published in 1984. I found this very helpful. I also borrowed records from Don Luedeke which had been compiled by William J. Stoll of Columbus.

The following dates and facts about Napoleon are from the *World Book Encyclopedia* and the personal accounts are from my grandfather, Henry Topp, which he himself told when I was a teenager.

"My grandparents, Herman Heinrich Wilhelm ("Henry") Topp (1863-1953) and Sophia E. (Tostrick) Topp (1875-1959) lived their last years at what is now 303 East Monroe Street. When they lived there, the house was on the corner of their small farm. Now that area is all in housing.

My grandfather liked to make wine – from berries, fruit, dandelion blossoms, even from wheat. Each fall, when the wine was ready, the family would be invited over to taste all the different varieties.

Grandpa was usually a very quiet man, but after a few glasses of wine, he would start to talk. He had little education, spoke no English, and talked in Low German. He talked a lot about family history all the way back to Germany. A number of times, he talked of his grandfather on his mother's side of the family (Johann Wilhelm Staub) who had fought in Napoleon's army.

Johann Wilhelm Staub was born in Hubenrode, Wetzhausen, Hessen, Germany on May 3, 1782. This state is in Bavaria on the border of northern Italy. In 1774, only eight years before Mr. Staub's birth, the king of Hesse sold 20,000 of his young soldiers to King George of England to fight in America against the 13 colonies. After the English were defeated by George Washington, many of the Hessian soldiers became American citizens. Some of them settled in the town of Hoagland, Indiana.

Germany was not at peace, however. Napoleon Bonaparte was conquering Europe, including Hesse. In 1812, he decided to invade Russia. He conscripted 600,000 men from the conquered countries and started his disastrous march to Moscow. He plundered Germany for supplies, horses and men, including our Gr-Gr-Gr-Grandfather Staub.

At that time, Mr. Staub would have been about 30 years old. It was 1000 miles to Moscow and they walked 20 miles a day. The first battle was hand-to-hand combat over the same ground for 3 days. After the first day of fighting, they fought over dead men and dead horses. The third day, the Russians retreated.

When they got to Moscow, there was no enemy to fight. The city was empty, much of it burned to the ground by the Russians. The Russian winter had arrived and Napoleon deserted his army and went back to France. The army had to fend for itself. There was no organized retreat, only a rout – every man for himself.

Sometime during this period, "Grandfather" Staub stole a horse and was retreating with the rest of the French army, but the Russian cavalry was constantly attacking. On one occasion, he was chased by the Russians down a mountain road only to be met by more Russians. It was winter and he rode the horse down the side of the mountain into a stream of water filled with floating ice. He swam beside his horse to the other side and escaped. He was shot in the back by the Russians, but was saved by a metal plate he had in his backpack. In total, he was shot 8 times in various battles. All of his life, he would peel bits of metal shrapnel out of his skin. In months of retreat, he returned to Germany.

In the 1830s, Johann Wilhelm & Anna Margaretha (Wolff) Staub emigrated to America because in America, there was no King. It took them 6 weeks to cross the Atlantic by sailboat to Norfolk, Virginia. They then went by stagecoach to the Ohio River, by flatboat to Cincinnati, then on to New Bremen. They had 8 children. In 1840, a daughter, Sophia Caroline Frederike Staub (1820-1854), married Heinrich Carl Ludwig Topp (1812-7/12/1849). Mrs. Staub (1779-7/23/1849) died just 11 days after her son-in-law. Both died in the cholera plague. Sophia (Staub) Topp died in 1854, leaving a 12-year-old son, Johann Wilhelm Topp (our great-grandfather) who was raised to manhood by his Grandfather Staub.

In 1861, Johann Wilhelm Topp (1842-1921) married Anna Marie Elizabeth Klute (1840-1911). They had 13 children and were the ancestors of all of the Topp families of New Bremen.

On May 28, 1862, Johann Wilhelm Staub died of a stroke in New Bremen and was buried in the old cemetery west of St. Paul Church. (If only the buried tombstones could talk!)

Of the 600,000 men in Napoleon's army, only 150,000 survived. The rest sleep under the snows of Russia. It was still 1000 miles from Moscow to Berlin, Germany. The good old days? They were terrible!

When my grandfather, Henry Topp, died in 1953, his daughters, Amanda Hirschfeld (my mother), Hilda Klute, and Clara Schroer (mother of Delores Stienecker), cleaned out the attic of my grandparents' home. My mother said they found a lot of "junk", including the "Sam Brown" backpack that "Grandpa" Staub used in the war in Russia. They burned it!!!!

Lucille, you may use this story in any way you wish. Your printing of my Greber plow story in the January 2006 issue was well-written and well accepted. Keep up the good work.

Your 2<sup>nd</sup> cousin,

Wally Hirschfeld – New Bremen



## FUN ON THE OLD CANAL

by Ralph May

To those of us who spent our childhood in New Bremen during the days when the Miami & Erie was still filled with water and when a boat occasionally passed through, the "old waterway" and the "towpath" will ever be dear.

The canal not only divided the town in a sense of rivalry, but it was the center of all our boyish amusements. When the canal became a sheet of ice after Thanksgiving, the fun began.

The pond froze over first. We would then venture forth along the canal banks and try out the middle by throwing heavy stones upon the ice. If they rebounded across to the other side without going through at any point, we knew all was safe. We would then take our skates to Gast's blacksmith shop to get them sharpened before putting them on.

We all learned to skate on Barney & Berry girls' skates since these gave extra support at the heel and around the ankle. Also, they seldom came off. Boys' skates were always coming loose.

We played ice polo on the pond starting early on Saturday mornings. Rabe's Factory supplied the clubs and "the dumps" provided the tin cans. In those days, it was a long sweep from the base on the north end to the other base ("King's pond") on the south, and it took many a sturdy stride to carry the battered tin can along from one base to the other. If the can hit you on the shin, it usually laid you out for the rest of the day. Other games we played on the ice were "Fox & Geese" and "What are you doing in my vineyard?"

None of us will ever forget the Taylor family when we think of skating on the Miami & Erie. They were all experts, having been taught by their father, Ohio Waterman Taylor, and we loved to see them perform on the ice.

It was common for large groups to skate to Minster or Fort Loramie (Berlin, as it was called then). The winter landscape and the high, protecting west bank made it pleasant for all of us.

The first mile-stone was the Amsterdam bridge. Here we rested on the stones underneath. Next came the sand bar, St. John's bridge, and then Minster.

In approaching Minster, we had to be careful of the Minster boys. Sometimes we were met by hostile bands who dared us to go any further. This rivalry of the boys between the two towns had its origin in the public dance halls, I believe, where it was inevitable that some of our

boys should take away the girls properly belonging to Minster boys. Of course, there was also the problem of religion. Happily, today we are living in a more tolerant age, with the narrow, bigoted provincialism gone forever.

When we approached the Amsterdam bridge on our way home, we felt near enough home to rest, tighten our straps, tuck in our chest protectors, blow our noses, and refresh ourselves with a cool drink from the bottom of the canal. Believe it or not, this water was good and we were none the worse for it.

When we passed the swimming hole and the "old boat", we were at our journey's end. We were never quite sure of our footing for some hours after taking off our skates!

We got home just in time for supper and put our feet and skates under the kitchen stove. After the supper dishes were put away and the oil-cloth cleaned off, we would draw around the coal-oil lamp, adjust the 10¢ shade to the proper angle, and read until 9:00 when we would crawl upstairs and go to sleep, dreaming of the Amsterdam Bridge, Goeke's pond, and "the bend".

The opportunities for moonlight skating were few, but back in 1901, our winters were not so mild and open as they are today. We would eat an early supper and get out on the canal or the pond as soon as we could after 6:00. We would skate in pairs or in groups of four or six. With our hands inside our partner's muff, we would start carefully so as to get the correct stride. If you have never skated with your hands inside your best girl's muff - well, you have missed the sweetest of all life's pleasures.

With the moonlight above, the sparkle of the clear, crystal-like ice, and snow-covered landscape, it was a delight. In the distance we could hear the merry chimes of a sleigh bell, or see the roaring flames from the fire at "the dumps" which was always kept going for warmth and cheerfulness, especially by the younger boys on the ice.

Doc Everist had a boat house, which to us seemed as if he had built it for our particular use and enjoyment during the winter. It was a most ideal shelter and a dandy place in which to sit when putting on or taking off your skates. We boys from "Frog Town" will never forget it. Doc never kept his boat house locked, but it was free-for-all and we certainly took advantage of it.

Thanks are also due to the stockholders of The Rabe Manufacturing Co. for supplying us with polo clubs and to J.A. Long & Co. for drying us out if an accident occurred. It was so easy to go

to their poultry house and get dried out before the folks at home knew what it was all about and before they expected you home for supper.

Accidents did occur, but not often. Sometimes, when they were putting up ice, we would slip off the cakes on which we were riding, or, when we thought two or three cakes were stuck together, lo and behold, they would separate in the most peculiar way when our feet touched them.

As I write this, I can still envision a team of mules coming around "the bend" afar off. In a few minutes the bow of the boat is visible as it gently and slowly makes the curve. The children hasten and gather on the Plum Street swing bridge awaiting the sensation of being there when the bridge is bumped.

The boat is now near the pond and we can see the tiny green shutters, the wood fire smoke curling from the chimney and a woman at the stern with the weight of her body leaning against the arm of the rudder.

The boat now approaches the bridge with a slow, steady and even course. The planks running out in the canal away from the bridge keep the bow of the boat in its proper course so it will not strike the bridge amidship but to the one side and in that way cause it to swing around on its metal track.

The boat comes nearer and nearer as we lean out over the railing, gazing anxiously and waiting with some slight fear the impending "shock". At last she strikes and the bridge begins to move. The rusty, castor-like wheels underneath grind and screech and yawn and then move in a semi-circle while the boat passes through on towards the lock.

Alas, the bridge does not swing all the way back, however! We children are prisoners for a while, but some men come and swing it back in correct alignment with the road. Horses and wagons are waiting on both sides to resume the course of their journey also. In a moment, all is well, the roadway is cleared of traffic and we children hasten along the towpath to the lock to witness another interesting episode in the life of a canal boat.

All of this has passed away, but the importance of the canal to the community it served in its day cannot be overestimated. Our U.S. school histories told us of the importance of the opening of the Erie Canal between Buffalo and the Hudson. What this canal was to the Great Lakes and the Atlantic, our own Miami & Erie was to Cincinnati & Toledo.

(N.B. Sun - 2/9/1933)



## CANAL LIFE

### AS IT EXISTED 70 YEARS AGO

As depicted by Hank Miller from Macomb, Illinois  
in the Celina Standard - 1923

At the present time, the ambition of at least 90% of boys is to become a member of the football, basketball or baseball team, wear a big letter on their breasts denoting their school or college and eventually graduate into a coach.

During the good old days of 70 years ago (1853), the boys of St. Marys and other towns along the canal had ambitions, but they were something greater than belonging to a slugging ball team. Their ambition was to become a driver on the canal, graduate into a bowsman, a steersman and eventually become a captain.

Just as soon as a boy was big enough to harness three mules or horses, he applied for a job and Kaiser Wilhelm never felt as important as a boy did driving his first trip on the canal. If he made that trip without getting a pair of black eyes or being licked by the captain, he was a very fortunate lad. But there was a fascination about the business, once taken up, and hard to separate oneself from.

When a boy returned from his first trip to Cincinnati or Toledo, he would scarcely notice his former associates for they had never seen the world as he had. While boys received from \$4.00-\$6.00 per month on a farm, the wages on the canal for drivers were from \$8.00-\$10.00 per month.

While it was a rough, wild life, yet we all enjoyed the things we saw on the trips and the occasional scraps we

-7-

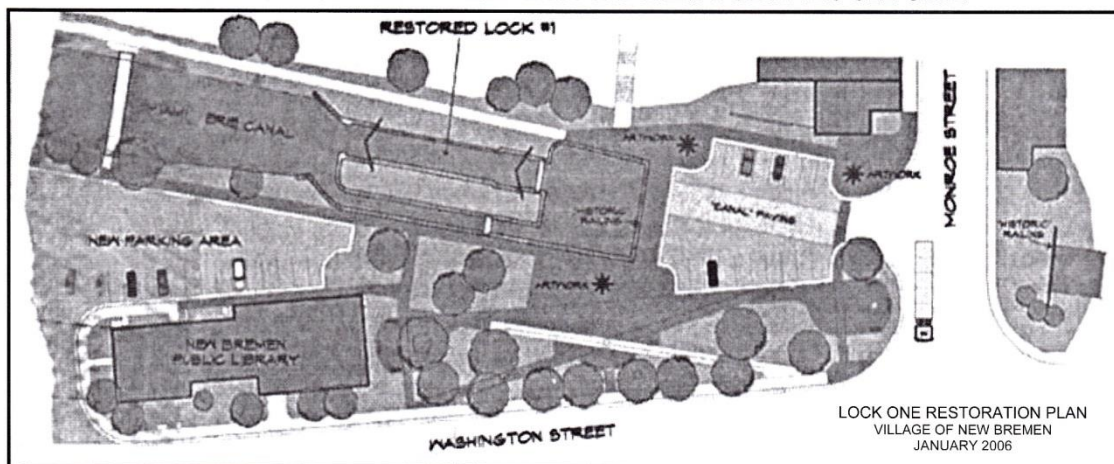
had with other drivers, and if we got licked, the captain was sure to give us another one when we went aboard the boat. All captains wanted to keep up the reputation of the boat and be the "bully" of the canal.

The experience that I had on the canal stood me in good play in later years, for some cheerful idiot was eternally imagining that it was his duty to whip the editor. There was always somebody hurt and it was not the editor, but the editor was hauled into court and had to pay a fine and costs. After one such episode, the state's attorney said, "Hank, what did you do when you was a boy?" I told him that I drove a boat team on the Miami Canal and he said "That accounts for it. I will tell them to keep out of your office and let you alone."

The hardest lock to pull out of was just below the canal bridge at St. Marys and many a team was thrown into the water. When a boy asked for a job, the first question the captain would ask was "Can you pull out of the St. Marys lock without getting your team in the canal?" If the answer was satisfactory, he was given a trial. If he failed to make good, he was kicked out without pay and compelled to hunt another job.

Frequently a new driver would take the wrong side of the towpath when he met a boat, and then there was a scrap. Many times it involved the entire crews of both boats. Those who followed the canal led a gay life and came in contact with all kinds of characters. There were no sissy boys in those days, for everybody had to work, and when the kids went to school, they did not ride in autos. The girls did not wear high-heeled shoes, hobble skirts and peek-a-boo waists. The boys did not smoke cigarettes and part their hair in the middle. [N.B. Sun - 3/29/1923]

### VILLAGE OF NEW BREMEN TO RESTORE LOCK ONE



In September 2004, the Village of New Bremen secured a \$280,000 grant from the Ohio Dept. of Transportation (ODOT), provided the village would put up the additional \$70,000 (20% of the estimated total cost of \$350,000) to restore Lock One located at the southwest corner of Washington & Monroe Streets.

The original lock, built about 1845, was constructed of wood timbers with wood foundation and bracing. The replacement in 1910 was built of concrete. Plans are to restore the lock to its 1910 look. The above plan is the one that has been chosen. Gates will be replaced on the north and east sides with the gate on the east section being operational so people can walk up and experience the opening and closing. There will be two separate parking lots with a picnic area between them. Two bridges will connect the banks of the canal to a 17' wide island. At the north end of the lock, there will be a small pond similar to that of the 1910 lock.

In conjunction with the village's restoration of the lock, the New Bremen/New Knoxville Rotary Club is planning to upgrade the northwest corner of the same intersection. This area will be called "Centennial Park".



# From the Mailbox



Dear Friends:

1/11/2006

I regret to inform you that my father, Mervin L. Niekamp, passed away on December 31, 2005. He had been a longtime member of your organization and greatly enjoyed researching his family history for the past 25 years. On behalf of the family, I thank you for your contributions to his research. Among his accomplishments was the publication of a book of his genealogy.

Sincerely, *Lawrence Niekamp – Citrus Heights, CA*

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the October 2004 issue of *The Towpath*, Mervin Niekamp wrote about his genealogy book which contains information about the Niekamp, Gieseke, Koch, Buehler, Stammen, Dicke, Schierholt and Wrissenberg families. He donated some of his 358-page hard-cover books to the N.B.H.A. for us to sell as a fund-raiser item for our museum. If you are interested in having a copy of Mr. Niekamp's book, there are still some available for \$50.00 (+S/H). Contact our treasurer, Tom Braun, for more information.



Dear Lucille:

1/12/2006

What a pleasure it was to speak to you on the phone. How I admire your ability to keep all these early families and their descendants straight. Enclosed is a donation to pay for the shipping and handling of the extra copies of the October 2005 & January 2006 issues of *The Towpath* you are so kindly sending to me for my family members.

Thank you. *Shirley Ann (Smith) Koenig – Somerville, AL*



Dear Lucille Francis:

2/14/2006

I was more than pleased (and quite fortunate) to have received the October 2005 issue of *The Towpath* which had so much Boesel information in it. Are there any *Towpaths* about the Koenigs? (ANSWER: No, not yet!)

My relation to the Boesels is through my husband, John Henry Koenig, Jr., whose mother was Clara Elizabeth Boesel, youngest child of Charles Boesel, Sr. and sister of Frank Tilden Boesel. Their mother, Mary Schroeder, was Charles Sr.'s 3<sup>rd</sup> wife. She had been hired as help for his 2<sup>nd</sup> wife, Dorothea (Maurer) Boesel, with the 7 youngest children. When Dorothea died (7/30/1874) from the bite of a pet dog, Mary (born in 1843), who had been very young when she went to work for Mrs. Boesel, was still barely in her 30s and Charles Boesel was about 61. He gave her a golden locket which she gave to her daughter, Clara, and which my daughter, Clara Elizabeth (Koenig) Brown, has today.

Mary Schroeder's family had been very poor. Mother (Clara Boesel) Koenig told me she had been told by her mother, Mary, that they had to use lard on their bread because the butter they made had to be sold. When Charles Sr. & Mary's 2 children went to college, Frank to Yale and Clara to the New England Conservatory, Mary accompanied Clara. Charles Boesel had died 4/17/1885 and Mary lived out her life with her daughter, Clara, who was a beautiful girl. We have a stately photograph of Clara in her wedding dress. I suspect that Mary, who died in 1914, saw her children married as well as many of the other Boesel children she raised.

My husband, John H. Koenig, Jr.'s mother (Clara E. Boesel Koenig) spoke often to her children of people I never met, but whose names I recognized when I read them in *The Towpath*. They were the Meslohs, the Purpuses and the Conradis.

Enclosed is \$12.00 for my membership for 2006.

Yours truly, *Shirley Ann (Smith) Koenig – Somerville, AL*

Dear Ms. Francis:

1/26/2006

My aunt, Shirley Koenig, sent me a copy of the January 2006 issue of *The Towpath* and I noted with great interest that it dealt with the Boesel family. My grandmother was Clara Elizabeth (Boesel) Koenig. She and little Mary Elizabeth are in the reunion photograph, standing in the middle. My mother was Barbara Anita (Koenig) Spencer-Strong. I think she grew up in St. Marys, Ohio. As I mentioned to Aunt Shirley, I know a great deal about the Spencer-Strong and very little about the Boesels and the Koenigs. It's time I knew more about my relatives and ancestors from New Bremen. Would it be possible for me to get a copy of the October issue?

In my working life in the museum field, I actually met a young man from the Koenig family (also in the museum field), but I have no idea of his first name or what happened to him. In addition there is a Boesel family member working in the antique light restoration business in Milwaukee. Small world! Thanks for all your efforts.

Sincerely, *Marianna (Spencer-Strong) Munyer – Rochester, IL*



Dear Lucille:

2/3/2006

Thank you for the October 2005 Boesel issue of *The Towpath* and the floppy disk with the Boesel genealogy & reunion picture in sepia-tone. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely, *Marianna Munyer*



Dear Lucille:

1/30/2006

Thank you so much for looking up the back issues of *The Towpath* that we were missing and sending them to us. These were early copies that I did not have. I enjoy each issue and marvel how you research all the details of old New Bremen, whether it is events, happenings, or people and businesses of years ago.

I went to the New Bremen schools, graduating in 1939. (Our class reunion picture was in the October 2005 issue.) My dad was Raleigh Warner and my mother was Flora Lutterbein.

Enclosed is a donation for the back issues and postage. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely, *Wilbur W. Warner – St. Marys, Ohio*

EDITOR'S NOTE: If you are like the Warners and have a great many of the past issues of *The Towpath* and do not want to purchase a "Towpath book" of past issues, just let me know which issues you are missing, and I will see if I still have copies of them. A suitable donation would be appreciated.



Dear Lucille:

2/3/2006

Thank you for sending me the complimentary copy of the January 2006 issue of *The Towpath*. I found Wally Hirschfeld's letter concerning my parents' farm very interesting. My parents [Eugene & Gestine (Kettler) Kuck] told the story of Mr. Greber carrying the plow on his back from Piqua and how the Greber family lived in basically 2 rooms. It had to be quite a hardship living in those damp drafty rooms before my parents restored the farmhouse into a beautiful and comfortable home.

Sincerely, *Karen Kuck – Columbus, Ohio*



-9-

Hello!

2/3/2006

I really enjoyed Gen Conradi's article about the German names and I remember how my mother [Mrs. Wilbert (Marie Roediger) Dammeyer] used to laugh about the different ways there were to say "Dammeyer". She worked at Streine's (later STAMCO) as a stenographer in the late 1920s and she said Mr. (Frank) Streine had three different pronunciations of her name, according to her performance (or his mood, I guess.)

There was the true German pronunciation ("Dah-meyer") if things were O.K., but if she did something wrong, it was more like "Dumb-meyer". If he was upset about something, it sounded like "Damn-meyer"!

You get the idea, but I think she still liked him as a boss and she was glad to have a job in those hard times.

All good wishes, and thanks for the great job you all do to help bring back good memories!

Carol (Dammeyer) Cook – Friendswood, Texas

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Dear Editor:

2/8/2006

I enjoyed Gen Conradi's essay on the pronunciation and spelling of German names. My father (Robert Schroeder) told me that there had been a great spasm of Americanization of German names during World War I. We tend to remember the demonization of Hitler in World War II, but it seems like the entire German people were demonized during "The Great War". Our New Bremen ancestors were much more recently immigrant in those years. There would be great pressure to Americanize names.

In the late 1950s and early 1960s, while I grew up in Sidney, my family name was pronounced with a long O in Sidney, but with a long A in New Bremen. How the original umlaut-O (Ö) had become a long A, I don't know, but our name was spelled variously, too (sometimes Schrader in New Bremen) until we made an effort to settle on Schroeder and the long O in the 1960s.

Coincidentally, the piano-playing "Peanuts" character seems to have helped standardize and familiarize our name.

Years ago, I heard Bremen pronounced with a long A. My memory is that some folks made a point of not saying the "New", but just "Bremen". I have never heard Minster pronounced or spelled Muenster. My mother's maiden name, Thiesing, was pronounced variously like "teasing" with a hard "T" and "Z" sound – or "thee-sing" with a soft "TH" and "S".

Even after all these decades, there remains a sense of something elusive, something lost in translation. Whatever we were in Germany long ago, we can never be here – not precisely.

Regards, David H. Schroeder – Port Townsend, Washington

EDITOR'S NOTE: David Schroeder's grandparents were Harry & Frieda (Dammeyer) Schroeder. (See Dammeyer letter above)

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2/18/2006

The enclosed gift of \$100 is given in memory of my mother, Marianna (Boesel) Ivins. She died 1/11/2006 at the age of 96 and was the last living grandchild of Charles Boesel, Sr. and his third wife, Mary (Schroeder) Boesel.

Beth (Ivins) Sauerland – Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Dear Tom:

2/15/2006

The "Towpath Collection of Back Issues" arrived in my mailbox just a few days after I had sent the order. Thank you so very much for your kind and prompt attention.

Although I am not a native of New Bremen, the Carl Wuebbenhorst family has history dating back to the spring of 1832. The first grandfather, Johann Christoph Wübbenhorst, journeyed to America from Germany with his wife, Maria (Siemer), and their 3 small children. The ocean voyage took 2 months before they landed in Albany, New York. They continued to journey from Albany to Buffalo, to Cleveland, to Portsmouth, then the Ohio River to Cincinnati. That winter was spent in Cincinnati. Johann Wübbenhorst and 2 brothers-in-law, Friderich and Johann Siemer, were among the first 32 men that received permission from the state to establish a new town. From Cincinnati they traveled via the canal to Piqua. It was not until years later that the canal was extended north. From Piqua, they traveled on land to what is now New Bremen.

Where would we be today if our ancestors had not taken the challenge and risks to come to America? The Wübbenhorsts were farmers and came to America for freedom of religion and the privilege to own land. My grandparents came to America from Yugoslavia in 1913 because of unsettled times and the threats of war. They settled in Dayton, Ohio.

There is so much to be learned about New Bremen in reading *The Towpath* and visiting your website. My family has always been, and will always be, proud to say we are from New Bremen, Ohio. Thank all of you for your personal efforts, your hard work and everything you give to publishing the memories and history of New Bremen. Keep up the good work so our children and generations that follow can know and learn of their rich heritage.

My daughter, Kathi Overley, has done extensive ancestral research and traced the Wuebbenhorst family dating back to the middle 1700s. I am enclosing a check for you to send her the "Towpath Collection of Back Issues". Hopefully copies are still available.

Sincerely yours, Mrs. Carl (Marilou Richey) Wuebbenhorst  
Wapakoneta, Ohio (N.B.H.S. Class of '52)

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Tom:

11/30/2005

In going through the belongings of my mother, Marilee (Sunderman) Besanceney, it was revealed that she had in her possession these items that had belonged to her father, Leo Sunderman: World War I uniforms, dog tags, a couple of medals and a large pocket watch. All are in very good condition.

In talking with my siblings, we agreed that the New Bremen Historic Association should have first crack at receiving these items. We agreed that these items represent an important link to New Bremen's past and could stand as such to future generations. We will even purchase and donate a curio case in which to display these items.

Best regards,

Mark Besanceney – Birmingham, Michigan



## CIVIL DEFENSE

The need for national programs of civil defense was dictated by the threat of modern aerial warfare waged against civilian populations. Before the outbreak of World War II, Germany, Japan, and Britain began to organize civilians to prepare for possible air raids, which included the construction of bomb shelters.



The United States had limited civil defense operations in effect on a national level during World War II. With the threat of nuclear and thermonuclear war, the federal government passed the Civil Defense Act in 1950, and then established the Civil Defense Administration. Civil defense included the organization and training of volunteers in the means of protecting civilian lives and property and in learning to reduce loss of life in emergencies. Effective warning systems, adequate shelters inside and outside the home, stockpiles of food and medicine, firefighting, carrying through necessary rescue operations (including the removal of wreckage), and rehabilitation were all aspects of civil defense.

The main responsibility for peacetime civil defense in the United States lay with each state government. A civil defense organization that was part of a local branch of government was the most important unit for the training of civil defense volunteers in a community. Volunteers belonging to state and local civil defense groups were available for peacetime service in large-scale emergencies and national disasters such as floods, droughts, earthquakes, tornadoes, hurricanes, and forest fires.

The Civil Defense agency was succeeded first by the Office of Civil Defense (1961-1964) and later by the Defense Civil Preparedness Agency. In 1979 the new independent agency of the U.S. government, the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), was created by an executive reorganization plan which consolidated the Defense Civil Preparedness Agency from the Department of Defense; the Federal Disaster Assistance Administration and flood, riot, and crime insurance programs from the Department of Housing and Urban Development; the U.S. Fire Administration and National Academy for Fire Prevention from the Department of Commerce; and the Federal Preparedness Agency from the General Services Administration.

This independent agency, with headquarters in Washington, D.C., was set up to consolidate those federal programs that respond to disasters and emergencies such as earthquake hazard reduction, dam safety, natural and nuclear disaster warning systems, and the consequences of terrorist incidents.

The main functions of the agency are to anticipate, prepare for, and respond to major civil emergencies by deploying civil defense systems and resources for maximum efficiency and effectiveness.

FEMA coordinates preparedness programs with state and local authorities and voluntary organizations.

*[New Bremen records courtesy of Lynne (Harris) Thompson]*

## NEW BREMEN'S CIVIL DEFENSE VEHICLES

**CHAIRMAN:** Greg Gast, Sr. (Ph. 195)

**CO-CHAIRMAN:** Robert Weinberg, Jr. (Ph. 221)

**Gilberg & Hegemier:** 1941 6-passenger Chrysler ambulance, 1938 1-passenger Buick hearse (Ph. 119)

**Vornholt Funeral Home:** 1948 7-passenger Desoto ambulance (Ph. 285)

**Clifford Harris:** 1949 9-passenger Chevrolet station wagon (Ph. 104)

**Paul Hoffman:** 1950 7-passenger Chevrolet station wagon (Ph. 55)

**Reuben Thiesing:** 1950 7-passenger Plymouth station wagon (Ph. 336X)

**Willis Holdren:** 1950 7-passenger Plymouth station wagon (Ph. 292R)

**Amos Cox:** 1947 7-passenger Ford station wagon (Ph. 293R2)

**New Bremen Hardware:** 1951 7-passenger Ford station wagon (Ph. 36)

**N.B. Supply Co.:** 1949 Chevrolet panel (Ph. 36)

**Kuhlhorst Egg Plant:** 1941 Ford panel

**Irvin Wissman:** 1951 Chevrolet panel (Ph. 23)

**Amstutz Hatchery:** 1950 Chevrolet panel car, 1949 Chevrolet panel truck (Ph. 68)

## NEW BREMEN'S CIVIL DEFENSE MEDICAL SECTION

**CHIEF:** Clifford Niles Harris

**CHAIRMAN:** Walter Rosselit (Pharmacist)

**CO-CHAIRMAN:** Mrs. Paul (Ruth) Ritter (Reg. Nurse)

**REGISTERED NURSES:** Miss Frieda Dierker, Mrs. Robert (Roceille/"Tiny") Shafer, Mrs. Roman (Ruth) Stueve, Mrs. Melville (Leona) Laut, Mrs. Warren (Evelyn) Heinfeld, Mrs. Wilson (Ethel) Westerbeck, Mrs. Robert (Carolyn) Valentine, Mrs. Harold (Helen) Tangeman, Mrs. Vernon (Verneda) Fark, Mrs. Victor (Virginia) Maurer, Mrs. Albert (Ann) Ahlers, Mrs. Thomas (Ruth) Moeller, Mrs. Merlin (Lois) Roettger, Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_? Kohler, Mrs. Storm (Alma) Haarbye.

New Bremen, Ohio

February 25, 1952

## USE OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES

1) The New Bremen High School gymnasium has been designated as an emergency First Aid Station and Hospital in case of disaster. Second choice is St. Paul Church's huge dining hall. This Aid Station is to be manned by several physicians, 5 nurses, at least 4-5 trained Red Cross First Aid personnel and 1 pharmacist.

2) The medical supplies received will be stored in the New Bremen High School. They will be stored in wooden lockers and kept under lock and key. Keys are to be held by the Director of Civil Defense, Director of Health, Director of Police and Director of the Fire Department.

3) No antibiotics will be stocked by the New Bremen Civil Defense organization, as the local Drug Store has agreed to keep an adequate supply on hand for immediate use.

Clifford Harris, Director of Civil Defense - New Bremen, Ohio



## CURATORS' REPORT

### NEW ACQUISITIONS

[submitted by Joyce Holdren - 1/6/2006]

#### DONORS: Besanceney (Sunderman) family

- ◆ W.W.I wool uniform with 2 pants, shirt, belt
- W.W.I service medal, 2 name tags
- American Legion jacket (Piqua, Ohio)
- American Legion pins - 241/New Bremen, 184/Piqua
- Pocket watch, Watch fob/chain
- Token for 5¢ cigar at Laut Bros.
- Aluminum box w/picture of English fox & hound
- Photograph: Mrs. Miller? & Mr. Besanceney?

#### DONOR: Helen Tangeman

- ◆ BOOKS: Civil War Ladies, Sr. Citizens' Cookie Recipes

#### DONOR: Charles Vornholt

- ◆ FRAMED ARTICLE w/picture of Arcade horse-drawn hearse: Interview with Beata Isern about the early undertakers.  
(Page 7 of the October 1996 "Towpath")

#### DONOR: Diane Gast, Village Clerk

- ◆ 14 PHOTOS of canal dig to locate old race for Lock I

#### DONOR: Holy Redeemer Catholic Church

- ◆ 2005 Pictorial Church Directory

#### DONOR: Eudine Waterman Estate

- ◆ (6) Sales Tax stamps

#### DONOR: Elden Smith

- ◆ Numerous school photos of his parents, Myrl & Helen Smith, and their grade school students

### MEMORIAL DONATIONS

The following memorial donations have been received this quarter:

**In memory of Clifford & Lilas (Tontrup) Quellhorst**  
by Joan (Quellhorst) Klier, Arnold & Nancy (Quellhorst) Heitkamp, William & Bonnie (Quellhorst) Elsass,  
Kim Quellhorst

**In memory of Brunhilda (Egbert) Wittenbrink**  
by Don & Norma Jean (Egbert) Mumaw, Adrian & Mary Egbert, Allen & Janet (Egbert) Kuck, Lawrence & Marlene Egbert, David & Judy Egbert, Mrs. Alvin (Barbara) Egbert

#### In memory of Thomas H. Dicke

by Carole (Dicke) Ferguson

**In memory of Robert Woodrow & Frances Wilson,  
Sally (Wilson) Fischer, Robert W. Wilson**

by James E. Wilson

#### In memory of Marianna (Boesel) Ivins

by Franz & Elizabeth (Ivins) Sauerland

#### In memory of Edwin & Esther (Schmidt) Hirschfeld

by Stanley Hirschfeld

#### In memory of Katy (Berning) Gilbert

by Dr. Kenneth & Kitty Ziegenbusch

#### In memory of Clifford & Jean (Bessel) Harris

by Cecelia (Sis) Coenen, Bette Davis (dec'd.),  
Niles Harris, Lynne Thompson

### 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.

### NEW MEMBERS THIS QUARTER (THRU 3/31/06)

[\*Spousal Memberships @ \$6.00 or \$60.00/LM]

1/7/06	Bushman, ^Gertrude (Burke) - New Bremen (LM)
1/30/06	Cattell, Nancy (Gossard) - Santa Monica, CA (LM)
1/24/06	Ehlers, Liza - Ocala, Florida
3/7/06	Eisenhardt, Ann (Howell) - Sedalia, Missouri
3/3/06	Fark, Vernon J. - St. Marys, Ohio
2/2/06	Freytag, Mrs. Robert (Carol E.) - Royal Oak, MI
1/24/06	Hirschfeld, Lanny - Newcomerstown, Ohio
2/25/06	Koenig, Shirley (Smith) - Somerville, Alabama
2/3/06	Kuck, Karen - Columbus, Ohio (LM)
1/2/06	Kuenning, Trudy (Schwieterman) (TR)
2/7/06	Munyer, Marianna (Spencer-Strong) - Chatham, IL
1/18/06	Nagel, John - New Bremen
2/14/06	Neuman, Larry - Wapakoneta, Ohio
1/25/06	Oehrtman, Terry - Lancaster, Ohio
2/7/06	Overley, Kathi (Wuebbenhorst) - Wapakoneta, OH (LM)
1/30/06	Palmer, Jennifer - Brooklyn, New York
3/8/06	Rempe, Mary Ann (Wessel) - St. Marys, Ohio (LM)
2/1/06	Roettger, Larry - Sidney, Ohio
1/24/06	Tangeman, Leola (Dicke) - New Bremen
3/16/06	Topp, Angela (Art) - Minster, Ohio (LM)

### ADDITIONS TO LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

1/7/06	Bushman, Dennis
1/7/06	Bushman, ^Gertrude (Burke)(new)
1/30/06	Cattell, Nancy (Gossard)(new)
2/3/06	Kuck, Karen (new)
2/4/06	Lampert, Sharon (Kleinhenz)
2/21/06	McDaniel, Susan (Schmiesing)
1/25/06	Nedderman, Loree (Doenges)
2/7/06	Overley, Kathi (Wuebbenhorst)(new)
1/24/06	Quellhorst, Kim
3/8/06	Rempe, ^Mary Ann (Wessel)(new)
3/16/06	Topp, Angela (Art)(new)

### RECENT MEMBER DEATHS

2/21/06	Dicke, Ruth E. (died 2/21/06)
2/3/06	Eschmeyer, Paul (LM)(died 9/9/05)
2/27/06	Gilbert, Kathryn Ann (Berning)(died 2/27/06)
1/2/06	Gormley, Betty Jo (Schwieterman)(died 1/2/06)
2/26/06	Hirschfeld, Lanny (died 2/26/06) (new member)
2/23/06	Ivins, Marianna (Boesel)(LM) (died 1/11/06)
1/14/06	Niekamp, Mervin (LM)(died 12/31/05)
1/14/06	Schnelle, Tom ("Spike")(died 1/14/06)
2/7/06	Topp, Patricia (McCollum)(died 2/7/06)
3/5/06	Westbay, Laverta (Hirschfeld)(died 3/5/06)

### A TRIBUTE TO KATY

We lost a wonderfully talented writer of historical articles recently. Shown here at a book signing for her book "A Military Memoir of W.W.II" in December 2003, Katy also wrote for the various local newspapers - *The Evening Leader*, *The Daily Standard*, and *The Community Post*, in addition to her role as Editor of the Auglaize County Historical Society's newsletter.



Katy (Berning) Gilbert - 12/14/03

Katy enjoyed interviewing people and writing their stories. She wrote about 1-room schools, outhouses, the town of Amsterdam (see pg. 3) and she especially enjoyed writing her book about the veterans of World War II. She had so much material that she had hoped to write a second book.

Katy will be missed by a lot of people who looked forward to reading her articles and her book. I will especially miss my classmate because we were both interested in many of the same subjects and she became one of my favorite "sounding boards".

Lucille Francis, Editor



**UPCOMING EVENT****SUMMER PICNIC**

Sunday, June 4, 2006  
11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.

**Come after church & Have Lunch!**

We're having shredded beef & shredded chicken sandwiches - Also our popular cabbage roll casserole, along with liquid refreshments, Ice Cream, and **HOME MADE PIE!**

For information about entering our **PIE CONTEST**, Call Delores Stienecker at 419-629-2685.

There will also be musical entertainment for you to enjoy while visiting with your relatives, friends and neighbors.

Our museum will be open for you to browse and perhaps learn more about New Bremen's history.

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(Membership Dues information on pages 1 & 2.)

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



NBHA Museum - 120 N. Main St.

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CANAL Board Game (related to book)  
Recipes and Reminiscence (by John Dickman)  
A Military Memoir of W.W.II (by Katy Gilbert)  
Ralph May Remembers New Bremen  
New Bremen Marriages (genealogy)

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