

***German-Bohemian  
Heritage Society  
Newsletter***

The  
Heimatbride

Vol XII No. 1 March 2001

**Celebrating the GBHS' 16th Year**

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**Coming Events**

March 10, 2001  
Board of Directors Meeting  
GBHS Research Center 9 a.m.

May 5, 2001  
GBHS Spring Member Meeting  
New Ulm Public Library  
Lower Level, 9 a.m.

May 5, 2001  
GBHS Research Center Open  
1:30 - 4:00 p.m.

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The GBHS "Heimatbrief" newsletter is published four times per year in March, June, September, December. Deadlines for articles are posted in each newsletter. Membership dues are \$15.00 per year for a family membership in the continental U.S., \$15.00 outside the U.S. Family membership includes those living in the same household.

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We encourage contributions to the "Heimatbrief" in the form of articles, letters, notices, or free queries. Advertising is not accepted. Preferred formats for articles are Mac or PC word processing files with disc and hard copy, email, or typed pages. Short letters or queries may be neatly handwritten. The editor reserves the right to edit contributions for length, substance, and grammar. The German-Bohemian Heritage Society is not responsible for accuracy, errors, or omissions in articles submitted by others. Send contributions to Louis Lindmeyer, GBHS, P.O. Box 822, New Ulm, MN, 56073-0822. Or email to [lal@mnic.net](mailto:lal@mnic.net).

This newsletter was created using a Macintosh G3 computer with Claris Works 5.0 word processing software.

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# The Priest from St. Michael's

By Bob Liebl, September 2000

In the early spring of 1918, Germany was losing the war. My great-grandpa Johann Nepomuk Liebl was proud of the fact that he had served in the 35th Infantry Regiment of the Austrian Army in the 1860s. This was the regiment made up of men from the Heiligenkruetz and Weissensulz area of Bohemia. He carried only a few things in his pockets. One of them was his discharge papers, which he had in his wallet. He had mixed emotions about the war and knew that there were relatives and friends back in Bohemia whose sons were dying in the conflict.

He was a proud man and had been the blacksmith in the towns of Scholau, Weissensulz and Heiligenkruetz in Bohemia before he came to Milwaukee in 1902. He was also the head of the make shift fire department in that area. Standing over six feet tall, he had snow-white hair and piercing gray eyes. A Deutsch-Böhmer through and through. My dad told me he stood straight as an arrow until his death at nearly eighty years old. Dad remembered that "He had hands on him like hams".

Johann was a widower. His wife, my great-grandma, was Katherine Urban Liebl. She died in 1910. In the time after her death, Johann lived for a short while with each of his children, moving from one to the other. His children were Mary Hahnel, Anna Hundertmark, my grandpa Franz and the youngest sister Theresa Praessel. They all lived close to each other on Milwaukee's near north side.

On one Sunday afternoon, it was particularly warm. Johann was walking home to my grandpa's house. They lived on 23rd Street and Cherry, near St. Michael's Church. Johann had spent the afternoon at his daughter Theresa's house. After he came into the house he told my grandpa that he didn't feel well and that he was going to lie down.

At the time, like today, people enjoyed a beer on a Sunday afternoon. Grandpa was definitely no exception. In those days the man of the house would send the son to the corner saloon for a pail of beer. A pail held about a quart of beer. My dad, Joe, and my uncle, Frank, had just gotten grandpa a pail.

Grandma Liebl checked in on Johann and thought that he really did not look well at all and sent my dad for the doctor. Dad was about ten years old at the time and Uncle Frank about twelve. After the doctor came it was decided that they had better send for the priest. Johann asked for

the young priest, Fr. Muench. They sent my Uncle Frank. At this time, Fr. Muench had been assigned to the University of Wisconsin Chapel at Madison, but it so happened that he was at St. Michael's that day.

Years earlier my grandma and grandpa had lived on Booth Place (today's 10th Place). Just behind their house lived the Muench family on 10th Street. They were German-Bohemians. Their son Aloisius, had been the neighborhood paperboy for the local German paper, Herold. After grade school and high school he attended St. Francis Seminary in Milwaukee through great hardship to his family and he became a priest. Grandpa always liked "Ally". He was a good boy and could speak the dialect. Johann liked Fr. Muench for that same reason.

Fr. Muench came right away and caught my grandpa a little off guard. As Fr. Muench came into the house, grandpa took his foot and tried to push the pail of beer under the chair. Fr. Muench said, "That's all right. I enjoy a beer now and then too".

After Fr. Muench had talked to great-grandpa and decided to give him the Last Rites, he came into the living room and talked to my grandpa for a short time. They talked about great-grandpa the way priests do in a situation like that and when Fr. Muench was a paper boy and of course, how life changes. As Fr. Muench stepped to the door he turned and said "If you don't mind, I'd like a drink of that beer".

The two had a beer together and he left, grandpa said to my dad and uncle "You remember him! That man will be a Cardinal some day, if not Pope".

Little did he know he was right and he would be more than a Cardinal. Johann died on April 18, 1918. Seven months before the end of the war. Dad always said, "At least he didn't see Germany lose the war."

Ironically, Johann came from Heiligenkruetz (Holy Cross), Bohemia and was buried at Holy Cross Cemetery in Milwaukee, where many of the German-Bohemian immigrants are buried. My dad often told me that story and he remembered what his dad said about Father Muench until he died.

## St. Michael's Priest to International Diplomat

Condensed from the book, American Nuncio - Cardinal Aloisius Muench, by Colman J. Barry O.S.B., St. John University Press 1969 Library of Congress Catalog Number 71-83090.

While much of the text has been extracted directly from the book, I cannot cite every page and paragraph. In the

interest of clarity I reorganized and edited some the material without changing the original meaning. The book is over 275 pages and contains many details about the life and service of Muench that could not be included here.

Joseph Muench was born in the village of Sankt Katerina, Neuern in the Böhmerwald. The Muench family farmed in the area for generations. Joseph met Theresa Kraus in Milwaukee and the two were married in 1888 at St. Mary's Catholic Church (now Old St. Mary's) where they had met. The newly weds rented a house on the west side of the Milwaukee River in St. John de Nepomoc parish.

On February 18, 1889 their first child Aloisius Joseph Muench was born. They eventually had seven more children. At this time in Milwaukee, the German population was booming. Several parishes sprang up on the north side that were primarily German. St. Boniface was one of many. The family soon moved into that parish. Joseph had bought a lot on Tenth Street between Chambers and Locust and he built a house there.

The families in the area were working poor. Times were still rough in 1900. Joseph Muench worked over fifty years for the same company. Starting as a shop hand and working up to shop foreman and engineer.

A staple of the Muench home was Mehlspeise, a rice dish. Theresa was an excellent cook and seamstresses as were all German mothers. My cousin always said that he didn't think that Milwaukee's best German restaurants had really good German food. "Once you eat my mother's or grandmother's cooking you would know what good German cooking is".

Summers were fun times. Ally liked to swim and fish. He often walked to Lake Michigan to do this. Even on the hottest days of summer, Lake Michigan is always cold seldom warming above 60 degrees near the shoreline. The neighborhood families would sit on the front porches in the summer evenings and relax, if they could. There was plenty of work to be done.

On Sunday afternoons, the men of the neighborhood would pitch in and buy an Achtel (a pony keg) of beer. It was the children's responsibility to keep the ice on the beer and the blankets around the barrel. They always got a small piece of ice to suck on. These Sunday afternoons would start with some talk, maybe of politics. Next came a game cards either Schafskopf (Sheepshead) or skat. After the beer had gone down the singing would start. These songs were from the old country. Tief Im Böhmerwald was the favorite of all the German-Bohemians. It was about their old homes in the Bohemian Forest. "Ja, Ja, Wisconsin ist schön, ober der Böhmerwald!"

The dialect was spoken at home. The School Sisters of

Notre-Dame taught in most of the German and Polish school in Milwaukee. They taught the kids English but in the German parishes, most of the classes were in German and in the Polish schools, they taught in Polish. After all, most of the nuns were from Bavaria, Bohemia or Poland themselves. The kids learned English in the schools but mostly on the streets and the parents learned from the kids.

Six boys from St. Boniface decided to become priests in 1904. They spent the summer with tutors who taught them Latin and Greek so they would be able to pass the entrance exam to St. Francis Seminary. It seems that in those days the priests and the nuns were closer to the kids and became real roll models for them. The Muench's did not have the money to send Ally to the Seminary. In fact they needed him to help support the family. It took some talking by the sisters and priests to convince them to send him to the seminary.

The cost of the tuition was \$85 a semester. An astronomical fee at the time. Fr. Kersting of St. Anne's parish paid for half and the Muench's paid the other half. All of the boys entered as third year high school students and continued to study for four more years. There is an old German saying "Es sie gerade so leicht \$1000 zu bezahnten, wenn man sie hat, \$1 wenn man ihn nicht hat". Which means, "It would be just as easy to not pay \$1000 as it would to not pay \$1, if one does not have it".

Fr. Kersting and Fr. Salek, the pastor at St. Anne's, were sportsmen. They enjoyed the out doors. Hunting and fishing, were some of the past times. My dad told me that Fr. Salek was a big influence on a lot of the boys in the area. Before the days of the Boy Scouts, Fr. Salek took the boys hiking and fishing. In winter he flooded the empty lot next to the old church with water so the kids had a place to skate. Fr. Salek and Fr. Kersting skated there with the kids often. They also helped the kids make money. One summer Fr. Salek got my dad a job with a contractor to build a grotto in the church basement. It is still there today.

In 1903 the Swiss born Bishop of Green Bay, Sebastian Messmer became the fourth Archbishop of Milwaukee. Milwaukee had one of the best Seminaries in the country by this time. It was founded fifty years before by Milwaukee's first Archbishop John Henni. It was south of the city on the shores of Lake Michigan and it made a beautiful setting with its dome visible from downtown Milwaukee. The German population of Milwaukee was happy that they now had a German Archbishop. But Archbishop Messmer realized that Milwaukee was not only the German Athens, it had a large Irish and Polish population as well as other nationalities. This is where Ally Muench learned of the other customs and thoughts which would help him so much in later life.

The staff of the Seminary was of varying nationalities.

There were German, Polish, Irish and Slovenian Priests and Professors. They had taught at the Seminary for years and established sound teaching practices as well as a unified priesthood in the city. The See of Milwaukee stretched to the Dakotas.

Fr. Muench was Ordained on June 8, 1913. He offered his first Mass at St. Boniface parish on June 15. It was a hot day. The parish was celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary and the church was well decorated. It was so hot that the new varnish on the pews had come off on the ladies dresses and they had to go home to change before the afternoon meal.

Fr. Muench had planned to go to Innsbruck, Austria, for graduate studies but the Great War was beginning in Europe. So he was sent to St. Michael's parish. Fr. Bernard was pastor of St. Michael's. These were peaceful years for Fr. Muench and he enjoyed the work. He learned practical things at St. Michael's and how to deal with the needs of poor families. He liked working with the students of the school. He often played ball with the boys on the playground.

His next assignment was at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. By this time there was a great need for priests since many of them had been serving in the war as chaplains. Fr. Bernard did not want Fr. Muench to leave but the archbishop had other plans. Fr. Muench went to St. Paul's University Chapel in Madison.

Fr. Muench hoped this assignment would be interesting and fulfilling. Instead it was discouraging. Even in those days, Madison was a roaring college town. Muench once said, "The students were interested in social affairs, studies and religion in that order".

He did continue his studies and had a few good arguments with some of his professors relating to the Catholic Church. At the time the atmosphere at the University was in the traditions of the LaFollette Progressives. (A third party very popular in Wisconsin around the turn of the century. Founded by Robert La Follette). Here he received his M.A. in economics from the University of Wisconsin. Muench later said the professors were of extremely high character and quality.

In 1919 Fr. Muench went to Fribourg, Switzerland. The Archbishop remembered that Muench wanted to go to Innsbruck and recommended Fribourg University instead, since he had gone to that school. Only one problem existed. The aging Archbishop gave him permission to go there but no money to do it. He forgot and Muench was too shy to ask him. While studying for his doctorate, Muench supported himself writing articles. He continued his studies in Social Science. While there he traveled and visited every country in Europe. These were the years from 1919 to 1922.

By this time he had already met with the Vatican Nuncio to Switzerland, Archbishop Maglione, and the Apostolic Nuncio Bavarian - Eugenio Pacelli, who later became Pope Pius XII. Eugenio Pacelli enjoyed the young priest's enthusiasm and talked with him at great length. After another half year of study and travel in Europe he came back to Milwaukee and took up his teaching assignment at St. Francis Seminary. He said that these teaching years were the happiest years of his life. Doctor Muench had enjoyed teaching more than anything in his life.

Muench was well liked as a teacher at the seminary. He took a down to earth approach to teaching - practical things. He encouraged the students and professors to read outside of their studies - to be well rounded. He once said in an interview "As bishop of Fargo I started a library for priests but only one or two came for books. They had been trained in the seminaries not to exert any scholarly efforts as priests but just to get by. This spirit was actually begun in parochial grade schools."

He offered summer courses in sociology in 1923. During this time he spent his Sundays at home with his family. During the summer he spent time at a cabin that the priests had at Minocqua, Wisconsin.

Muench's association with St. Michael's lasted for many years. He was a member of the St. Michael's Priests' Society. He was a personal friend to many of the families at St. Michael's, including the Val Blatz family, from the Blatz brewery.

In 1929 Fr. Muench was appointed dean of the Department of Theology at St. Francis by Archbishop Messmer. By this time the aging seminary needed lots of work. It was after all, over seventy years old. To do the repairs was difficult since there was no money. With over 300 students the money went to teaching. Finally during the mid thirties, much work was done to update the buildings and grounds.

In 1935, Muench, now a Monsignor, received a letter from the Apostolic Delegate in Washington D.C. informing him that Pope Pius XI was considering him as the third bishop to Fargo, North Dakota. "Where's Fargo?", he asked. Muench was not too thrilled about the appointment. He wanted to refuse the appointment. He was advised that one does not refuse a papal appointment and he accepted.

Fr. Edward Geraghty from St. James Church in Jamestown, North Dakota attended the bishop's consecration at Gesu Church in Milwaukee and was seated at a table of Milwaukee priests at the banquet at the Schroeder Hotel. The Milwaukee priests peppered the North Dakota priest with questions.

The fun spirited Fr. Geraghty answered some questions. "What kind of house does the bishop have in Fargo?" "A sod house" he said.

He continued at great length describing the slanted wood roof and the wood-burning stoves in the hut. When these same priests had the opportunity to visit Bishop Muench in Fargo, they found a large brick house of more than twenty rooms.

On November 4, 1935, the entourage left Milwaukee for Fargo. All the family and friends arrived on November 6 to five inches of snow and the temperature was zero. That was only the beginning because from January 15 to February 26 the temperature did not rise above zero. At times it sank to -37 degrees. During the following summer the temperatures often reached over 100 degrees.

Terrible dust storms and the great depression followed. The situation in Fargo became more and more desperate during those years. The population of North Dakota dropping steadily as people left for "greener pastures". Years before, Muench had developed an economic plan and decided to apply it in Fargo. He called it the Catholic Church Expansion Fund of the Dioceses of Fargo. By the second year of operations he had a credit line of \$100,000. From 1936 to 1945 the Fund distributed over \$1,000,000.

During World War II Pope Pius XII, as a sign of mourning did not appoint any new members to the College of Cardinals. In December of 1945 the Pope announced thirty-two new prelates from nineteen countries. One of them was Chicago Archbishop Samuel A. Stritch. Stritch was Archbishop of Milwaukee while Muench was Rector of St. Francis Seminary. They were close friends by this time and Muench was a member of the group that accompanied Stritch to Rome.

In January 1946 Pope Pius XII had several conversations with Cardinal Stritch regarding what he thought should be done to help Germany after the war. The Pope thought that it would be better if an American head the team and asked Stritch for a recommendation. Stritch said that he had the most suitable candidate in his party at Rome and went on to explain what credentials Bishop Muench held. The Pope said that he knew Muench personally and would take the recommendation under consideration.

The next day Muench received official word from Pope Pius XII that he was under consideration for the appointment of Apostolic Visitor - the Pope's personal representative in Germany. Muench was stunned - he really wanted to return to Fargo and his diocese. The Pope said that the assignment would last from six to eighteen months. Muench returned to Fargo to wait for his official appointment.

In the mean time a committee of American Protestant clergymen had returned from a tour of German Protestant Churches. They had written to President Truman requesting that an American civilian be appointed as liaison between the Allied Military Government and the Protestant Churches in America. Truman endorsed the idea and had stipulated that Catholics and Jews must be represented in the appointment. Several United States bishops approached Monsignor Strauss, but he declined. At that point Cardinal Stritch encouraged Bishop Muench to accept the second appointment. By April 9 he had convinced him of the advantages of such a dual role.

On May 16, 1946, Bishop Muench received a telegram in Fargo, from the Apostolic Delegate to the United States announcing that Pope Pius XII appointed him his personal representative, the Apostolic Visitor to Germany ad interim. He went to Washington to discuss his orders.

By end of June he was in Paris and in the beginning of July he was in Rome where Pope Pius XII officially appointed him Apostolic Visitor. The Pope requested that they speak in German as if to test him. Muench's group joined a convoy to Kronberg, Germany. This trip, Muench would remember the rest of his life. He had no idea of how startling the damage was. He was amazed at the cost in property, but most of all the cost in humanity. He was unprepared for the scenes of mass destruction and the poverty that he saw.

One of the first problems that Muench had to address was how to care for the two million refugees who had fled the Soviet Zone and the territories under communist influence. Other problems arose because the borders of some of the archdioceses overlapped the Zones. For example; Cologne was placed in the British Zone but part of its archdiocese was in the French Zone. Wurtzburg was in the American Zone, while some parts of its archdiocese fell into the Russian Zone.

Muench had to become acquainted with the hierarchy of the Catholic Church as well as other Churches in Germany, not to mention the aristocrats (descendants of the old royal households). These contacts would prove to be very valuable later when he needed to get things done.

Muench was everywhere in Germany. He quickly learned to distinguish the ordinary Germans from former Nazis. There was a difference after all.

In 1947 Muench went to Rome. Pope Pius was fully aware of the charitable work Muench had done in Germany until this time. The Pope stressed that the caring for the refugees should eventually be placed in the care of the individual diocese.

On Muench's birthday, he paid the Pope a short visit. He

diplomatically introduced the idea that he had achieved his goals as Apostolic Visitor to Germany. After a moment the Pope looked up and smiling and told Muench that all of the reports that he had received indicated that he would be needed in Germany indefinitely. The Church needed him. Muench was on a train across the Alps again.

Muench had no personal income in Germany and he maintained a very frugal life style in order to keep as much of the money available for his charitable works. In 1947 Cardinal Stritch joined with Archbishops McNichols and Alter to send Muench \$50,000 to use as he saw fit. A welcome gift.

In 1946 General McNarney replaced General Eisenhower as military governor of the American Zone. In March of 1947 he was replaced by General Lucius Clay a post he held until May of 1949. They became great friends and close advisors to each other.

On October 28, 1950 Pope Pius XII conferred the personal title of archbishop upon Muench. He was named an archbishop because of his labors under the most difficult circumstances. This elevation in ecclesiastical rank indicated that the Pope intended to keep Muench in Germany. The Pope also stipulated that Muench should present credentials of the Holy See to the German government as soon as the Federal Republic of Germany regained its status as an independent nation. This move by Pope Pius XII assured Muench's succession to the post of Papal Nuncio, a position greatly sought after by several seasoned Vatican diplomats.

The Vatican made it clear that the new Nuncio was to have the title of Apostolic Nuncio to Germany. In this way it indicated that the Holy See did not acknowledge the division of Germany into East and West. Rome also wanted Archbishop Muench to be the first diplomat to present credentials to the new German government. The German government received his appointment as dean of the diplomatic corps on March 12, 1951, the same day that his appointment as Papal Nuncio became official.

Muench was repeatedly nominated to head one or another American Archdiocese including those in Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, Newark, Detroit, St. Paul, and San Francisco. His desire to head an American See was to be put on hold because Muench knew that he would remain in Germany as long as Pope Pius XII was alive.

It should be noted that Muench had no training as a diplomat. He understood American politics and had a very good understanding of diocesan administration procedures in the United States, but he had no idea of the administrative difficulties and frustrations he would encounter because of manner in which the European governments with aristocratic policies worked. This was

almost overwhelming to him. (Even though the German aristocrats had little power, they still held considerable influence).

Muench awarded Germany's highest honor, the Grand Cross of Merit by Theodore Huess the president of the West German Republic.

Muench and German Chancellor Conrad Adenauer became very good friends. Adenauer asked Muench to help with arrangements for his visits to Marquette University in Milwaukee, Yale University, and other American academic institutions when he visited the United States in 1953, 1955, 1956. While the chancellor visited Marquette University he received an honorary degree.

The West German Government gave official recognition to Muench for his dedication and service to the German people in 1957. Theodore Huess the president of the West German Republic, awarded him the Grand Cross of Merit, Germany's highest honor.

On October 9, 1958 Pope Pius XII died and on November 4, 1958, Pope John XXIII received the Papal crown. Muench had worked with the new Pope in the past and looked forward to meeting with him in February, 1959. In October, 1959, the Pope informed Muench that his name was among those he nominated for elevation to Cardinal.

Muench and his former colleague from St. Francis Seminary in Milwaukee, Archbishop Meyer from Chicago, became Cardinals in November, 1959. For the first time, Milwaukee had two sons in the College of Cardinals at one time.

This was yet another new adventure for Muench and he could not help but feel anxious about the unknown difficulties that might be associated with his new office. Almost immediately he had to leave Germany to take charge of his new position on the Roman Curia.

For several days the German press was full of articles about Muench's life and praise for his work, saying that no other Nuncio from the Middle Ages to the present ever had to face the difficulties Muench faced or did as much for Germany. A similar situation never existed in Germany, not even following the Thirty Years War in 1648.

After their installation as Cardinals, Cardinal Meyer left for his home in Chicago. Muench was alone again. Life in Rome was very difficult for him. He found the Italians of the curial system "inscrutable." He was the American outsider although he had worked with them for years. He said, "as so often in life, it is a joy mixed with sorrow."

Cardinal Muench's heart was not in his new assignment.

He was not like the other "Romanized" members of the Curia. Those around him found that he had little concept of the influence a Cardinal has in Rome and his initiatives were constantly rejected. Finally no one asked for his advice nor did he offer any. Hurt and disappointment caused him to retreat within himself. He once said "Things are done rather strangely here".

Muench began to consider administering a diocese in the United States but his health was in a serious decline. He had been experiencing blackouts ever since 1954. At first he would only forget a name or a date but over the years these symptoms worsened. Old friends from Germany or from America who visited him in Rome were shocked and referred to his condition as "tragic", "sad", or "pathetic".

1960 was the anniversary of Muench's elevation to Bishop. The Fargo diocese planned a celebration and Muench looked forward to his first trip to the United States as a Cardinal with great anticipation. His old friend, Cardinal Meyer, gave the sermon during an anniversary Mass at St. Mary's Cathedral in Fargo. He received over 1,000 letters of congratulations from well-wishers including Pope John XXIII, President Huess and Chancellor Adenaur of Germany and Muench was in excellent spirits. He stopped over in Milwaukee to visit with old friends and to catch a Milwaukee Braves ball game on his return trip to Rome.

Upon his return to Rome Muench again took up the spartan lifestyle he preferred. Other Cardinals lived in expensive apartments in the city and they often asked why he chose to live in two small rooms at the Salvator Mundi Hospital. They simply did not understand the very simple tastes he developed during his years in war-torn Germany. He was still a parish priest at heart.

Every evening Muench would return to his hospital home completely exhausted. His doctors advised him to slow down telling him that he did not have to attend every meeting, but he continued at the same pace. On Sunday morning January 21, he was unable to rise. On January 24, he developed a chest cold and was unable to attend a meeting. Cardinal Meyer called on him only to learn that Muench was very seriously ill.

Muench continued to grow worse. He slept for long periods of time and became confused. One night when he was alone he arose, dressed himself and crossed the corridor from his room, attracted by the small red light in the hospital chapel. "Open the door," he said to the night nurse and then he asked, "What is that?"

The nurse opened the door to the chapel. She told him that it was chapel sanctuary light and he went inside. It took all of his energy to genuflect. He knelt and prayed for a few minutes before the nurse was able to get him back to his room.

Finally, when asked if he wanted the Sacrament of the Last Anointing, he replied, "Wait a while", but he submitted willingly when others insisted that he receive the Sacrament.

Father Lesser stayed with Muench and on February 1 he decided to call Archbishop William E. Cousins of Milwaukee to tell him of Muench's condition and to notify the Muench family.

On February 15, 1962, Aloisius Joseph Cardinal Muench, died in Rome with his two sisters at his side and as Pope John XXIII prayed the rosary for him at St. Peter's.

Pope John XXIII officiated at the funeral Mass in Rome and then the body of Cardinal Muench was flown to Chicago after stops in Paris and New York. The funeral party then drove some ninety miles to Milwaukee by car. There, Archbishop William E. Cousins celebrated another funeral Mass at St. John's Cathedral. 15,000 people paid their respects. After the Mass Muench's body traveled through a blizzard by train until it finally reached Fargo.

For two days the body of Cardinal Muench lay in state within the Cathedral of St. Mary in Fargo. Archbishop Joseph Ritter of St. Louis said the final funeral Mass February 23. Cardinal Muench was laid to rest in Holy Cross Cemetery in Fargo.

In March of 1954 Archbishop Gerald O'Hara told Muench "historians will record that in the building of the new Germany it was a bishop from the Midwest who played a major role".

In the opinion of many church and world leaders the life work and extraordinary accomplishments of this son of a Deutsch-Böhmer, Milwaukee factory worker placed him on the same lofty plateau as Conrad Adenaur.

Sources:

American Nuncio - Cardinal Aloisius Muench, by Colman J. Barry O.S.B., St. John University Press 1969 Library of Congress Catalog Number 71-83090.

Joseph G. Liebl - memories

"You remember him! That man will be a Cardinal some day, if not Pope". Dad remembered him as The Priest from St. Michael's.

Bob Liebl

# GBHS Spring Meeting Announced

The GBHS Board of Directors has announced that it has chosen May 5, 2001 for its annual spring general meeting. The meeting will take place in the lower level of the New Ulm Public Library and begin at 9 a.m. A speaker has not been confirmed as this issue of the Heimatbrief goes to press. GBHS general meetings are always open to the public so please bring a friend.

# GBHS Research Center/Library To Open March 24

The GBHS Research Center and Library will be open on March 24, 2001 from 1:30 to 4:00 p.m. GBHS personnel will be on hand to show you around and homeland tour videos will be shown for the entire afternoon. This will be your first opportunity to browse through our library including hundreds of books, periodicals, maps, atlases, and family histories and other research aids. An official grand opening is being planned for a later date.

# Getting To Hamburg

*(Taken for the Rootsweb Electronic Mailing List and submitted by Karen Hobbs)*

A list member asked me about travel to Hamburg from Hirschau. There was no railroad at Hirschau as late as 1945 so we assume they had to walk to the nearest station on the main line from Pilsen or to one of the Bavarian stations on the line from Regensburg north.

In 1883 people probably walked or went by cart to a train depot in Bavaria and where they made connections to Hamburg. Do you think that would be a near correct assumption to include in my history?

About walking to Bavaria -- The station they walked to might be Furth im Wald. You should look at a modern map and see if the main line from Pilsen ends there. It would also give you some idea of how many Km they had to walk. If Hirschau was closer to Regensburg, they may have gone there or to another station along that route.

Immigrants who had a cart or wagon they did not sell

before departure would load it with their transportable goods. Each person old enough to have one had a sort of trunk in their bedroom in which they kept their best clothing and other "treasures" while everything else hung on hooks on a wall. In some cases there was a nice painted armoire for the adults. Many people sold their best clothing before leaving because they needed the money and they wanted the space in the trunks for food, blankets and other supplies they had to take along. That meant selling their fine folk costumes. That is one of the reasons that so few of the old hand made folk costumes ever made it to the US.

As late as 1880 it was rare that children had shoes unless they came from well-off families. Families might buy shoes for them for the trip if they could spare the money. Or they might use wooden shoes they had for working in the fields. (In winter they wore special heavy woolen socks made with yarn that had all the natural oil left in the wool to waterproof them with the wooden shoes.) Some families made their own house shoes out of tanned hides from their own livestock. They were low-heeled soles of several layers of leather or of about 1 cm of wood with a leather upper sort of like our clogs. They put those on in the house and never wore them outside. Outside they went barefoot except that the adult males may have had work boots that they replaced with house shoes when inside.

I have found pictures of women in their best Tracht at the market -- with bare feet. It was not unusual for them to walk to church in their bare feet -- in their finest folk dress - and put on shoes when they arrived.

What all that means is that they probably walked to the railhead in bare feet and put on any shoes they had when they arrived somewhere like an inn or other stopping point.

My great grandfathers and my great uncle all went barefoot in the farmyard in Minnesota.

Sometimes emigrants would have their wagon pulled by a cow which they used for milk along the way. When they got to the railhead they would sell the cow and wagon.

If they had the wagon pulled by a cow, only the smallest children would ride. Everyone else walked alongside. If they had a horse and the wagon was big enough they might have been able to let everyone ride if the horse could manage the load. Then they might have a cow tied on behind if the trip was long enough that they would want milk. Remember, roads weren't paved in the 1880s and it would be a dusty, maybe muddy, trip. I have no idea how they would protect their belongings from rain -- maybe with a cover of straw and a tarp of some kind. They might also need straw or other kindling to start cooking fires along the way if they camped out. They

would sleep under the wagon if it was big enough. There may have been some danger from highway robbers -- don't know how they handled that.

There were Post Wagons similar to our Wells Fargo wagons that transported mail, some freight and passengers in Bohemia. They were very fast but they were also very expensive and there probably was no room on them for all of the luggage an emigrant family would have. It is doubtful that many Bohemian peasants rode on Post Wagons to a railhead. After railroads were developed enough along the old Post Wagon routes, the wagons stopped running except between larger towns still not served by trains. There were probably very few, if any, Post Wagons still running in the 1880s.

If emigrants had already booked passage before they hit the road they had a time schedule to meet. The normal pace for marching soldiers is about five English MPH. An emigrant family with small children and a cart pulled by a cow probably did not make that speed. They may have been lucky to go 25 miles in one day. Historians say that few peasants who were afoot ever went farther than 25 miles from their home villages -- that 25 miles was the maximum distance one could walk in a day.

Emigrants would want to have some extra time for things that go wrong (a broken wheel on a wagon might be covered by having an extra one). If they arrived in port too early they would have to find a place to stay and pay for transport of all their belongings to the inn and then to the ship. If they did not already have passage booked it could mean a longer stay in port -- very expensive. They might end up selling some of their possessions to pay their bills before they finally got a berth.

There are some stories about scam-artists who preyed on emigrant families, charging them high fees to transport them from trains to portside inns or to ferry them to a ship's pier. These thieves often found ways to steal possessions, too. The peasants accepted their offers for transport the same way they would accept it from a trusted neighbor in their home village. They thought nothing of it when a fellow said they should all ride in one wagon and put their luggage in another. They never knew they'd been taken until they paid off their driver at an inn and their luggage failed to arrive.

Emigrants had to apply for an exit permit (passport) at their local county seat or an affiliated administration office (old passport records are still in those local archives as far as I have been able to learn). The whole family might be listed on one document. It was necessary for them to cross the border of Bohemia. It proved that all of the eligible men in the party had completed their military service or were exempt from service so they were free to go. When people lived very close to the border they often knew the border guards personally and made

"special arrangements" to cross the border without difficulty.

Karen Hobbs

## *A Study of German Migration from Asch to Pittsburgh 1862 — 1875*

**In the Family of One of the Pioneers**

(Compiled by Reverend John C. Heinrich, American Mission, Sheiklupura, Punjab, India, and read by him at the Third Reunion of the Heinrich Family at Spreading Oak, South Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 4th, 1936). (Transcribed from a mimeographed copy by F. J. Reighley, Jr., July 29th, 1999. Capitalization of the original document has been retained).

Owing to the limitation of space the present paper will be confined to the description of various experiences and reactions in a family of pioneers in a migration from Asch in the territory of the Grand Duke of Baden, Germany, to Pittsburgh. This migration occurred in the period from 1862 to 1876, a period in which, as was stated by one of the group coming over at the later date, half the population of Asch came to Pittsburgh.

A cursory examination of the history of Central Europe after the Napoleonic Wars yields a striking parallel to present day conditions. Everywhere among the victorious governments there was insistence on the necessity of the maintenance of the status quo. Liberalism, revolution and discontent were to be repressed with a stern hand lest the yielding at any one point would release forces that would necessitate revision of treaties. The no-revision slogan of France today was the policy of Metternich and his successors after 1820.

The Carlsbad Decrees of Repression in 1819 stirred up resentment until by 1830 Germany was in revolt. Repercussions were felt in Poland and Hungary. The agitation for liberalism and democracy increased until 1849. The revolt in southwestern Germany for a republican was joined by the regular troops of Baden. This revolt for democratic idealism was broken by the trained battalions of Prussia.

Baden, one of the states on the direct road between Prussia and Austria, had felt the brunt of the agitation. Bismark's policy in Prussia was threatening war again, this time with Austria. In 1861 and '62 Baden was in the depths of a post war depression and the one following the Civil War in 1877 were just as at this very time, at their peak about twelve years after the close of the war. It was

the pressure of this economic depression that seems to have been the prime factor in causing my grandfather with a companion to pioneer in the movement from Asch to Pittsburgh.

NOTE: The following material has been compiled from information furnished by an Aunt, my Father's youngest sister, from recollections of reminiscences of her brothers and my Mother about the experiences after landing in America, and from the woman still living, who came over as my Mother's companion.

My grandfather, Michael Heinrich, was a skilled weaver in Asch, a city of about 15,000 population in the territory of Grand Duke Max of Baden, a German city, now in Czechoslovakia at the tip of the angle where that country borders on Saxony. He came over on a sailing vessel in 1862 with a companion named Gosler. According to my Aunt, with whom Grandmother Eva Wollraub Heinrich lived until the time of her death, Grandfather was the pioneer of the immigrants from Asch. The passage took 92 days and the vessel was almost out of drinking water when it landed in New York. I was unable to secure information as to why the two men decided to come to Pittsburgh, aside from the fact that it was a rising industrial city where work was plentiful. Aunt Mary in telling the story was quite clear as to the reason for his coming. Economic depression was severe and grandfather was not able to earn consistently \$1.50 a week at his trade. America was the economic land of promise. Grandmother sold one of her feather beds to help get his passage money.

On landing at Pittsburgh they went to Lang's Hotel, just opposite the Union Station which was evidently a clearing house for German immigration into the city. Lang sent them to Millstein's Hotel at 16th Street and Penn Avenue. He, in turn, sent them to the Round House of the Pennsylvania Railroad at 28th Street and Liberty Avenue where they obtained work in the locomotive shop. Grandfather was able to send money over for Uncle Charley, his oldest son, within a year. Uncle Charley landed in 1863. The draft for the Union Army was in operation at that time, and Uncle Charley was hired as a substitute for one of the men, who was drafted and who had a family of dependents, for which he (Uncle Charley) received \$1,000 bounty. Grandfather also offered to enlist as a substitute, but was considered too old. This money was sent over to Germany to pay the passage of grandmother, uncles Richard and Christian, aged 14 and 12 respectively, my father (John) aged 10, and Aunt Mary, the narrator, aged 3.

The family left behind in Germany had been having a severe testing. Grandmother tried to maintain the family purse by knitting stockings. Father and an older brother (Christian) almost died of typhoid fever and grandmother was suffering from boils. They were kept

alive by neighbors who occasionally left food at the window, fearing to go into the house on account of the contagious sickness there. Uncle Charley had \$2 left over when he landed in New York after buying his ticket to Pittsburgh. He sent this back to the family and it proved to be a lifesaver.

Immediately upon receipt of the \$1,000 mentioned in the second paragraph above, grandmother and the children in Germany started for this country. Grandmother and Aunt Mary almost died on the voyage and she said they owed their lives to the care of a Saxon family of fellow voyagers. They landed at Castle Garden, a circular building located in Battery Park at the lower extremity of Manhattan Island. Castle Garden was formerly a Fort, then a music hall, and Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, made her debut there. It was afterwards converted into an immigrant depot. Here Grandmother and her four children stayed for a few days until Grandfather arrived from Pittsburgh to take them with him. It may not be out of place to state here that Castle Garden in 1890 ceased to be used as an immigrant depot and was turned over to the park commissioners of the City of New York. It is now used as a public aquarium.

Aunt Mary was 3 when she landed but she remembered the reunion in Pittsburgh on Whitsunday. She recalled with a chuckle how Uncle Chris, the 12 year old boy, sweat as he carried the family featherbed from the Union Depot to 26th Street, a distance of a mile, on a hot June day.

Uncle Chris, who was a fount of wit, often related to his children humorous incidents in connection with this journey to Pittsburgh. He said that in addition to the featherbed brought all the way from Germany, they also had a large china pot full of sugar, and just as they were entering New York Harbor and saw the Land of Liberty in the distance they all became so excited gathering their belongings and rushing to the rail of the ship, hanging over to catch the first glimpse of this country, that Uncle Richard who was holding the pot of sugar let it slip from his hands and it, of course, fell into the Bay. This was considered a very grave loss. Then Uncle Chris tells about the incident at the Philadelphia Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It seems that the coaches bearing immigrants destined for certain cities were locked, and when the train pulled into the Philadelphia Station the children saw men carrying huge trays piled high with sandwiched and others with milk and coffee, passing the open train windows. So the boys reached out and helped themselves, never dreaming that they should pay for the food - being under the impression that this being such a rich country they treated the immigrants in this generous way. The boys soon learned of their error, but the sandwiches having been disposed of and the train coach locked, and the children not understanding the language, it just proved too bad for the food vendors.

Work was plentiful during the closing years of the Civil War and immediately after and the family prospered. Grandfather was able to persuade others from among his relatives and friends to come over from Germany and offered to advance the money for their passage to be repaid later. He never lost any of the passage money so advanced. His home was a boarding house and clearing house for the immigrants from Asch. Aunt Mary said he financed the passage of at least fifteen families. Grandfather's home was on Liberty Avenue opposite the Pennsylvania Railroad round house, and many of the men who came from Germany worked there. Uncle Charley on being demobilized from the Union Army was employed in a nearby boiler factory where a number of the new immigrants were sent. Aunt Mary said they had as many as fifteen boarders at one time. She remembered helping to peel many a half bushel of potatoes for a meal when she was about seven years of age.

This movement to Pittsburgh was evidently quite a mass movement. A cousin of my father who came over about 1875 said that in the 12 years from 1862 to 1874 about half the Germans of Asch had been transplanted to Pittsburgh. Many of them came via my grandmother's boarding house and the cafe which grandfather opened later. One attraction was the good German home cooking with the Asch menus that helped ease the difficulties of adjustment. My own memories as a boy in the later '80's and the '90's were of the colony of German friends and neighbors who had come over to Pittsburgh in this period.

I was able to interview also the cousin of my father mentioned above - Elizabeth Mertz - who came over in 1875. She was about 20 when she came to this country, the money for her passage being advanced by an uncle - Wolfgang Heinrich, who had been assisted over by my grandfather. She and my mother (Catherine Ernestine Jacobs), a girl of 16, came together from Asch. The cousin had had some experience of travel, going about in Germany and Switzerland with her father who was a traveling artisan. Mother's sister had come over a year earlier with some cousins. Mother and her elder sister were the only two of the immediate family who came to this country. I had often wondered at the reason for this but found that they had a step mother with whom they were not happy and the lure of America was in the air. Mother had enough of an inheritance from her mother to pay for her passage. Elizabeth Mertz, the cousin mentioned above, told of a man with a rather evil face, who she suspected of being a white slaver, twice trying to get into their compartment in the train in Germany on their way to the port of embarkation. They were two weeks on ship board. Both suffered a great deal from sea sickness and from the horrible smell from the steerage. They landed safely and were welcomed at the Asch colony in Pittsburgh. Mother found work as a domestic with an English family where she picked up English rather quickly, learning to read and write as well as to

speak. Three years after landing she was married to my father, in 1878.

One wildly exciting event in the life of the family as well as of the colony occurred in 1877 during the labor riots connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad. The whole of the railroad property from 11th Street to 33rd Street was set on fire. The Pennsylvania (Philadelphia in the original text) militia, who had their quarters in the Round House at 28th Street, were surrounded by the mob of rioters and the Round House was set afire. Grandfather's café at 27th Street and Liberty Avenue, fronting the railroad property, was like a sieve with bullet holes. Grandmother was shot through the cheek, the house was abandoned and burned to the ground with all their household goods. For all this damage they were able to collect only \$600 compensation from the County. All the German and Irish immigrants who made up the immediate neighborhood were strongly sympathetic with the strikers and many were probably among the rioters. Grandfather reopened his café, but a few years later the Brooks Law was passed which increased the liquor license from \$300 to \$1000. He rebelled against this and went out of business. About this time also he gave bail for \$3000 for one of his old neighbors who had been arrested for misappropriating funds held in trust for his daughter. The man skipped his bail and was accidentally killed in a quarry in Ohio. This series of misfortunes evidently broke Grandfather's spirit. The old taboo in the group against the drinking of whiskey and other hard liquor broke down and he occasionally imbibed freely of these beverages. After retirement from business Grandfather purchased several lots in Bloomfield and built a house at 420 Edmond Street, where he lived with his wife and daughter until his death. Aunt Mary was married to Alexander Cameron in this house and is still living there. I have a warm recollection of Grandfather as he was my gentle nurse and companion during the first four years of my life.

Grandfather became a citizen of the United States of America September 25, 1868, and Aunt Mary said he was always a lover of this country and never had any desire to go back to Germany. We know of no more loyal citizens than his four sons and one daughter.

The early years of plenty and social achievement after the poverty in Germany make possible a highly satisfactory adjustment in the new land. The group were all staunch German Lutherans and kept up their church contacts. The neighborhood into which they came was largely occupied by the German and Irish immigrants. I remember when I was a boy that most of the old American families had moved farther out toward East Liberty and Lawrenceville, although a few families of wealth and positions were still in the neighborhood. Most of the saloons were owned by Irish and Germans. There were a great many rooming houses in the neighborhood. The

Polish were beginning to come in and a few Jews, and these were looked down upon as the Germans and Irish had probably been earlier. The neighborhood is now largely occupied by Negroes, Jews, Italians, Slavs, and a few Irish and is now considered about the toughest section of the city, the notorious strip district.

My father and his older brothers all learned trades. The two older boys (Charles and Christian) were machinists, the third was a tailor (Richard), and father (John) was a barber. He learned the barber trade in a shop owned by one of the men whom grandfather had helped bring over. The community was strongly cooperative. The boys were confirmed into the Lutheran Church and were members of German organizations – the Liedertafel, the Beethoven Verein, singing and social clubs, and the older boys were in the Turnverein, a gymnastic and social club.

# The Gold At Rainbow's End

by Frank Koerner

*(Mr. Koerner is a native born, first generation American, whose parents emigrated from the Sudetenland, located in the present day Czech Republic. The fall of the Iron Curtain enabled a first-time, 1992 trip to his parents' birthplaces in Moravia. He has since published a number of articles about the trip in the United States, Canada, and Germany.)*

I recently came across an item in a catalog that I had never seen before.....anywhere. It was an advertisement for a decorative bric-a-brac called a Moravian Star. It presented the answer to a small riddle in my life that had remained unanswered for over 50 years. On its surface, the matter was really quite unimportant, even to me. However, the void it represented was another one of those many gaps between cultures that immigrant parents can never quite thoroughly convey to their offspring, who are growing up in the American milieu. The cultural transition is never fully accomplished because the explanations lack the day to day "connecting dots" of the displaced heritage. Until I saw the advertisement, I did not know what a Moravian Star was. I had never heard the term. Stumbling upon the answers to such long dormant puzzlements often leads one in fascinating, unplanned directions that are themselves avenues of discovery about other issues. This tale concerns one such heritage journey and the rather unusual paths traveled.

One Christmas season when I was a child of seven or eight, my father fabricated a tree top ornament for our Christmas tree. It was a star, as is typical, but,

untypically, this was a 12 pointed star. He made the ornament of pressed, quarter inch thick, cardboard. He covered its body with some lighter, silver backed cardboard paper. The tips of the 12 points were festooned with a multi-colored, electric light set normally used to decorate the branches of the tree itself. He concealed the lights' wires by taping them onto the star's rear surface. The finished product was unique and brightly attractive. The 12 points yielded a "sun-burst" or "sunflower" quality to the ornament's appearance. However, the securing materials for the lights, their wires, and the tree stem mounting were not very durable. The star lasted only two seasons before it ultimately fell apart. I remained puzzled into adulthood by the 12 points of the star. I was used to five-pointed stars. They are on our US flag. Jewish folks have their 6 pointed Star of David. But why 12 points? I asked my mother why my father had put so many points on the star. Her matter of fact response in German was, "So waren die Sterne immer bei uns...(In our homeland, stars were always like that)." I didn't get it. As my father mounted the ornament, my mother made some minor, oblique references to the Jewish star and the family. I didn't understand those either.

Then recently I saw that advertisement. Whose firmament does a Moravian Star reside in? Does anybody know what a Moravian Star looks like? I could now realistically focus on the separate issue of Moravian Stars. In recent years, I had resolved the issue of Moravia in my own mind. Prior to that, it had not been clear to me exactly what a Moravian is (or was)? Is it a person, a place, or a thing?

A Pennsylvanian can relate to Moravian College in Bethlehem, PA. There, "Moravian" is associated with an institution of higher learning. The school is also affiliated with the Protestant Moravian religion. So, in addition, "Moravian" has a religious connotation? Well, yes and no. Moravians are called Moravians in the United States not because of what they profess, but from whence they came. The actual name of the associated religion is the "Bohemian Brethren". And that's another problem. What and where is Bohemia? We Americans tend to think of "bohemian" not as a place or thing, but rather as a descriptive adjective for a way of life.....as in "bohemian life style". It connotes a boundaryless, carefree, and rule free existence. "Bohemian" is the 1960s hippie way of life, traditionally attributed to struggling artists. That it is an actual *place* rarely plays a role. Do we ever ask ourselves, "What does this word really mean? Where *is* Bohemia?"

Both Bohemia and Moravia are provinces in the heart of central Europe. Geographically, Moravia is at the absolute center of Europe. Moravia is Europe's Kansas. Bohemia is the province to its immediate west. Since its inception on January 1, 1993 both provinces comprise the whole of the Czech Republic. My parents emigrated from

Moravia from a region called Sudetenland. As a child, I was always told that their homeland and its people had "disappeared".

After World War II, the briefly existent, so-called "democratic", post-war Czechoslovakian government headed by Eduard Benesch (in Czech: Benes) took it upon itself to destroy the 1000 years old ethnic heritage of the entire Sudeten populace. Its exile was intended to solve all Czechoslovakian problems (present and future). Just as in a fairy tale, the Czech and Slovak ethnic groups would live happily ever after. It was an exceedingly racist notion. Not only the Nazis performed racist acts in those days! It was the largest mass expulsion in recorded history. Yet even today, few people are aware of the event.

Without any compensation, 3,500,000 birthright Czech citizens were expropriated of all property, real and personal, and herded into open railroad cars and exiled in perpetuity. It was the first post-war instance in Europe of what would come to be known modernly in Bosnia and Kosovo as "ethnic cleansing". All my European relatives were Sudetens. All were deported to Germany. All lost everything. Their possessions were gone and their hopes and dreams were shattered. Destroyed also was the historical connection to their heritage and stolen were the access rights to their homeland.

At the time, the deportation was largely unreported in the world press. The world didn't care. It assumed, "These people are Germans. After what they did in World War II, they are getting what they deserve." The facts of these people were largely unknown. This folk were not Germans, they were Sudeten. They were birthright Czech citizens. They had as much legal right to live in Czechoslovakia as did the Czechs and the Slovaks. The exile changed my parents' lives forever. They could never return to their homeland. Figuratively *and* literally, their homeland *disappeared*. Not so indirectly, *my* homeland of ancestry also disappeared. I do not have a German heritage. I have a Sudeten Moravian heritage. Can the political acts of man cause a heritage to disappear, as well?

All these ancient issues bubbled to the surface again when the Fall of the Wall occurred in 1989. It became possible to journey to Moravia. Why was I so attracted to this place? What did the region hold for me? I was intrigued by the continuing historical mystery of the entire situation. My lingering, personal lack of clarity about Sudetenland begged for a resolution. What did the region look like? Was anybody left who remembered members of my family? Was there anything left of personal significance to me? Were family and ancestral homes still standing? I had many questions in search of *something* in Sudetenland. Of what that "something" consisted.....was a matter about which I had no clear

focus. Yet, because of that "something", I felt compelled to go there. So I did. In November 1992, along with my tolerant wife, I explored my heritage in Sudetenland. What ensued in the week we were there were a series of remarkable coincidences. I recaptured partial childhood memories as I stumbled upon scenes gleaned from half-remembered parental conversations about places I had never expected to see.

During our stay I enjoyed myself immensely walking where my parents had run as children and where they had trod as adults. By happenstance, I met some very wonderfully interesting people and experienced many oddly connected, strange occurrences. As a result of the trip and the later activity of documenting it, I discovered that my great-great-great-grandfather on my great-great-grandmother's side was a man named Josef Gold, who was Jewish. Joseph was born circa 1750, and assuming that he was 100% Jewish, I am 3% Jewish under the "Gold" standard.

This was quite an interesting revelation, but it presented an odd dilemma. What, I thought, shall I do with this newly found information about myself? Does it change me in any way? I finally perceived that what I *can* do is view myself in a slightly different light. I came to Moravia seeking a connection to my heritage and found not one, but two. From an overall perspective I discovered my land of heritage gave birth to such historical personages as Sigmund Freud, Franz Schubert, Gustav Mahler, and Oskar Schindler. From a personal perspective my heritage contains these very positive elements. Their glory and triumphs are tempered by the tragedy of exile as exemplified by the forced deportation and the senseless executions perpetrated during that deportation. I found it ironic that the Jews – the people of my 3% - also suffered through many centuries of exile from their homeland to which they ultimately returned.

I purchased the Moravian Star from the catalog company. When it was delivered I was pleasantly surprised to discover it validated what I had surmised from its photo in the catalog. A Moravian Star is a three-dimensional star. When viewed from a "front on", two-dimensional perspective, it presents a cross-section that is precisely what my father constructed over fifty Christmas' ago for our Christmas tree. That cross-section can be represented by two Stars of David superimposed on each other and rotated slightly .

As it turns out, there is not much one can do with 3% of anything. So what has changed? Not much. My 3% non-practicing, Jewish heritage will quietly continue to coexist with my 97% largely non-practicing, Christian heritage. On the other hand, I am uniquely positioned to perceive and understand the relationship between a Moravian Star and a double Star of David. Their differences are not that great. In fact, seen from the proper perspective, are they

not representations of the same entity? Both carry a Divine symbolism steeped in different faiths. Maybe someday, just maybe, *everybody* will understand the Divinities are one and the same. Only then *might* we be able to live in peace and harmony.

Moravia has been touched by all the political strife that characterized the 20th Century. It was governed by seven different governments in the last century. Their forms have ranged from monarchy, fascism, and military administration to socialism, communism, and democracy. Different elements of its populace have been the victims of racial hatred perpetrated first by the insanity of the Third Reich and then by the Benesch Decree. The egregious deeds of the Nazis did not justify the Czechs' execution of the Benesch Decree. I recognized the unusual relationship between the Moravian Star and the double Star of David. Perhaps I can learn from my 3% Jewish heritage. Is the end effect of the Biblical story of the Jewish dispersal from Israel much different than the Sudeten banishment from their homeland. Not really. Prejudice drove both events. Only the identity of the victims changed. The disastrous effect on humanity remains the same. Regardless of who perpetrates it, racial and religious hatred is self-defeating. In Moravia, it has led to nothing of value and still presents unresolved, political and economic issues.

My purchase of the Moravian Star has resolved my personal mystery concerning the Christmas tree ornament. The discovery was facilitated by my travel to Moravia. That journey has led to some interesting, unanticipated revelations about myself. The Iron Curtain's demise enabled me to walk on the hills surrounding the village of Benke, Moravia where my father's forebears lived for centuries. From my hillside vantage point, I could peer up at the firmament in which Moravian Stars had sparkled for countless generations over my mother's home town of Ebersdorf, as well. I have uncovered the ethnic rainbow of my own heritage *that still resides in that firmament*. Aided by the historical perspective afforded by my newly discovered forebear, Josef Gold, I can readily grasp that no discriminatory act of man can alter that fact. In spite of the forcible deportation of the folk embodying my whole ethnic culture, my heritage will forever lie in Moravia.

In a different vein, I can also say that at the end of the figurative discovery of my ethnic rainbow, I literally found.....the pot of Gold.

# Rootsweb

(taken from the German-Bohemian Rootsweb Electronic Mailing list at [www.rootsweb.com](http://www.rootsweb.com))

## Foreign Money Exchange

Many of us have found the easiest and cheapest way to send foreign money is through:

International Currency Express  
427 North Camden Drive #F  
Beverly Hills, CA 90210  
Telephone (888) 278-6628

On the web you can read about them at [www.foreignmoney.com](http://www.foreignmoney.com)

Call them free at the 888 number. Tell them how much foreign money you wish to send, and in which currency. They will tell you the rate for that day, and lock it in. You may then send them a US check, but most of us just use our credit card. They charge \$5.00 for the service. They will mail a check to you in the currency you asked for.

Mr. Curt Hofemann on the Bavarian Ancestor list 10/26/00 recommended ICE also and added on that it is wise to just use the words Church Archive or Archiv instead of an exact name. "If you make it out to City of Munich and the archives are actually somewhere else, then there could be a problem with endorsements and cashing of the check. So Archives without naming a specific town is a more practical solution." You can read his letter on the Bavarian Ancestor list archives.

I personally have used this resource many times sending money to German churches and archives. Last month I used it to send a personal gift to a Chinese friend in Hong Kong. She received the check in Hong Kong dollars within a very short time.

LaVerne  
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A European friend has told me that if I want to pay for research in Vienna or buy books there I can send an Eurocheck in DM. He said there would be no bank charge in Austria for that kind of check.

You may be able to buy Eurochecks in DM from your local bank. If they have to get it from another larger bank you may have to wait a week or two to get it. The check should have all fees paid up front and you can send the exact DM amount to Vienna without worrying that there will be more fees on that end. I would guess that the same can be done for research and purchases in Germany.

Karen Hobbs

# The Lausbuben

*(article discovered by Karen Hobbs in a Heimatbüch at the Nurnberg Treffen)*

(A Lausbuben is a little rogue, a rascal, or a boy who is good-for-nothing-- but trouble)

The following is a true story of what happened to Franz Lanzendörfer in Luditz on a day in January, 1943. The story could have had a dreadful ending if a guardian angel had not been near.

First I must mention that Saturdays and Sundays were the days that our incorrigible sense of adventure always led us into the worst trouble and caused the most excitement for our mother. On the weekends our mother was always occupied with special projects and anything her boys got into was usually pretty aggravating. Those two days were days off from school and represented too much free time without any projects interesting enough or large enough to satisfy our youthful spirit of adventure. As we went in and out of the house our mother would say over and over, often with a threat in her voice, that we should take care not to get dirty and we should stay out of mischief. We had to promise equally often that we would not give her or anyone else any cause for complaint. Unfortunately, those promises and good intentions were already forgotten by such rascals as we were before the door was closed behind us. That is what happened on this particular Sunday.

It was a ominous-looking gray January Sunday in 1943 when we -- Hans and Franz -- were making our free-time tour of our neighborhood once again. Our adventure began in the afternoon. Hans had decided right off that he wanted to go to the swimming hole where he usually stopped to throw bits of clay into the water. "Komm Franny," he said, using the name he always used for me, "lets go there; there is something I want to try."

And so he steered me at a fast pace to this fateful place where he planned to do something but I was not sure exactly what. It was not long before I found out what he had in mind. Once there he got very interested in the surface of the ice that covered the water -- it appeared to be good and sturdy. He believed that it was strong enough to hold up under a fairly heavy load. He thought it would be an incredible place to slide about and was soon very pleased that it appeared quite safe. Unfortunately the consequences of what he did next took a fateful turn. My brother Hans started out onto the ice courageously but carefully. When his first steps proved that the ice was as firm as he expected he became a bit more foolhardy and,

"Oooooohah!"

Before Hans could get back to the edge of the pond he broke through and fell into the ice-cold water. After a very short time -- thank The Lord God -- my brother rose to the top and immediately began to struggle wildly to reach the safety of the embankment which he succeeded in doing very quickly. He got a firm hold and pulled himself out of the icy water in great haste and lay there for a moment. Then he stood up, with all of his clothes soaking wet. I had cowered there as if paralyzed with fright, not knowing what I should do. Before I came to my senses he had already freed himself from his icy situation. We both knew we were in for it!

We looked at each other stupidly, me with my dry clothes and Hans with his all soaking wet, and we couldn't say a word. However, my brother was still quick to react to his needs. Since the dressing rooms for the swimming pond were open and offered some protection, Hans took off each bit of clothing and wrung it out with his hands -- which really didn't make much sense since everything was so wet that it really didn't seem to help at all. Finally we had no choice but to go home to mother as fast as we could. What we could expect once we arrived at home made our teeth chatter even more than Hans' wet clothes as we made our way down the lane.

Oh my! Our mother had quite a fright to see her two miserable little boys come home with one soaked through and the other pale with fright. In spite of all our misgivings she reacted only with sympathy and the terrible beating we expected never materialized. Instead she made us stay inside for two or three weekends and after that we were allowed to go out again with our promise to be careful. Hans had a terrible cold that he endured without complaint and used the time of our imprisonment to plan new adventures. We had to make a solemn oath that this was the last nonsense and we would stay out of mischief. Unfortunately our sense of adventure made this vow last for a very short time. We wanted to believe that we must certainly have guardian angels who we thanked for saving Hans from his icy bath. At the same time we asked them to pay careful attention as we went about our next adventure -- having learned very little from the lesson about thin ice.

# History For Sale

## **German-Bohemians - The Quiet Immigrants** by La Vern Rippley & Robert Paulson

A "must have" book for researchers. Over ten years in the making. Fully researched. Nine chapters describing our German-Bohemian ancestors life in the homeland, the journey to America and life in their new-found homes. Customs, traditions, music, heritage and more. Over 150 photographs. Hard cover, 279 pages. . . . . \$25.90

## **One Hundred Tales from Sudetenland**

Translated and Edited by Karen Hobbs  
One hundred folk tales (fairy tales) translated from the original German text *Hundert Sagen aus den Sudetenländern* by Josef Rotter, 1952. A wonderful insight into the stories our ancestors told for generations. Ghosts, goblins, magic, witches, giants, dragons, and more. The only published collection of German-Bohemian folklore in English. Soft cover, 197 pages . . . . . \$14.00

## **Duetsch-Böhmische Küche, First Edition**

A **German-Bohemian Cookbook**. Dozens of authentic German and German-Bohemian recipes.  
Ring bound, soft cover, 88 pages of recipes. . . . . \$9.00

## **Duetsch-Böhmische Küche, 'Gut Essen' Cookbook, Second Edition**

More authentic recipes plus a twist that you will not find in other cookbooks. Historical memories with six Menu Suggestions, Heritage items, and Meals; Second section: Soup, Salad & Vegetables, Kraut, & Dumplings; Third section: Meat, Backereie, & Desserts. Ringbound, soft cover . . . . . \$12.00

## **The Whoopee John Wilfahrt Dance Band, His Bohemian-German Roots**

by LaVern J. Rippley. . . . . \$6.00

## **German-Bohemian Immigrant Monument Book -**

A souvenir booklet of the monument dedication by the GBHS with early history of the organization. . . \$5.00

## Music

### **"German-Bohemian Heritage Singers, Preserving the Heritage"**

cassette tape. A wonderful array of German and German-Bohemian dialect songs . . . . \$9.00

**"Preserving the Heritage II"** cassette tape. An encore performance features even more toe tapping and heart warming songs in the German and German-Bohemian flavor. Add it to your collection today. . \$10.00

**All prices (U.S. Funds Only Please) include sales tax and postage . If you wish to order any of these items, send a check payable to GBHS and mail it with your request to: GBHS, P.O. Box 822, New Ulm, MN, 56073-0822**

# Memorials

## In Memory of . . . .

*Recorded by Angie Portner*

### **Eleanor Morisse**

from Pat & Nicole Eckstein, LaVerne & LaDonna Schugel

### **Leo Beranek**

from Edwin & Elaine Stueber, Hilary & Rosemary Tauer, Dan & Trudy Beranek

### **Richard Guggisberg**

from Mr. & Mrs. LaVerne Schugel

### **Melvin Gag**

from Paul & Janice Kretsch, Melvin Gag Family

### **Gerald Groebner**

from Jerry & Shirleen Gulden, George & Angie Portner

### **Herman A. Radloff**

from Frances T. Brandel, Ted & Lois Fritsche, Anonymous

This photo appeared in the December issue of the Heimatbrief without its caption. I apologize to the four gentlemen for this error. The caption should have read: L to R, GBHS founder Robert Paulson, Father Eugene Hackert, GBHS President Paul Kretsch, Father Celestine Pistulka. Photo taken at the GBHS Fall Meeting where Fathers Hackert and Pistulka gave a wonderful and informative narrative of their trip to Europe.

## **New Newsletter Format**

The GBHS Board of Directors recently approved a new format and cover for the "Heimatbrief" newsletter. The newsletter has evolved over the past eleven plus years into more of a magazine than a newsletter and therefore merited a more suitable appearance. The newsletter includes not only society news and events but also informative articles, research information, stories, folk tales, letters, etc. We hope you like the new image.

## **Newsletter Deadline**

The next issue of the "Heimatbrief" will be published in June. Deadline for articles and other submissions is April 28, 2001.

## **Thanks!**

by Jerry Gulden

Thanks for the many of you that supported the new member drive by paying the membership for a brother, sister, aunt, uncle, son, daughter, grandchildren or good friend as a gift. It takes members like you to successfully grow the Society. Those new memberships may put a spark into one of these people and they may be the people who put together your families' genealogy tree for future generations. What a great thought!

We would like to thank Dan Beranek for his generous donation towards the spring flower planting. We also want to thank Angie Portner for her tender-loving-care of those flowers throughout the summer. The flowers that surround the German Bohemian statue in German Park add to that area something that the summertime visitors walk away with in their memories of our Society.

# DEUTSCH-BÖHMISCHE KÜCHE

## SECOND EDITION FOR SALE

The DEUTSCH-BÖHMISCHE KÜCHE, 'Gut essen' Cookbook, written by society members and other eager participants contains recipes of Bohemian and German flavor. It has 322 recipes, 29 pages of Historical writings, seven Family Menu items, two full color pictures, one of the German-Bohemian Immigrant Monument in German Park New Ulm, and another of the heritage clothing (Tracht). All in 219 pages for only \$9.95.

For those of you who have not ordered, picked up or bought the second cookbook I thought an insight into the Cookbook would help you understand the difference between this cookbook and many others. The articles are insightful as to what our ancestors went through to put food on the table, why they used every part of the animal and how they stored their foodstuffs, along with many family anecdotes. Read about your Great-grandpa/ma, grandpa/ma, Mom and Dad, brother and sister, and other relatives.

Here is a taste of some articles, recipes, and anecdotes you will find in the new cookbook along with hundreds of recipes:

- Susan Muehlhans Karides Family's Traditional Holiday Meal Roast Goose With Pumpernickel Stuffing
- Was it really the "Good Old Days"? by Cathryn Gulden Kastanek
- Farm Life in Bohemia in 1870 Was Grim by Emmet J. Hoffmann GBHS Newsletter of August 1993
- Looking Back by Cathryn Gulden Kastanek
- Farmyard Butchering
- Schwatinmong
- Farming and Farmhouse Food Storage Practices
- Goosetown (Gänseviertel) By Robert Paulson
- A Sauerkraut Anecdote by Karen Hobbs
- Sauerkraut as Made by Alphonse and Josephine Goblirsch in the Late 1940's to Early 1950's as remembered by their daughter, Rose Goblirsch Koehler. Submitted by - Paula Goblirsch
- The Village of Zemschen: "How They Lived" by George Warta
- Morel Mushroom, Fried and Preserved by Drying by Jerry Gulden
- Elderberries (Der Holunder Blume) by Angie Portner
- Crackling Cookies by Dorothy Soukup Holm
- Coon Stew Or Roast by Charlotte Kastanek

**A Big Thanks to those who contributed and helped with this Cookbook!**  
**Jerry Gulden**

The cookbooks is ready for mailing. If you want to tempt your taste buds further you may order a cookbook from the German-Bohemian Heritage Society, P.O. Box 822, New Ulm, MN, 56073. The cost of each cookbook is \$9.95 (tax included) plus \$2.05 for postage and packaging, please enclose \$12.00 with your name and return address.

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## Order Form

Please send \_\_\_\_\_ (Qty.) cookbook(s) to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

Send check or money order for \$12.00 incl. postage and tax for each **Deutsch-Böhmisch Küche, 'Gut essen' Cookbook** to:

**German-Bohemian Heritage Society**  
**P.O. 822**  
**New Ulm, MN 56073-0822**

# Join Us

**Membership Form For The German-Bohemian Heritage Society  
Family Membership \$15.00 per Year in the U.S. or Foreign Countries  
(Family membership includes those living in the same household)**

**Name** \_\_\_\_\_ **Phone#** \_\_\_\_\_

**Address** \_\_\_\_\_ **Email Address** \_\_\_\_\_

**City** \_\_\_\_\_ **State** \_\_\_\_\_ **Zip** \_\_\_\_\_

**Please list surnames you are researching including geographical locations and/or villages. (Optional)**

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