



*“O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October’s bright blue weather”...*

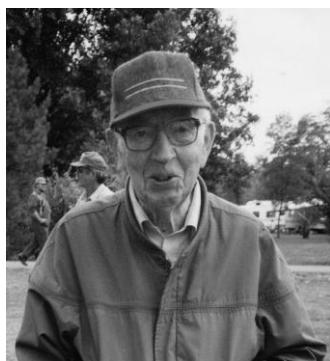
Do you remember this poem by Helen Hunt Jackson (1830-1885)? Many New Bremen school students had to memorize and recite it as part of their school work. Memorization and recitation of poetry was used to build skills in language development and public speaking. These complementary skills serve a student well throughout life and may be why the practice is becoming popular again.

Caroline Kennedy has recently published a book titled *Poems to Learn by Heart*. In it she encourages a return to the practice of memorization and recitation. When you have memorized a poem, she says, it becomes yours and remains a part of your history. Knowing the same poems knits people and even generations together.

The following are some personal examples of how we have found this to be true:

Joyce: I remember a time my Dad (**Orville Ruedebusch**) and I were shopping at Gilberg Furniture. When Dad saw a framed print of a blacksmith shop he began to recite “*Under a spreading chestnut-tree the village smithy stands; The smith, a mighty man is he, with large and sinewy hands...*” the poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) he had memorized in school more than fifty years earlier.

I also can't see the bright blue skies of October without hearing the voice of my aunt Marge Lietz reciting that poem. These memories always bring a smile.



THE TOWPATH

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THE NEW BREMEN HISTORIC ASSOCIATION

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Gen: I, too, remember my mother, **Marge Lietz**, reciting “October’s Bright Blue Weather.” And in the spring I cannot look at daffodils without hearing her recite the poem “Daffodils” by William Wordsworth (1770-1850).

“...And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.”

Another poem that she often recited was titled “One, Two, Three!” by Henry Cuyler Bunner (1855-1896). It was a sad tale about an old crippled woman and a boy with a twisted knee but portrayed a positive solution for their mutual problem. She and her sister **Dorothy Gieseke Kah** learned and recited many of the same poems like those written by Eugene Field (1850-1895) – “Little Boy Blue,” “The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat,” and “The Dinkey Bird.”



A generation later, I remember being required to memorize a sonnet in high school – John Milton’s “On His Blindness.” At our 50th year class reunion in 2011, classmate **Herb Richey** recited this sonnet from beginning to end!

Can you still recite or sing this poem written in 1909 by NBHS graduate Ernest M. Botkin?

Alma Mater

*There is a name we all hold dear,
We will love it till we die,
It is the name of our High School
The dear New Bremen High!
Then hurrah for our school,
Our dear High School,
Her honor we'll uphold
And to the end we will defend
The Crimson and the Gold!*

"THE TOWPATH" is a historical reflection of New Bremen and the surrounding area published quarterly by the New Bremen Historic Association. We welcome stories, pictures and suggestions of topics from our readers.

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(Dennis Dicke, Recorder)

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Robert & Rita Niekamp

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5/24/2013 William Schulenberg (LM)

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6/8/2013 Jim Utrecht (LM)

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7/27/2013 Lucille S. Henke

8/25/2013 Darlene "Dottie" Kohler

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Lloyd Schroer

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ITEMS RECENTLY DONATED TO MUSEUM

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6/29-8/23/2013

3 Negatives of N.B.F.D., 3 New Bremen Blankets by **Minster Historical Association**. Siding from Thompson/Lockkeeper's House by **Carl Roediger**. White Mountain Creamery flyswatter, ice pick & glass bottle by **Kitty Hunt Ziegenbusch**. Beatrice Foods record kiddie toons by **Rodney Suchland**. 2 Stern des Westlichen Ohio newspapers by **Nancy Jay**. Army uniform WWII Adrian Moeller with photo by **Lois Moeller**. Photo New Bremen classroom by **Alice Hartwig**. German reader of Henry Landwehr by **Don Applegate**. Bakhaus & Kuenzel Mill record book by **Stan Kuenning & Ron Miller**. New Bremen photos & White Mountain Creamery history by **Stan & Dona Mae Kuenning**. 2 Rabe Mfg. aprons and RKO bottler's case by **Gene Topp**. Western Ohio League Champs patch 1948-9 by **Bill McCollum**. 3 Boesel family flower vases by **Sauerland family**. New Bremen letterman jacket, Ritter Electric ashtray by **John Knost**.

ITEMS FROM THE NEW BREMEN SUN

Our local newspaper began in the days before the internet, television or even radio. It was the only source of news and entertainment and sometimes included articles from other publications such as the *Woman's Home Companion* magazine.

The Woman's Home Companion was printed from 1873 until 1957 by the Crowell Publishing Company in Springfield, Ohio. The company began with John Crowell who planned to edit *Farm and Fireside* magazine as a way to advertise farm machinery. The woman's page of this publication became so popular that a separate magazine *The Woman's Home Companion* was begun.

Each issue had installments of two serial stories and other short stories. Non-fiction areas covered cooking, child rearing, fashion and beauty. The articles on fashion and beauty were the women's guide to the style of the day.

This article "May Be Beautiful at Forty" is an example of the advice the magazine gave to American women in 1913.

MAY BE BEAUTIFUL AT FORTY

Woman's Complexion and Figure Can Be Preserved by Proper Diet and Fresh Air

Women should be specially careful to choose the right diet. For the sake of her beauty, if nothing else, a woman should choose the right amount of nutritive foods, and avoid the temptations of overeating. Coarser bread, more fruit, less meat and especially moderation, or total abstinence, in the use of tea and coffee will secure relief from the all too retarded action of the digestive organs which is the curse of so many women who lead sedentary lives. No woman who eats properly and gets plenty of fresh air and exercise will have a poor complexion nor get too fat; neither will she suffer from nerves and hysteria.

The woman who lives right, thinks right and works right may be more beautiful at forty or sixty than at twenty, and the preservation of the divine gift of beauty is a duty that no woman should neglect for her own sake and the sake of the world about her. – (*Woman's Home Companion, The New Bremen Sun, January 10, 1913*)

PRETTY GOOD TOWN

Going about and meeting people of various dispositions and under differing circumstances, one not infrequently hears expressions from aggravated hearts and minds not all complimentary to the locality where such persons have established their place of abode. Not so very long ago the writer overheard when one person was telling another one that he was almost "tired of this ---town" as there was nothing encouraging for him in sight either socially or commercially and by the way this same fellow had quit his job a week before this, thinking he could land a better snap at better pay when others were being laid off on account of lack of orders.

Such words sound unpleasant and unwelcome to the ears of one who loves his town, his community and his general place of abode, especially when it is a fact patent to all that such community and town stands on a par with many and above most other towns. New Bremen bears the reputation of being the most cleanly kept, most progressive and wide awake of all towns of its size in this part of Ohio, a fact to which nearly every stranger and every transient visitor testifies, while not a few who have made New Bremen their residence for weeks or months at a time are emphatic in their claim that no other town appeals to them as a place of residence like New Bremen.

Within the past two months this very assurance has been given by two parties each of whom spent from six to eight weeks in New Bremen before their duties called them elsewhere, and they left for other parts with manifest regrets. So cheer up, old boy, you're living in a good old town, and many who have sought their fortunes in distant parts would be glad to locate again in the old home town. (*The New Bremen Sun, June 17, 1921*)



Wint's Restaurant with Ferd Wint on Right

Winter months have their outdoor sports just as well as the warmer days of summer, but of these, turtle hunting would be the most unique. Anyways, just because it isn't done regularly doesn't keep Ferd Wint from walking along the canal every once in a while with his eyes open for turtles wallowing in the mud beneath the ice. And this morning he found one! Soon Ferd was down on all fours chopping a hole through the ice below the lock and within a few minutes Mr. Turtle was hauled out of the icy water. Ferd carried it over to his lunch room across the street and at once put it where it can do the most good – in the soup kettle. (*The New Bremen Sun, December 15, 1922*)

The New Bremen Sun was published in New Bremen from 1888 to 1961. The content of the paper is now on computer files that can be viewed at the New Bremen Library.

INTERVIEW WITH CLETUS & HILDA NIEKAMP



Cletus grew up on the Niekamp family farm near St. Sebastian, Ohio, a small unincorporated village in Mercer County not far from Chickasaw. He is the oldest boy with three brothers and three sisters. Hilda Eckstein grew up in Fort Recovery with five sisters and five brothers. Hilda, just 17 years old, was needed to help care for the family when her mother died. The family moved to Celina at that time and she was able to secure a job as a waitress.



Clete and Shep, the Family Dog

Hilda and Clete met at the Kemper's Grove dance hall in Minster in 1945. The couple married on Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1947. They began their married life on the Lock Two Road farm that is still their home today. Hilda and Cletus are the parents of eight children - Robert (Rita), Barbara (Meiring), Donna (Jim Pape), Lois (Tim McKibans), Susan (Jeff McCollum), David, Joe (Caryn) and Rick (Sue). All of their children are graduates of New Bremen Schools.

They are saddened by the deaths of two of their children, Barbara and David. Their family now includes 20 grandchildren and 25 great-grandchildren.



Their Wedding Day

The Niekamp children feel blessed to have their parent's strong influence in their lives. They believe Clete and Hilda have been good role models for them. Each day they learn from their parents how to work hard, love and help others. They recall a time when a neighbor's barn blew down and their dad moved the herd of dairy cows to his farm to help his friend and neighbor. At another time their dad was able to provide lifesaving measures for a neighbor who suffered a farm accident.

Now 66 years after they began their life together, the Niekamps are proud of their family and their farm. Each often says, "I've had a good life." The farm was recently sold to Granddaughter Amy and husband Bob Heitkamp.



Their Home on the Lock Two Road

Clete, a farmer all his life, still likes to keep busy. He enjoys mowing the lawn. In his younger days, he farmed and worked at the New Bremen Rubber Factory, dipping rubber gloves and baby toys. He also spent many years as a plasterer.



Ready for a Day's Work in 1985 with Mellie

Hilda stayed home with the children until her youngest boys were in high school. At that time she saw an ad in the paper for help at The Hotel in New Bremen. She was pleased to get the job at the restaurant and worked with Alice and Duane Hartwig for eight years. These days she loves to make quilts. She says as she works on a quilt that "each stitch is a prayer."



Hilda Making a Quilt

Both Clete and Hilda have a deep faith and love for their family and others in the community. They are charter members of the Holy Redeemer Church in New Bremen.

Early Niekamp Family History

Frederick and Anna Catherine Niekamp, the great grandparents of Cletus, were also charter members of a parish. They helped build the first two churches in St. Sebastian Parish in Mercer County, the first in 1852/1853 and the second in 1878 on land donated by Anna Catherine's parents.

Cletus' great grandfather, Johan Gerd Frederick Niekamp was born in Essen, Germany in 1811. In 1833 at the age of 22 years he came to America. He went first to Cincinnati and then to Tippecanoe (Tipp City). There he married Catherine Niehauss. They and their three sons moved to Mercer County in 1848 and purchased two parcels of land or 120 acres in Marion Township, Section 10. He built first a log house with a loft which he replaced in 1872 with a large two story brick house. A daughter was born in 1849. His wife Catherine died in 1852.

In 1853 Frederick married Anna Catherine Stammen, whose family lived nearby. Frederick and Anna Catherine had ten children. Gerhard, their third child was Cletus' grandfather. Gerhard married Elizabeth Mestamaker and had five children. Their youngest son Bernard married Matilda Schmitmeyer and they had seven children. Cletus was their second child.

We enjoyed our visit with Clete and Hilda and their gift of hospitality as they shared their stories and pictures.



OUR DAD A NEW BREMEN BUILDER

Arnold A. Luedeke was not born in New Bremen but chose the town as his home and place of business. He was born in Shelby County in 1911 one of the eight children of Julius and Amanda Blumhorst Luedeke. The family moved often in his early years and Arnold always said, "Wherever I hang my hat is home." He continued to move when he joined the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) during the Depression and was sent to California to plant trees.

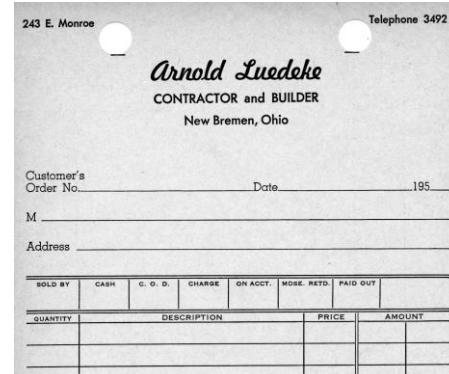
Upon his return to Ohio he worked for the Anna Oil Company. He met New Bremen native Norma Heinfeld at the Lock Two Dance Hall. They married in 1934 and lived on Main Street with Norma's mother Rosina (Dickman) Heinfeld. They bought a house on East Monroe Street in 1942 where their daughter Dru lives today.



Arnold & Norma Luedeke's Wedding Picture

Norma and Arnold are the parents of 4 children: Don lives in New Bremen, Janice This is deceased, Dru Meyer lives in New Bremen and Richard is in Ft. Wayne.

During WWII, Arnold worked at Minster Machine but as soon as the war ended he was determined to start his own construction business in New Bremen. The post war building boom was beginning and he got his first job building a spec house on land owned by the Broom Factory.



All houses were custom built on site. The plans and framing materials came from his friend Richard Ahrns at Minster Lumber. The sub-contractors were also friends known for their good work: Don Fark Electrical, Block Plumbing, Wissman Heating, George Fark Masonry and Hoffman Painting among others. With this good working relationship Arnold was responsible for the construction of more than 20 homes in New Bremen.



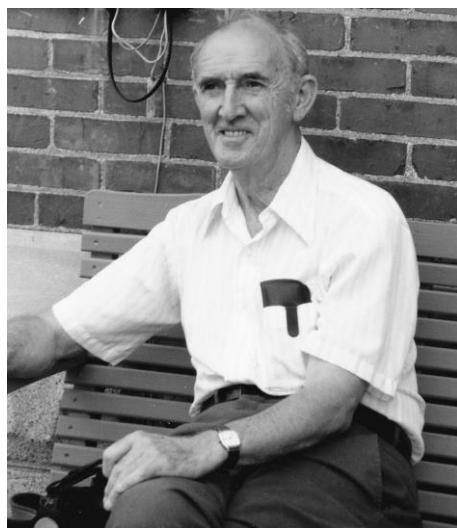
At a Job Site

His business grew to include commercial buildings and some of those were Sander's Tasty Freeze, Mueller's Menswear and Dr. Ziegenbusch's office. Remodeling homes, businesses and St. Peter Church was another service to the community. Arnold took pride in doing quality work and showed this pride with his signature. His son Don remembers, "Dad put his signature somewhere on all his projects."



At His Desk on the Porch

Although he had a successful business, Arnold's office was just a desk on his front porch and he always worked along with his crew. The first person he hired to help was Alvin Dammeyer. Dru Luedeke Meyer said, "Paul Lietz, known to us as *Pickle*, was Dad's right-hand man. Over the years others that worked on the crew included Fred Masonbrink, Curtis Schroer, Leon Jung, Charlie Voskuhl, Clarence Schroer and Arnold's son Don.



Paul Lietz



Fred Masonbrink



Charlie Voskuhl

Arnold was forced to close his business in 1965 due to health problems. During his life he built many structures but also built a group of family and friends who appreciate all he accomplished. This article was written from the memories of his children.



Arnold A. Luedeke 1911-1971

If you have more memories to share about Arnold, we would be happy to hear from you.

Civil War Time Line for the 37th Ohio Volunteer Infantry (OVI)

This year marks the 150th anniversary of two important Civil War battles, Gettysburg and Vicksburg. These two defeats for the Confederacy are often noted as the turning point in the war. Although New Bremen's boys in blue did not participate in the battle of Gettysburg, they were a part of the Vicksburg Campaign.

From *Dyers Compendium* comes this information about their operations in 1863. Early in the year the 37th OVI moved south to Vicksburg. This port city was the stronghold from which the Confederacy controlled the Mississippi River. The Vicksburg campaign began with two attacks on the city by Union forces. The men of the 37th OVI were part of these battles on May 19th and May 22nd. These attacks were repulsed with heavy losses on both sides. On May 25th the Union forces began a siege of the city that lasted until the Confederate forces surrendered on July 4th. In the Vicksburg Military Park there is a monument to the 37th OVI along with May 19th and May 22nd assault markers.

While serving their nation in the Vicksburg campaign these New Bremen area men were killed or wounded. On May 19th, Charles Koch and Jacob Bambauer were killed and Henry Schaefer was wounded. During the May 22nd battle, Fritz Bermeier and William Dicke were killed. John Blasé and August Boetcher/Boettger were wounded. During the siege, William Grube was killed. William Hoewischer, George Knost and Jacob May were wounded.

After Vicksburg fell, the 37th OVI moved to Jackson to be a part of the expedition to clear Confederate forces from the state capital. They were then in camp in Mississippi until late September at which time they moved to Memphis, Tennessee. The men were ordered into the campaign for Chattanooga in October and fought in the battle of Mission Ridge on November 25th. During the battle of Mission Ridge, Henry Sindmacher was killed and William Luedeke, Dietrich Schroeder and Joseph Tangeman were wounded. The 37th OVI marched on to Knoxville, Tennessee in December.

(Editor's Note: The names of the killed and wounded were compiled from an article published in the July, 2000 issue of The Towpath. We feel it is important to take time, 150 years later, to remember our history and the sacrifices made by the veterans.)

Excerpts from a Speech given by William Schulenberg at the 9th Reunion of the 37th O.V.V.I. on September 10, 1889

Comrades and fellow Citizens,

In taking up with the narrative of personal recollections of the War, beginning with the Battle of Missionary Ridge, at which point Comrade Konutz, who preceded me, concluded, I beg leave to go over a small portion of the same ground already taken up by Comrade Konutz, for the reason that the most active part that I took in the attack on Missionary Ridge began with the crossing the River the night previous to the attack which has already been explained.

To effect the crossing, it became necessary to make a detail of men from the different regiments of the 15th C. who in the opinion of the Officers had some experience in boating for the purpose of rowing the pontoons with the troops across. The detail for this purpose of Co. C of our regiment consisted of myself and Comrades Christian and Fred Roettger. The pontoons were taken on wagons to the little Chickamauga River, hidden from the view of the enemy across the River under the command of Major Hipp as already explained.

The undertaking was a daring one with many dangers and to many it appeared preposterous and foolish that it should be undertaken at all, for they could not believe that it was possible for us to cross the river unobserved by the rebels and that any of the occupants of the boats would ever step upon the rebel shore alive except as a prisoner. But it proved that they were mistaken and that those who undertook it had the capability to successfully carry it out.

Everything being in readiness, we embarked upon the pontoons and for two nights kept our positions in them awaiting orders to move, which we did on the third night with Major Hipp in the lead and we following with the 55th Ills. and other regiments on board.

Rowing down to the mouth of the little Chickamauga we entered the Tennessee and crossed about five miles below under cover of the night with the result already described by Comrade Konutz up to the time of his being wounded and brought out.

The battle continued in all its fury and the heavy cannonading soon set the leaves on the ground afire and burning some of the unfortunate Comrades who were wounded and unable to escape the terrible doom that stared them in the face. When the fight had somewhat subsided from exhaustion of both armies, we began to

look around after the missing ones of our Company and found quite a number unaccounted for which we naturally supposed were wounded and lying near the rebel works among the burning leaves, my brother being among the missing ones. With Comrade Herbst and Meyer, after disarming, at the suggestion of Major Hipp, we cautiously advanced forward the rebel works using the standing timber as much as possible for protection---and here let it be said to the credit of the rebels that even in this hour of excitement, they remembered that we were on a mission of humanity, for as soon as they observed that we were unarmed and the work in which we were engaged, one of the rebel officers called to us and invited us to advance promising us that no harm should befall us as long as we came unarmed and for the purpose of removing our wounded comrades, and passed the orders along the line of his men in our front not to fire upon any who were thus engaged.

We took the officer at his word and advanced unmolested and brought out all we could find. In the meantime our missing Comrades were attending to the wounded whom they had carried to a place of safety in a deep ravine below the ridge out of reach of rebel bullets.

The fight continued and finally the enemy under the cover of the night retreated and left us masters of the field. And then only did I learn the extent of the damage done which far exceeded my estimate and probably never would have known what horrors and sufferings resulted from the Battle of Missionary Ridge had it not been for a circumstance with which I became connected the next morning after the escape of the rebels.

When orders were given to pursue them at once, I was requested by Major Hipp to proceed to a certain place designated by him to look for his spy glass which he had left hanging on a fence near the battlefield the day before. I proceeded on my errand and approached an open field which presented to my view a scene in which the horrors of war were depicted in all its details and one that I have oftener recalled to my mind than anything to which I was an eyewitness during the whole war.

There was spread out before me several acres covered with dead and dying soldiers who had been gathered from the battlefield by a large force of men detailed for that purpose. A number were engaged in digging long and deep trenches in each of which some 40 or 50 were laid to rest. Others were preparing them for burial and tying cards to them for future reference on which their names, company, and regiment were written if known. Among them were a number yet alive who had been left upon the field for dead or had for the time being been abandoned by the field physicians as hopeless cases, to die upon the

field, as they were overworked in attending to those who, in their opinion, had any show for life.

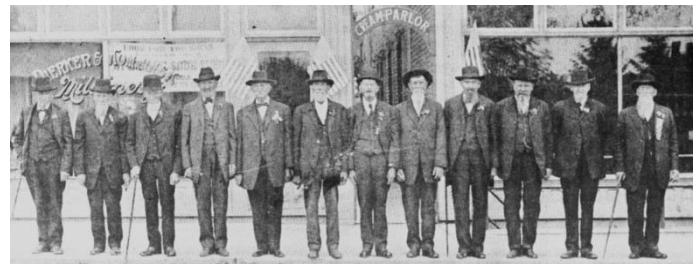
These poor Comrades were lying prone upon their backs, some merely breathing and unconscious of their fate while others in their agony would at times roll over upon each other and bring forth heartrending groans and prayers for death to relieve them.

I departed from the scene. I found the spy glass and returned to the Regiment and a little later we were on the march in pursuit of the enemy with three days ration but for want of sufficient supply we drew only a half ration of crackers and coffee. It was also recommended to reduce the weight of our knapsacks as much as possible and in consequence many of us carried nothing but a rubber and woolen blanket besides what we wore, which we afterwards regretted. For before we returned, to where we could get supplies, we were nearer naked than clothed, nor were we accompanied by a provision train as there was neither train or provisions at the time of our starting to carry along and we had to subsist upon what the country afforded and what little the enemy in their flight had been unable to carry off or destroy...

(From transcript by Janet Fledderjohn of original handwritten speech.)



William Schulenberg (1838-1928)



Civil War Veterans in 1912—From left: Fred Tellman, Herman A. Moeller, Unknown, Henry Schaefer, William Tschudin, John William Waterman, Fred Roettger, Ben Schulenberg, William Vornholt, Frederick Dickman, Fred Behm, William Schulenberg

A Snowy Day in January

By

**Pat Gels D'Alessio &
JoAnne Berning Meckstroth**

Teenage life in the small town of New Bremen, Ohio was, while wonderful in so many ways, often boring and routine. Unless you were fortunate to have friends that were ornery enough and bold enough to test the limits of normal convention.

After reading a recent article written so wonderfully by Bob Gilberg, the two of us decided that sharing some of the escapades that peppered our teenage years wouldn't hurt. We assumed that most of the adults whose gray hairs we more than likely contributed to, had already passed, so no more damage could be done!

During our school years, we were best friends. And like many best friends we were inseparable, unless we were grounded... unfairly of course. While the two of us always had nothing but the best intentions, we were



appropriately known as "those two girls." Without discussing us and our shenanigans, the teacher's lounge may have been pretty dull!

With overly creative minds and an adventurous spirit, our greatest pleasure was figuring out how to live outside the box of status quo - which usually meant we were headed for trouble.

On a snowy Monday in January, I (JoAnne) stopped by to pick up Pat for school. Still in her pajamas, Pat greeted me at the door with a grin as wide as the Cheshire cat straight out of the book *Alice in Wonderland*. That, along with the "double dare you" look in her eye told me that yet again we weren't going to be in the running for "Most Responsible" in the NBHS yearbook. Pat had decided that with over a foot of snow on the ground and her parents already gone to work, this morning was turning into the perfect time to take the day off. Do they still call it "playing hooky?"

For the next hour we rocked, grooved and moved our hips to Elvis Presley's latest vinyl records "Don't Be Cruel" and "All Shook Up." Exhausted from dancing, we crashed on the floor for a "true confessions" moment about boys and other important things... like more boys!

It seemed like a perfect, dreamy morning when suddenly we heard the creak of the back porch door opening. Oh no ... It was only 10:00 in the morning and Elmer (Pat's dad) had chosen this very day to come home to work on his IRS taxes. As a representative for the White Mountain creamery, Elmer spent most of his time visiting the farmers in the area. But this fateful day, he had decided to come home and do paper work rather than fight the icy, slick farm roads.

As Pat jumped into her bed, Jo slithered under it like a snake. While Pat, with great drama and flare, faked a cough and blew her non-runny nose, Jo fought off a gigantic sneeze as dust bunnies floated in the air near her found their way into her nostrils.

With true parental concern, Elmer heads to the bathroom medicine cabinet looking for some Smith Brothers cough drops (remember the two old men with long beards) for his sickly daughter. While he is out of the room, Jo takes this chance to make a break from the dusty space under the bed! While Pat stands as the "look out," Jo, barefoot and scared, scurried down the hallway to the frigid, tiny wood closet in the basement. In hindsight this hiding space may have been overkill, as chances are Elmer would never go that far downstairs, but what was done, was done. And for the next two hours Jo shared this unheated space with a winter's supply of firewood and a cold, metal trunk with a non-collapsible handle right in the middle. It was a painful and unforgettable dilemma as Jo sat in silence afraid to move. She wished she was sitting in her dreaded math class with Miss Burk, the infamous math guru of NBHS. Miss Burk was a tiny but mighty woman, demanding respect from all her students. Even the most challenging and gregarious were moved to silence in her classroom.

A fun, carefree day had just turned sour for the "those two girls," which, upon reflection, many of them seemed to. Pat, however, is snuggled in her warm, cozy bed and Elmer, with rolled up sleeves, has spread a year's worth of records on the kitchen table. He was settled in for the day.

The halls of NBHS had been buzzing with gossip all morning; they knew if Jo and Pat were absent together they were up to NO GOOD! Stories conjured up in their minds as our names, being read for the morning roll call, filled the room with silence. It didn't take long for the whole school to learn about the lack of our presence. Some laughed and thought it was a great antic, some feared for the meting out of punishment that was sure to come.

Since playing hooky had lost its excitement, the

goal now was to sneak Jo out of the basement unnoticed. We could then walk the three blocks to school for the afternoon sessions. During lunch, however, New Bremen's version of Hollywood's James Dean set out to find us. Ray Meckstroth, a proud member of the New Bremen Road Rebels, whose motto was to help people in distress, hopped into his 51 Chevy and rumbled down the road in search. He already had his eye on Jo - had even switched the right column gear shift to the left side so he could put his arm around his "main squeeze" and still shift gears. His loud, popping Smitty mufflers announced his pending arrival at least a block away, giving enough time for Pat to run outside and flag him down. The getaway car had arrived. On cue, Jo sneaks out the back door, runs through the snow and hunkers down in the back seat of the getaway car while Pat, with books in hand, turns and waves good-bye to her father.

Feeling over-confident, we swagger up the high school steps, having managed to not only elude Pat's father, but had also hitched a ride with an upper classman. Little did we know we would be "facing the music" soon.



Mr. Houshower, the school superintendent, wasn't a famous recording artist like Elvis and the girls weren't swooning and selling their favorite sweater to purchase a ticket to one of his concerts in Dayton. But his "music" had as great an impact on our lives. Mr. Houshower, though fair and firm, put the fear of God in the majority of students, us included. In his crisp dark gray suit with head arched upward and his eagle eyes glaring down the hall, he demanded and got our respect.

It didn't take long for the school's PA system to crackle out the message, "Would JoAnne Berning and Patricia Gels please come to the office," announcing to everyone ... Busted!

One long stare from Mr. Houshower's penetrating eyes, affirmed to us we were in deep trouble and it was not a time to lie. Truth still has its consequences and meting out fair punishment in the 50's was always expected from authority figures. After contact with our parents, further punishment ensued. Jo's father, Herbert, restricted her from all extra-curricular activities for one week. This meant she would not be able to attend the most talked about, the most electrifying basketball game of the year, one played on home court with our biggest rival – Minster. It was a miserable night in the life of a cheerleader forced to sit at home.

Pat's sentence was even greater. While Elmer was silently delighted at his daughter's cleverness to "pull a fast one" on him, her mother was furious. Katherine, a 35 year veteran teacher at this time, taught in St. Henry High School. There, she was nicknamed "Hawkeye" because of her thick coke bottle glasses and yet "saw all." She parented like she taught - very strict and stern. Pat's father would often times shield his only child from her loving mother's punishment. This time however, it didn't work.

When Katharine pulled into the driveway that fateful night, Mr. Houshower pulled right in behind her. Pat watched through the window with dread as she read the body language. Not only was she grounded for a month, Katharine marched into the school the next morning with Pat's uniform on one arm and Pat on the other, removing her from the cheering squad. That hurt more than any beating she could have received. New Bremen lost a great cheerleader that day.

Words of pity rippled through the classrooms at the severity of our punishment. One of the teachers even called our parents to petition mercy. It didn't work. JoAnne and Pat still missed the most exciting basketball game of the year and Pat hung her uniform up for the rest of the school year. You would think we would have learned our lesson, but we were "those two girls" with another escapade lurking around the corner!

Only after graduation (1959), when JoAnne married Ray, went off to her Air Force life and Pat went to Ohio University and then to Florida as an educator, did our friendship lose some of its strength. During our 35th year class reunion, our relationship was reignited and since that time we have cruised the high seas together, fished the Alaskan waters and played a few rounds of golf in Florida. Playing golf with Pat, a woman who has three "hole in one" awards to her fame, makes me (JoAnne) feel like an under-skilled croquet player.

Today, our eyes are slightly dimmer and we have a few more wrinkles and pleats in our body, but the pleasurable memories of growing up in the small town of New Bremen remain strong. We hope our story stirred in you some good memories of your own.



REUNION OF THE NBHS CLASS OF 1963



50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, CLASS OF '63, NEW BREMEN HIGH SCHOOL, AUGUST 10, 2013
 Top Row: Nancy Brockman Conradi, Barbara Wehmeyer Moeller, Linda Rempe McDermitt
 Suzanne Luedke Broyles, Diann Heitkamp Bornhorst, Niles Harris, Harold Suoland, Lavern Wente
 Middle Row: Carole Warner Eversman Laveen, Barbara Berning Freewalt, Sarah Shaffer Belton,
 Julia Grothaus Zebe, Kathy Topp, Barbara Mousa Gebert, Danny Shroyer, Larry Heil
 Front Row: Max Fledderjohann, Frank Richey, Jim Dicke II, Nick Grilliot, Roger Bornhorst, Bill Dicke

The New Bremen High School Class of 1963 celebrated its 50th anniversary during Bremenfest weekend. On Friday evening they had drinks and snacks at the home of Kermit and Barb Freewalt. On Saturday the group enjoyed tours of the New Bremen Historic Association Museum, Bicycle Museum of America and the New Bremen High School and concluded with cocktails and dinner at the Crown Farm. A booklet was prepared to update member's histories over the past 50 years and shared class pictures. (Picture and information submitted by Kathy Topp. Thanks, Kathy.)



1st Grade 1951-1952

Top Row: Tom Kuennen, Niles Harris, Suzanne Luedke, Patricia Dicke, Lee Kuck, Wayne Fischbach, Jim Fark, David Topp, Mrs. Dorothy Harlamert

Middle Row: Robert Rempe, Larry Poppe, Larry Heil, Danny Shroyer, Tom Becker, Nick Grilliot, David Tangeman, Bernard Lampert, Jim Dicke II, Frank Richey, Kathleen Luedke, Gary Weiss

Front Row: Sarah Shaffer, Gene Moeller, Carole Warner, Robert Slife, Nancy Luedke, Barbara Berning, Roger Henschen, Mary Ann Moeller, Julia Grothaus, Fred Gossette, Max Fledderjohann

Class of 1963



MR. SCHACHT - 8th GRADE

1958-59

1st Row (Top): Ed Dicke, Suzanne Luedke, Patricia Dicke, Alberta Bambauer, Barbara Wehmeyer, Harold Suoland, Lavern Wente, Lee Kuck

2nd Row: Robert Meiring, Barbara Mousa, Jim Fark, Larry Heil, Jim Dicke II, David Tangeman, Roger Bornhorst, Niles Harris

3rd Row: Shirley Kyburz, Carole Warner, Julia Grothaus, Linda Rempe, Kathleen Topp, Mart Ann Moeller, Diann Heitkamp, Nancy Brockman

4th Row: Michael Ahlers, Bernard Lampert, Nick Grilliot, Nancy Luedke, Fred Gossette, Larry Poppe, Danny Shroyer, Jane Voress

5th Row: Gene Moeller, Robert Rempe, Max Fledderjohann, Bill Dicke, Barbara Berning, Sarah Shaffer, Frank Richey

REUNION OF THE NBHS CLASS OF 1983



Front Row: Angie Topp, Kathy Schwartz, Laura Anderson, Deb Kramer, Susie Rindler, Brenda Siefring, Joan Schwartz, Greg Ahlers, Russ Wiedeman, Tim Hemmelgarn

Back Row: Paul Stammen, Greg Topp, Kelly Houseworth, Ted Hoying, Kevin Fark, David Kramer, Kendra Sindelar, Brad Waterman

The NBHS Class of 1983 also held a reunion during the Bremenfest weekend. They enjoyed an evening together at the Speedway Lanes in New Bremen. (Photo submitted by Joan Schwartz. Thanks, Joan.)

History Mystery Page

Thank you, everyone, for your phone calls, e-mails and letters! Are you ready for the new challenge? Remember to write, call or e-mail your answers...

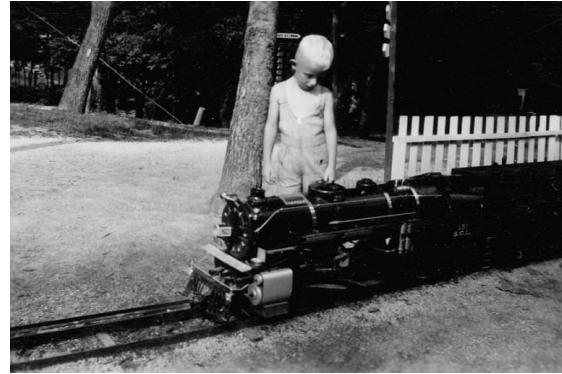
All pictures on this page are from 1947 to 1950.



Who is this young man standing on the corner of Washington & Monroe Streets?



Can you name this photographer?



This young man was and is still interested in trains. What is his name?



Do you remember this event that happened on the corner of Herman and Pearl Streets? Who lived in this house in July 1948?



What New Bremen business suffered a fire in November 1947 and where was it located?

History Mystery Answers for the July 2013 Issue



Enclosed is a photo from about 1953 of the first New Bremen Kindergarten class. My mother, Doris Kuenning, felt we needed a Kindergarten in New Bremen and so without all the certificates and permits that would probably be required today, she put together what I remember, as a five year old, as a wonderful Kindergarten program. Even though I left New Bremen when I was six years old because my dad, Tom Kuenning, decided that he wanted to return to flying in the Air Force. I do remember the names of some of the people in the picture. I'm not totally sure of some of these, however. I really enjoy the Towpath. It's a wonderful link to my past, my roots and a life I remember fondly. **Nancy Kuenning Wetzler**

Carolyn Weinburg Stucky identified the Kindergarten students. **Bottom Row:** Jon Belton, Bradley Klose, Randy Schafer, Jane Belton **Row 2:** David Wint, Jimmy Price, Johnny Kuenning, Bill Bailey **Row 3:** Michael Neuss, Nancy Kuenning, Lynn Harris, Joyce Isenberger, Bobby Cashdollar **Row 4:** Larry Busse, Kathy Steineman, Carolyn Weinberg, Tommy Cooper



We are still hopeful that someone might identify these young ladies. Picture submitted by Della Williams Conradi. Della found this tintype photo in the attic of her home on N. Main Street.



STAMCO Girls Softball Team 1948-1949

(Photo submitted by Stan Kuenning.)

Standing: Don Coble, Stan Kuenning, Janet Fledderjohn, Bernice Wiehe Wittenbrink, Louise Moeller Hay, Audry Lampert McCollum, Julette Nerderman, ? Egbert, Willis Wittenbrink, Larry Landwehr

Kneeling: Mary Ann Brady Heil, Cleora Fark Forwerck, JoAnn Lampert Shell, Dona Mae Speckman Kuenning

Sitting: Sue McCollum Shockney, Barb Harmony Moore, Alberta Ahlers Loffer, Vernita Dammeyer Moeller

Linda (Coble) Jones recognized her Dad in the picture as well as many of the other people: Stan and Dona Mae Kuenning, Janet Fledderjohn, Larry Landwehr, Vernita Moeller, Bert Ahlers.



Potato Planter submitted by Susie Hirschfeld



Waste basket from Union (Central) School submitted by Tom Fledderjohann

Comments From Memory Corner



Karl Mesloh writes: The horse's name was "June." I didn't grow up in New Bremen but our family visited the Mesloh Family Farm each summer. In 1939 while visiting, I caught sight of the Meadow Gold Milk Wagon coming down Quellhorst Road and I raced to the corner of Quellhorst and Lock Two Road catching the milk wagon just as it stopped before proceeding across Lock Two Road. I asked the driver if I could ride in the wagon to the Mesloh house where I was visiting my Aunts Dora, Louise and Emma and Uncle (Harvey Henning) and he answered, "Sure, why not, and I'll even let you drive there." Wow, I was only 10 years old and got to drive the milk wagon! So off we went. While driving down Quellhorst Road (now New Bremen-New Knoxville Road), I asked the driver, "What is the horse's name?" He answered, "It is June." I thought that I could hardly wait to tell that cute young classmate who sat in front of me at the Rose Hill Grade School (Belleaire, Ohio) whose name was also June that there is a beautiful white horse in New Bremen with the same name. I was fascinated that a beautiful horse and cute classmate had the same name---but she wasn't fascinated to have the same name as a horse! I still have a very fond memory of that horse and of my drive to the house where I delivered the milk that day.

Don Luedke & Dru (Luedke) Meyer both recognized Henry Westerheide. Don remembers that the horse was named "June." Don also remembers that if Henry took too long at one stop, June would pull the wagon on to the next stop without him.

Ron Hittepole writes: "I remember Henry Westerheide delivering Meadow Gold milk, etc. to the Arcade Grocery Department, about 1950, when I worked there before and after school. His horse was named "June." Henry was delightful, fun-loving gentleman, who loved people. Every Christmas, Henry would give me a quart of egg-nog."

Carole (Warner) Laveen says, "The horse's name was Dolly. In the late 1940s my Dad would take me to see Henry and Dolly when they were in our neighborhood delivering milk. In 1950 my Dad took a trip to Cleveland and brought me a toy horse and wagon and told me that the horse's name was Dolly, just like Henry's horse. Henry switched to a truck sometime in the 1950s and he would always give me a juice or milk when he saw me cutting grass. I remember that his truck would creep by itself down the street so that he could just step on and off without stopping and starting. I guess he was used to doing that with Dolly."

Steve Schroer also remembers Henry Westerheide and Dolly. Henry allowed him to drive the horse back to the barn which was near his home.

Edith (Blanke) Wissman remembered that the horse in the picture was named Dolly. She also remembered that her Uncle Herman Blanke had the milk route before Henry Westerheide. Herman retired in 1946 after being the milk distributor for over 40 years.

Max Fledderjohann told us that during 7th & 8th grade (1957-8) he worked for Henry Westerheide. Max's job was to take the milk from Henry's truck to the customer's doorway. He said that Henry was a very kind and pleasant person and that he enjoyed working for him. He remembers that Henry had a large book in the truck that he used to record the items delivered to customers.

Other Comments from Our Readers

I would like to thank Aurelia Hirschfeld for sharing her story about Kuck Oil Company! I thoroughly enjoyed reading about the history of the company. I appreciated her hard work in assembling the article. Sincerely, **Karen Kuck** (Sky's granddaughter)

Linda (Coble) Jones says that when *The Towpath* arrives in the mail, she grabs a cup of coffee and sits down to read it and enjoy the stories and memories. She said her husband who grew up in New Knoxville also enjoys it. She remembers that her mother gave her strict instructions to not go near that pond in the Ekermeyer backyard. Linda said the pond area reminded her of a "secret garden."

Emily Grothaus Reisner writes: ...was pleased to see the information on Fr. Tebbe and my mother's graduation program. I also played Christian Sinding's "Rustling of Spring" when I was in high school

I met Fr. Tebbe as my family hosted the class of 1919's 50th reunion in 1969. He also gave one of his paintings to my sister in honor of being the top girl in the state in the Ohio Scholarship test.

You might be interested to know that my father was one of the teachers of the class of 1919. Somewhere we have my mother's report cards and one of them is signed by my father in place of the superintendent.

New Bremen Historic Association
P.O. Box 73

New Bremen, Ohio 45869-0073



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Check your address label

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LM D-11 - Means you are a Lifetime Member and made a Donation in 2011

CM P-76 - Means you are a Charter Member and Paid in 1976

CM D-11 - Means you are a Charter Member and made a Donation in 2011

If you pay your dues each year, it is now time to pay your 2014 membership dues. Payment is required by January of each year to assure uninterrupted delivery of *The Towpath*. The annual membership is \$25.00 and includes your spouse /significant other. Please renew your membership and consider a donation to the NBHA.

Send your dues and donations to The New Bremen Historic Association, P.O. Box 73, New Bremen, Ohio 45869-0073.

UPCOMING EVENTS 2013-2014

If you wish to visit the Museum in the fall or winter, call any Board member for an appointment. Please plan to visit and bring your family and friends. We have lots of interesting things for you to see.

SEPTEMBER 27 & 28, 2013....Visit our booth at Pumpkinfest

DECEMBER 1, 2013.....Christmas Tree Festival begins at the Lockkeeper's House

March 17, 2014.....Annual Dinner Meeting. Mark your calendar.