



# THE TOWPATH

Published quarterly  
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**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**  
(Other Appointments, Call 419-629-1014 - Tuesdays, 9:00-11:30 a.m.)

**MEMBERSHIP: \$15.00 / Year - \$7.00 Spouse**

**(Life: \$150.00 / \$70.00 Spouse)**

**July - 2010**

## **DEDICATION OF THE LOCKKEEPER'S HOUSE IN NEW BREMEN**

*The Past is our Future...Our Future is Now!*

The new Lockkeeper's House on the banks of the Miami & Erie Canal was officially dedicated on Saturday, June 19, 2010 and became home to the Southwestern Auglaize County Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber of Commerce serves New Bremen, Minster and New Knoxville (the 'Golden Triangle').



**The Lockkeeper's House in New Bremen  
[looking north]**

The Lockkeeper's House at Lock One in New Bremen played an important role in canal traffic when the Miami & Erie Canal was in operation. The lockkeeper opened and closed the lock allowing boats to step down toward Lake Erie or step up when traveling south. The house also served as a hotel and provided lodging for weary travelers.

The Lockkeeper's House has been reconstructed to once again be the focal point in The Golden Triangle of Auglaize County. It will serve as a welcome center for travelers and visitors, a museum for canal-related artifacts and as a center for historical information about the canal era.

The dedication festivities began on the evening of June 18, 2010 with wine and appetizers for members of the Cornerstone Club - those contributing \$1000.00 or more to the building fund. New Bremen received a grant from the Ohio Department of Transportation for the construction of the building with matching funds raised by the New Bremen Historic Association.



The dedication service began at 10:00 A.M. Saturday morning, June 19, 2010 in the Crown Pavilion. Larry Dicke, President of the New Bremen Historic Association, welcomed the large crowd gathered to witness this piece of history.



The New Bremen American Legion presented Colors and the AC Swing Band played the "Star Spangled Banner."



## ◆ "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.

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## ASSOC. MEETINGS ARE HELD FIRST TUESDAYS

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

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## [Lockkeeper's House Dedication, cont'd.]

Pastor Steve Wills gave the invocation, followed by the AC Swing Band playing "Beautiful Ohio." NBHA President Larry Dicke, Mayor Jeff Pape, Chamber of Commerce Director Scott Frey, and MECCA (Miami & Erie Canal Corridor Association) Director Neal Brady introduced dignitaries attending the event. Mayor Pape read the Proclamation marking the historic day.

The crowd was welcomed by Scott and Linda Kuenning of True Value Hardware, who donated keys and prize money as a fund raiser for the building of the house. Everyone was invited to tour the new house and try their luck at opening "the door to the Lockkeeper's House" with the keys they had purchased.



Light refreshments were served both at the Pavilion and at the Lockkeeper's House. A steady stream of people tried their keys and enjoyed the challenge. Holding the winning key was Dianne Komminsk. Thirty other lucky people also won prizes (items from the Museum's store) during the drawing of names. Everyone enjoyed seeing the new facility in New Bremen.

Door Prize Winners: Lois Moeller, Kirk Stienecker, Dave Hirschfeld, Jim Suchland, Taylor Paul, "Baby" Brady, Dan Brown, John Tomhafe, Doug Roediger, Holly Bertke, Brian Miller, Leon Homan, Dean Hirschfeld, Chris Fyock, Jack Bergman, Susie Hirschfeld, Sue Maxson, Gen Conradi, Jim Dicke II, Tom Holdren, Dane Dicke, Theresa Ruchow, Jim Dicke Sr., Wayne Lybarger, Joyce Gilberg, Jack Henry, Andy Pape, Steve Koenig, Madison Schroer, Evan Mauch.

[Account & photos by Gen Conradi]

## AUGUST AND FAIR TIME

*[by Marjorie L. Lietz - August 12, 1987]*

The evenings were a little cool most of the time in August, but the sun shone clear all day except in the early mornings, when everything looked a little hazy. We knew in just a few weeks school would start, but first there would be a glorious day for us on the Mercer County Fair day near the end of August. We lived in Auglaize County, and by rights should have upheld the Auglaize County Fair, but Dad was a Mercer County farm boy and to him fair day meant Mercer County.

Our means of transportation was the Model T that my Uncle Milton Gieseke sold to my Dad. It was a 1923 model and was probably a couple of years old when we were the proud owners. Uncle Milton taught my Dad how to drive on the old back road to Lock Two and my sister Dorothy and I watched our father learn this new art from the porch of our house on Second Street in New Bremen. We imagined that the steering looked shaky and held our breath at times, for fear Dad would not make the curve and maybe steer right into the ditch alongside the road. He mastered the Model T, however, and then there were long practice runs on Sunday afternoons, mostly driving the country roads through Mercer County, which held a special place in his heart.

We were up early on the day of the Fair. Mom and Dad worked in our little kitchen, fixing breaded veal. The food stands at the fair were too expensive and not too plentiful in the early 1920s. I wish I knew what else we took along that day to eat, but all I remember is the veal. It was packed in a two gallon crock and would be just right for eating at noon.

We all helped load the car, put our dog Queenie in the big barn for the day and then took our places in the Model T. Dorothy always sat in front with Dad. Mom, Evelyn and I had the back seat. This was probably because Evelyn and I were subject to carsickness and would need help. Mother carried a brown paper bag with dry saltine crackers for us and this helped a little. We were advised to look straight ahead, and not watch the fence posts go by.

When I look back over the years, it seemed like a terribly long drive, but it was only 17 miles. Model Ts did not travel fast, just chugged along. If a grasshopper sat in the middle of the road, Dad would blow the horn. This was his joke of the day and we laughed and had so much fun.

Our first stop was at the Niekamp farm. Our Dad's sister, Aunt Dora and her husband, Uncle Ed Niekamp, lived on a farm on the Clover Four Road. Best of all they had five children - Mervin, Arnold, Leona, Vernon and Wilmer. I know that going to the fair was a big day for them, too. The Niekamps were ready when we arrived and our little caravan of two cars and eight happy kids were on their way to the Mercer County Fair for a whole day.

My Aunt Dora and Mom were the best of friends and would enjoy the day together. They also had Evelyn and Wilmer to take care of as they were quite young. The rest of us kids were turned loose for the day, with plenty of instructions and rules, but we were on our own. The cars were parked in the grove that bordered the fairgrounds, under some huge old trees, a lovely shady place. Vernon took a small change purse from his pocket and went to his father, opened the purse and said, "Fill 'er up, Pop." Everyone laughed; after all, he was only about five or six years old.

There was so much to see, and Dorothy and I each had a few coins to spend and some mighty big decisions to make about how we would spend them. Leona, Dorothy and I were in and out of all the big buildings and covered the grounds in hardly any time at all. We found the restrooms, which were highly sanitized and smelled of creosote. We viewed the race tracks, the horse barns and the other animal sheds. We knew we had to be back soon to eat our dinner under those huge Mercer County trees. And sure enough, when we made our way back to the cars, Mom and Aunt Dora had spread snowy white tablecloths on the ground and were putting out the bowls and crocks of food.

It took a lot of food to feed all twelve of us. Aunt Dora brought crispy, golden fried chicken, a treat for us town kids. Our Dad's breaded veal was probably a treat for the country kids. I remember a big cake and also chunky pickles. I suppose there was potato salad too. We did not worry about food spoiling with no refrigeration and we ate and ate and it was so good.

I am sure the afternoon was spent mostly on the midway, with the game tents, the ball throwing, the souvenir stands and watching the performances of the actors who were singing and dancing to entice folks to come in and see the shows. The afternoon wore on and we three girls spent some of our hoarded money to climb a few steps and look into a large boxed-in room. Here sat a "Wonder Girl" with a snake around her shoulders and in her lap were horned toads from the desert. I remember that she asked me if I would like to hold one of the toads, but I refused and turned and left.

Then we met my Dad. He was probably looking for us. He said it would soon be time to leave for home and then he gave Dorothy and me each a quarter. All day I had watched folks throw balls at an object in one of the game tents and I just knew I could do that and win a large plaster doll. So, I took the quarter and turned in the direction of the game tent. My quarter, which was a lot of money at that time, was soon exchanged for three hard baseballs that had seen a lot of wear and tear. Neither Dorothy nor I knew that our Dad was watching us and soon I felt this large hand on my shoulder and my Dad, a man of very few words, said, "Give the money back to her." The owner of the game handed me a quarter and then Dad said, "Go buy something to take along home with you." The souvenir stand was not too far away and it was there I chose a tiny white china pot, with a little pig sitting inside of it and the lettering on the front said, "After you, my dear." A real treasure!

It was time to go home. The wonderful day was coming to a close and as far as I know there were no night fairs at that time. The Niekamps would have to do their evening chores on the farm and our dear old Queenie was waiting for her supper and freedom. She probably thought we had deserted her. Climbing into the Model T, leaving the gates of the fairground, we saw a man selling ice cream candy. He held some bars in his hand and called, "Get your Hokey Pokeys right here, six for a quarter." Dad worked the foot pedals of the Model T, brought it to a halt and bought six bars of the taffy. It was good we all had our own teeth at that time. Driving along the country road, our next stop was to buy a whole bushel of pickles, field run or all sizes. Tomorrow would be a workday for our Mom and we would help her scrub the pickles.

*[contributed by Gen Conradi]*

Dear Ms. Francis:

4/22/2010

I am Rebecca (Gross) Marley. Tom Braun contacted me to let me know that the ribbon-cutting ceremony for the lockkeeper's house is June 19. My grandparents, Herbert and Edna (Miller) Gross, were the last private owners of the house and raised their children, Herbert Jr., May, Ruthie & Neville, there from 1941 to approximately 1960. Around 1952 my parents, Herbert Jr. and Bettylou (Case) Gross moved in with them with me and my sisters, Noreen and Pat. My sister Darla was born while they lived there.

Aunt May, Aunt Ruthie, Noreen and Pat are still living. We all have memories and stories that have been passed down to us. We are all excited about the rebuilding of the house but we are disappointed that our story and the many up-close and personal photos of life there that we have given to the NBHA have not been in any of *The Towpath* issues during this period of rebuilding the house.

My grandparents came to New Bremen during the 1930s and first lived on North Water St. After leaving the lockkeeper's house, they moved to 9 South Walnut St. which is now a vacant lot.

We are grateful to Tom Braun for notifying us of the dedication date and I will be there with my husband and son. I have contacted my sisters and my aunts but due to circumstances I will probably be the only family member present.

Thank you,

*Rebecca J. (Gross) Marley – Montezuma, Ohio*



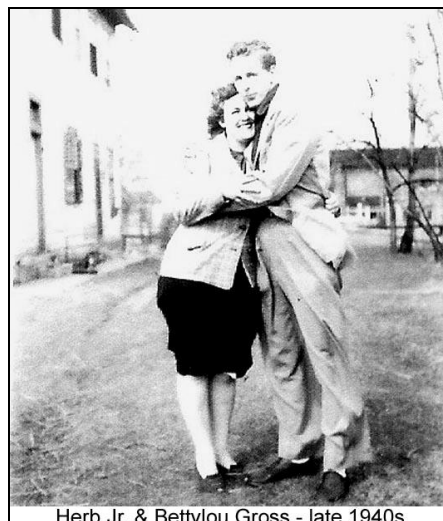
Edna (Miller) Gross - 1940s



Herb Gross Sr. and Debbie Peters



3 Generations: Edna Gross, May Peters, Debbie Peters



Herb Jr. & Bettylou Gross - late 1940s



Herb Gross Jr. & daughters:  
Patricia, Noreen, Rebecca - Spring 1952



Herb Gross Sr. & daughter, May - mid 1940s

NOTE: Notice the old buildings in these pictures that are no longer there – the First National Bank, Koeper's Shoe Store, Rairdon's, the Sohio Station, and the Kuenzel Mill. Notice also the shutters and the transoms on the lockkeeper's house. There is also a picture of Walter Thompson, a son of the lockkeeper, Thomas B. Thompson, and who for years ran a dray along with his brother, Frank (aka "Hook"). He died in 1951. His brother had died in 1940.





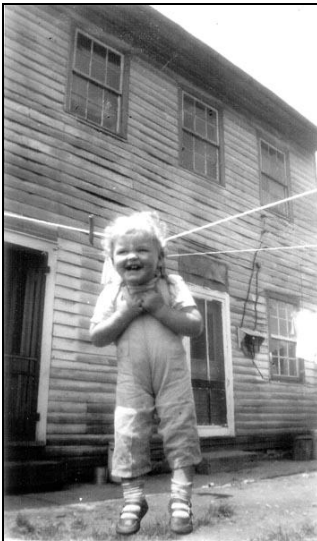
May & Ruth Gross - mid 1940s  
Note: Front of house had functional shutters



Ann Dennis, May & Ruth Gross - mid 1940s



Neville Gross & his niece, Noreen - 1950s



Rebecca Gross - ca. 1953  
(hanging on the clothesline)  
Electricity was first installed  
about this time by her father,  
Herb Gross Jr.



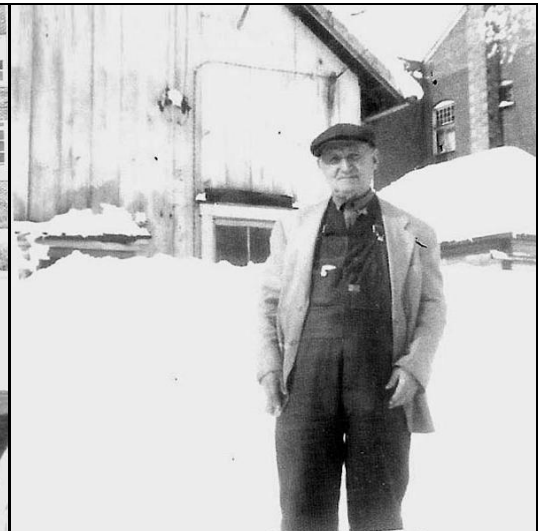
Ruth Gross & her niece, Noreen - Early 1950s



Noreen Gross - Early 1950s



Edna Gross & Noreen - 1950s



Walter Thompson, former owner of the  
lockkeeper's house - 1950 blizzard



### **ST. PAUL CHURCH PARSONAGE CELEBRATES 100<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY**

On October 10, 2009, St. Paul Church celebrated the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the dedication of its present parsonage. This coincided with the arrival of the new minister, the Rev. Becky Erb Strang. In preparation for her arrival and in honor of its 100<sup>th</sup> birthday, the house was given a thorough cleaning and redecoration. On October 18<sup>th</sup>, an open house was held for the congregation and the community to tour the house.

A brochure was put together to commemorate this anniversary showing different rooms in the house. Former resident, James Melchert, son of Rev. John C. and Mrs. Melchert, was asked to share his memories of the house he lived in from birth until his 17<sup>th</sup> year. The following is his account:



### **ST. PAUL CHURCH PARSONAGE IN NEW BREMEN, OHIO**

I appreciate being invited to recall some things about the parsonage at St. Paul Church. It was home for me from my birth in December 1930 until my family moved to Mansfield in June 1947. It wasn't easy to leave that capacious and beloved house on Franklin Street. I liked the way it was set back from the sidewalk, framed in an expanse of lawn. Had the house been built any closer to the street, its wrap-around covered porch would have been too imposing. I understand that the Primary Hall and the Dining Hall on Herman Street are long gone. So are the barn, the chicken coop, and the orchard, not to mention the many people in the congregation who made our years there so rich.

What will probably never change about the parsonage is that it was a house of many doors. They allowed for easy passage from one room or activity to another. There were nine in the kitchen alone. Originally, the room you entered through the front door was a somewhat formal area. I recently learned that it was called a double parlor for it was divided into two spaces. The first was essentially a reception room that was occasionally used for small ceremonies such as a baptism or even a wedding. A window seat ran alongside the wall under the front window. At the north end hung a wide-framed mirror with hooks for coats. The stairway added a dynamic element to the room as stairways do. I liked to perch on

the landing and listen when the church bells were ringing. It was a front row seat.

Adjacent to this reception area was the other parlor, its entrance framed by wooden columns. In the center of the south wall was a tall well-built structure attached to the wall. There was a mirror in its upper half. Below it was the suggestion of a fireplace in which a little gas burner did its best to look important. Alongside the front windows stood my mother's grand piano, an instrument that got considerable use, for this was essentially a music room. It was where my two brothers and I practiced and had our music lessons and where my mother so often sat and played. She had studied organ and piano at the Oberlin Conservatory. There were times when the women's chorus that my mother conducted would rehearse in that room. The group called itself "The Mother Singers". They performed throughout the county, even once in Columbus as semi-finalists in a statewide competition. Whenever the Wobuses visited from Sidney, most often on a Sunday evening, Rev. Wobus would bring his violin and my mother would accompany him on the piano. Once he phoned and asked if he'd left his music at our house. It was missing. I still wonder if Mrs. W. hadn't chucked it out the car window on their way home.

A pair of French doors separated the parlor from the dining room. Its pleasant ambience owed a lot to light coming through the lace curtains on the windows. Sunday dinner was always served in the dining room. We often had guests, for my parents enjoyed company. The room served several needs. During the war, i.e., World War II, the dining table is where my mother would sit to write V-mail letters to my oldest brother and numerous cousins who were overseas. She would copy paragraphs from their letters and send them on to the others. A circle of quilters also met regularly at the parsonage. The quilt would be spread across the dining room table. The women would arrange themselves around it and stitch on the squares nearest them.

A second set of French doors connected the dining room with the living room which could also be entered from the side porch. It was a casual space with a sofa, chairs, and a radio. The downstairs telephone was mounted on the wall to the right of the door to the kitchen. Our number was 67; my friend Susan Schulenberg's was 275 and Val Rabe's 42R2. To make a call you gave the number to the operator who was stationed downtown.

The lavatory was the first of the many doors as you entered the kitchen. The next one led to the basement. At the landing another door opened to the outside. During the 1930s it was common for migrant men to pass through town. Our local term for them was *bums*, a word still in use, as in bumming a ride or bumming a cigarette. It wasn't unusual to hear a knock at the back door around supper time. A stranger would be there asking for a bite to eat. We never turned one away, but during the winter the man would be invited to enter the side door to the basement and sit on the inside steps where it was warmer.

The kitchen itself was a big and somewhat ungainly room. Among the many doors were one to the back

stairs and one to the back porch. The only swinging door opened to the dining room. My favorite aroma in the kitchen was of bread baking on Fridays.

There was a porch on the back of the house in those days. It was enclosed in lattice and opened towards the church. Our milk would be delivered there. The ice, too. The yard behind the house had two cherry trees and a towering Gravenstein apple tree. To this day the sound of locusts buzzing on a late summer night transports me to New Bremen. Beyond a hedge was the orchard that I mentioned. The pear trees next to the Dining Hall were so laden that if you didn't like the pear you had bitten into you could toss it away and pick another.

Naturally with all the fruit ripening, my mother did a lot of canning every summer. Once the Mason jars were filled and sealed they would be stored in two of the five rooms in the basement. The other two back rooms were for heating the house. One had the furnace in it, the other a coal bin. Deliveries came in down a chute through a window. The largest of the cellar rooms accommodated the washing machine and related equipment, the ping pong table, and off in a corner my brother John's chemistry kit. There was also a sink in the basement where I often watched my dad skin the rabbits or squirrels he had brought back from hunting. Or if he had been fishing, the sink was where he would gut and scale his catch. The spectacle was something to watch.

Our bedrooms were located on the second floor of the house. My dad's study was in the small room at the top of the front stairs. Its front windows looked out over the street trees and the park. (New Bremen to me is still synonymous with maple trees.) My parents' bedroom was also at the front of the house. John and Paul, who were older than me, shared the room nearest the church. Theirs had the largest closet in the house where my mother kept bedding. My brothers also got to hear the sound of the rain falling on the tin roof of the porch. My room was across the hall. It had been occupied by my dad's mother before she died and a few years before I was born. I used to think that that was what gave the room its soul.

At the end of the hall was an intersection that connected the bathroom, the back stairs, a small "backroom" and a closet in which my dad stored his hunting equipment. In the corner across from the closet was a box a couple feet high, two feet deep and maybe four feet long. It held two compartments, one of which was a clothes chute to the basement. It let you drop laundry down two flights to the wash basket in the cellar. My brothers regarded the clothes chute as something to climb down. They would lower themselves only as far as the kitchen where there was another opening into the chute. Once they invited a neighbor boy to go down with them, a chubby kid who got stuck between floors. Someone had to be called to help him out.

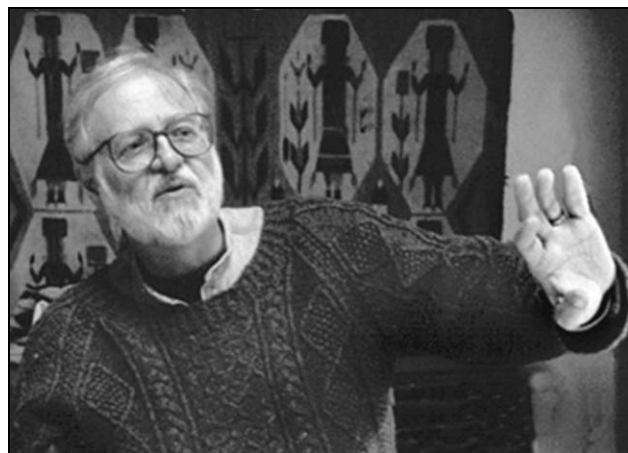
The very last room on the upper floor had ceiling-high cases of my dad's books in it. It, too, had a closet, but, more importantly, the door to the attic stairs. The attic seemed vast despite its sloping ceiling. Trunks and boxes were stored up there, but there was enough

overhead space in the center to allow for a basketball hoop where we could play in the winter. As a child I believed it was best not to go into the attic unaccompanied. Where the chimney disappeared into the ceiling was the darkest of all the nooks and crannies. What seemed to be hanging from it looked suspiciously like the hem of a skirt. I was certain that a witch was hiding there. The scariest part was leaving the attic when you had to turn your back on her to get down the stairs. It was such a relief to reach the door and slam it behind you.

Having now walked through the parsonage I knew as a youngster, I leave it with a smile of appreciation on my face. I feel much indebted to that house for sheltering and accommodating me and my family so dutifully. That it has continued to support the work of the pastors and their families who have lived there speaks well for the congregations who have attended to it so faithfully.

Thank you for all the photos you sent me of the house. I'm glad to know that the building is in such good shape and obviously in good hands. Not having seen the house since I was sixteen, the rooms appear smaller to me than how I remember them. The improvements are impressive. The living room made from the double parlor is certainly one. The renovations in the kitchen are even more impressive. It really was an oddly shaped room before. The garage is where the back porch used to be. I notice that the front door has been replaced. There was an oval-shaped glass in the one that had been there. The same was true of the side porch door. Also there are now little windows over the front door, perhaps to make up for the loss of light with the new solid door.

James Melchert - September 2009



*"The path I pursued after leaving New Bremen led to a lot of unexpected places. I went to college at Princeton and then spent four years in Japan teaching English. Afterwards I earned a graduate degree in painting at the University of Chicago followed by one in ceramics at the University of California at Berkeley. I later joined the sculpture faculty at UC-Berkeley where I taught until I retired in 1993. Two leaves of absence interrupted my years there. During the first, I worked for the National Endowment for the Arts in Washington. On the second leave, I served as Director of the American Academy in Rome. I continue to work as a professional artist."*

# NEW BREMEN SHEEPHEAD

Schafkopf (Sheep Head) is an 18<sup>th</sup> Century German trick-taking card game. It was most popular in Bavaria but variations of the game are found in many parts of Germany. Some descendants of the game are Doppelkopf, Skat and North American Sheepshead. There are several theories for the origin of the name. Some say that it comes from the German words schaffen and Kopf which means to "work one's brain." Some believe that the term is derived from Middle High German and refers to playing cards (schaffen) on an overturned barrel head (Kopfen). Another theory is that the game was named for the nine chalk lines used in scoring that formed a sheep's head.

There are several websites, originating in Wisconsin, that list the rules for Schafkopf or North American Sheepshead, but these rules describe a different game from that played by most people in New Bremen. I will attempt to describe the rules of Sheephead as played in New Bremen by several families.

## Sheephead Basic Rules:

Sheephead is played with 24 cards, Aces through nines of all four suits. The object is to get 12 points to win the game.

## Players:

The most common way to play Sheephead is with four players making up two teams.

## The Deck:

The deck consists of 24 of the 52 cards in a regular deck using the Aces through nines of all four suits.

## The Deal:

Decide who will deal first. Deal six cards to each player, dealing the cards two at a time in a clockwise manner.

## Card Rankings:

There are 11 trump cards. Trump never changes and the trump cards rank as follows from highest to lowest: Queen♣, Queen♠, Jack♣, Jack♠, Jack♥, Jack♦, Ace♦, 10♦, King♦, Queen♦, 9♦.

The other 13 cards include:

Ace♣ Ace♠ Ace♥  
10♣ 10♠ 10♥  
King♣ King♠ King♥  
Queen♥  
9♣ 9♠ 9♥

The Ace of diamonds is known as **the Fox** (Voss in Low German or Fühse in High German.) Taking the Fox during play assures that team of 1 point.

The Queen of Clubs is known as **"the Best"** and the Queen of Spades is known as **"the Blue."**

## The Play:

The person to the dealer's left leads, that is, plays the first card. The other players must follow suit in a clockwise manner. The goal is to "take the trick" or win the hand by playing a card that outranks the others. The player who wins the trick always leads the next play. The second lead of the game must always be a trump. If the player who got the first trick does not have a trump card, then that player must select a card from his hand and play the card face down, to tell the other players that he has no trump card to play.

## Following Suit:

You must always follow suit. Trump is considered a suit and is made up of the following cards:

Queen♣, Queen♠, Jack♣, Jack♠, Jack♥, Jack♦, Ace♦, 10♦, King♦, Queen♦, 9♦.

On trump cards the card's printed suit is not followed because all the trump cards are considered trump and not the printed suit. For example, the Queen of Spades is a trump suit, not a Spade. The Jack of Clubs is a trump card and not Clubs. It is important to remember the ranking of the trump cards.

The other 13 cards that are not trump include:

Ace♣ Ace♠ Ace♥  
10♣ 10♠ 10♥  
King♣ King♠ King♥  
Q♥  
9♣ 9♠ 9♥

If a suit card is led, you must play that suit. If you do not have that suit, you may play a trump card or any other card in your hand. The highest played trump card would then take the trick. You do not have to play a trump card if you cannot follow suit.

If a trump card is led then everyone must follow suit and play a trump card on this trick. If you do not have a trump card then you will play another suit.

## SCORING BY THE "LONG" METHOD:

Numerical values placed on the cards are tabulated following each round of play. The numbers are then changed to points to determine scores for the round.

Aces=11  
10s=10  
Kings=4  
Queens=3  
Jacks=2

The above cards in all four suits total a value of 120. A "Schneider" is a count of 33 points. A game is a count of 66 points. One strategy of the game is to "smear" or play the higher valued cards if you know that your team will take the trick.



### Then the value of the cards is changed into points:

Schneider, but without Fox = 2 points for other team  
Schneider with Fox = 1 point for each team  
No Schneider, no Fox = 3 points for other team  
No Schneider but with Fox = 1 point for your team and  
2 points for other team  
All tricks = 6 points (a Sheephead)

If the score is tied 11 to 11, then taking the Fox does not count as a point during the last hand. During that hand the Fox will only count as a Counter like the other Aces.

### SCORING BY THE "SHORT" METHOD:

A shorter method of scoring has been devised over the years and now many people use this method.

Cards that are worth a point are called Counters. The Counters are Aces, 10s and Kings of all suits and are worth one point. One strategy of the game is to play your Counter cards on tricks won by your team. The other cards have no point value.

The Fox = 1 point  
Taking the last trick = 1 Counter  
7 or 8 counters = 1 point (Includes Aces, 10s, Kings.)  
9 counters = 2 points (Aces, 10s, Kings.)  
10 or 11 counters = 3 points (Aces, 10s, Kings.)  
If you have taken all the counters (13),  
you have taken all the tricks.  
This is called a **SHEEPHEAD** (6 points).

If your team has taken 4 counters only, this is called "John" or "Schneider", and the opponent team gets 2 points.

If the score is tied 11 to 11, then taking the Fox does not count as a point during the last hand. During that hand the Fox will only count as a Counter like the other Aces.

### GETTING A SHEEPHEAD

When a team scores 6 points, they receive a Sheephead. The opponent team receives a "horn" on the score sheet. The team scoring the 6 points or Sheephead often says "Ba-a-a" to the opponent and some teams have been known to stand and walk around their chairs while saying "Ba-a-a". Other Sheephead players report that standing and walking around the chairs is a method to "change the luck" during the game.

Two Sheepheads by the same team will end the game by giving the winning score of 12 points. The losing team will then be given two horns and a face. The game will also end when one of the teams earns 12 points with or without Sheepheads. "Horns" are only given when a Sheephead has occurred. The loser always gets a "face" on the score sheet whether they did or did not receive "horns".

### Phrases Heard During a Game of Sheephead

"We got Fox home." (Won Ace of Diamonds in trick.)  
"You can't get them all if you don't take them all."  
"Fox was bare." (Had no other trump cards.)  
"My out." (It is my lead.)



### CARD CLUBS

Friends met regularly to play Sheephead. The time depended on the work schedules of the members. Women's clubs usually met during the day while those with couples met in the evening. In some clubs the men wore white shirts with ties and suit jackets and the women wore dresses and heels. In other card clubs, the men and women dressed more casually. It was common for some couples to belong to more than one card club. Many romances began as partners for Sheephead.

All of the groups served food and drink. The clubs would have a "little lunch" as it was called after the card games were finished. The women's clubs usually served candy and other sweets. One group served a midnight lunch consisting of shredded beef sandwiches, hot dogs, pie, cake and coffee. Other foods served were sandwiches and desserts which often became "specialties of the house" and were requested to be served again and again. Drinks consisted of beer in kegs or bottles, and soft or mixed drinks. Some served Coke with a shot of whiskey on the side. Popular soft drinks were 7-Up, Tru-Ade and Squirt. These drinks were served throughout the games and in some clubs the host would sit out a game to be the bar-tender.

### Sheephead Box

The Sheephead Box was a common occurrence when people gathered for an evening of Sheephead during the 1940s and 1950s and later. The prize would be inside a box covered in plain paper. When a team would achieve a Sheephead, they would place their names on the box. At the end of the evening the box would be awarded to the person whose name appeared most often on the box. In some clubs this prize was also called the Traveling prize as it traveled from one person to another. The content of the box was usually a roll of toilet paper! *[by Gen Conradi]*

## From the Mailbox



4/5/2010

4/9/2010

Does anyone remember how garbage and trash were handled in New Bremen before 1940? *[Gen Conrad]*

Dear Lucille: 4/6/2010  
I enjoyed my phone chat with you this morning. It brought back memories.

Thank you for giving me permission to use the "Covered Wagon" story you published in the July 2006 issue of *The Towpath*. I'll keep you posted on my writing (and publishing) effort – I've found these things take a long time. I've discovered the RV Industry is celebrating 100 years this year. The man I need to talk to is on vacation this week.

I was too young to remember the trip in the same homemade trailer/camper with my folks and the Reinhard Kuck family. We went to Michigan and the local people thought we were gypsies. I heard the story so many times, I thought I remembered it.

My parents were Lafe and Amelia (Dammeyer) Haeseker. My grandparents were Henry and Louise Dammeyer on my mother's side. My Uncle Gust Dammeyer and his wife, Lillie (Neuman), lost their home to a tornado - I don't know what year (*Palm Sunday, 1920*). Aunt Lillie fell into the fruit cellar and, as I remember the story, the baby (I think that would have been Wilfred – or Alvin?) was carried in his mattress and deposited by a fence unhurt.

Sincerely,  
Pauline/Polly (Haeseker) Livingood – Walla Walla, WA

<<<<<<>>>>>>>>

Gen: 4/9/2010  
As usual, loved *The Towpath*. My oh my, did Doris Topp hit a windstorm - oh the hair!! Must have untied her dress also... We were such cuties. Thanks for the memories.  
Doris (Topp) Carr – Gladstone, MO

<<<<<<>>>>>>>>

Hi Gen: 4/15/2010  
It is time to reconnect. I enjoy your stories in *The Towpath*. Those, of course, were in my era. I think we are about the same age. I graduated with Edythe (*Conradi*). We will celebrate our 50 year class reunion this summer from NBHS. I am so looking forward to the event. It will be on "Bremenfest" weekend. Hopefully we can get a picture and article to you for *The Towpath*.

Thanks so much to the entire staff of *The Towpath* for the great job they do to keep New Bremen vibrant and its history alive.

We currently live in Lima, retired from St. Rita's (*Hospital*) 4 years ago. We winter in Ft. Myers, Florida and are leaving next week to return to Ohio.

Look forward to hooking up sometime this summer. It has been a long time. Sincerely,  
Lois (Ruese) Rabley – Lima, Ohio

<<<<<<>>>>>>>>

Towpath Staff: 4/20/2010  
Enclosed is \$45.00 for three years membership dues. I enjoy reading every issue of *The Towpath* from cover to cover. Thank you.  
Barb (Luedeke) Fogel – Medina, Ohio

<<<<<<>>>>>>>>

Dear Lucille: 5/19/2010  
I want to advise you of a change in my mailing address. I had hoped the April *Towpath* would have been forwarded to me by the postal service but it was not. Could I ask you to send another copy to my new address? I eagerly await the arrival of each newsletter and read each and every word from cover to cover. I love the history of New Bremen and thank you for all you do to keep it alive! I have a smile on my face as I anticipate the arrival of the April issue.

Jamie (Wierwille) Hanna - Sunset Beach, CA

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### NEW MEMBERS THIS PERIOD (THRU 6/21/10)

[^Spousal Memberships @ \$7.00 or \$70.00/LM]

4/28/2010 Allen, Mary - Newbury, OH  
4/6/2010 Elking, Matilda (Knapke) - Chickasaw, OH  
5/11/2010 Goodwin, Gloria (Quellhorst) - New Bremen  
6/7/2010 Suchland, Rodney - New Bremen  
6/18/2010 Topp, Paula (Linn) - New Bremen (LM)  
4/16/2010 Watkins, John - Germantown, OH  
4/12/2010 Wills, Marilyn J. - Wapakoneta, OH  
6/21/2010 Young, Ann - Valdez, Alaska

### ADDITIONS TO LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

6/7/2010 Koeper, John  
6/18/2010 Topp, Mark  
6/18/2010 Topp, Paula (Linn) (new)  
6/18/2010 Scheib, Nan (Howe)

### MEMBER DEATHS THIS PERIOD

3/29/2010 Dietrich, Ralph (LM) (died 3/29/10)  
5/4/2010 Hertenstein, Dorothy (Nuesmeyer)(CMLM) (5/4/10)  
5/6/2010 Schmidt, Marjory (Westerbeck) (died 5/6/10)  
4/29/2010 Topp, Anna Mae (Quellhorst)(CM) (died 4/29/10)  
6/17/2010 Topp, Betty (Lutterbeck) (died 6/17/10)  
6/17/2010 Schmidt, Wallace (died 6/17/10)

### MEMORIAL / HONORARY DONATIONS

The following memorial donations have been received this period:

**In memory of Ralph Dietrich**  
by Mike & Linda (Dietrich) Hirschfeld, Susie Hirschfeld & family, Ned & Susie Moeller, Honda/Matt Dietrich

**In memory of William H. Kuck**  
By Sherry (Kuck) Biederman

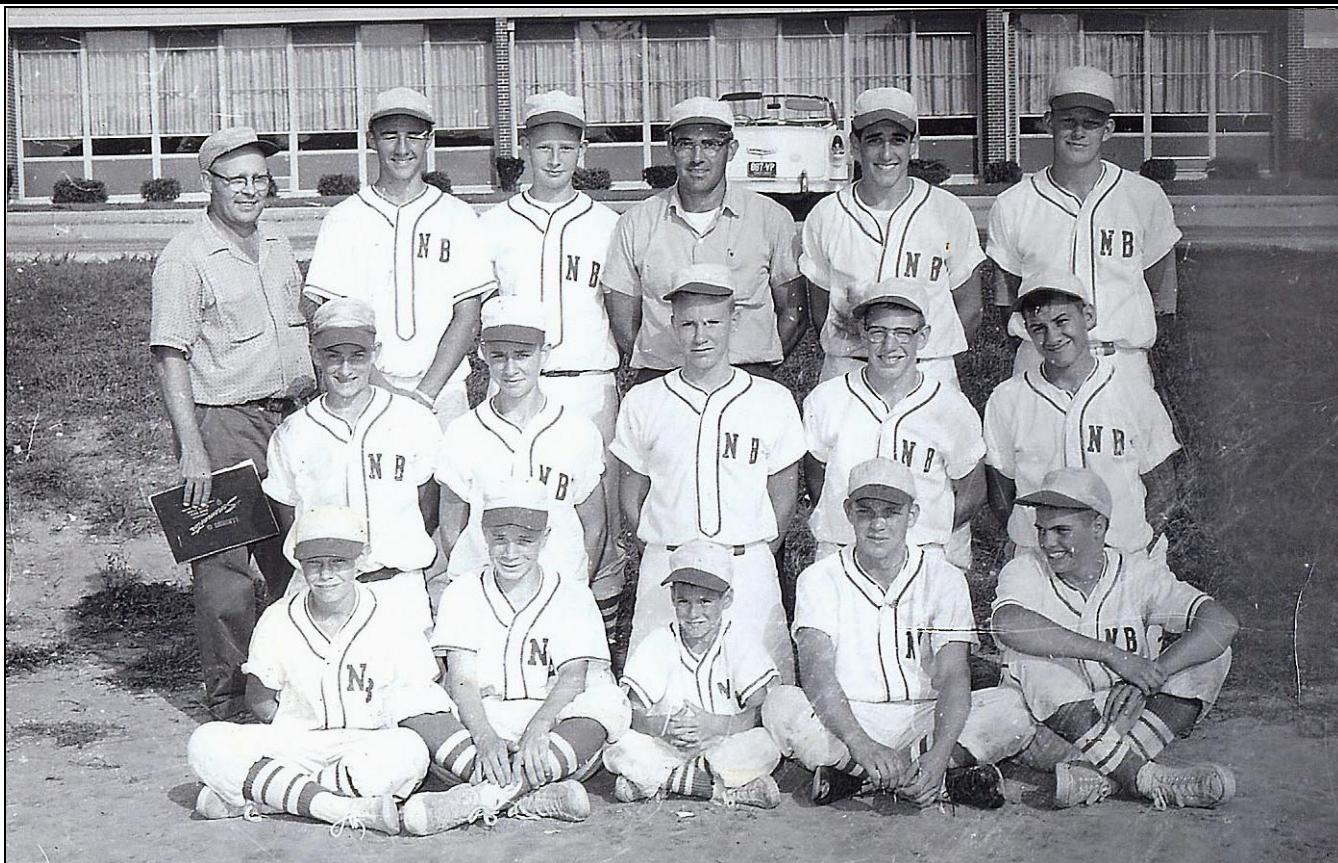
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### 2010 ANNUAL SUMMER PICNIC

The NBHA held their annual summer picnic on the grounds of the museum on Sunday June 6, 2010 from 11:30 to 2:30 P.M. Board members were concerned about the threatening weather for the event, but blue skies prevailed. Chicken dinners were served, which included three pieces of chicken, slaw, chips, roll, a drink and an apple dumpling with ice cream. The picnic was well attended by folks of all ages. Rachel Barber, Administrator of the Auglaize County Historical Society, provided musical entertainment. The museum and its displays were open for all visitors to see.  
[Gen Conradi]

**ANNUAL CHRISTMAS TREE FESTIVAL  
AND OPEN HOUSE  
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, 2010  
[with Santa Claus]**





### 1963 SUMMER ACME BASEBALL TEAM

BACK: \_\_\_\_\_ Elsass, Dean Harlamert (pitcher), Mike Elking (1<sup>st</sup> base), Frank McCune (coach), Randy McCune (catcher), Larry Busse (outfield).

MIDDLE: Dave Wint (outfield), Jim Elking, Stan Topp, Duane Dammeyer, Don Siegel (3<sup>rd</sup> base).

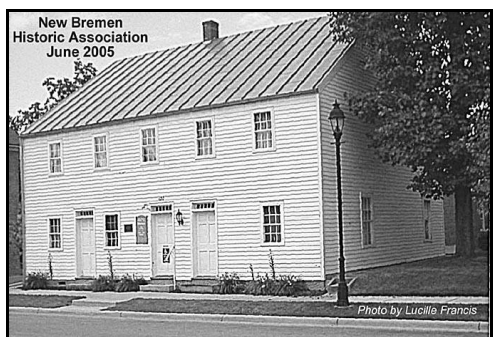
FRONT: Jim Pape, Rick Froning (2<sup>nd</sup> base), Glenn McCune (bat boy), Jim Schwartz (shortstop), Brad Close (outfield).

[Taken at New Bremen's Grade School – 1955 Chevy in background.]

[NOTE: Thanks to Don Siegel for sending the picture and to Dean Harlamert for identifying player positions.]

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

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**NBHA Museum – 120 N. Main St.**



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