

LIWWÄT BÖKE

1807 - 1882
PIONEER



Return to

Andy Niekamp

Janet

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Dear Janet,

This book is a little exceptional and we hope you will enjoy it.

Liuwät Böke came to America from Germany, and to St. John (Maria Stein) Ohio in about 1834-1835. The experiences she encountered crossing the Atlantic via sailboat, and her pioneer days here in St. John, which are revealed in her writings and drawings, evidently were the same as that of our ancestors.

My great-grandparents (Alfrida's) came to America from Germany to Mercer County, Ohio the same time she did. They all settled in Maria Stein, St. Rose, and Chickasaw within a radius of two miles or less from where Liuwät Böke and her husband Netz lived.

We are sure you, your children and many of our descendants who are not yet born will find this book informative and interesting.

With love.

Dad and Mother

Edgar J. and Alfrida E. Willke

1987.

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The names of my great grandparents were Pohlmann (Pohlman), Kremer, Kleinberg and Seitz. Albert Pohlman and Dennis Kremer, Maria Stein, Ohio, who are direct descendants, still live on the same farm where their ancestors settled in 1836 and 1837.

The Liewät Böke (Boeke) farm (now Nieberding), was located one mile northwest of where Ed and I live on 1986 Ralfes Rd. Maria Stein, Ohio.

Alfrida 1987.

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"Rafters... constructing the first house - loghouse"

LIWWÄT BÖKE

1807 - 1882

Pioneer

The story of an immigrant pioneer woman and her husband who settled in western Ohio as told in her own writings and drawings

Compiled and edited
by
Luke B. Knapke

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by
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Minster, Ohio

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Dedication

This work is dedicated to the memory of Vincent H. Boeke, 1910 - 1984, great-grandson of Liwwät Böke. He brought this exceptional woman to our attention.

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To my wife for her patience, understanding, tremendous help with translation and proofreading, and gentle prodding.

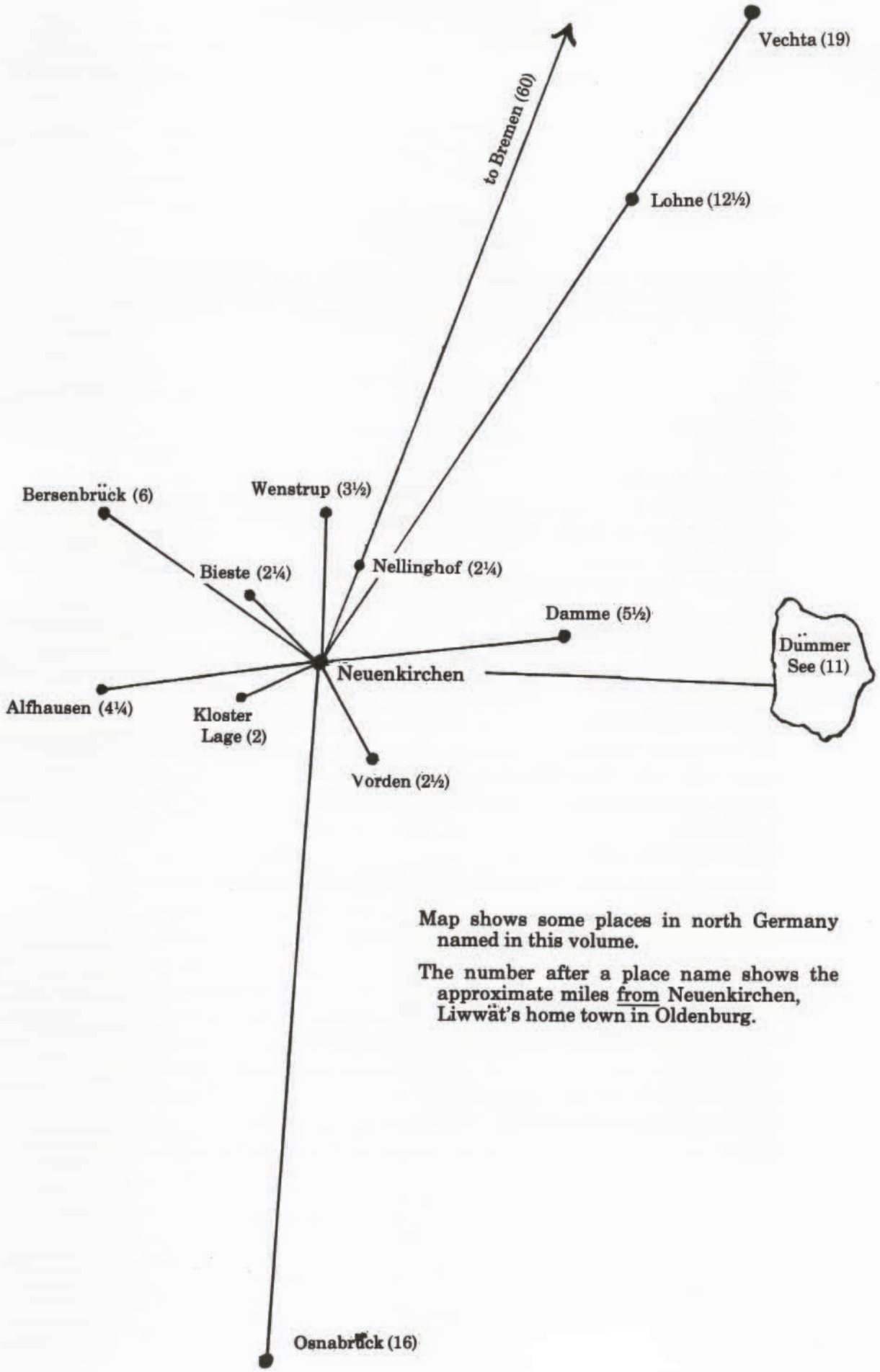
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Map shows some places in north Germany named in this volume.

The number after a place name shows the approximate miles from Neuenkirchen, Liwwät's home town in Oldenburg.

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Foreword

The materials in this volume are translations of some of the writings and photocopies of some of the drawings of Liwwät Böke (Elisabeth Boeke), born Elisabeth Knapke at Neuenkirchen, Oldenburg, Germany in 1807.

> (The name Liwwät, pronounced Livvet, was a familiar form of Elisabeth, as were Elsa, Lisetta, Elske. Liwwät is used throughout this volume since this is the way she signed everything, and since it is the only way in which I have come to think of her.)

This is really the rare story of a singular woman as revealed by her writings and drawings, who came with her husband to Marion Township, Mercer County, in western Ohio. They were pioneer settlers in this virgin wilderness.

She emigrated from Germany to the United States (Bremen to Baltimore) in about 1834 or 1835, and was married in Cincinnati in 1835 (as she wrote inside the back cover of her prayerbook) to Bernard (Natz) Boeke (English spelling of Böke). He was also a native (1800) of Neuenkirchen and had come to America in 1833. They had known each other for a number of years.

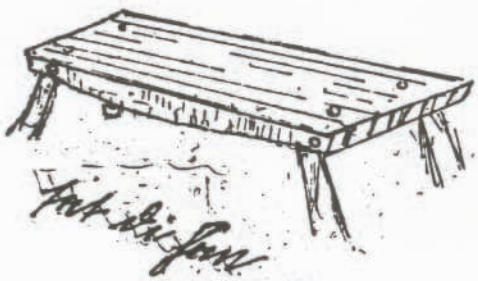
They bought a farm on August 19, 1835, in the forest just west of the settlement of St. John on what is now Rolfes Road. They immediately began the work of clearing the land.

Considering her peasant status, Liwwät Böke was exceptionally well educated for those times. Instruction in drawing was part of this education, and she drew and wrote throughout the rest of her life. Many of her drawings show events and scenes from her experiences as an immigrant and pioneer, and sometimes she used these to illustrate parts of her writings. So her writings and drawings help to give some additional understanding of early local history from an educated woman's point of view, and a better grasp of the experiences, attitudes and feelings of the people who settled this wilderness.

She was very conscious of the importance of history and she felt records should be kept of the first days in this new country. There can be no doubt about her determination. After the exhausting labor of a pioneer's day, few persons would have had the drive and energy which her drawing and writing must have demanded.

Her drawing and writing were done with quill pens which she made herself. She wrote extensively on a variety of topics, many of these being about her earliest days in this area.

Fortunately much of her writing and drawing has survived and has only recently come to light. Her writings are in the old German script, and are usually in Low German. Those translated for this volume were chosen because of their local historical interest, or because they help to provide some understanding of this remarkable woman and her background. The writings are presented in the order in which she wrote them in so far as can be determined.



"set di hen"
"Have a seat."

Liwwät and Natz had six children; three sons lived to maturity. She died in 1882; her husband died in 1857 as the result of an accident. Both are buried in the parish cemetery at St. John (Maria Stein).

It seems important that her story be told as completely as possible, especially since no similar original material by other pioneers of this area has surfaced to date.

Luke B. Knapke - 1986

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Neuenkirchen parish church 1836

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About Liwwät

Elisabeth Knapke was born 25 June 1807 at Nellinghof, Neuenkirchen, Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, Germany, the second child of Herman Henry Knapke and Gertrude Lienesch. Other children were Maria Katharina - 1803, Gertrude - 1809, Bernard - 1813 and Herman Henry - 1817.

The family must have moved. The baptismal records of Neuenkirchen parish show the birthplace of the first two children at Nellinghof, the third at Trimpe (a nearby farm), and the last two at Bieste. At one point Liwwät writes, *"... here in Bieste-Westendorf."* The parish and community of Neuenkirchen was made up of the town and a number of "Bauerschaften" (large farm estates may be a way to describe these) among which were Nellinghof and Bieste. Nellinghof, for example, consisted of a small village and about 3400 acres divided into about 36 farms ranging from 15 acres on up. Bieste was a bit smaller.

Liwwät's father was the younger of two sons so could not inherit the lease rights to the small 15 acre piece of land on which he had been born. He would have been forced to work where he could find work, so may well have had to move from one "bauerschaft" to another. With each generation the number of people in such poorer classes under the feudal system increased.

Since there was not enough land or local work, large numbers of men traveled to nearby Holland during the summer months to earn extra money. (An older brother of Liwwät's father died in Holland in 1794. This was not a rare occurrence for the nature of the work and the poor working and living conditions all contributed to the poor health of these migrant workers.) During the winter months most of these poor families spent all their extra time spinning and weaving flax into linen. This was also a source of extra money since there was a demand for linen up until about 1830.

Starting about 1830, handwoven linen could no longer compete with machine woven linen and cotton. At about this same time, Holland no longer required large numbers of migrant workers. The poor were reduced to desperate condition. As Liwwät said, *"We were starving."* Furthermore, under the feudal system children were locked in the class into which they were born. All of this contributed to the emigration of large numbers of these humble people... most of them with America, the land of opportunity, as their destination. Liwwät and Natz were among these, Natz in 1833, and Liwwät in late 1834 or early 1835.

Liwwät's father died in 1828 in Bieste. Her mother, Gertrude, at the age of 66, came to America in 1842; with her were Liwwät's sister, Maria Katharina, and brother, Bernard. (Bernard took land just across the road from Liwwät and Natz.) The mother died at St. John in 1851.

Further discussion about Liwwät forces us to confront our lack of knowledge. In the words of her great grandson, Vincent Boeke, written very shortly before he died, *"Every discovery discloses a hitherto unimagined amount of ignorance. Her drawings and writings of yesterday's world are an obstacle to translation progress for they give us an illusion of knowledge. The courage to believe that we don't know as much about her as we think we know is the first stage of discovery. The increase in our knowledge of her struggle and our increasing reverence for her work may lead us to underestimate the amount of our ignorance."*

But her story should be told in so far as possible, and I have tried to put together some of the facts and also some of the impressions gained from studying her works.

She was an educated person, but large questions about her education remain unanswered. She says she started school already during her fourth year, at *"... Lage Kloster where they had taken me in as a favor"*. A favor to or for whom? Why was she chosen? Did she already show promise of great talent? Who paid for this? Her parents were poor. She refers to her family as *"us poor heuerleute"* (a class of people who worked for large land proprietors and were paid with a small plot of marginal land to use for their own family needs.) They surely could not have afforded it. Was she sponsored by a local wealthy family as a present-day resident of Neuenkirchen thinks is possible?

Lage Kloster (cloister or monastery) was established in the year 1245. It was a grant by the Count of Tecklenburg of a sizeable manor house and its pertinent lands to the Knights of St. John whose purpose was to serve the sick and the poor. Over the centuries changes took place, and its last connection with the order ended around 1783. The Benedictines then managed the establishment and were there in Liwwät's day. She refers to *"the abbot"* whom she held in high regard as a teacher. When Lage began to serve as a school remains a question. A school for whom? Conducted by whom? How many students? There were other schools in the area for children. (Lage was situated less than two miles from the Knapke and Böke homes in Bieste. It was since 1300 — and still is today — a popular pilgrimage place in northwest Germany.)

Liwwät kept some connection with Lage Kloster and its teachers at least until about 1830. That her teachers, whom she refers to as *"both German and foreign"*, influenced her greatly, there can be little doubt. She named a number of them, and refers to her art teacher, Pontius, several times. In 1824, telling of the many famous paintings she had seen in his books, she says, *"He helped me in my dreadful ink drawing. I will never be able to draw like that... and it*

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Starving Family? 1833

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"At Brandewie's on the way to Lage"

is not necessary. Family, loved ones and children come first." How fortunate we are that she didn't quit drawing in despair!

Other teachers she names in her writings sound interesting. In her own words these are: *"One priest, Musel, studied in Mainz, Rome and Münster. He knows a lot that the people here don't understand." "...at Lage Kloster in Bieste with the help of Brother Antonius." "... teacher, Paue Frechette who speaks Flemish, Dutch and English." "Professor Rochelle, a cleric, who has concealed himself here in Lage Kloster for the last eleven years."* Three of these seem to have been expatriates, perhaps forced to flee their own land in the turmoil resulting from the French Revolution and from Napoleon's conquests and secularization policies.

A more definite part of her education was her training as a midwife in Osnabrück at the Cathedral School during the years 1826, 27 and 28. She described the general course of study in High German. Then she outlined in Low German, and illustrated with 113 technical drawings, the complexities and variations that had to be understood in the process of helping with childbirth. (With her midwife certificate she actually broke free from her "heuerleute" status by becoming a professional.)

Liwwät, as is true for anyone, was a product of her times and of her training. During her early years, change — some of it drastic — was in the air. She lived through the changes accompanying Napoleon's conquest of the area and his government policies. After Napoleon's downfall, she lived through the reverting by the Oldenburg authorities to the conditions of former times. Here, in the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, the feudal system was still quite firmly entrenched, but there was a growing recognition by both the authorities and the ordinary people of the injustices existing under the system. And the American and French Revolutions, both rather recent, must have intensified that recognition.

For someone like Liwwät, with a profound interest in history, such recognition must have been doubly strong. Throughout her life she exhibited a great awareness of the importance of history. In her early school notes (c. 1825) she said, *"History gives us perspective. History is the prince of mankind's sciences."* And she quotes Cicero, *"If one does not know the events that happened before the time of his birth, then he remains a child."* She felt an obligation to record happenings she experienced, the attitudes of the community, and her own convictions. Just the fact that, on the trip to America, she burdened herself with so much material, her writings, drawings, school notes, paper and ink, suggests her certainty of the importance of keeping records.

As a student of history Liwwät was quite conscious of the problems associated with the feudal system... of the lack of freedom of people bound to the land or to a lord, of the inequities which had developed gradually over the centuries. Some people were classed as nobles, others as the poorest of peasants purely by accident of birth. The poor classes were virtually slaves with no hope, no future, no chance to own land. She wrote, *"The prince-bishops and nobles are relics of the Middle Ages."* Again, in referring to obligations and payments, *"... always to the lord; here it was the bishop. He was also a noble!! But not noble!! Now I'll go to hell. (I am not so fearful anymore as my poor, ignorant, unread forefathers.)"* The title, "Prince-bishop" meant a bishop who was also lord of a territory, thus having both religious and secular authority. This practice had started during the Middle Ages and had caused many troubles and scandals over the centuries. "No man can serve two masters."

From her school notes she appears to have become a bit skeptical at an early age... about bishops and nobles, government and bureaucrats. In her notes on the classes of society she wrote about lords and peasants *"... both are obedient to the so-called 'good' church."* Another place, referring to bureaucrats and their endless regulations, she said, *"Government is a game played by the servants of the state between one*

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another." At the end of her notes about the Council of Trent and the Inquisition she wrote, *"I am a Catholic, now and before, but I will not always sip every time the spoon comes to my mouth."*

But there can be no question or uncertainty about Liwwät's firm, enduring Catholic faith. Her writings are sprinkled with frequent references of the need of faith and hope and trust in God, of Christ's love, God's blessings, God's presence, devotion to Mary, the need for penance and confession and prayer. She took pride in her family's Christian Catholic faith which had endured for many centuries. She included sixty-four pages of Low German prayers for children in her writing. She kept a tally of church attendance for almost every Sunday from January, 1836, until November, 1845! Her writings include four talks (discussions) for use when no priest was present. She often quotes Scripture references. She maintained a long-term friendship with Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati.



"My drawing teacher at Bieste Cloister" 1819

Liwwät did not conceal her dislike for Father Brunner, American head of the Society of the Precious Blood. She bluntly calls him erratic, presumptuous, dictatorial, inflexible, capricious, and, above all grasping. She was not entirely alone in her feelings. In one Precious Blood history he is called a controversial figure who will remain as such, thought by some to have a mania for authority. In another history it says he was considered by some to have a domineering personality and an impulsive temperament, to seem at times strangely illogical, to be parsimonious and eccentric, to have a strong inflexible will. So he too was human! Such opinions were, of course, more than offset by his tremendous feat of firmly establishing the Society in just a few years in this new world wilderness, in the face of unimaginable hardships.

It would appear that there was a personality conflict. But, as she plainly wrote, her greatest tension with Brunner arose when almost immediately after his arrival, he forbade the use of Low German... in church, in prayers, in the field, at home. He considered Low German to be an inferior form of High German. She knew that it was a <u>different</u> language with an ancient, proud history, the language used by the Hanseatic League and at least a third of Germany, and the mother tongue for most of the settlers at St. John. The parish had been using Low German for their services when no priest was present. The parishioners had also been using a Low German prayerbook composed of prayers contributed by them, and then laboriously copied. Liwwät had assisted in the vocabulary, spelling and layout.

Liwwät was well ahead of her time as regards equality for women. She showed great concern for their mental well-being, understanding that their isolation here in the forest was so different from the old country, and led to mental depression and other problems. She predicted, *"The day will come when women will stand on the same rung of the ladder."* In the lengthy caption on an 1871 drawing she wrote, *"In a hundred years the Church will become more democratic, and women will not sit in the second place."*

Liwwät frequently referred to Stallostown as "Stallo", even though its name had been changed to Minster in 1836. Surely she and Natz knew of Stallo before they came to St. John in 1835. Franz Joseph Stallo came from the Damme area in southern Oldenburg... only a few miles from their home. Stallo had arrived in Cincinnati in 1831 and in 1832 headed the group who founded and settled Stallostown. Stallo wrote home encouraging emigration, and his father and brother formed a company to promote this. And, of course, while in Cincinnati, they had to have learned of this settlement of Germans 100 miles to the north... where government land north of the Greenville Treaty Line had only recently become available for $1.25 per acre. Doubtlessly this influenced Natz and Liwwät to settle in Mercer County.

Liwwät used the mark $\mathcal{L}^{m}$ after her name on almost all of her writings and drawings. What it signifies is unknown. It seems to be a personal token. We have

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been told that others in the Oldenburg area used personal signs of this type.

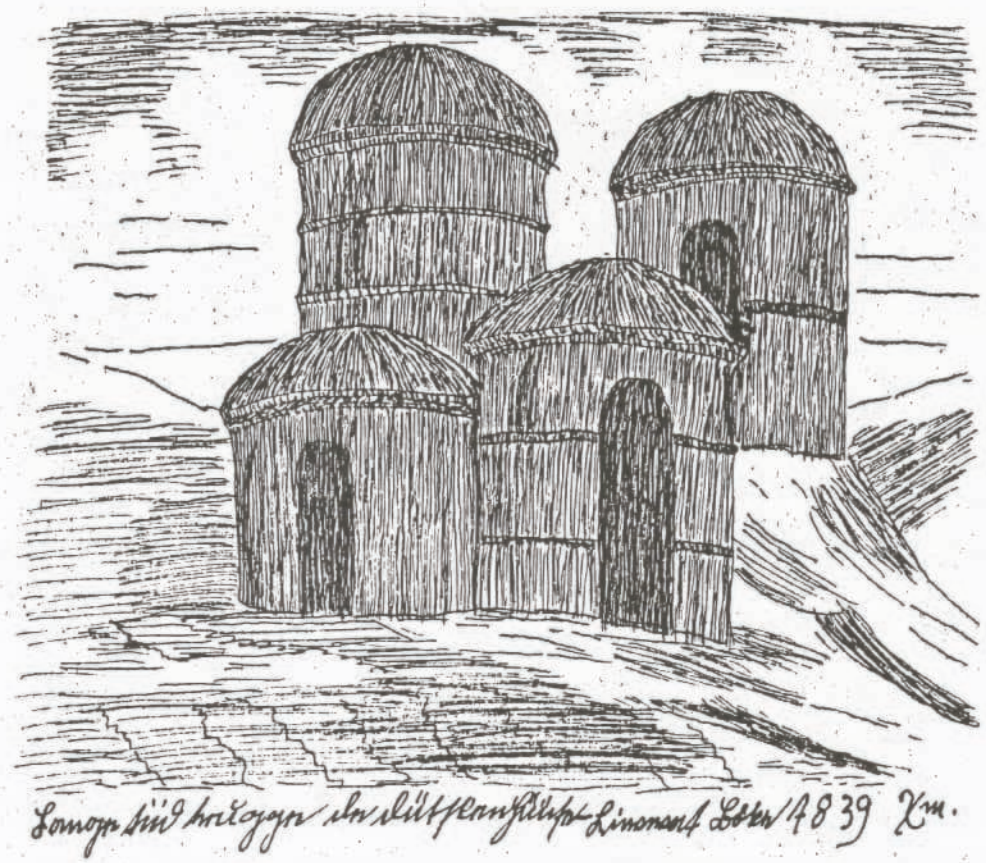
How much writing and drawing did she leave? This is a frequent question. I know of well over 1000 pages of writing on about 45 topics. And at least 10 topics are lost. (The articles translated for this volume comprise about 200 pages plus picture captions and miscellaneous quotes.) How many drawings? I don't know but have seen several hundred. These drawings are dated from 1816 when she was nine years old, to 1882, the year of her death. What were her subjects? They could be almost anything that seemed important or that interested her. And with her wide interests and intense love of life, this makes for a wide range of possibilities. In her later years she seems to have drawn much for pastime.

Liwwät's drawings were made on quality paper which has endured well. Paper was a scarce and valuable commodity so she wasted very little space on her early drawings, one sheet often containing several sketches. In later years she allowed more space for margins and between illustrations. Her drawings show much detail in shading and background which points towards considerable skill, for many drawings had to have been done in great haste, perhaps even by the scant light of candles or lamps of that day. She was quite adept at imparting a feeling of movement when depicting people or animals. Sometimes she concealed her name and the date within the drawing itself. She was proficient at drawing from memory.

In the words of Vincent Boeke, *"We are so fortunate to have so much of her work to choose from. All we need is an alert eye, an open attitude, and a sympathetic sensibility and her world is ours. Her work permits us to share her extraordinary view of nature, her sense of wonderment at life's variety and her delight at being able to capture and convey this. As we study her drawings and writings, everything slowly falls into place 'now', and precisely as she intended."*

In her lifetime Liwwät certainly experienced a large share of troubles and heartaches... her parents' deaths, the deaths of two infant sons, her husband's untimely death in 1857, and, two years later, the death of their only daughter at age fifteen. She had experienced hardship and poverty while in the old country. She suffered the agonizing departure from home, the hardships of the journey, the unattractive transition from a developed region to virgin wilderness, the trials of clearing land and building a new home. She worried about family and community.

Yet, overall, her attitude seems to have been positive, optimistic and surely determined. She frequently exhibits a sly, delightful sense of humor. She was outspoken, and possibly controversial in her convictions. Precocious? She surely seems to have been so. She was capable in many things and brilliant in some. Her writing and drawing must surely have provided her an outlet. As Vincent Boeke said, *"She drew and wrote from a need to express, not impress, with little concern for immediate gratification, and without ever sacrificing her integrity as an artist, writer, citizen and Christian."*



"A long time back - the German houses" 1839

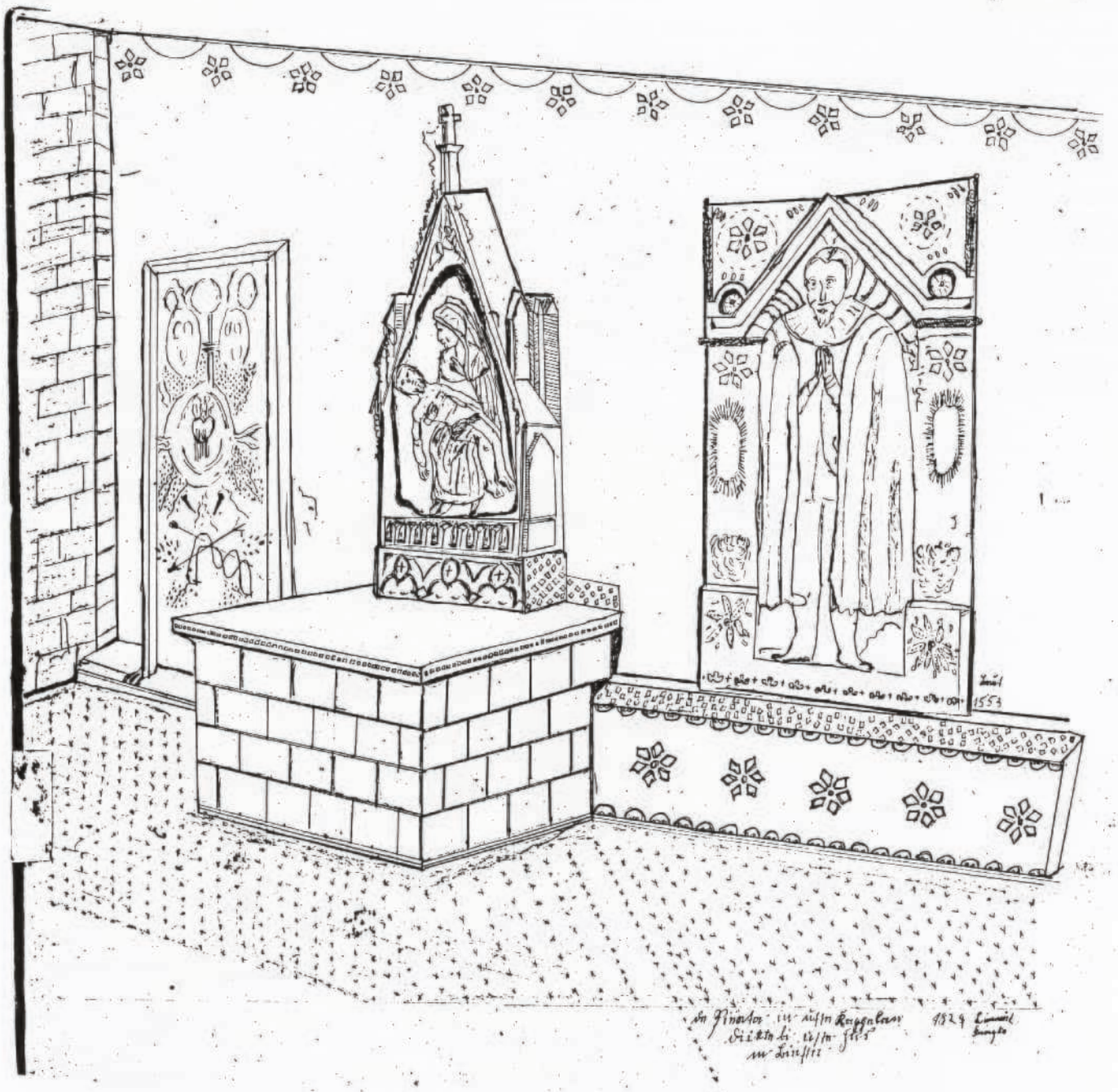
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So what else is there to say about this multi-faceted, talented woman? Who, what was she besides artist, writer, poet in Low or High German, historian, pioneer, student, wife, mother, grandmother, homemaker, midwife, linguist, community spokesperson, neighbor, friend of bishops, gardener, citizen?

Again, borrowing the words of Vincent Boeke, *"Creativity is a form of love that expresses itself as the urge to clarify and share with others what it holds dear. For Liwwät it was the expression of a curious and generous spirit to communicate something of what she felt about loved ones, home, animals... beautiful incidents and places remembered fondly, and the things, large and small that made up her and Natz's lives."*

More from Vincent Boeke, *"The future will almost certainly not see her as a dominant early Ohio writer and illustrator... or even as a truly representative one. Her writings and drawings belong to a minority Low German folk. Yes, she will be admired for her talents, dedication and integrity. Liwwät's feelings about and commitments toward virtue, character and order are intrinsic to her sketches and her writings, and were not merely grafted on to them for pedagogical or moralistic purposes. She held dear and stood for qualities in her work that our society no longer considers crucial, but I am not at all certain that what she wants to share with us isn't precisely what we need more of today."*

Luke B. Knapke - 1986



"The Pieta in our chapel close to our house in Bieste" 1829 Liwwät Knapke

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"Our chapel at Bieste" 1831



"... Plane-trees with loud bells near Bieste between the Böke house and the chapel"
1828-1835

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"Grandmother's house in Alfhausen" (Natz's grandmother) 1827 Liwwät Knapke



"Bauerschaft Bieste" 1828 Liwwät Knapke

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About Natz

John Bernard Böke was born 25 October 1800 in Neuenkirchen, Oldenburg. Neuenkirchen was composed of several large "Bauerschaften" (large farm estates may be a way to describe these) among which were Bieste where Natz lived, and Nellinghof where Liwwät was born.

(The name, Bernard, was sometimes spelled Berend, Berndt and other ways. One familiar form was Bernatz which Liwwät shortened to Natz.)

Natz was the son of John Henry Böke and Anna Maria Wiethe of Alfhausen, a village only a few miles from Neuenkirchen. They were married at Alfhausen in 1796. Their first three children died as infants. Three more were born before the father died in 1803 at the age of 43 years.

The mother remarried in 1804 to John Henry Lonnemann and they were blessed with a daughter. Mr. Lonnemann died in 1810. In 1816 the mother died. This left Natz, not yet 16, with two sisters aged 17 and 14 and a half-sister not yet 10.



"Our mother, Maria Wiethe Böke, from Alfhausen, in a picture seen in my mind." (Ed. - Maria Böke died in 1816.)



Natz Böke

Katharina, his older sister, was married in 1821 to John Bernard Meÿborg. I do not know if they remained in Neuenkirchen or not. His younger sister, Gertrude, was married in 1827 to Henry Sieveke. They came with two sons to the United States in 1833, and settled eventually at St. John. Henry Sieveke recorded his deed on the same day in August of 1835 that Natz recorded his.

Natz and his half-sister, Anna Maria Lonnemann, emigrated to America together in 1833. (She married John Henry Schnitger and died in Cincinnati in September of 1837.) The reason for leaving Germany was for most people quite simple... a chance to own some land, a chance for their children to escape their status under the feudal system which locked the children in the same level of society into which they were born. For instance, Natz was classified as a "Knecht"... that is, farm hand, or common laborer or servant. In Germany at that time a Knecht could earn one reichsthaler per month. In America he could earn ten reichsthalers.

Natz and Liwwät were part of a great number of people who left their area. Beginning in about 1830 Neuenkirchen lost almost half of its population to emigration. It took almost 100 years before the population was restored to the level it had before that time. A number of factors were responsible for this, but, quite simply, many of the people could not earn a living under the system in which they lived. They were starving, and they had no hope for their future.

Natz very possibly remained in Cincinnati until after Liwwät arrived. He did record his deed in Mercer County in August, 1835. She records purchases in Cincinnati for the year 1835, and she started to keep her record of Sunday church attendance in St. John in January, 1836. It seems fair to assume that they settled in St. John at that time.

Liwwät records that Natz fell out of an oak tree on May 12, 1854. His back and hipbones were broken in the fall, and he was crippled... in pain all the time. But she says he did not complain once. He died January 13, 1857.

On a drawing Liwwät describes briefly Natz's appearance. Because of his thick brown beard, one could see little of his face. Only the eyes showed whether he was happy or angry, and they showed only a little for they were set deep in his head behind thick eyebrows.

Bieste, where Natz lived, was not far from Lage where he went to church, and where Liwwät went to the school with which she remained in contact at least through 1830. They took interest in one another. She says he joined her at school and at work. Did he receive some education there also?

Liwwät refers to previous Bökes and quotes from books and papers left in the Böke house. She also refers to Harenburg. At his death, the parish records refer to Natz's father as "Heuermann in the Harenburg new house".

The Harenburg was an estate near Bieste owned by a noble family, the last being the von Quernheim family. This was no longer the case in Natz's day. Perhaps the family had died out, or had sold the property. In any case, the property was broken up among many smaller landholders.

But earlier Bökes had served this noble family as stewards (administrators or managers). Osnabrück archives have a 1785 report from the Neuenkirchen area administrator ("Vogt") that shows a Heinrich Böke, steward, living on the estate. This was Natz's grandfather. Under the feudal system such position was probably hereditary... from father to son... just as land was passed on.

The Böke home contained papers, books, pictures and furniture from these earlier Bökes and from the Harenburg estate. At one place Liwwät writes, *"The men from the Hanover government are robbers. They want all the historical writings that all the Böke families for many centuries have collected and written here in Bieste near Lage. It is terrible."* Liwwät refers to and quotes from some of these earlier Bökes. These include (in order but far from complete):

Dirick Böke	1300
Conrat Böke	
Rulaof (Roloff) Böke	1422-1448
Ditmar Böke	1515-1549 (1559)
Hinrik Böke	1581-1641
Evert (Euert) Böke	1615-1657
Cordt Böke	1649-1706

The printed wedding invitation of Cordt Böke, Natz's great-great-grandfather, would indicate that he was more than a simple peasant. Also, Cordt had to have been well educated. There are examples of his writing in Latin (1671 or so) about what appear to be legal matters.

Liwwät drew a picture of Ditmar Böke. She copied this from an old picture in the Böke house, and calls him, *"the accountant and eminent servant in the Herrenheim"* (Harenburg home).

(This information about Natz Böke is pieced together from Liwwät's writings and drawings, from Boeke family genealogical research, and from inquiries made in Neuenkirchen by Vincent H. Boeke. One wonders how very much more might have been available if three of Liwwät's articles: "Natz and I" -1859; "Natz's Childhood" - 1868; and "My and Natz's Children" - 1872, had not been lost!)

Luke B. Knapke - 1986

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Cordt Böke - wedding invitation



Ditmar Böke



"Noonday meal - they are acquainted, the little one and her father."

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Liwwät Knapke 1822

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About the Translations

First of all, I ask the reader's forbearance. I freely acknowledge my amateur status as translator and historian. I have tried to be accurate, but the chance for error is large, and I wish to apologize if the errors are too numerous or serious.

Throughout I've tried to keep my translation closely parallel to Liwwät's writing, though this often makes for somewhat stiff and stilted English. Some liberties were taken with sentence length and paragraph length. The German frequently has many very long sentences and paragraphs which would be very clumsy in English. Also, word order is different... partly like High German, partly like English, partly unique.

There are difficulties. a) At times the copy is blurry and hard to decipher. b) There are limited sources for help. I have four Low German - High German wordbooks; four High German - English dictionaries; two Dutch - English dictionaries; one Low German grammar. c) Spelling is not consistent. This was never standardized, so Low German is written with High German phonics. d) Liwwät's commas and periods are often indistinguishable. e) In writing certain letters, Liwwät's capital and small letters often differ little... particularly her d's, g's, h's and a's. She may have needed to hurry sometimes. f) As in English, a word often has multiple meanings... some of them quite different from each other.

The translations have been in process for about five years. I must acknowledge the invaluable contributions of Vincent Boeke, especially in vocabulary and encouragement. He often had already translated many words on a copy. Or he would give me his quick translation of an article and ask that I redo it or polish it. After his death it was very hard to get back to serious work for a long time. His enthusiasm and prodding were missed.

And I must express my gratitude to my wife, Mary, for the large amount of time and effort she expended in transliterating texts from the old German script to our alphabet, for her patient searches for word meanings, for her helpful suggestions and gentle encouragement.

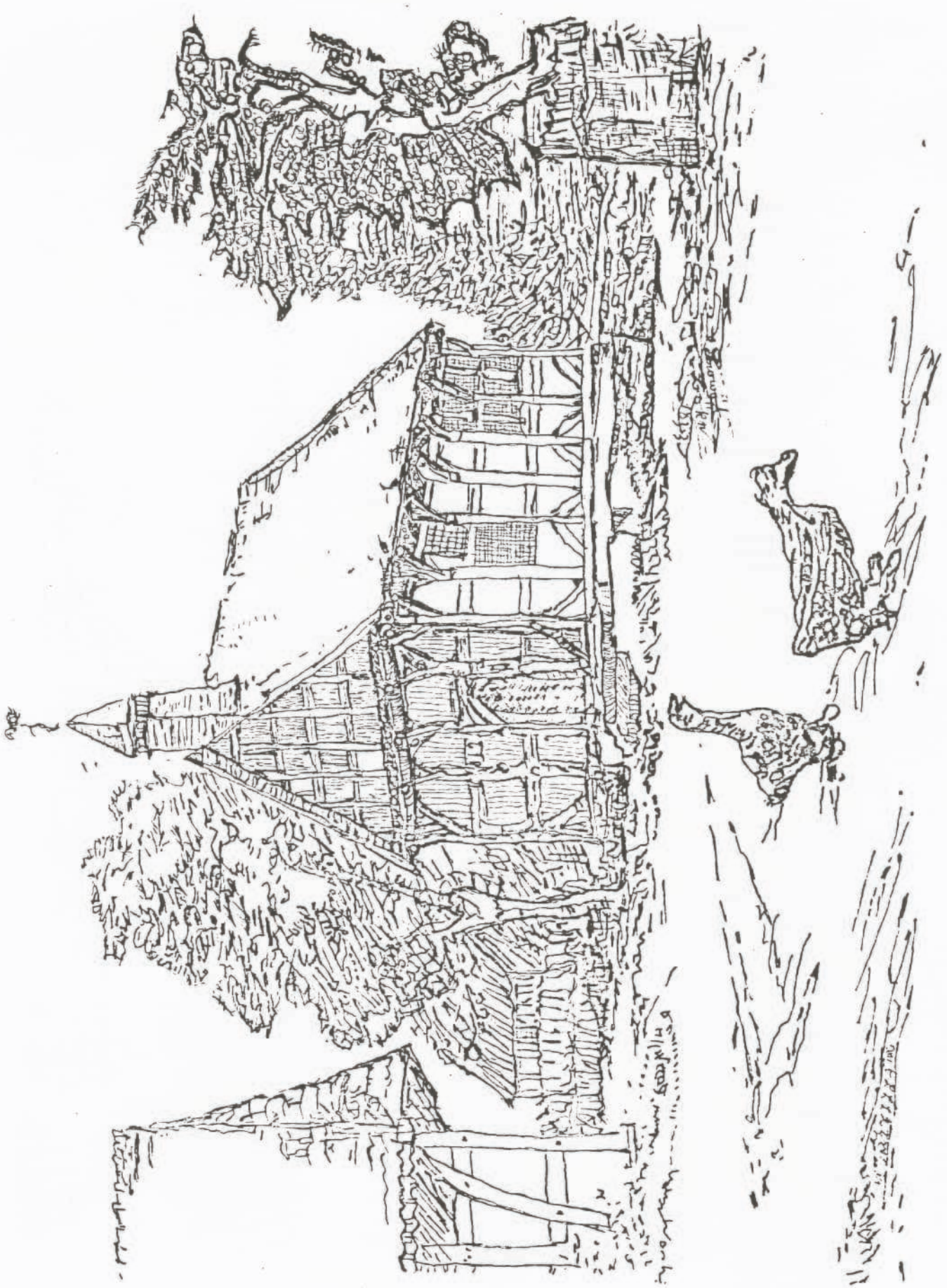
This has been an intriguing and exciting experience, and, as I am only an amateur, it was done for the fun and excitement of discovery. I am fortunate and grateful to have had this opportunity.

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183_



1833



1834

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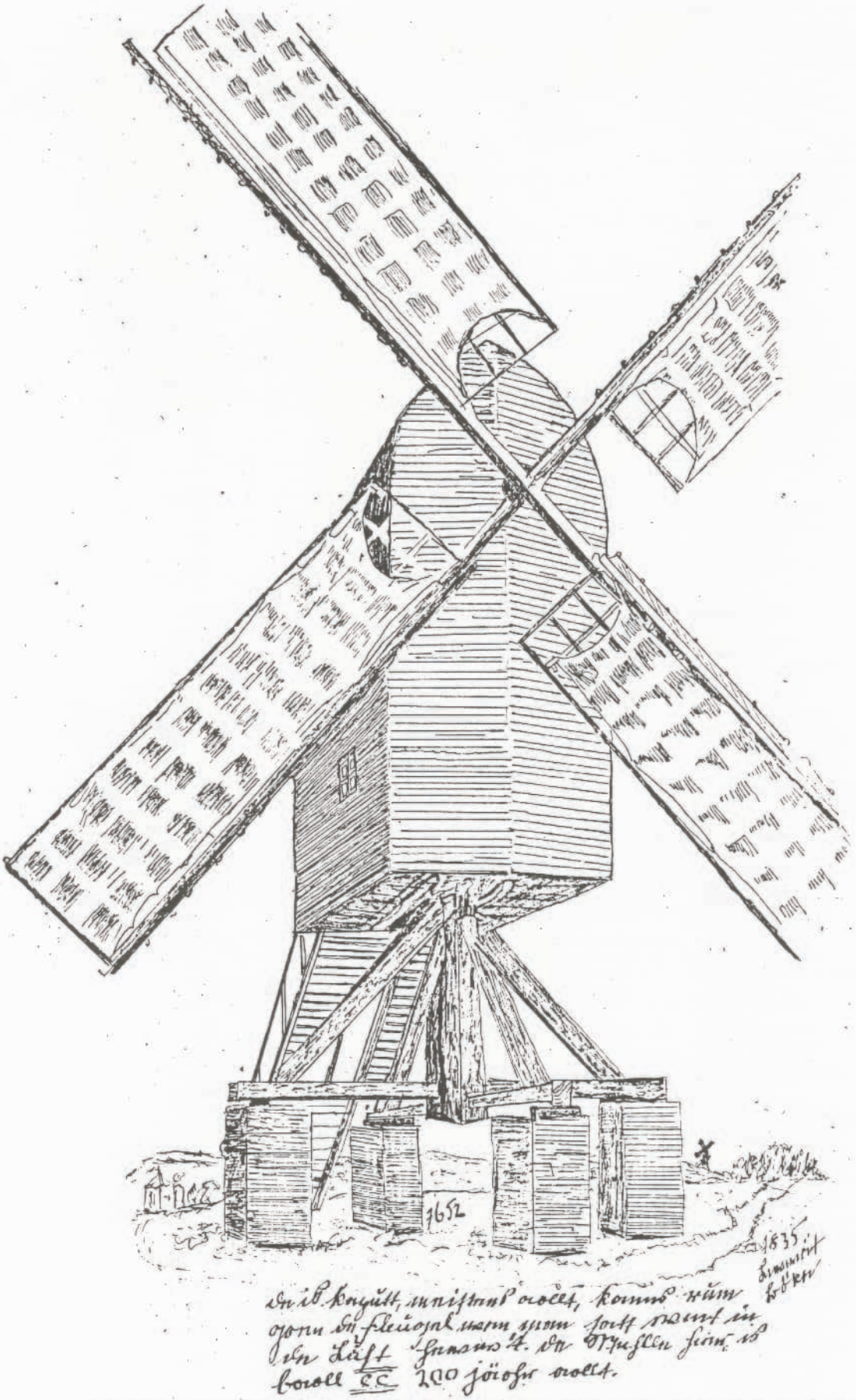
"At Lage Cloister _____ mill" (Ed. - cap mill) 1835

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"Post Mill" 1828 Liwwät Knapke

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"It is worn out, mostly old. The sails can go around when one has enough wind in the air. The mill here is almost 200 years old." 1835

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1828

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The First Times in Our Region
Here in Oldenburg - Hanover Land

(Ed. - This article appears to be incomplete. It is neither dated nor signed and stops very abruptly.)

The first Knapkes lived on the south side of the Wenstrup Bauerschaft. There they lived till after the war, and one of two brothers, name unknown, was a landholder with a little ground in Nellinghof. The Knapke families were here in the 15th century. There was a family settlement here in Nellinghof.

Before the Thirty Years' War it is impossible to know how large a number of people lived here. The people here would undertake the clearing of trees in the forest and the cultivating of our hard ground clay when no more people here could eat. The population increased until the Black Plague, 1348.

They say that the weather was warmer in those times so that many grapes grew and wine was also made. That is not possible today; the weather is too many degrees too cold. Also Ditmar Böke wrote about a terrible earthquake. He wrote that the North Sea, a great water, rushed over the land, and when it rolled back it took a large amount of soil from here with it into the sea. He wrote that this event occurred in October, 1337, and after that it became cold and dry.

Here we sow our seed corn in April and hoe the hills the first time in May and again in June. Between times we take the weeds out of the cornfield. When the tassels have come out five weeks, we pull off the ears from the stalks. Later we bring the stalks to the barn floor. The cattle eat vetches, French clover, kitchen peas, mixed vegetables green.

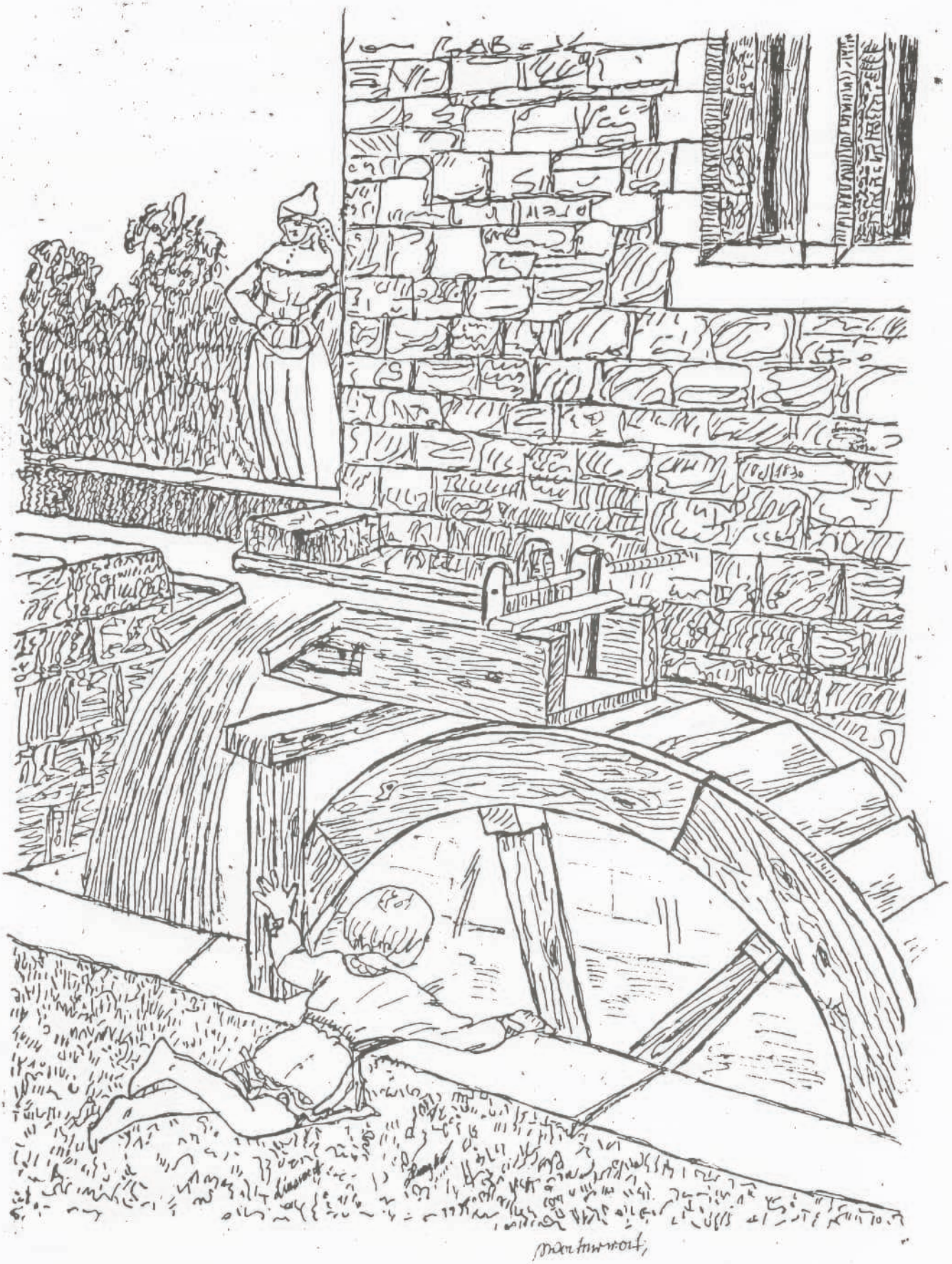
We improve the fertility of our wasteland and soil by hauling away the animal manure. In the cow stalls we lay straw in order to get manure, and when we do not have straw we take oak leaves and bean-stalks. That makes the best manure. We also use wood ashes, again together with burnt stubble. This farming method or process of enrichment started in the 1200's here. Rulaof Böke wrote of this; they used that process also at Lage Kloster he wrote.

The methods of plowing and the plows and the size and shape of the fields changed over the times. Almost everywhere deep ground plowing and seeding was lessened, and today we plow up and let the soil lie in fallow-land. The land was divided into three thirds, one third in fallow-land, one third for planting grain and crops, and the last in an ordinary assortment.



"Children, dogs; thus the garden is seeded." 1828 Liwwät Knapke

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"Waterwheel" 1830

In ancient times there were wooden plows. Now they are of iron and with a wheel, sometimes two wheels side by side. The tongue of the plow lies over an iron axle or axle tree. (1) Today the drawbar is also of iron, and of one or two angles... one angle for the singletree, (2) and one angle with a pair of singletrees. (3).

The plowshare is of iron and the shape is symmetrical built like this. (4) In front of the share's point is a plow-iron or cutter, (5) like this.

They started the use of a harrow in the time of Ditmar Böke (Ed.-c. 1540), what he called a ground scratcher, built of wooden planks with iron pins. (6)

Today plows are more deep-drawing and durable than in former times. Toothed shovels or hooks fit in place of the plowshares for plowing in wet weather or ground.

Under the plow with wheels is the mold-board. A heavy plow with all this, such as wheels, mold-board, long tongue, creates long strips... that is, the furrow depth makes turning the plow around unmanageable, unhandy and difficult because they are more lengthwise and not four-cornered or square in shape. The turning is important. The wheels make the (Ed.-"Trekkmolen"?) and furrow depth regular. The weight was never more than the horses or oxen could carry from the field on their backs. The mold-board is a device, a method of control, and guides a slice from the furrow and turns it over completely.

Ditmar and also Cordt Böke wrote that the Harenburg (Ed.-Bauerschaft) used marl for enriching with soil and limestone. In 1667 the Kolons (Ed.-farmers) had to use marl in Neuenkirchen. That was a regulation of the government.

Watermills were here around the time of Ditmar and before that time, in the 1300's to 1400's, in our area, one at Lage Kloster and others by the river.

The first plowing in the spring is usually in the month of March, but in the barley fields, where suitable, we plow in February. In May we plow the fallow-land for the first time. We call that plowing-up. The second plowing was in the fall.

For threshing we use a threshing flail by hand. Some people use oxen or horses to tread the grain underfoot, or with a stick. (Ed.-?)

The heavy plow is expensive and there is only one for use in a bauerschaft, and that usually takes three horses. On the plowed ground the water runs off the land better, and it doesn't stay wet so long. There are also fields where the plowing is in the (7) shape. They cannot turn the plow around. Always we have to take down more woods in order to use more ground for plowing.

_____wheat (Ed.-"Dinkelwäit"?) or late rye or oats and buckwheat grow here. We use oats both in bread baking and for oats flour mash, or oats soup; fermented it makes a light, clear beer. One can sow oats in fall or spring. Barley is sowed in the corners in light ground, and it is ready in three months. Molasses or sorghum sugar cane is tried here and is good when the summer heat lasts. Rye we sow in the fall; it grows in the cold weather. In winter there are rye fields; in spring the oats fields.

In our gardens we grow potatoes, onions, cabbage and beets. In the orchard one finds various sorts of apples, cherries, plums, pears and peaches.

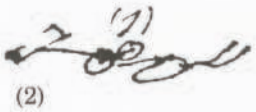
In the woods are walnuts and nut trees. One finds many berries in the woods, waste land, meadows and moors. The wild berries by our Dümmer (Ed.-Lake) produce so many. There are also acorns around which we bring home with the two-wheeled cart to feed the pigs. That is good fodder. The pigs also get a lot of beech mast.

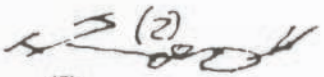
Fish is not to my liking; many like fish.

From the woods we get firewood, and from the waste land we get willows for making brooms and baskets and rope; also to make fencing for boundaries. The hedges provide padding and bottoms to put in baskets.

The bees in the hives provide beeswax and honey. We set the honeycomb in the sun and let the honey drip out of it into the sugar pot. We have ten or fifteen hives at all times. From the wax we make candles in our candle mold. (8) We make ten at one time. (Ed.-stops at bottom of fourth page... no signature or date. Did page five, etc., follow?)


(1)


(2)

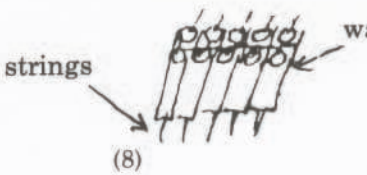

(3)


(4)


(5)


(7)


(6)



(8)

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Packing List for the Trip to America

(Ed. - The three lists shown here - his list, her list and seed list - though not given a title by Liwwät, are almost surely packing lists for their journey to the new world. Such lists have rarely, if ever, been seen. They surely give additional evidence of Liwwät's methodical and thorough nature. It is known that Liwwät and Natz had hoped to make the passage together. Since they did not, perhaps the contents of the lists were modified slightly, but certainly the lists would still have been used.)

An - on (Ed. - wearing or carrying)

Unnerbuxen - underpants
Heimpt - shirt
Handook - towel
Hansken - gloves
Knabel - hardtack
Bautcl - bag

Buxen - pants
Buxdräigäe - suspenders
Karsen - candles
Snäistoofel - snowboots
Taskendook - handkerchief
Talge - tallow

Strumpt - stockings
Hoot - hat
Nachtheimd - nightshirt
Vulrock - wool coat
Kautoback - chewing tobacco
Issnaodel - iron needle

Ränseel - satchel

Krusifix - crucifix
Bäidbook - prayerbook
Dööpschein - baptismal certificate

Rosenkrantz - rosary
Buddel Wiehwater - bottle of holy water
Sepe - soap

Biecker - drinking cup
Meese - salve, cream
Handook - hand towel

Kuffer - trunk

Böke - books
Späigel - mirror
Bedlaken - bed linen
Root - lamp black
Enkert in Buddel mit Proffen - ink in bottle with stopper
Knieptange - pliers

Köefall - cow hide
Ledderriemer - strap, belt
Holthammer - mallet
Schreere - scissors
Bindfaden - twine

Reimer - strap
Huwwe - hood
Tachnagel - tacks
Prussenfiele - _____ file
Säigellachs - sealing wax
Saigel - seal

Kuffer - trunk

Pottdecke - pot cover
Leppel - spoon
Mess - knife
Bettdeche - blankets
Kussen - pillows
Handooken - towels

Geschirr - silver & dishes
Emmer - bucket, pail
Medzin - medicine
Bedlaken - bed linens
Teller - plate
Lappen - cloths

Heimden - shirts
Kieddel - kettle
Pööl - feather tick
Schott - apron
Heimpten - shirts
Strumpten - stockings

Puch - pouch

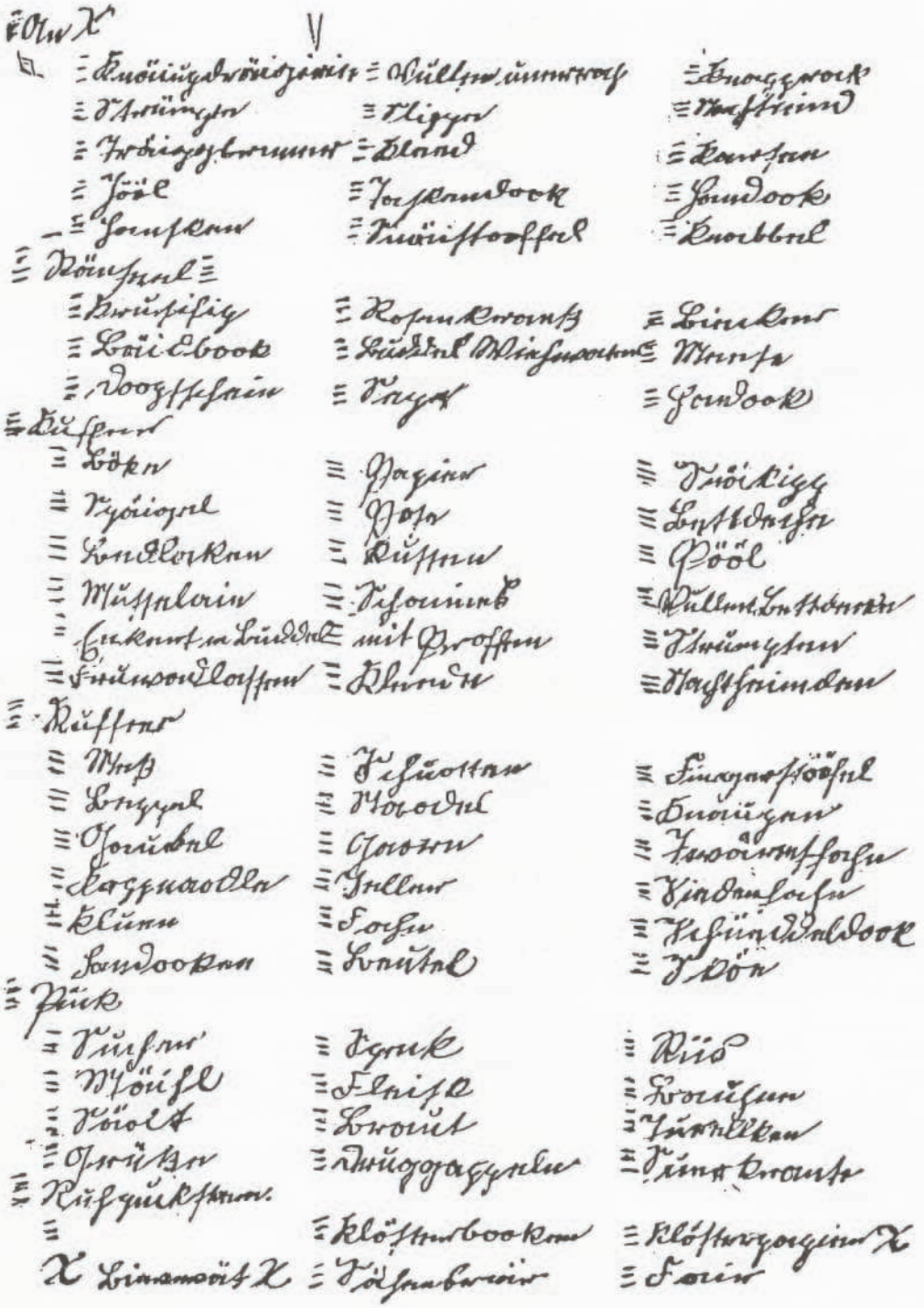
Sucher - sugar
Mäihl - flour
Grüssen - groats
Soalt - salt
Kakaowäffe - chocolate wafers
Tuwellken - potatoes
Rook - coat

Spek - bacon
Fleisk - meat
Braut - bread
Druggappeln - dried apples
Swaogel - cracklings
Wempt -
Fett - lard
Köärpin - pin for closing clothes

Schoh - shoes
Riis - rice
Bauhen - beans
Suermoose - sauerkraut
Hannig - honey
Schamiesken - half petticoat
Buöwerbett - bed spread
Krawättene - scarves

De Böke - the Boeke

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An - on (Ed. - wearing or carrying)
Knäiupdräigirie - long underwear
Strümpte - stockings
Träiggbrimer - belt
Jööl - jacket
Hansken - gloves
Vullenunerrock - woolen petticoat
Slippe - apron
Kleed - dress
Taskendook - handkerchief
Snäistoofel - snowboots
Knapprock - button skirt
Nachtheimd - nightgown
Karsen - candles
Handook - towel
Knabbel - hardtack

Ränseel - satchel
Krusifix - crucifix
Bäidbook - prayerbook
Rosenkrantz - rosary
Buddel Wiehwater - bottle of holy water
Biecker - drinking cup
Meese - salve, cream

Dööpschein - baptismal certificate
Sepe - soap
Handook - hand towel

Kuffer - trunk
Böke - books
Späigel - mirror
Bedlaken - bed linen
Musselain - muslin
Papier - paper
Pose - quill pens
Kussen - pillows
Schaimes - chemise
Snäkipp - snow cap
Bettdeche - blankets
Pööl - feather tick
Vullen Bettdecke - woolen blanket
Strumpten - stockings
Nachtheimden - nightgowns

Enkert in Buddel mit Proffen - ink in bottle with stopper
Fruwadlassen - sanitary napkins
Kleede - dresses

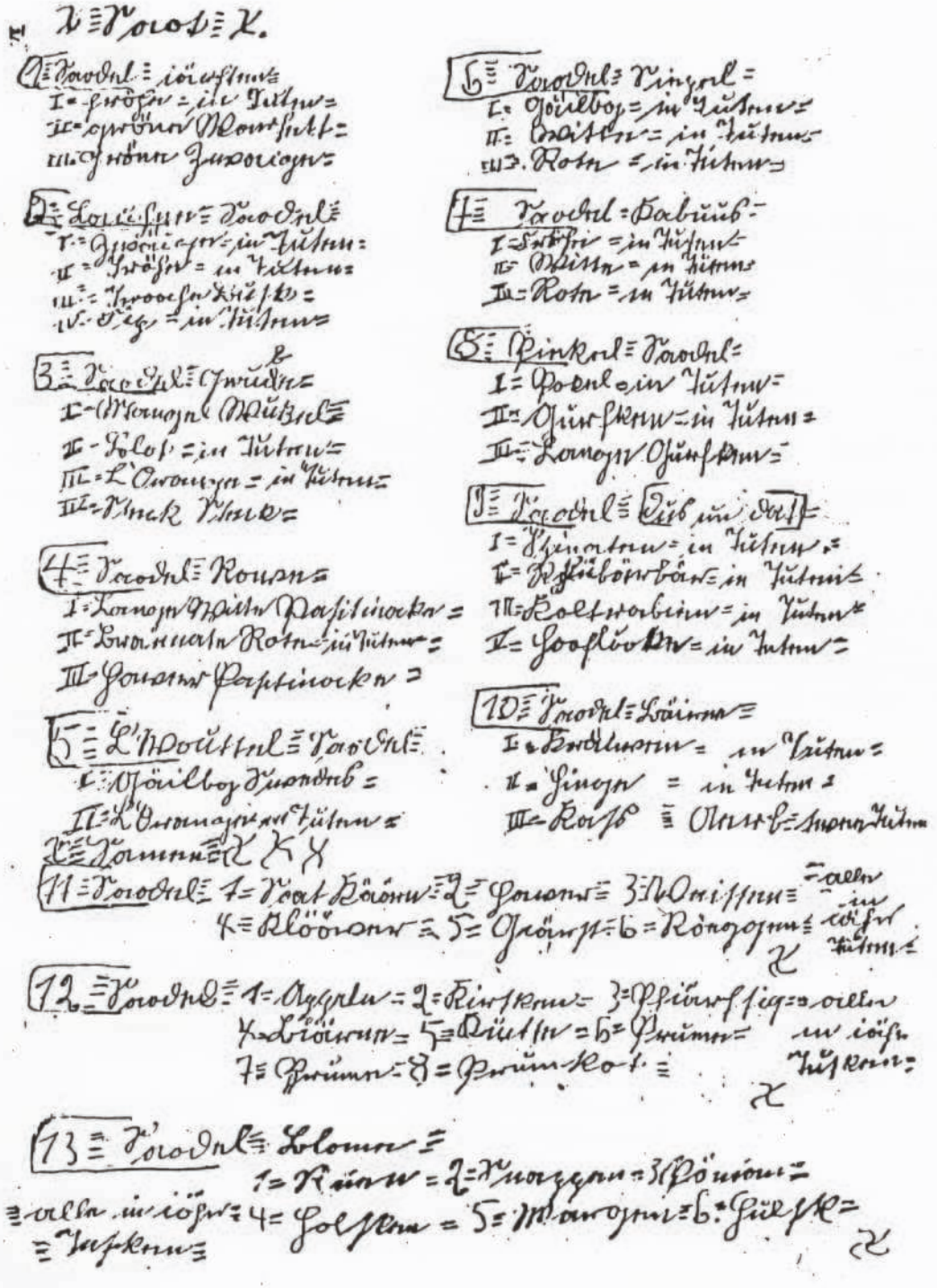
Kuffer - trunk
Mess - knife
Leppel - spoons
Gaubel - forks
Knappnaodel - hatpin
Kluen - ball of thread
Handooken - towels
Schuotten - aprons
Naodel - needles
Gaorn - yarn
Teller - plate
Fahn - thread
Beutel - purse
Fingerstööfel - thimble
Knaupen - buttons
Twärnsfahn - cotton thread
Siedenfahn - silk thread
Schüeddeldook - dish rag
Sköe - shoes

Puch - pouch
Sucher - sugar
Mäihl - flour
Säolt - salt
Grüsse - groats
Speck - bacon
Fleisk - meat
Braut - bread
Druggappeln - dried apples
Riis - rice
Bauhne - beans
Tuwellken - potatoes
Suerkraut - sauerkraut

Ruhpuckstarn -
Klösterbooken - cloister books
Sähensriär - magnifying glass
Klösterpapier - cloister paper
Fair - feathers (Ed. - for quills)

Liwwät

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Saot - seed
(Ed. - Saodel - cloth seed bag; in Tuten - in paper bag or folder)

1) Saodel Iärften - peas
   I fröhe in Tuten - early
   II gröne Warfett - green
   III gröne Zwaige - green dwarf
2) Bauhne Saodel - beans
   I Zwaige in Tuten - dwarf
   II Tröhe in Tuten -
   III Troahe Busk - bush
   IV Fip in Tuten - string
3) Saodel Grube - turnips
   I Mangel Wussel - mangel-wurzel
   II Blot in Tuten - dark red
   III L'Orange in Tuten - yellow
   IV Steck Steck -
4) Saodel Rowe - beets
   I Lange Witte Pasitinake - parsnip
   II Brannate Rote in Tuten - _____ red
   III Hawer Pasitinake -
5) L'Wouttel Saodel - carrots
   I Gäilbg Swedes - yellow Swedish
   II L'Orange in Tuten - L'Orange
6) Saodel Siepel - onions
   I Gäilbg in Tuten - yellow
   II Witte in Tuten - white
   III Rote in Tuten - red
7) Saodel Kabuus - cabbage
   I Frohe in Tuten - early
   II Witte in Tuten - white
   III Rote in Tuten - red
8) Piekel Saodel - pickle
   I Pokel in Tuten - pickle
   II Gurfken in Tuten - gherken
   III Lange Gurfken - long cucumber
9) Saodel Dus un Dat - this and that
   I Spinaten in Tuten - spinach
   II Rhübärbär in Tuten - rhubarb
   III Koltrabien in Tuten - kohlrabi
   IV Hoosluoke in Tuten - leek
10) Saodel Bäiren - berries
   I Krätwen in Tuten - gooseberry (Ed.-?)
   II Hinge in Tuten - blackberry
   III Rass, Aerb - raspberry, strawberry
   twee Tuten - two bags

Samen - seeds

11) Saodel 1. Soat Käorn - seed corn 2. Haver - oats 3. Weissen - wheat
4. Klööver - clover 5. Giärst - barley 6. Röeggen - rye
alle in iähr Tuten - all in their bags

12) Saodel 1. Appeln - apples 2. Kirsken - cherries 3. Pfiärfsig - peaches
4. Biärne - pears 5. Kuitte - quince 6. Prume - plum
7. Prume - plum 8. Prumkot - apricot
alle in iähr Tutken - all in their little bags

13) Saodel Blome - flowers
1. Rüen - margarita 2. Snappen - snapdragon 3. Pönian - peonies
4. Holsken - lady slipper 5. Morgen - morning glory
6. Hulsk - tulip; crocus
alle in iähr Tutken - all in their little bags

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Saying Farewell

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Our Passage to America

(Ed. - See Maps Inside Back Cover)

Day _____ The first day of our journey from Nellinghof, my home, was for me a bleak and miserable day. During the first hour I suffered from such powerful feelings; besides I hurt my left foot so that I thought I would nevermore be able to walk. Also it soon poured down rain the day long. The evening and night did not pass without distress from this.

D_____ It was a little better. My foot was weakened with the pain.

D_____ There were other people on the way from Fladderlohausen... with rumors, and many troubles, and also many hags.

D_____ The swelling in my foot is down. We learn again it takes time and patience. This is just the beginning, and we know nothing.

D_____ So far we are lucky with our overnight stays, and found houses with enough space and not many children, mostly inexpensive.

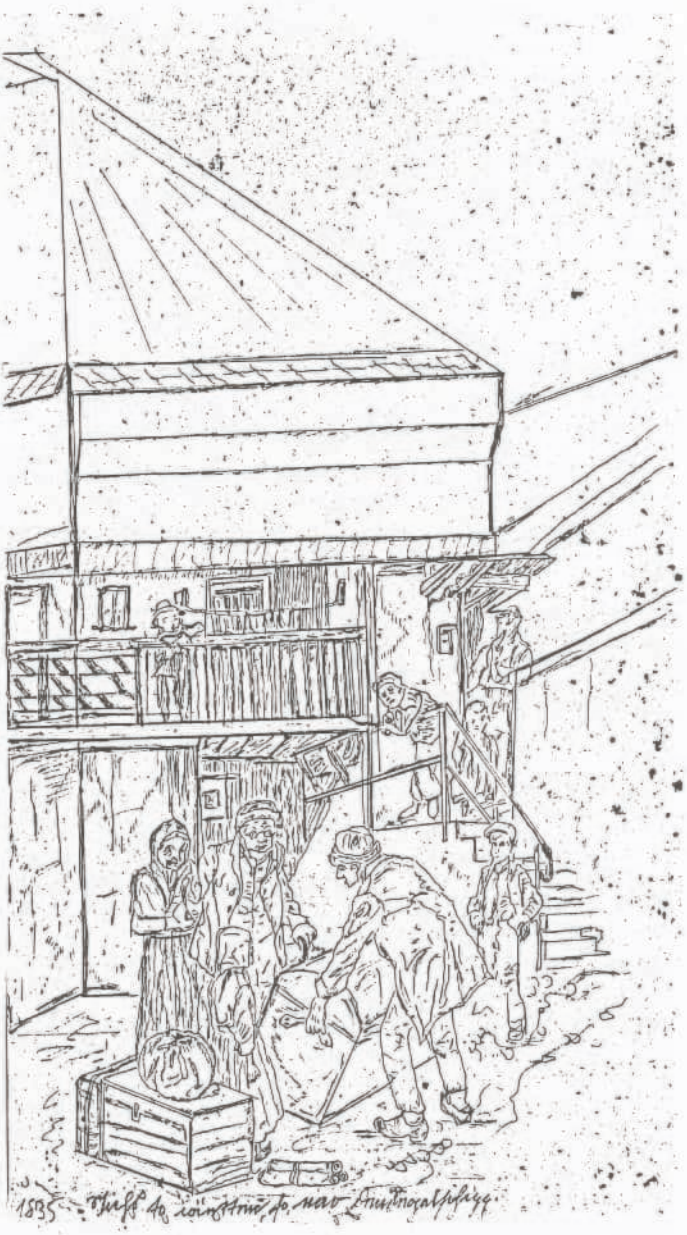
D_____ Today was melancholy and slow. Weariness overtook us in body, mind, patience and hope. Here one needs no skills, just stinking feet.

D_____ We started out early. The sun was not up, and the path was wet with dew. Our night's lodging was again inexpensive; they did take, however, money for our take-along bread and eggs. We are always thirsty so they gave us an iron-bound bottle with a stopper on it, and water inside. That was good.

D_____ The land has changed. We are in another region, more sand, and the weather is cold. We took the two wagon wheels, or axles, smeared them with tallow, and they pulled easily again. There are no bushes or outhouses, so one must be modestly proper when urinating and so forth. The need brings the solution.

We are now inside the great port city of Bremen with a lot of commotion, noise and strangers, unknown ways and customs, trade structures, high buildings and ships. We stayed near the Weser quays or piers in the so-called Straw House where the sleeping beds are hard wooden benches with fresh (?) straw on them. One must watch out to not get lice or fleas. And washing the face and body is almost impossible here since we do not find privacy. And we must always exercise a lot of concern for our food, chests, clothing and travel money. There are thieves here, also drunks and whores.

We talked with various ship's representatives and took space on a sailing ship for Baltimore. We learned about the costs, the accommodations, the decks, or 'tween decks, etc.; also about our physical safety from the sailors and other rascals. We are not familiar with the ship's routines. We were here about 15 days and obtained through passage with other families, stalwart Catholic people from Vorden who sheltered us most of the time. In about 15 days we were on deck and got a cabin that was about like a



1835 "Nothing to eat, so onto the sailing ship"

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sleeping alcove at our house, with two drawers under the sleeping berths. It was for us grand, and also venturesome.



The next morning the captain came and steered onto the Weser River, and rang and tolled the bell. Slowly the banks of the Weser slid past and we were under way to Bremerhaven on the North Sea. (The water wet this piece of paper, and I laid it in the wind until it was dry again.) A half hour under way from Bremen we caught an unfavorable wind so that we had to anchor. We stayed overnight, but on board there was a great deal of commotion. The sailors, the young ones, were rolling drunk and took up the harpoon. They cursed and annoyed some of the girls or women. They were whining like dogs or horses. It was fearful. God help us!!

D_____ We were under way by sunrise. "The wind is right," they say. We learned that the water is subject to low tide and high tide; also about tide charts, and the combining with the river's own flow. Sailing requires skill and wind. In the evening we anchored again.

D_____ Today, like yesterday, the river is narrow and shallow. We are a little seasick... our heads go around and most of our group vomited over the side of the ship. And what is funny, we are not yet upon the sea!

D_____ Today we were for an hour on what is like a canal. A great deal of earth and ground was excavated for widening and also deepening the river.

1st Day on the Sea. Yesterday we came through the port of Bremen (Ed.-Bremerhaven) and today we are in the North Sea on the way to Heligoland. The wind is powerful and strong. The ship trembles and rocks and twists from side to side, and then come great waves, end to end, and the stomach feels sick again. Vomiting and headaches. I have not eaten; I was so sick... as were all the other travelers.

Day 2. Praise be to God. We have come so far in this cold, clear weather... with a lot of problems. We must endure the howling wind and all the shaking, and the noise mid-decks, the children crying. People are very much afraid, alone. We cooked once in our iron pot, such a little pot. It is not cool here between the ceiling and our floor; the smells, the sweat, the smoke, and the many dirty people are revolting. (The men must urinate topside and the womenfolk and children 'tween decks... a new word to us.) One sees other ships and sandbanks. There is a strong head-wind, so I stayed a long time in this sleeping berth. The stench is dreadful, but the commotion more so.

Days 3 & 4. We have stayed in the same place at anchor; the quiet wind billows the sails a little.

Day 5. Today was different... thunderstorms with thunder clouds, so dark, and the wind shrieking!! Our ship is thrown sideways and back and forth at the same time. It is a new experience. Why do men want to remain sailors? That makes me wonder a great deal. Vomiting.

Day 6. We are again under way, sailing farther through the straits between France and England. We had England in sight for a couple of hours. Of France we saw a little; the weather was quite clear. In the afternoon we ate for the first time... the best, and no vomiting. Praise God! I am almost feeble and so scrawny.

Day 7. The fog was thick and wet, almost like rain. The whole day was foggy and windy.

Day 8. This morning there was blue sky for two hours. We could feel the sun, and it looked good to us. Again in the afternoon windy weather; that motion all the time... the uncertainty and fear. We are mostly bad-humored and apathetic.

Day 9. Again there was wind and rain, and at evening mealtime a thunderstorm and lightning. That cracking terrifies all the travelers; they are afraid and dispirited. Thank God that racket is past.

Day 10 & 11. We had nice weather again, and a steady wind. "To the dear God in heaven a thousand times thanks!" they all say, mostly in High German, and also in Platt. (Ed.-or Low German) On the ship there are a variety of people, a lot of families with little children. Also two widows with children are going to Ohio.

The sailors are the devil's children. Some of the men passengers are also alone, perhaps married, but they are rascals, and trouble for me and the other single girls. They are impudent and immodest, and want to sleep with the girls (and so forth). We know that well, and take wooden pegs or something to punch them. I have a long needle ready all the time and I will stick them in the ass or something if they provoke me too much. One girl took a little knife and cut a man on the cheek. He was bleeding, but at no time for three days was he sneaking about, getting at, or wanting to get at us women. The double-devil's son!!

Day 12. We had a completely still wind the whole long day. The close association is getting us all now. Every day is detestable, with no satisfactions, and the feeling is contagious. I notice no decent conversations between passengers, and it takes a strong effort to start one with the other women; they lost their forwardness in Bremen. We think about our new fatherland, and discover in our minds a counter-stream of thoughts about our abandoned homeland. The trip is costly, not merely in money, but also in these contrary feelings. We are alone yet mingled with unfamiliar people of every class. They are all different. Frequently the children are friendly, completely agreeable. People are stingy with their laughter, never light-hearted. Every face has a wrinkled forehead, vacant eyes and gaping mouth.

Every boor comes by and wants to meet with the girls. They are not courteous... or gentlemen, like those I have heard about and read about in books. Indeed men bring bitterness to many of the women, always if they are also unknown. They appear dazed, grim, their eyes sometimes gleaming, and they want to get a look, a word from the girls. They can chase their own backsides. Nothing here is free of charge; we are not love-starved widows. Before long the men

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"Our sailors were impudent! filthy! lewd!"
drawn in 1845, St. John, Ohio

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and sailors will learn that on this trip, they cannot be panting after us. I am a little older than most of the single women, and I am not unaware of the ideas in a man's head. I am mature and virtuous.

Day 13. The winds were still during the morning hours, which was quite displeasing. Then we heard rumbling, and later on the storm came. The wind was strong all night, and it strengthened enough so that most of the people again had to vomit, and so also I. In rough weather the master of the ship ties each man so that none fall overboard into the sea.

Day 14. The same. I cannot eat.

Day 15. The same. Two grumblers, three beds, sleeping berths, to my right, are grouchy, always surly and griping. I heard a rough wheezing in the night and looked around. These two were gasping in their sleep; they were gray and grisly. They are always avoiding all of us; we think they have a grudge in their gut. We think they are really gypsies with their black eyes, skin and hair. I gave them no handshake... that would not be imaginable. The two gaunt men talk all night in an undertone. A third sleeps in a hammock with his shoes on. It happened that he fell out, but luckily he got up unharmed. He has a coarse face with his hairlip. He shakes his head by the hour like a buzzard. We must have patience with him; he is always stubborn and proud.

Day 16. An especially violent storm the whole night. It has lasted three days and nights. We are thankful it blew itself out without breaking the ship. Always the mighty rolling and heaving of the ship... so that everything was thrown into a heap. One cannot remain sitting or standing. No cooking throughout the four days, only hardtack and black bread. We finally made soup... that we do every day!!

Day 17. A better wind. The sea is calm, our longed-for wish fulfilled. The sick and hungry people need to mend. Goodness of God!!

Day 18. It rained like a cloudburst. We had to stay below.

Day 19. There was a rainbow halfway around the entire horizon, one side high, the other side with no clouds, like a promise from God.



Day 20. Again bad weather, much wind, waves almost over the ship. It lasted all day and brought fear and anxiety. We did have a sort of divine service. Most of the people are church-goers, Lutheran and Catholic; no Jews.

One man is a woodcarver. He works with the carving and is long-winded. He brought his tools: wooden shoe hammer, saw, mallet, drawknife, drill. He wants to make furniture; he is able to make wooden shoes. His wife brought a wooden yeast bucket with yeast in it!! (It doesn't raise like baked bread... not so good. Hardtack is better with cheese or sausage.) She is always sleepy and yawning, and she has no teeth in her mouth (it looks ugly outside and inside), and because of that she is tender-mouthed and cannot eat. She has only five molars back in her mouth which do not help her. She is not speechless! All day long that mouth... which has a tongue... is waggling. She is tiresome and her hands touch one fawningly. One could throw that little torso completely overboard into the water, the sea water, I mean. Then the pesterer would not be here to pester. God forgive me! Please! One can indeed hear and smell too much.

Day 21. The weather is good today, the wind strong and steady.

I am not stingy, not a stepmother. Anyway, a "worse-than-dog," how I don't know, stole my hardtack and a piece of sausage. I was careless and don't know how it happened. I will find out!! At times everyone is on the upper deck, and one or so goat's ass stays down here alone and then snatches the clothes or food or things of others. This snitcher, or snot-nose, will get it from me when, quiet as a mouse, I grab him by the throat or testicles!! Since that was the first time and it was easily done, he will be thankful, and, since he finds my hardtack tasty, like a mouse, he will return. Also I will keep my ears open... perhaps a lonesome chatterer will jabber or blab to me. That is my task until Baltimore. I will cut his tail off. I am so wildly intent on catching him. (I must forget it for now!!)

Day 22. The weather again is ideal, and the practice is to look for a glimpse of land, wishfully, as with an addiction. By now we have had enough of water and of people's filth, and of mankind's deceitful, stubborn and unimaginative character. A little woman named Milde (what kind of name is Milde?) is nosy, wants to know everything. She is always snooping around here, and I told her she should take her nose to the end of the ship she was assigned to in Bremen. She is into every corner, and is no beginner, not at all, with the scent glands of a hound in her nose. (Ed.-..."mit de twee Naisengallen in iahr Näise")

Day 23. Again it is a bright, fine day. They say, "The wind makes the sails happy." The water is smooth. This afternoon we saw a group of fish, in size like sows, and they hopped over the water, in and out, one after another. The rest of the day the weather was nice.

Day 24. All day long the weather was altogether better, and the people were more contented... why I know not. Their contacts and the like were warm-hearted, with a bit more friendship between them, not hate. An announcement of the master said that before midday, another ship sailing in the opposite direction, signaled good weather on the way to America. People are anxious anyway; they are anticipating land. We are, they say, halfway or so.

Day 25. Again a pretty day.

Day 26. A little bit of headwind and storm, and the persons who ate a lot more yesterday and the day before had full stomachs, and with this rolling, they are vomiting every place. That dampens their anticipation, and they continue the trip fearfully. Today I ate dried apples which are good for the stomach and for eliminating.

Day 27. We baked fresh white bread with yeast, so

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the appetites gave new applause; the first time I put on a fancy apron since I was known as a housewife at home. Just to be with Natz, and again needing to use an apron... that, all along, is my prayer and God's answer, if it so meets his will. I am hoping for that on our arrival in Ohio, greedily!!

Day 28. A deplorable day because the travelers are mostly unscrupulous, and those who were affectionate at first, are peevish, godless, like heathens. They are brazen. They are rowdy with their shouting, and with the realization about the length of the trip, the food, etc. They are unpredictable and unpleasant. All this is to no purpose and is undeserved by the others. Their clamor is unheard by man and God... also the sailors. These outbursts are outlandish and barbarous, and always unlovely.

Day 29. A pretty day, and the blockheads are quiet.

Day 30. Today the sailors wanted to make a joke with regard to their tips... which will not materialize. They certainly must indeed know that this shipload is full of poor people, unquestionably ignorant and graceless. Most of them.

Day 31. A little wind, a little rain.

Day 32. We think we are three fourths of the way.

Day 33. Better weather and wind.

Day 34. A miracle; so far no seriously sick people.

Day 35. At night around two o'clock, we had a severe thunderstorm. It thundered, but passed by with no trouble. Some sailors cause senseless fuss and nonsense; it serves them no purpose. They must do each job the helmsman orders. Not all of the troublemakers are lazy. The captain's orders they must carry out. Two sailors were confined in chains today; then the others became fearful and obedient, right away!!!

Day 36. A better wind. The masts, or sail trees, are taut. May one suppose that we are close to land?

Day 37. Today we had a headwind and we approached an English ship that was ten days out of Baltimore. Our helmsman called on them in a skiff.

Day 38. Thunderstorms and more headwinds.

Day 39 A woman in a family way, in her last three months, is almost ready to bring a child to birth. She found out that I have been a midwife for some years. The first officer brought me to the young girl. She was married in Hüsen; I could understand her a little. She had false pains and was not ready. I will visit her three times each day to find out when her water lets down. She is nineteen, her husband twenty-two, both neat and intelligent. They want to go to a place called Columbiana, in Ohio, on the other side of Wheeling they said. He was a farmer. He has five Bremen gold thalers. That is a lot.

Day 40. We stayed inside; it rained.

Day 41. The children are unruly because they see and talk with so many other children. The parents who are watching them come from different classes. Some children are a little, some a lot more, and other children are not at all obedient, so that all the children become as they do when so many are mingled in a confined space. Yes, then all the children become unmanageable. Just like people. One person in a room yawns, another sees that yawn, then the two yawn as one. If there are twenty, this is one big yawn, and all at another's suggestion. The children's clothing is ragged; that does not happen so much when they play alone in the family; they push themselves less.

The heat is greater now than forty days ago in the North Sea. Under such conditions, people become tired, impatient and fanciful. A tendency begins toward impertinence with everyone, the implanting of gossip, and also towards idleness, and that is dangerous. One should get tired each day from work so that he will sleep the whole night through!!!

And the cooking and meals on the ship on this trip with almost a 100 people! So many the cooks had to assemble and cook for... all this cooking was noise and confusion. It is difficult for children here to eat properly. That watery soup is almost unfit for humans, and when we go to do the cooking the swearing is not seemly. To the children it is unnatural and unfamiliar, so they really will not be able to eat better till the end of the voyage. All of the food now takes on a sea-tainted flavor and smell; it is rotten!! The rice and barley both are unfit... not a few were sick to the stomach. Beans, peas, lentils, sour dumplings, I cooked every day. Vinegar is most important since we must also eat our meat with vinegar. Something sour gives one more appetite.

At nearly four o'clock in the afternoon we got to our noon meal because the kitchen was small, and the ship's cooking for the captain and sailors was first. The food took almost the whole day to prepare; and they cursed at us the whole day. Also if one wanted water in the evening or at noon... even the children... it was almost impossible to obtain. And we didn't drink the water without boiling it ourselves. So it goes here after forty-four days. They are louts.

Day 42. It is warmer. At noon also, we saw a lot of fish, very large. They wallowed along, like tree trunks lengthwise.

Day 43. Again a nice day.

Day 44. Ordinary wind and weather. We now saw an American ship and a school of fish.

Day 45. Again, a gentle day.

Day 46. Today three young women started a fuss, and then a fight. The complaining, the uncertainty... a mixture! They grabbed and shoved each other at first, and then they fell down. So their husbands soon were fighting. Altogether it was over in half an hour, so that one heard little complaining through the day from the petty women who calmed down. Their husbands were out of humor.

Day 47. Smooth water, gentle wind.

Day 48. Again, the same.

Day 49. Rain and more wind.

Day 50. I am uneasy with worry. All that talk about the nearness of land was premature.

Day 51. Two ships belonging to the American naval forces sailed close by.

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Day 52. A hot day. Now we are passing the streaming of the gulf, or gulfstream, a sea current which is forty or fifty hours distance away from the land!!! This thick water appears with something like flowers or garden seeds in it. Found a variety of fish that jumped in and out over the bow wave.

Day 53. A nice day again. The people are feeling better; I likewise. We are almost there. Early this morning great fish that looked like oak trees sprayed water into the air out of their noses. Interesting and unique.

Day 54. Various fish. Then this morning we saw land, thank God!!!!!! Around twelve o'clock a pilot ship came and took us in escort to Baltimore, and in an hour or so we saw that long craved-for land. Our goal is now here! At two o'clock or so we went into the bay. At six o'clock there was a thunderstorm and strong winds, so the sailors had to wind in the sails and throw the anchor into the water. It was windy the whole night, a headwind, so that in the morning we could not go farther. In my mind I was happy and content.

Day 55. Because of the headwind we remained at anchor. As long as the weather was good, I and the others could hold out. (With a little impatience.)

Day 56. The wind is weak, and we are traveling in the channel toward Baltimore now, with a headwind and shallow water, and so the ship goes slowly with so much turning and steering. Yesterday evening our ship was visited by Americans. This evening we had storms again, so that we had to let down the anchor.

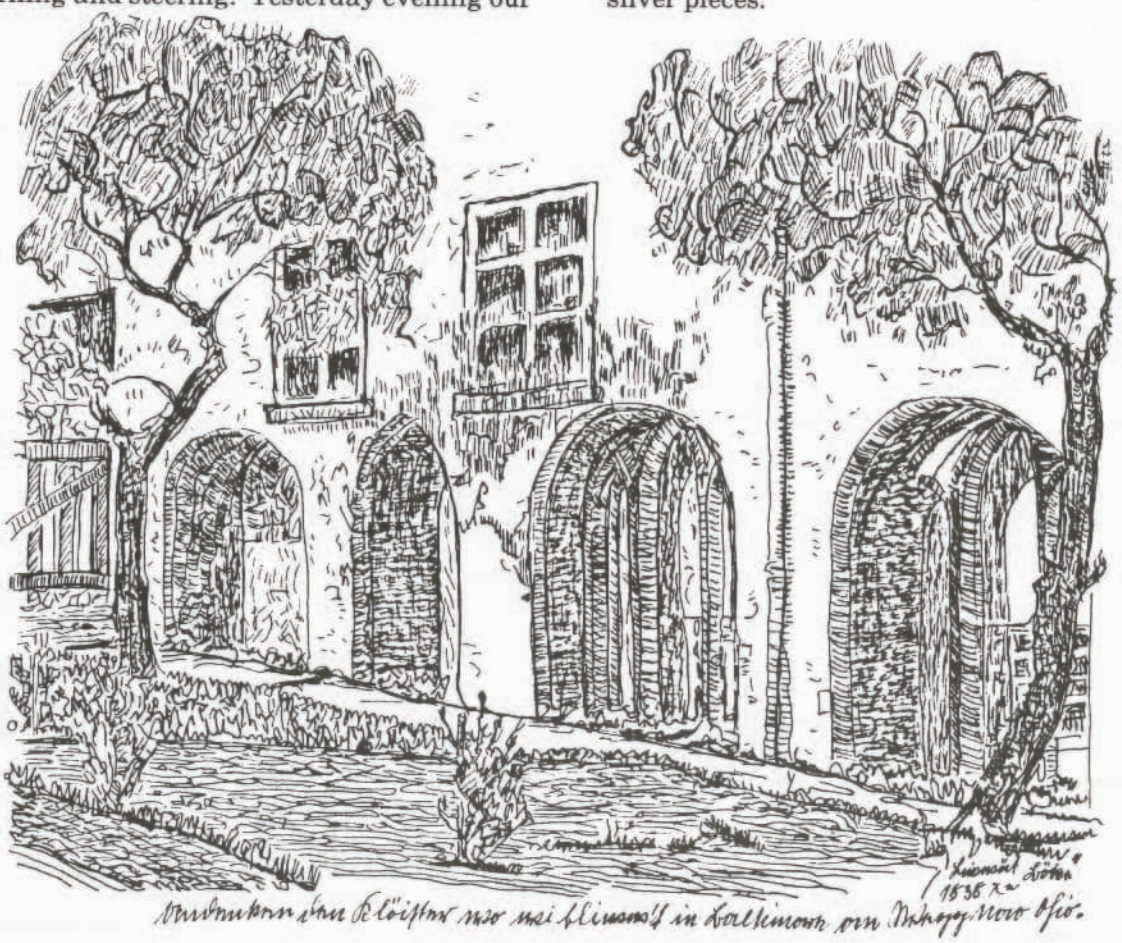
Day 57. This morning the anchor was weighed and we traveled to the entrance of the port where we again had to drop anchor, and the police and a doctor came to visit. Not a single person on the ship was sick, and also none had died during the voyage... for which I do thank the grace of God. It was a profound, powerful experience for me. The first impression as I saw America: it is a joyful sight and a lovely land.

Day 58. A long time since the departure from my home in Germany! Today we had to stay in quarantine, and the doctor came again and found everything proper, upon which we were speechless. However, we could not yet move about the harbor.

Day 59. At noon the doctor came back again, and then we were permitted to come into the port where, about four o'clock, we were allowed to climb ashore. That pleased me extremely; my heart rejoiced!

Day 60. At noon the ship was unloaded and my things brought up on shore. There was only one inspection, and so we then brought our things to a guest house where we will stay until we resume our journey.

Day 61. Today we hired a driver and his wagon and team of horses, and he will take us to Wheeling by the Ohio River. It cost me seven American dollars. We exchanged some Bremen gold thalers for American silver pieces.



"A memory of the cloister where we stayed in Baltimore on the way to Ohio" 1838

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"Two teams of oxen toward Ohio"

Day 62. We got under way to the west, from Baltimore through Elliot City, Crooksville and Lisbon, and stayed the night in a family pension in Ridgeville. The cost was 75 cents... with breakfast as well.

Day 63. Through New Market and Frederick, then over a great hill until the second night in an inn at Hagerstown. It was a nice place. It cost 60 cents; with breakfast, 10 cents additional.

Day 64. It was indeed a perilous and long day. We stayed the night in the inn west from Hancock, at Piney Grove. It cost 70 cents with black bread, and they made us food for the next day also, for eating on the way. The water here is horrible and tastes like gunpowder.

Day 65. Today we traveled again over high mountains, and by afternoon heavy thunder and thunder clouds cracked between the mountains. The storm was unpleasant. The horses were frightened and so was I. The hand of God was protecting us. This evening we stayed in a little house with a Cumberland family. The meal was the best with bread, meat, milk and vegetables.

Day 65. There was a dispute between the travelers and the wagoners. They thought the trip too slow... city people who don't realize the weaknesses of and the difficult pulling for the horses. Their patience is thin, too many days, and people are tired.

Day 66. It poured with rain showers, one after another, so driving the team was dangerous and slow. We stayed the night outside of Frostburg. The host immediately made a fire in the fireplace, and prepared the soup and evening meal. It was comfortable and clean. The man spoke German very well. Everything cost me 55 cents for the night with enough breakfast.

Day 67. The country is all mountains and valleys with thick forests and wide streams. Now we came through Grantsville, a nice village, and here we bought fresh meat and cooked it ourselves. The weather is better and the travelers as well.

Day 68. A long, cruel day, eighteen hours on the way. We stayed in Farmington, only two houses. The night place was small. All the women slept in one room with the children. I was tired and a little afraid with these strangers, so I hid my money and papers in my underwear. I brought with me a little club which perhaps I must use if there is a fight.

Day 69. This morning we were late starting; the wagon and harness needed repairing. Then at nine o'clock we again got under way from here. Around six o'clock we were, thank God, in Uniontown, settled for the night.

Day 70 Up and down, sideways, bouncing... my behind is ruined and sore! We stayed at Brownsville in an isolated guest house, a great log and stone house with ten or fifteen rooms. We visited with other travelers, other wagons that are Germans on the way to Ohio or Illinois... four wagons with thirty-one people and children. One was a Lutheran or some such clergyman who wished that we all pray together with him. I didn't do that!

Day 71. The mountains are all around us every day, and we get fresh teams every day. On many hills there are extra teams of horses to help haul us up. They grease the axles two times a day. In Bellsville we stayed in a good guest house. The cost was 80 cents with two meals and also a food package with meat and bread to eat the next day.

Day 72. We drove till Washington. Here there are many wagons, horse teams and loghouses. Fresh

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"I drew this from my mind in 1864."

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milk and water in our jugs helped us the whole day. It is a very slow trip and the children are sour-tempered.

Day 73. At noon it rained. In the evening we stayed in Claysville, which is almost the end, they say. We slept and ate well, and the outhouse with a bath was the first.

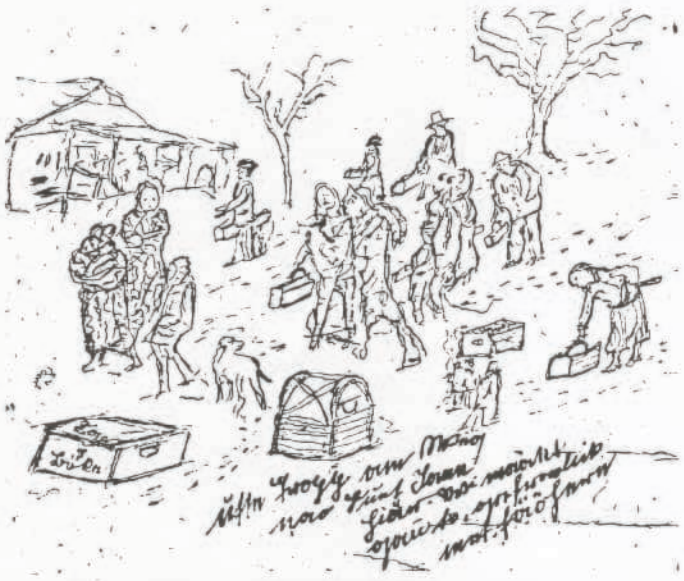
Day 74. We have now come to the Ohio, first Wheeling, and the night at McMahon's Creek. There is a nice guest house, and we are finished with the wagoner from Baltimore. Now the last leg southwest along the great Ohio River to Cincinnati. The hills are smaller; over everything is forest. That is the end of this long leg.

Liwwät

Translator's Note: There is some problem with the total number of days actually spent en route. Liwwät's map of the route in Germany indicates 34 days to Bremerhaven. Then she began to number each day in this account. Page or pages missing?

A drawing of the guest house where she stayed while in Baltimore states that 4 days were spent here. These do not show in this account.

"Day 65" appears twice in her story.



"Our group on the way to St. John here. We make haste, too high-spirited from traveling."



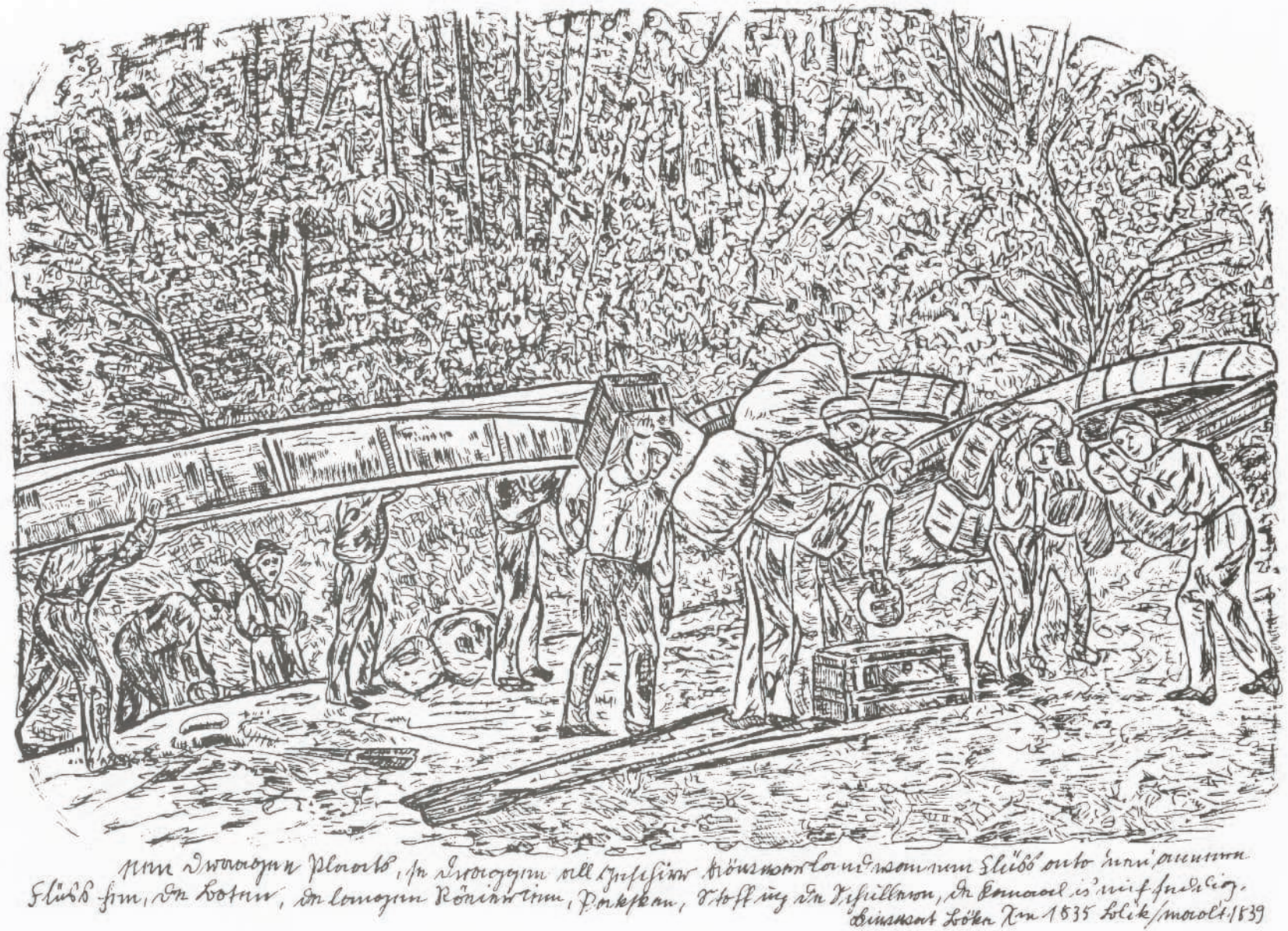
"Our flatboat down the river"

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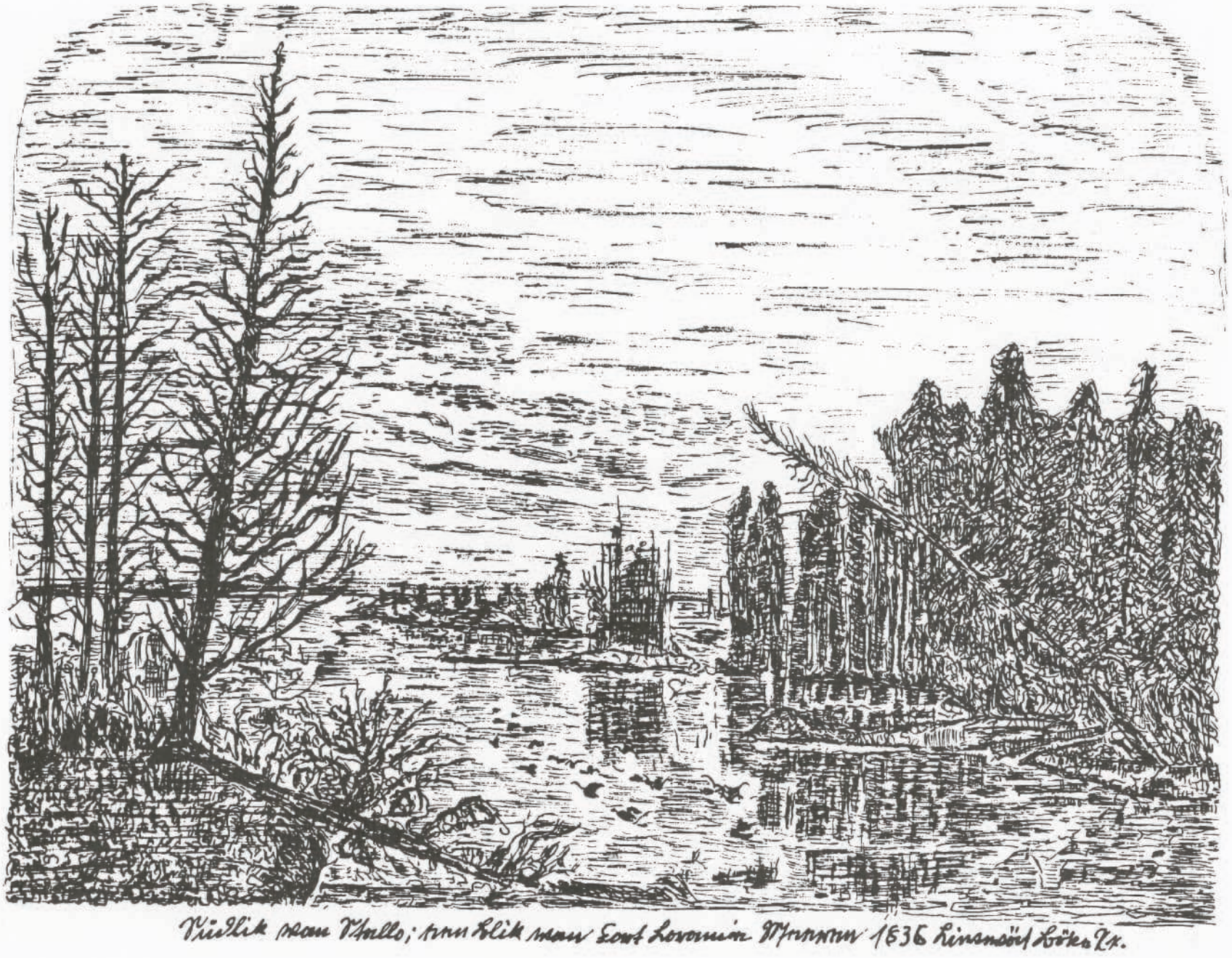
"At Piqua the river is much too wild; the portage men must carry everything on their shoulders. This portage place is between two rivers which reach from Cincinnati to Toledo." 1835 view drawn in the year 1840

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"A portage place. They carry all the equipment overland from one stream to another stream, the boats, the long oars, the packs, the supplies on the shoulders. The canal is not finished." 1835 view/drawn 1839

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"South of Stallo (Minster); a view of Fort Loramie Lake." 1836

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Baltimore - Those Who Were Indentured

I have seen this myself at our sailing ship in the harbor dock. The ship carried Württembergers, "Durlachers" (Ed. - ?) and Palatines. They started on their journey free from Bremen to Baltimore, but not really gratis. I can hear and see the distress and misfortune the poor people suffered, and the evil handling which their new countrymen tried to inflict on these pitiable people. And in my mind and heart arose an understanding and a duty not to conceal what I know.

The most important thing in this explanation is the miserable and frightening experience of those who travel here to America, to this new land, with no money and were indebted for the travel money. Also the unforgiveable and uncharitable trade of the German-American dealers in humans, and the dealers' men, swindlers and informers of these new countrymen, entrapping into their downfall these High Germans by every manner and with every plausible deception. And delivering them into the hands of the gross German-Dutch-American dealers in souls. There is produced a certain revenue in this human dealing, in their indentures in order to make the travel payments to the ship's captain. Many of those taken in were about fifteen years old. Far too many! Too long!

There were many who complained and moaned on their part that they had left Germany. And they begged me with tears and outstretched hands for God's sake to acquaint those in Germany with their sufferings and heartbreak so that not only the farmers or ordinary people, but also the nobles and counts, would be made aware of their discovery... so that no more innocent people would let themselves be talked into emigrating from the fatherland and be lured into the life of a slave.

At last on this side of the ocean, after the life-wearying and perilous journey, with the ship near that land which the passengers had waited so longingly to see, everyone crept up onto the deck to look from afar. When they really overtook the coast, they cried with joy, and prayed and sang to the good Lord in love, thankfulness and praise. The glimpse of the green earth gave the people on the ship new life, especially the sick and half-dead, and made their spirits spring up and call out with gladness. They were willing to endure all their troubles patiently in the hope of feeling healed once on the land.

But, indeed, when the ship reached land after the long journey, no one is let off the ship except those who had paid their travel costs or had good security. The others who didn't have the funds or money found they had to stay on the ship until they were sold and were let off the ship by their seller.

No buyers bought the sick, the blind, or the elderly. Healthy persons were bought at once. The suffering and crippled often lay on the ship two or three weeks until they died. This selling trade in humans is a ship's scandal.

Every day Dutchmen, English and High Germans come here from thirty or more miles to buy the humans who are for sale. They seek out the healthy people to take advantage of their poverty, and dispute the whole time with those who are willing to serve for their travel costs. The chosen one is bound in writing on paper for five or ten years; they can't read English. Young ones work until they are twenty-one years old.

Families are broken up, children lost! With anguish,

Liwwät Böke



"At Baltimore" 1834

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Neuenkirchen parish church 1838 (names of Knapke and Böke on tombstones)

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My Early Life

I was born on the 25th day of June, 1807, in Nellinghof, Neuenkirchen. Already in my fourth year my parents sent me to a schoolteacher by the name of Antonius at the Lage Kloster where they had taken me in as a favor. However, the outcome in no way came up to their expectations. The man was fond of drink and often left the classroom. When it then became somewhat loud during his absence, and he suddenly surprised us, he punished our youthful exuberance, indeed in a severe and imprudent manner. When I was about six years old, I also had the misfortune on one such occasion to experience his abuse with the result that one ear was healed only with much suffering.

When the school later on removed him, I came before the Reverend Abbot from which very upright teacher (he was assigned here) I learned many good things which made so deep an impression on my young mind; indeed I had never received anything of the kind from my first teacher. When I became ten years old I frequently attended the devotional exercises of the Reverend Abbot at the Lage Kloster, which much stimulated my heart.

Our neighbor, a linen weaver, now took over the direction of my education. The studies, writing, drawing, arithmetic, spelling, history, etc., I now had to give up, and in place of them for the present, learn to wind bobbins, whereat I soon forgot what I had grasped so far. During the free hours, I was left entirely to my own resources, if only I had worked diligently before. The earlier admonitions of the Abbot and of my various teachers often came back to me strongly, still impressed on my mind, only I lacked a skilled guide who could have brought me onto the right track again.

In my twelfth year, when I was to be prepared for Holy Communion — the Lord's Supper, I again had to go to school, the one which belongs to the Catholic parish of Neuenkirchen where we are parishioners. I eagerly strove to learn the catechism thoroughly and from memory, and to answer all the questions correctly, but my heart got nothing from it. Because of my quickness in answering the questions which the pastor presented, I gained his good will, but also at the same time attracted the envy and resentment of my fellow scholars to such extend that on the public streets by myself I was not safe from their cruelty. On the last day of our instruction for Holy Communion, our pastor, on his knees, with a fervent prayer and with many tears, presented us to the Savior as His property. Among other things he also expressed the wish that he would like to meet us all before the throne of God someday. This prayer made a deep impression on my heart, and it is now, as I write this, still so vivid that my eyes overflow with gratitude and humility.

During the following years I was in the school at Lage, and also, against my inclination, one day each week I had to learn the weaver's trade, thereby living and working with people who were quite indifferent about the education for my future. At first this came very hard for me, however, gradually I got used to it.

As for the rest, I kept my peace, and had close association with no one except Bernard Böke, the son of our neighboring farmer in Bieste, who likewise lived to himself and joined me at school and at work. His only amusement was keeping pigeons in which I also finally found pleasure. With time, this went so far that I forgot everything else, spent all my small earnings on this hobby, and questioned whether to learn midwife service in the cathedral school at Osnabrück. Besides, during my apprenticeship my mother quite readily permitted the above-mentioned hobby considering that I was working diligently, was living to myself at Kloster Lage, and often attended the church... where the young man Bernard Böke also visited. But now my beloved Savior, who always sought to save my soul, gave me wholesome reminders through a thrice-repeated fall from a ladder which broke under me. The one time, as a result of the fall, I had to stay in bed three weeks.

With my entry into apprenticeship for midwife service, an entirely new period of my life had its beginning. Now I was completely left to my own devices, and I soon almost forgot the world and its amusements. Studying and practicing with pregnancy and child delivery made all else impossible. My midwife examination questions and written work were kindly received by the state examiner in Osnabrück. I had passed the examinations and was suitably honored so that I said, "Now I am a dignified midwife", in the year 1828.

In this world I learned that with God, and some help we give, almost anything is possible. We must always think of the Man who allowed himself to be crucified for our sins. My poor soul had not yet come so close that I surrendered myself to him. Nevertheless he held my inexperienced, frivolously-inclined heart always in his hand, and, unknown to me, protected me from gross errors. In my frivolity I frequented the dance hall. On one such occasion, because of excessive heating and a subsequent chill, I caught a deadly illness. Everyone and I myself believed that the end of my life would soon make its appearance; only it was the gracious will of God, upon my prayer, to yet extend my days. I promised him, if I would again become well, to shun dancing entirely, and above all, to become a better person. The first was indeed not hard for me to keep; but what belonged to it... to become a better person... was completely mysterious to me since the profound, basic perversity of my soul was not yet apparent to me.

I can still recall, in the year 1813, during the French War taking place at that time, that we were forced to leave our parental home at Nellinghof out of fear that the soldiers would come. I decided to go to the Dümmer

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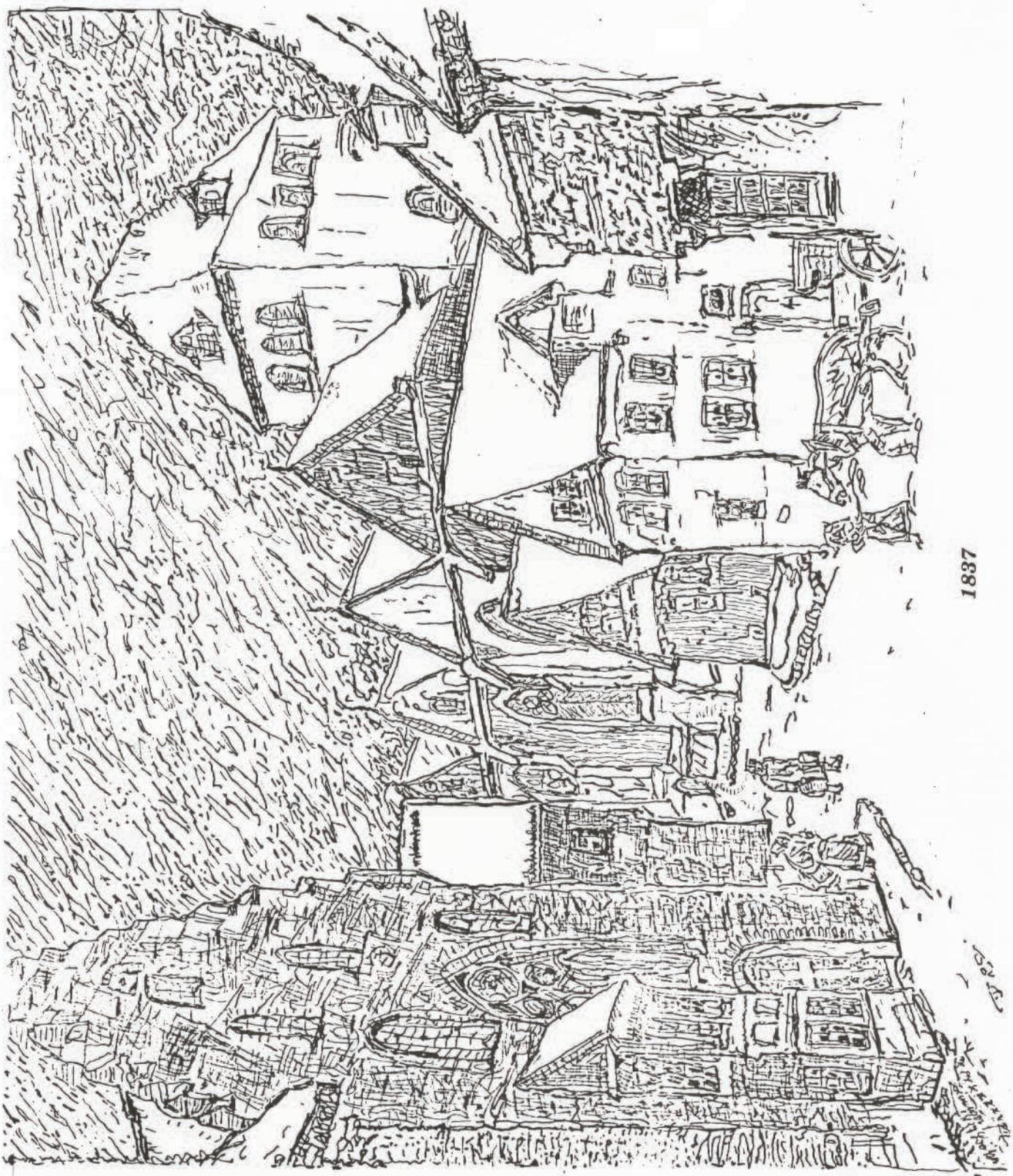


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"Knapke house" - "Böke house" 1700 (names on roofs)

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1837

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See because I myself and the other 80 women and girls dared to hope to remain free of the soldiers. During that time there in the moorland and marsh, we had to live very quietly and in hardship. From the time of my arrival and during the first three days I could not get a morsel of bread to eat. Not until the fourth day did I succeed with much trouble in getting some bread. After the conclusion of the peace I again returned to Neuenkirchen because the people wanted me at home. I and my mother undeservedly had to endure the usual abuse from the soldiers left behind. The soldiers did not want to believe that we took this soldier business seriously and would really go away. The times were miserable and starving. Very!

Together we took advantage of a suggestion given to us and had to thankfully acknowledge this as a providence of our Shepherd. While discontented with our plight, we discovered a friend who truly took an interest in us, and offered us work with his relative, a rising master who had joined the weaving business in the Alfhausen community. I now worked with my friend in a room where the thoughtful master often visited us. The food, the amiable company and all of this suited me exceedingly at once. The latter once said to me, "My dear Liwwät Knapke, now that you have grown wise by experience in the world, you will certainly become a follower of the emigrants to America." These words went directly to my heart! I became restless with myself, but knew not how to start to become free of this uneasiness of my mind.

On summer evenings there would often be gatherings in the garden house of my master. Now, when from my window, I listened to the lovely harmonious singing, I felt as if I were standing in the vestibule of heaven. I would gladly have gone to the gatherings, only I was ashamed of my pitiful clothes and was without shoes. So I thought, "If you appear thus in front of the people they will all know your wretchedness, no matter how thoroughly educated you are." Then, however, my friend and close companion (also a descendant of a Nellinghof family who also felt the attraction of the garden musicians and amusements) and I made an agreement with each other to seek after our spiritual welfare from now on, and simply to strive for this without fear of people. At this we enjoyed an indescribable peace of mind, our hesitations vanished, and, upon our request, we also received permission to attend the gatherings. When I very timidly came there on the following evening, a sermon of the Master was read. It seemed as if all was said to me alone, and from it I felt such confidence in the Redeemer that I could unburden all the distress of my heart into his heart full of love.

After the hours of fun, several usually remained to talk over together the entertainment in private. Then the longing for America always rose more vividly in me. In my mind it immediately called, "In my opinion, though you belong over here, you will do still better in America." Were it feasible I would have liked most to stay there in Neuenkirchen.

I bought more books, and with this treasure retreated still farther from our home. Afterwards, when I was drawn again to my mother's house, I would slip

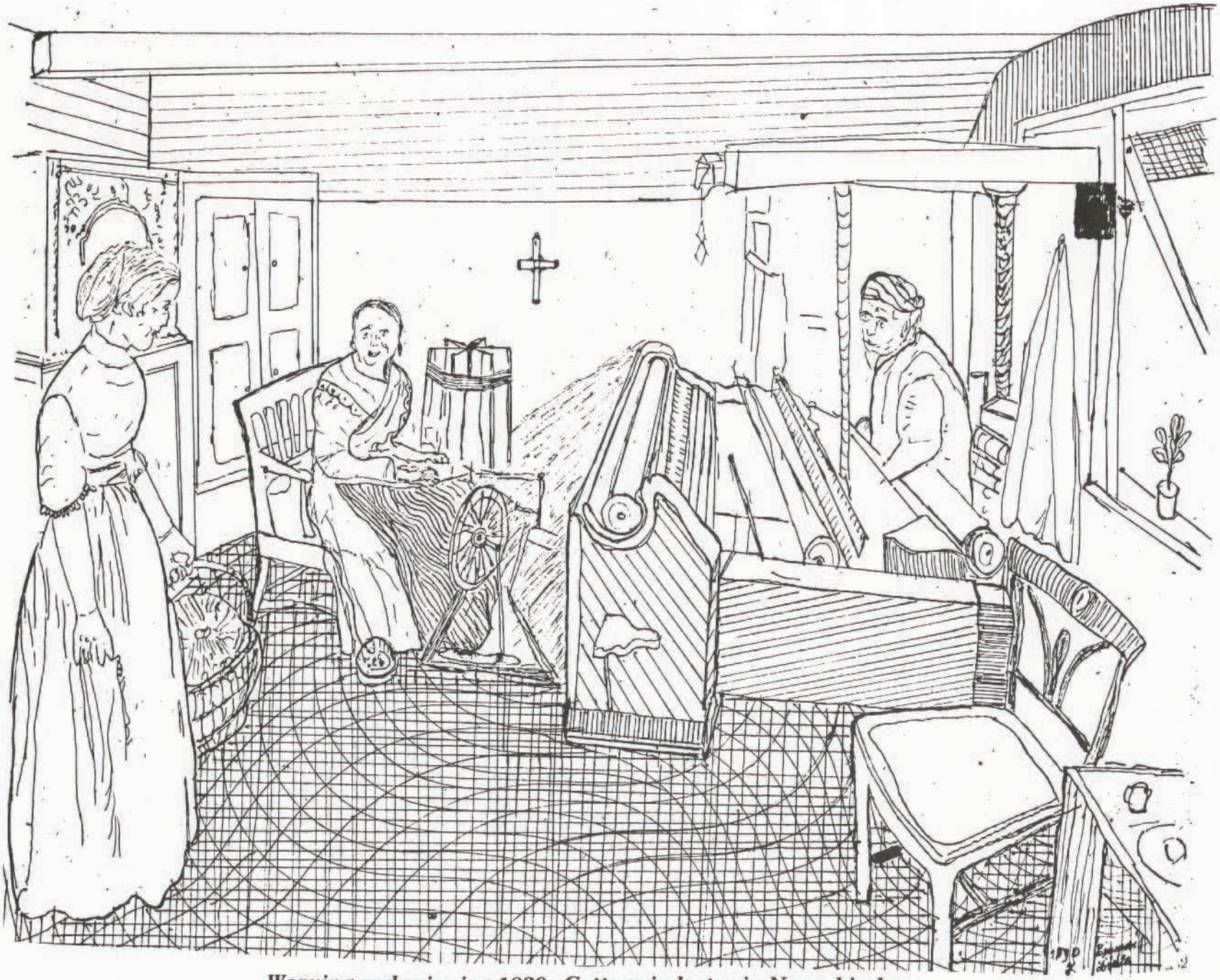


"By the moor" 1817

secretly up to the loft every day and there read my books. The more I read, the more important every word became for me. I shed many tears because of my hunger pains. The fare was meager, only potatoes every day. Often now I visited with Bernard Böke; we wanted above all things to emigrate to America together. We could not make work or wedding plans; but over there I and Natz believed would have to be still more good things for enjoying life towards which we had an insatiable appetite.

At this we disclosed to our parents and the authorities our intention of going to America as man and wife. Till then nothing of all that had occurred between us was suspected. Our parents and the authorities became quite indignant over our decision. They absolutely refused us their permission and added besides, "At this time marriage must be postponed. Indeed it is forbidden by the government and the church. So don't you believe that you can live just as well in the single state until later?" Here I must mention that in the time before our emigration to America, I and Bernard Böke were married in secret, but not in the church. For now, we had to live in celibacy in the years 1830 to 1835, always together. Everything was lovely and splendid; and we drew more strongly together, when alone or otherwise. Nevertheless, my mother's grief very nearly got to me, and finally I soon began to be doubtful. Then I took my prayerbook, went into the bedroom, and, falling at his feet, with many tears begged the Savior to point out what I should think. To my overwhelming consolation I came across the passage: "Whoever puts his hand to the plow, and looks back, such is not fit for the kingdom of God." With that, all doubt was removed, and my decision irrevocably made to follow the clearly-discerned sign of the Savior.

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Weaving and spinning 1830. Cottage industry in Neuenkirchen.

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"So far away, by the Wesser, (Ed. - ?) I and Natz there, walking to Alfhausen" 1823

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Due to exceptional circumstances, my and Natz's families were, after some time, persuaded to let us go to America. Of course, my mother worried... and not without cause... whether I would be able to rely on my own sense when she no longer supported me. How bouyant I now was in my heart when she explained to me that she now agreed to my plan! I went at once to Bieste and applied most strongly for permission to go to America. Since I wished to travel with Natz, after announcing that I and Natz would find no work in the district... even in my profession... I made the proposal for going to America.

Since I had not been in Neuenkirchen for many years, my former father confessor there missed me. He came to my house right away to inquire after me. Then, when he learned that I had been in school in Osnabrück and afterwards working in Alfhausen, he became very troubled, and he declaimed my usual companionship and the resulting closer relationship with such harsh words as if I had forever forfeited my eternal happiness. He then wrote to me personally and urgently suggested that I free myself from this business. After I had, child-like, beseeched the Savior for the assistance of his Spirit, I explained in my written response to the priest in all simplicity, what the basis of the institution for midwife service or birth assistant is, and that I entertained the happy expectation that through this skill... if I would remain faithful to it till the end... I would come together with him to the throne of the Lamb. Surely he had been led astray because of reported evil, or, quite likely, because of the wicked emigrant, in his opinion about the arrangement, the understanding I had struck with Herr Bernard Böke from Bieste. Because of that I had him go to Neuenkirchen himself to effect an improvement in the priest's attitude. The visit had effect. In 1833 I had the pleasure here in Alfhausen and Bieste of seeing my beloved Natz, my husband, Herr Bernard Böke, happily journey to Bremen, soon to be installed on a sailing vessel. "Adieu!"

Alone, by the way, I enjoyed the quiet, and also dwelt on my homesickness for Natz on his voyage. Not long after that, I, a presumed unmarried maiden, also boarded a sailing ship, and in three months, in spite of obstacles along the way, exhausted and weary, at last was kissed again by Natz, a bold and effective kiss. 1835.

Liwwät Böke



"from a large picture - The guardian angels watch the children." Liwwat Knapke 1828

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Money Changing; Accounts

(Ed. - This article is not titled, dated nor signed, but tells of some early events and shows their accounts for the first years in Mercer County.)

The team of horses we bought about four months ago from a horse trader became homesick and ran back to their home farmyard close to Sidney. Because I had to trade quill pens in Piqua, we were both traveling down the canal south of Minster on a canal boat.

Nothing grand happened, but the people and those days of little work are episodic in my and Natz's memories together. We had to get the two horses, they cost so much.

As in Europe we had to make trips with a carriage or on foot from one village to another through the country, so also did Natz and I have to stay over every night in a village or on the canal boat. Indeed we could not go back home day after day — too far!

The first day we added up our money in memory, moreover for the first time here in America. In Piqua we could exchange our European "klingt" minted money. We have never used scrip, paper money, nor accepted it. It is too risky; many banks fail and it is worth nothing, as in the "panic", the so-called "Panics of 1837 and 1839". That didn't affect us, thank God!



In Neuenkirchen in the year 1833 Natz and I had - in coins -

(Ed. - Here follows Liwwät's detailed descriptions of the ninety-five gold coins... florins, ducats, riders, pistoles, guineas, thalers... brought along to America. She also gives the exchange value in American dollars.)

The money totaled almost on the dot Sum $1185.89



The big expenses:

Bernard's trip to Ohio from Bieste in American money was	$41.00
My trip, Bremen, Baltimore, Wheeling, Cincinnati was	$53.00
One piece of land - 80 acres - in Section 23 with title and all was	$105.00
One piece of land - 94 acres - in Section 5 with title was	$147.00
One piece of land - 80 acres - in Section 32 with title was	$117.00



1835 Cincinnati - tools - cloth - boots - bread knife - chests - gun - bullets - salt

saw - flour	was $24.00
Pledged 40 acres - new church	was $ 5.00



1836 bridle - vise - shovel - singletree - saddle - 4 wagon wheels - fireplace iron & pot - flour - shears - hatchet - axle pins - molasses - pepper - salt - plates

	was $43.00
School teacher hire	was $ 7.00
Church	was $ 2.00



1837 chest - cinnamon - stockings - auger - cloth - flour - glass - grease - sandstone - handsaw - salt - 2 harnesses - pickaxe horse collars - vats - crocks - kettle - tin pans - molasses - needles - swinglebar

	was $19.00
School teacher hire	was $ 8.00
Church	was $ 2.45



1838 broadcloth - flour - tax - nails - salt - popcorn - seed - pumice stone - sickle - odds & ends - tin ware

	was $55.00
School teacher hire	was $ 8.00
Church	was $ 2.10

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1839 ladle - shoes - skillet - cups - tax - salt - flour - traps - spice - sailcloth - bed tick - roller - rollerwagon - windowpanes - winnowing basket - wire - currycomb - drill - drill bit - tax — was $85.00
School teacher hire — was $ 8.00
Church — was $ 1.80
(Until 1840 - Complete accounting of expenditures — was $793.35)

1835 In the beginning (in American dollars) — $1185.89
1840 Beginning of January - Expenses of former years — - 793.35
Held over balance of our inheritance money — 392.54

1835 till 1840 midwife pay/sale of peppermint/quills goose feathers/feather dusters/pay for helping sick/hides/past pay/honey/ oats/land trade by Natz/nuts/ tallow/medicine
our savings — $ 488.70
beginning of January 1840 — (881.24)

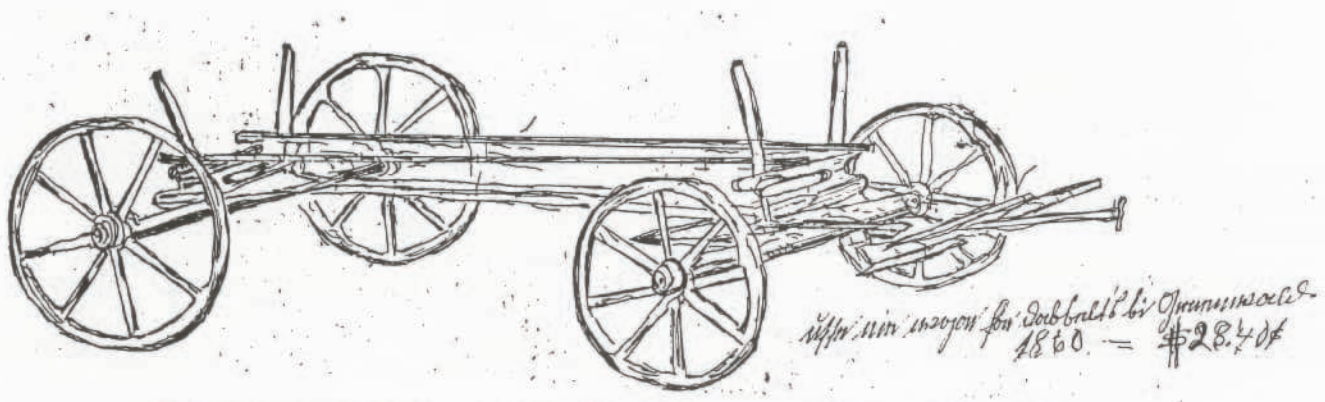
1840 Beginning balance — is $881.24
(lost or miscalculated) — $ 11.22
1840 - exact count - money in hand — $870.02

1840 salt, flour, awl, axe, axle, axletree, axle pins, bucket, iron, vats for lye water, i.e. potash, bed cover, shells for animals, hasp, brass founder, bung, calves, candle maker, 2 wagon wheels for cart, soap kettle, school teacher hire, young pigs, flail — was $93.55
Church — $10.00
Coffin - Cemetery — $23.00

1841 salt, flour, chain couplings, chamberpot, cinnamon, clothes, "Büpen" (Ed.-?) shoes, clover seed, clasps, cookpot, jars, cotton stockings, damper, window glass, singletree, drill with drill bits, dye, sheets, kegs, seed — was $111.25
Church - $3.00 School — was $ 10.00

1842 salt, flour, shoes, seed, tools, grater, hammer, halter, harness, 2 hatchets, hayfork, sheets, shoes, stockings, pots, round whetstone, iron corn sheller — (Ed.-No amount shown.)
School teacher hire — was $ 11.00
Church collection (Ed.-pledge?) — was $ 50.00

(My household account book is kaput, too many years.)



"Our new wagon from Dabbelt's at Gruenewald (Cassella) 1860 - $28.40"

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At Home in St. John

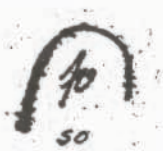


How different I and Natz seem in those first times, how we struggled to overcome the dense, ominous, wet, silent forest, the streamlets, the creeks, the stones, the solitude... just we two against time, need and trees. The trees were strong-limbed and Natz is strong-boned.

It is indeed an important notion to describe how hard and tedious it was, the time it took to clear the land of all these trees and underbrush. The forest is a vast, attractive, wonderful sight to see and enjoy, but that one cannot eat or wear. Natz and I are thankful about our decision to emigrate to America. It is the best situation to live in the forest, also much better married to a nice fine man whom I love. Mary Joseph, I am so very thankful. One matures in this battle to take over the woods, but we did achieve it up to our expectations.

For use we have constructed another building, and it stands between the loghouse and the little barn. In this construction we took twenty-two long poles, about twenty or twenty four feet long, young saplings about three or four years old which one can bend into a half circle like this. (1)

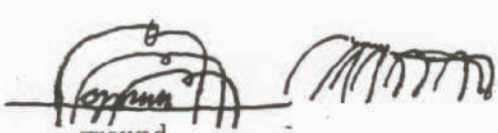
First the bark is stripped off, and second held over a fire, back and forth so that they do not burn but are heated which makes the poles strong and flexible. Afterwards we pushed the thick ends into the ground about three feet deep in this shape, (2) that is, three feet apart from each other. Then we bent the tips of the poles and brought them to one another (3) and tied the ends together with elm bark as in a knot, just as the Indians did. Their "wigwam" poles stand here yet today and we learn from them. Finally we covered over the frame with bark from elm trees. Around the bottom we laid rushes held down with stones. This is our storehouse. We clamped each pole so the wind does not come in. It is dry, watertight, secure and solid. It is now a granary or corncrib, sometimes both... also for fodder and hay.



(1)



(2)



(3)

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"On the way home in winter, January 1838, at St. John, Marion (Tp.), Mercer County, Natz Böke, my treasure, my beloved whom I love more than the whole world. He is carrying three skins with the traps. The gun is new." Drawn 1842.

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The usual food is wild game which we take or kill or trap in the woods and creeks. Also little fish, not many, from the streams here. Corn, beets, beans, soupbeans, pumpkins, squash, cucumbers, melons, cabbage and turnips, all the vegetables are from our own garden. Onions too... I almost forgot. We also use carrots and plant roots, fruits, nuts and berries from the woods. Often there is no meat in the house, so that Natz goes out early in the morning in the dark with an empty stomach and his gun and powder. He says that his hunger and the thought of his hungry family forces him to try harder, and continually reminds him of his need and of our family's need, whereas with a full stomach he is more easygoing, negligent and lazy, all the time thinking about his house, and he wastes his time to no purpose. Nevertheless many days he, and therefore we, get nothing. In the morning is the best time to hunt the deer, turkey, goose, bear or raccoon.

If he is not back home again by ten o'clock, then we eat hardtack or rye and cornmeal mush. Cornmeal pancakes with honey are the best. We know many different ways to prepare corn. We make a porridge from corn and cooked meat, either fresh or dried meat. Meat with potatoes, carrots and cabbage makes good stew.

We have no chickens yet. We need a chicken coop first, otherwise one cannot protect the chickens from the wolves, weasels and foxes. We get eggs and sometimes a hen from Hausfeld's house by trading with them.

I cook squash and pumpkin with a little water, mostly in their own juice, slowly steamcooking them in a pot with a lid. I make stewed fruit such as various wild berries and plants called blueberries and bramble-berries, strawberries and quince with honey. Raspberries are plentiful. Some juice I make jelled with honey which gives us sweet-tasting food to eat in the winter. With mulberries I make wine and I use it as a midwife, with the very young, and for young children's diarrhea.

I bake bread with whatever kind of flour we can get. We like green corn that is still in milk, and also like it when it is fully ripe. The latter I pound fine, as finely as possible, then sift it and knead it into dough. Afterwards I make it into cakes six inches in diameter and about one inch in thickness, rounded at the edge. When baking these cakes I am especially careful; the ashes must be clean and very hot, and when possible, of good dry oak bark which produces a brisk and lasting heat. Into this dough I often mix cooked pumpkin, or green and dried beans, or blueberries.

Another kind of bread is made with either pounded or mashed green corn paste stuffed into a green corn leaf usually with a ladle, well wrapped and baked in the ashes just as the other. This is quite sweet and a delicacy. Often we make it into a little drink for little children, old folks and travelers. If the traveler needs some food, he takes a spoonful of the paste in his mouth and with water from the stream drinks it down. With this minimum food one can keep from hunger all day long. Too much of this is not necessary for children. We cook it in water or in liquid with flavoring from roasted or salted pork either baked or fried. Our roasting we do on a spit, a long stick with a pointed end through the piece of meat and turned slowly over the fire.

We now have some wooden and earthen pots both, but the two iron ones are much better.

We gather walnuts and hickory nuts, crack and boil them in a cookpot; when the oil rises to the top of the water, we skim the oil off and carefully preserve it in earthen crocks. This oil is better for cooking and more healthful than lard. Pancakes and corncakes taste better cooked that way.

We use the seeds of the sunflower for baking. Persimmons are pressed into cakes and laid away for winter eating.

Preparing hides, pelts and skins. First we soak all the hides under water until wet through. Second, with the help of the bone or stone scraper we scrub all the hair off. Corn is pounded into a pulp and mixed with water; in this the hides are placed and they stay therein until they are dripping wet... about two days. Then we take the hides out of the mixture and carefully and slowly dry them, continually working them with our hands. We rub them in order to rid them of every impurity and to render the hides pliable and soft. So that they do not become stiff later from rain, we tan them with tree bark in the smokehouse.

Clothes which are made of hides or pelts and also of feathers are not only warm, but more long-lasting and more durable than several woolen garments. We learned that we can prepare all sorts of hides now. I got a bison hide and a few bear skins by trading with a traveling dealer. (He comes on foot... no horse... with a pack on his shoulders.) Beaver and raccoon hides make bed covers that are both warm and durable. We sew as many of these pelts as necessary, matching the hair to lie the same way so that the cover or outer cloak is smooth and the rain cannot get in but runs off. When one dresses he regulates the warmth according to the weather. When it is cold and dry we place the fur next to our naked body, but in warm weather and wet weather it is outside. I have a petticoat like that.

Natz and I use prepared deer hide for shirts, shoes and vests. Bear hide with the hair left on inside is very warm in dry cold weather and is durable. I made a bedcover with feathers. It takes a lot of time and patience. Goose feathers are best.

Natz and I made crockery, pots, pans, baking dishes for cooking and household needs. We took yellow clay, pounded it into powder, mixed and tempered it with water, and then spread that over or in, or around, inside or outside of whatever molds we had made from wooden blocks in the shapes of the many things needed for our use, such as: cups, mugs, saucepans, saucers, pots, pans, crocks, buckets, storage pots and others. We use gourds by themselves and also as molds; also pumpkins. When dry enough we took the forms off of the new pot or whatever, and placed the new raw pots in the stone oven and burned them to a heat suitable for their intended use. A stone oven is outside and a limestone oven is inside our log-

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"Natz is strong, as when he had to build our house today. He struck the axe deep into the tree so that it resounded at St. John."



"We help one another, wives too."



"Lean-to. Darkness creeps over everything. The gray clouds are heavy with snow."

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house. Natz built both. We burned hard wood, oak or such; we built up the red hot coals in cone-shaped fashion to help. When finished, we let the new pots cool off slowly; it is better.

Way of life here in the American forest between husband and wife. It is so different here. To begin with the forest is really better for the Indians, but Natz and I are white Europeans and also peasants. We are not Yankee, Protestants, English, but no one is better than another, for the forest levels all the men in it to a raw lifestyle in work, food, clothes, buildings, plants, moving around. We had to adjust to different government regulations and to freedom. God's goodness provides here many prospects and much space.

Many strangers, men, families, on their way to establish a home come here. We help each one that passes here, now especially our own people who are coming here all the time, continually arriving from our old homes in Germany at Nellinghof, Lohne, Damme,... mostly young people who are Catholic and Low German. We are not angry with the High Germans, but they have other speech and living customs. Here in America persons must more and more live and think alike.

Natz and I accept our own lifestyles and needs just as all men must. The husband and I, a woman, a wife... together we must live our own lives. We must do all in our power, with love for one another, for God, for children, relatives and neighbors. We have no pastor, but God is with us nevertheless. Once or at most twice a month there is Mass on Sunday at St. John; we assemble at Gast's house, outside the building. Other Sundays we go there about 11:30 in the morning and assemble to pray. Usually someone gives a talk about God. Then we listen to one another with complaints, troubles, news and informative things like where, what, and when about our work. We usually have to walk; the forest is too thick for a horse to be able to get through. We do have a pathway to Stallo (Ed.-Minster) that is good and safe.

Because people know that I am a midwife, I get many questions. The usual cause of the sicknesses and of the unsound outlook is that the people here do not use enough soap. Each time they have been in the woods, or with animals of any kind, or use the toilet, they must wash their hands thoroughly with soapy water and a clean hand towel. Once a week wash their bare bodies all over with soap and dry well with another clean body towel. People in the forest can be filthy and live untidily and think nothing of it. To sweat is good, to wash is better, particularly little children, else they become sore with raw buttocks. Health here is in danger. I told the community that all the water we drink must first be boiled, then covered with a clean lid so the flies and lice cannot get in. Let the water cool off, and drink from a proper clean cup held with clean hands.

It is very important that we ourselves here in St. John depend more on good habits and restraint; there is no medicine. LOBELIA growing here helps; I know its applications and the places it grows here. An extract of the BIGANIA-CRUCIGERA and the roots of Chinese briar and sassafras we use frequently for cleansing the blood. We use the caustic and cleansing ability, particularly the uniqueness, of the roots of the white nettle IATROPA-URENS to clean old sores and boils and festering proudflesh. The dissolving ability and diuretic quality of the root of the FONWOLWULUS PANDURATUS are sure relief in kidney pain complaints called "stabbing in the back". We use the thinning ability and dissolving power of the lily CERNIUS; the purifying quality of the May apple; the roots of the power-root, called ginseng in English. White carrots are also good for stomach and diarrhea disorder. Freshly cooked veal yields bouillon (store it in a bottle with a stopper) to use for weak or thin children with consumption.



The wives worry themselves half to death with complaints. Many are without hope. Always and all the time they are in the dismal forest. Their husbands are usually outside in the woods, sawing and chopping down trees and gathering and burning the underbrush.

Between the stumps we sow corn, oats and rye, and I have a small garden. Hay we cannot sow yet, there is not yet room. Indian corn is really important for our eating in winter. We planted an orchard, 44 fruit trees; in a few years there will be pears in it also.

We now have a horse, and Natz made a harrow out of wood with long iron nails or spikes. So many little and also large stones in the ground! It is exasperating to pick up 500 times... the back is too weak, and I am at times useless. The neighbors and we completed a cistern for the springs disappeared; water changed its course as we took out more and more brush. The appearance of our fields everywhere is constantly changing.

We made and built a ladder in our loghouse reaching from the floor to the beamwork, and covered the beams with roughcut planks which we made. It is called a loft in America, the empty space over the beams and under our roof. On the outside of the loghouse we drove in wooden pegs, 6 or 8 inches long, to hang the axe, hammer, shovel and all those little

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hand tools so they are accessible and neat. Buck antlers are nailed on to the cross beams to hang up Natz's and my guns and powder so they are ready and nearby. Our table is a slab which is four-legged, with three-legged stools and a rocking chair. Our bed has only two legs, the head end is nailed to the wall. Our window benches and door sills are cut from an oak tree. They will last a hundred years!

Houses lie far apart from each other here in the forest. Right up to our doorsill and to those of our neighbors reaches the huge, somber and vaulted forest. There are no openings to break up the overhang, nothing but endless miles upon miles of the shadowy wolf-haunted woodland. The great trees tower heavenwards until their individual crowns are lost among the many branches at the top, and the lower branches disappear under the wild growth that chokes the open places between the trunks. Here stand scattered proud beech trees, and pines, hemlocks, balsams and firs; others: oak, chestnut, hickory, ash; walnut and many rare and unrecognized varieties stand side by side with still more of other kinds. The sunlight cannot get through the arches of the murmuring leaves. Through the grayish shadow and down the pathways in the forest men walk, continually in a kind of midday gloom. We people from Bieste in this thick forest feel as if our heads are hooded. All the countryside is monotonous in a tree-strewn land. Everything in it lies hidden. And farther on? No one can say, not even the brave hunters know how far to the west this forest extends; they have not yet gone through to the other end.

The Low German forest dweller here in Mercer County society is, simply, an individual and each knows everyone else, his rights and troubles, and also everyone in the family knows plainly and clearly. The husband is the provider and protector, his wife is the housewife and mother. Man and woman, or woman and man... either way is correct... are equally important. For anyone anywhere in the forest conditions are similar... land is plentiful and all else is scarce; therefore, only courage, frugality and industry will bring assured returns. All the people here have a little woods, 80 or 100 acres, with a few essential animals. We are making fences between our farms gradually with stumps. We can now store our green fodder, such as hay (that is, wild grass) and corn fodder in the new building. The farmer must also be a hunter; his wife and children depend on him for venison and all food. The daily, weekly, monthly confinement in the little cabin makes the children and mother restless, especially in the wintertime; my husband is mostly outside in the light.

I clothe Natz with a fur cap in winter and a felt cap in summer, moccasins or leather shoes (the shoemaker comes around the community from house to house and remains until every foot's shoe is correct). He wears thin or thick pants according to the weather, and leggings that I sewed out of buckskin or antelope hide (which we traded for other skins and also for Indian canvas made of linen). He wears a hunting shirt of cloth spun here at home, or of buckskin; it is a loose smock, or tunic that hangs almost to his knees. Around his waist is a wide belt from which hang his hunting knife, powder horn and hatchet.

In the woods there is no currency. Barter is the



"Animals at St. John" 1841

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"Animals at St. John" 1841

convenient way to trade around and exchange the pelts, the ginseng. My midwife skill is a very great help. Presently the accepted value for trade is:

one beaver		two foxes
one otter	is	two wildcats
one fisher	worth	four raccoons
one buckskin		eight weasels
one large bearskin		

When a girl marries she brings her inheritance, here in America, a cow and calf, a brood mare or mare, a bed with blankets and straw mattress, a chest with her clothes and a hat. Each couple's instructions were the bitter necessity of self-help, and the knowledge that the St. John community can barely survive even if everyone helps everyone else as in: logrolling, house-raising, house-furnishing, corn shucking, quilting, roofing with the neighbors. Each family must do all that it can by itself. The father and sons work with axes, hoes and sickles. Every house has a loom... not all... and every woman who came from around Neuenkirchen is a loom operator. (Linsey-woolsey is woven from flax and wool.) Natz tans the buckskins; I am the tailor and sometimes the shoemaker.

At least once each year every family needs a couple of plowshares and salt so the community, after sowing time and harvest, together sends all the pelts collected here in St. John by pack-horses in a group south to Cincinnati. (The value is great!) Ten or a dozen men with guns and powder go, at times in snow. Three weeks later they bring back the things they were able to trade for, things which we cannot get or trade for here. With 30 horses we get sufficient salt, shares, iron, etc.

Life is a long struggle. We must fell the trees, but also cope with droughts, deep snow, sudden flooding, cloudbursts, forest fire, swarms of deerflies and mosquitos and midges, snakes, wolves, and twice the wolves were mad. If men meet mad wolves, it is certain that they will be bitten and that they will die with hydrophobia. There are many wild hens. Pigeons sometimes fill the woods here like clouds so that the sun is hidden! And they break the branches down. Squirrels in swarms eat up all the cornfields. In time, some people here go completely mad, change, commit suicide. Countless people do not talk with their spouses; many women have miscarriages, their pregnancy lost.

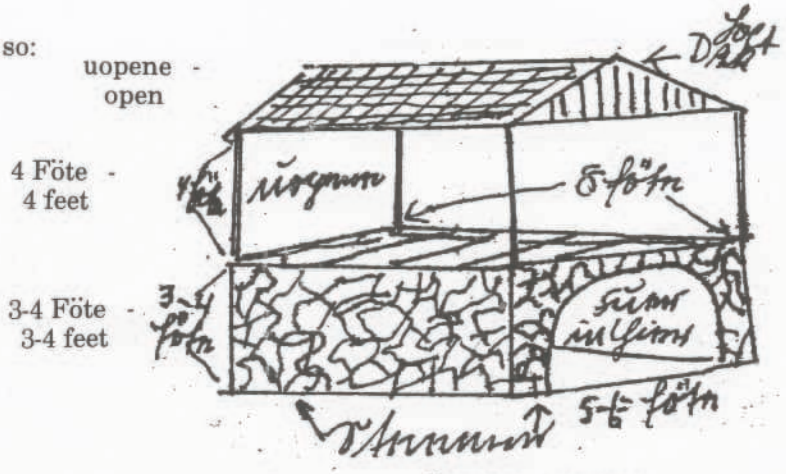
(Altogether several months have passed before I can again find time to write a little.)

Natz and I have made many things together. Now, in random order, I will tell about this and that which happened.

The wood we used here in the beginning was all green... wood for rafters, fence poles, roof joists, rough furniture and such. Some of the wood pieces we used no longer fit tightly enough together to use because we made them with green wood. But for anything which must fit tightly and remain fitted one must try to have dry wood... such as for pegs, wheel spokes, good furniture, buckets, vats, and so. There are several ways to dry wood. A small piece able to fit in a pot is cooked in hot water for 20-24 hours. The water draws the sap out of the wood and as soon as it taken out of the water it is ready. The other way is with a kiln.

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Our kiln is built so:

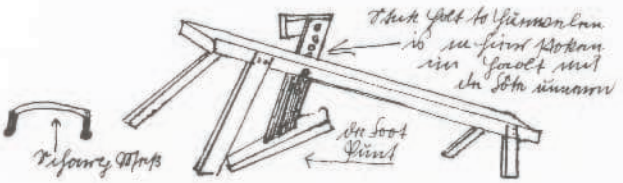


Steener - stones

The green planks or whatever are placed in the upper section over the fire, and turned so that they do not burn. Both ends of the stonework are left open.

The Hewing Bench is best used with a stool; a drag or draw knife with two handles does the cutting.

"Stuk Holt to huewelen is in hier
stoken un haolt mit de Föte unnern"
The piece of wood for hewing is
stuck in here and held with the feet underneath



Scharp Mess - sharp knife

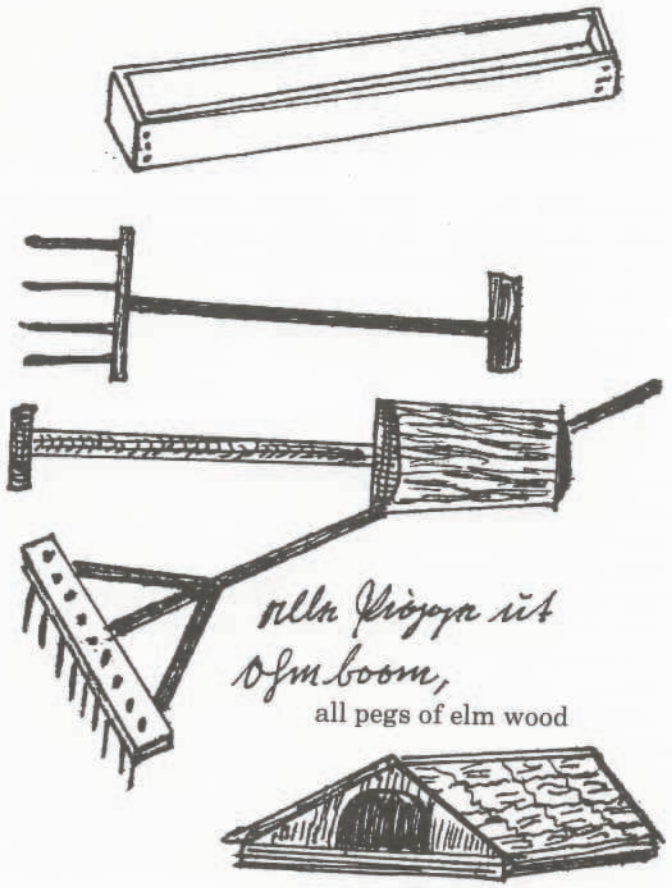
de Foot Punt - the foot point

At all the doors we have a limestone set in next to the threshold. In time, later on, we will have to build a bigger house and these limestones we will be able to use over again. They are 3 feet by 1½ feet in length and breadth, 4 inches thick, and precisely even on all sides. We laid them flat in the hole... first the ground is dug out... then a layer of sand 2 inches thick and finally the limestone upon that.

A stream with much waterflow most of the time crosses the way to St. John for those of us who live to the west, so together we have installed a bridge on the path, more for the school children than for us parents. The bridge has stone abutments. With oaken beams on both sides and both ends and planks laid 4 inches thick, it has capacity enough for more than 16 tons, said the engineer from Celina. Now we can drive over it, and will later use it for wagons and great roller-wagons loaded with stone and drawn by oxen.

Finally we have had enough time to make -

1) A pig trough and 2 little troughs for hens and chickens of wood with wooden pegs.
2) 2 hay forks entirely out of wood.
3) A long handled and a short handled spade, also called shovel.
4) A rake with a long handle for little stones and for the garden.
   A rake with a long handle for straw, hay and weeds.
5) 6 brooder houses with floors of wood set inside shallow boxes.

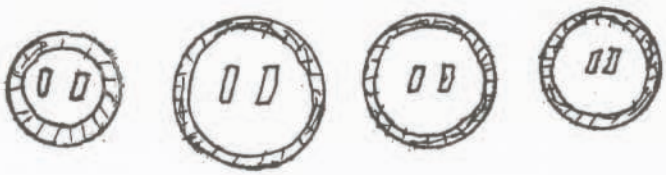


all pegs of elm wood

6) A hen and chicken house with a lean-to for the wheelbarrow and a little space for garden tools, etc. It is half the size of our loghouse, sizeable, with two doors.
7) A clothesline that I can use for the wet clothes and to air and beat the dust out of the bed-clothes and bedding and featherticks every couple of weeks in order to get the fresh air

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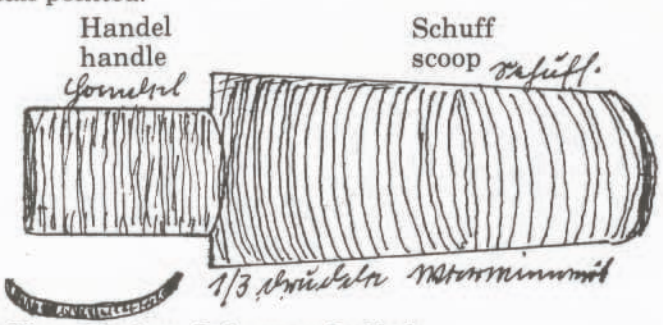
smell for sleep. (Perhaps now, Natz will not snore so much when he is tired. But only perhaps!)



In the evening I make buttons out of bones (bone makes the best buttons, needles and combs) with rough and fine files. One files a little piece of bone into a round and thin shape finally drilling 2 holes, first with a little drill and then with a hammer and punch. I make a dozen in one evening of various sizes, thick and thin, in proper sets for their future use.



The needles vary, some with pointed ends, others half pointed.



The end view. It is curved a little.

Boot horns and shoe horns of bone and also of wood which we recently made in the winter.

Combs are made from bone with saw and file.

End view



From bones we also made: handles, wheels, butter paddles, awls, buckles, quilting needles, needles for knitting work and needles for making stockings; also clothes pins, hooks for clothes and coats, and many other things.

From wood Natz and I have made many things for household use, such as: pancake rack, soup cooking spoon, other sizes of wooden spoons; of elm wood, meat forks and garden stakes for climbing grape vines and such.

We also made a wooden rolling pin (1) with handles at each end, butter scoops (2) and flour scoops (3).

Also a wooden dough board (4) for kneading the dough for bread baking. (One uses it only for rolling and kneading dough. It gets no other use, so that it always remains clean, and no dirt or foreign growth can get on it.)

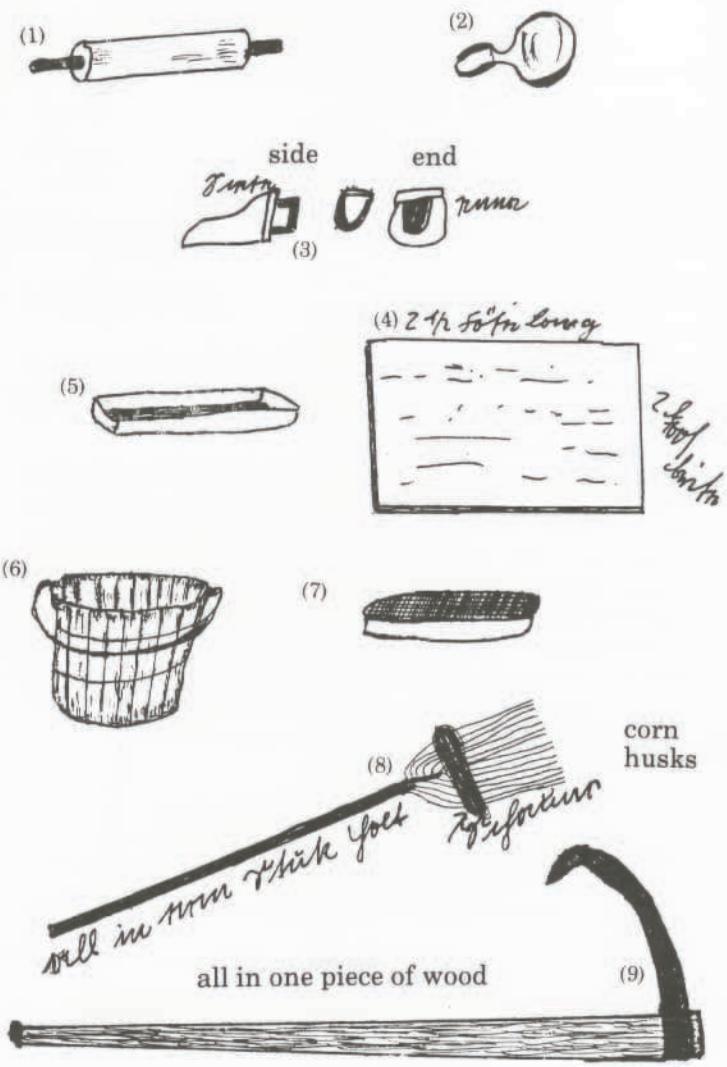
Also various wooden pans (5) in which to set anything for cooking, baking or broiling.

Wooden buckets (6) with leather handles and hoops. Also we made one or two vats to use with lye water for making soap.

A sieve (7) for sifting flour and other things. The mesh in the sieve is from the sinews of a deer glued on with horse hoof glue. We make the glue from the hooves of animals by very slowly boiling them in water until the last little bit is dissolved, and that is the glue. The best. One can also make it from fishes; the smell is fearsome and horrible. No! No!

We made brooms (8), about a half dozen, from young birch trees, the stem not over 2 inches thick. First from the bottom of the stem upwards make splits, hundreds, and wind them around with corn husks.

Natz uses a log roller (9) many times.

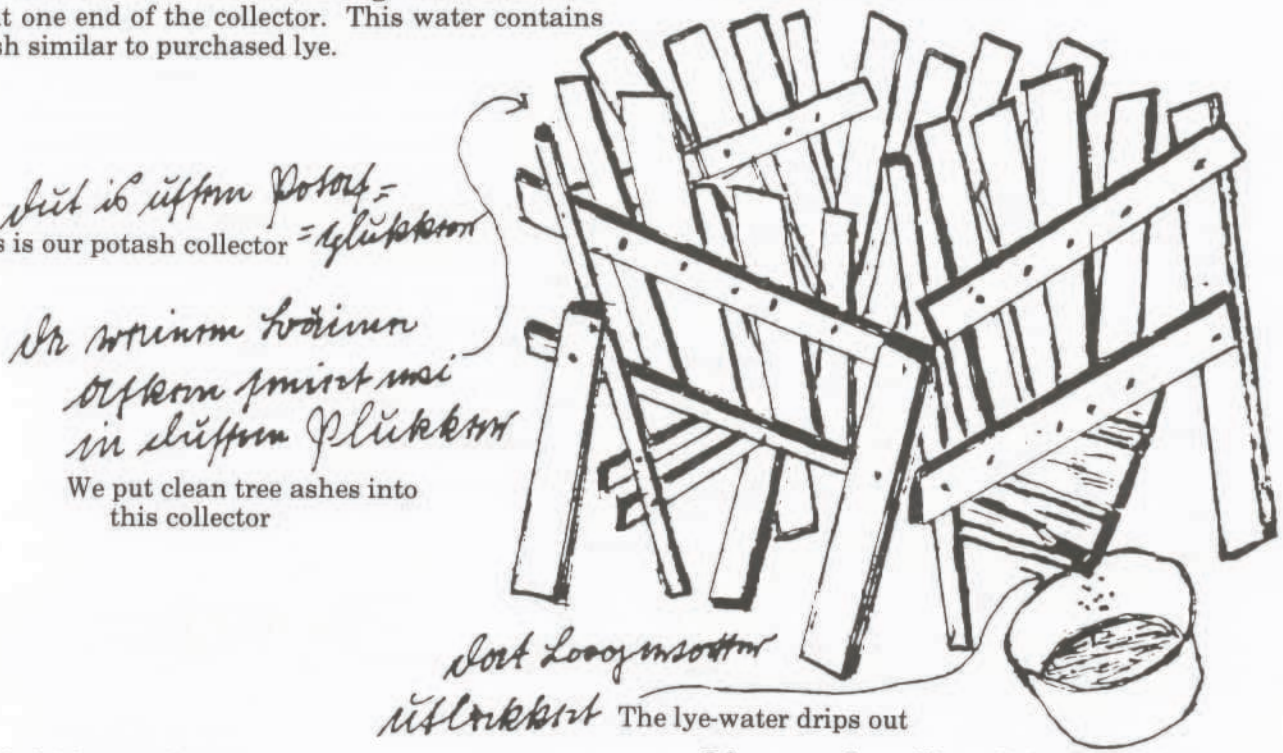


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(We almost completed a wheelbarrow but the wheel didn't suit us; and there is presently no wagon-maker here in St. John.)

So many things we need, so little time to make them. But we are both healthy, and, by and with God's blessings, so fortunate here in this place to love each other.

Our soap-making is begun with water. We built a potash collector from wood. It works by the drawing down of the water, ordinary water, which we pour into a wooden funnel over the clean wood ashes therein. The water - it must be cold - slowly seeps to the bottom and leaks out into a large crock under the tap at one end of the collector. This water contains potash similar to purchased lye.



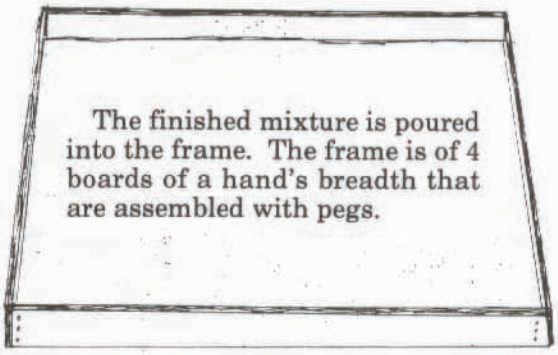
This is our potash collector

We put clean tree ashes into this collector

The lye-water drips out

With hickory ashes, then, we make soap, two or three kinds. In spring and fall we cook hand soap, clothes-washing soap, and from what remains we make soft soap.

All along we save fat, tallow, kidney fat and other fat. The proportions are twice as much water as fat, and, with peppermint in it there is a better fragrance. It is very thin at the start of the cooking, and one continually stirs the mixture with a long-handled wooden spoon over a very hot fire. When it is as thick as molasses or syrup and does not drip off the wooden spoon, the mixture is ready and is soap.

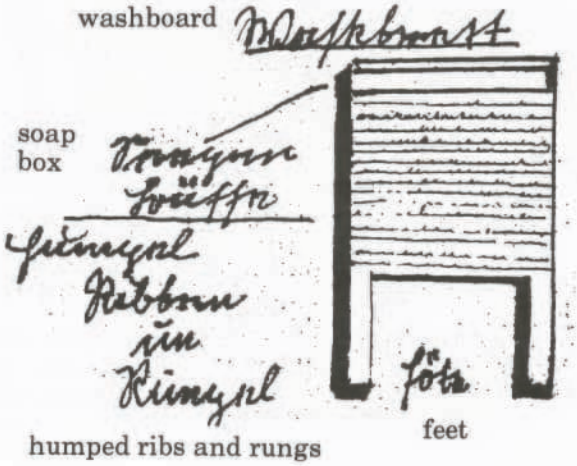


The finished mixture is poured into the frame. The frame is of 4 boards of a hand's breadth that are assembled with pegs.

The wooden enclosure is placed on a wooden platform which is wider than the frame. Then let the half-watery soap mixture set in the frame; in 2 or 3 days the mixture will be stiff and thick. With a bone knife, cut up the entire leveled mixture, forwards and sidewards, into suitable hand-size pieces. Lay them in the sun to dry and become firm. One kind of soap a person makes with white pearl ash and sheep tallow. That is used for bathing and washing the hands, body, hair and face. It is whiter. Other brown soap is for washing and house-cleaning. One must wash out the lye vat carefully and rinse it since lye that remains eats other things.

I have made quills and the geese are now frightened! The pens, or goose quills, I can make quickly and well, and this last time I traded 200 for a new plow with an iron share.

The new washboard that Natz made is all of wood. One (that is I!!) can rub clothes vigorously up and down against the ridges with soap. This will completely bring out the dirt, especially the grease.



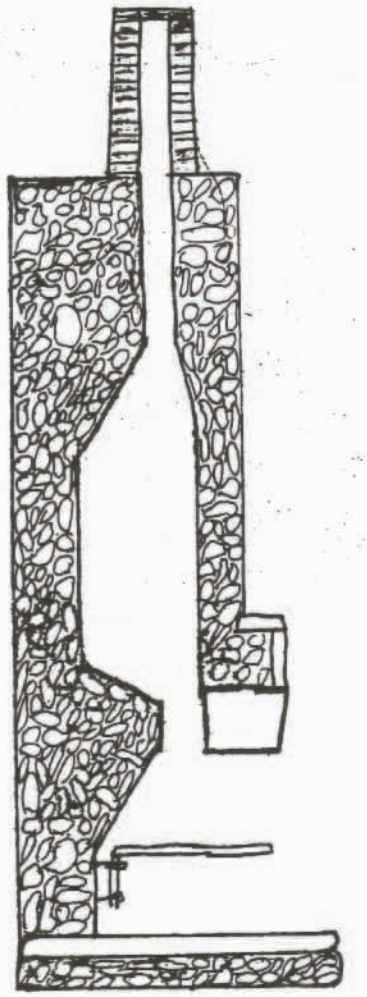
washboard

soap box

feet

humped ribs and rungs

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Side view of our fireplace.

Mostly out of field stone and also concrete.

The floor of the fire chest is a flat limestone with field stone underneath it held together with mortar.

Mortar provides the lining on the inside of the hot air channel in the chimney.

It is half inside and half outside of the house; it has an iron pot hanger which I earned from my midwife work and by trading various things.

Karl Hausfeld, Tangemann Hennik and Jaan Desch helped us with the masonry work.

The draft in the chimney is steady and strong. We are thankful.

In the next year or two we must and will put in a boundary, that is, a fence around our acres. Good fences harmonize with good land, buildings, implements, livestock, food, water, house and thoughts. Natz and I wake up bright and early each day in the year, talk about anything new. God listens; every day is God's day and with him all is play! All this means good farming practice, and if a farmer is not a good farmer, then what is he worth? In this new land, America, in this forest, often enough because of our ignorance, carelessness, neglect, and half amateurism, if openly acknowledged, we both are driven into deep distress and worry. Yes, we take much time and energy for reading, having fun, drawing, writing, accounting, singing, praying, playing cards, and other pleasures that often are not related and tied in with farming and work.

But is not good work a moderate practice? And if it is, cannot the man who so places emphasis, improve and refine the work that it becomes an excellent thing, and a moderate way in itself? Once on the sailing ship coming here I saw a juggler of such very high class, so imaginative, so inspired, so exquisite, so perfect in his ridiculous, enjoyable performance, that he demonstrated to me that any reasonable practice whose end is not destructive to life, can uplift a man to an end in himself! (This juggler died one week later. In my view, his burial in an old bag or sack was sacrilegious; he deserved a burial like a king, a statesman.) But to seek unselfishly the ultimate perfection is so rare in any activity, and demands so much, that I imagine most men are doing well if they think even a little about goals. I am not sure that I can imagine a farmer and his farm so flawless, so perfect, that it justifies the deforming, or the twisting, or the misery of any man. First-rate farming is even more intricate, I think, than excellent juggling or drawing, and the odds against perfection are even greater. Here and around St. John I have never seen a farm that rightly needs a sour face, yet altogether too many good farmers and farm women, when one chances to see them from time to time, go about as if they were going to their own funeral, (and indeed that they will do!)

The objectives of farming are definitely not natural. By that I mean: nature alone has never created a farm apart from man. Nature just makes fishes or whatever just for fun. We must constantly fight against nature in order to coax her to become our ally. To that end, we always deceive her and play with her and trick her. (And then, often enough, she drowns us with water, or makes us thirsty with no water. In the end she buries us, invariably with a thirst for knowledge.) No, if there is no good human excuse for all of this, there is no excuse at all.

The economic and social goal to feed ourselves and society is obvious enough. But we are able to feed ourselves (our own objective) without the hurdles of excessive work and, around here, of enduring such long faces. And as to society in the cities, since it is witless of itself, half-starving even as it hires us or trades with us for a little food, certainly our feeding "them" is not so important to us as to justify our deformation here in St. John, the beclouding of our days, or dragging around long faces. Never!

No! No! I cannot escape the conclusion that the quality of the farm, or of the job of farming, is precisely the quality of the farmer himself. It is sensible to first feed ourselves when we can, and that means to always nurture our minds, our intellect, our moods and our feelings as much as we nourish our stomachs.

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At best, a farm here in the forest is an inefficient food producer, but it will be a thorough producer of good men. Self-repairing and self-improvement are always questionable in outcome, but an orderliness, a feeling, a tint, a color, a dream, or an image or an understanding, a smile, these are always beyond any question as to outcome. So it is that we like such farmers whose farms may or may not be disorderly, but who smile, all the time, and wave "hello", and who often take the time to stop, observe, visit and wonder, by themselves or with a neighbor.

Now finally we must especially push aside our Saxon cautiousness, sensitiveness and mysticism, and must let ourselves go with laughter and singing and fun. Afterwards we will better be able to clean, to build, and to try to fit in a new concept, namely, that the real need here in St. John or in our houses is the building of a new mental attitude. There is more in life than gear for keeping warm, and clean, and for eating, drinking, bathing, sleeping, working and praying. There are also visiting, looking in on others with troubles. Everyone can contribute something.

Sin, mostly the inherited sin of Adam and Eve, is around every corner. The feelings and thoughts about trouble in our community here are always focussed on sickness. It is not my intention to discuss each and every illness in detail because I think bodily pain is unreasonable and wearisome. One can use pain only as an offering, a prayer to God; it is not reasonable and comprehensible. The pain of life and of sacrifice one can describe in rhyme and story, but a pain in the back remains a pain in the back, especially when there is no medicine or doctor. People, many of whom are faint-hearted, cry, curse, weep as they suffer the pain that is in their bodies. This world in America, here in the forest, is no marriage celebration.

Everyone suffers, today, yesterday, or the day before, or whenever, with asthma, hay fever, allergies affecting the skin, grippe and that painful toothache. I have extracted many teeth with string and pliers. St. John is almost toothless. From bending and lifting trees and heavy work there are many men with hernias and I make for them a leather binding that fits tight. Some men, and the women in pregnancy, get piles and bleeding from the rectum (Latin). Yeast mixed with sheep liver oil into a salve applied outside and inside reduces the swelling. Used 3 or 4 times a day it brings relief. One must rub it into the rectum. Sore throat, rheumatism, dropsy, bad eyes, foot troubles, and on and on. This land is so different compared to Germany, and there are new sicknesses. The European body has not yet learned what it must watch out for and cannot resist.

In the damp hot summer we must be careful about eating and clean food. In America it is hotter in summer and colder in winter. Springtime is wetter. The next generation will adjust itself better to the weather, the water, and the cleanliness. They will also know the woods better, the dangers and so forth. What and how will it be like I wonder sometimes, often working morning until evening, all day long, outside and inside the house, and at last entirely used up, but not the most tired, that one is Natz. But with eating and laughing, and a little kiss, when we go to bed we are not too tired. That is rejuvenation from God.

But we think about fatigue when we are most tired. The worst causes of fatigue are not among the things which lie before the feet, but, rather, the exasperation and bitterness that so little work was accomplished, the limitations of our work. The brutal result is the insidious corruption of all of one's feelings and attitudes during all the waking hours. And then we drag one another under. That is wrong here in St. John. Married couples cannot make over the world here in one day, there are limits: fatigue and time. And a husband and wife must support one another in hot water and boiling oil. In time let us learn, O God, to accept the limits of our little strength.

When will the ambitious families here learn that the mental result of fatigue is worry? When we are exhausted, we find it easy to imagine all the mountainous things that must really be happening to the livestock, to the crops and it is easy to exaggerate the long chances that we are taking and then also to imagine ourselves sinking and going under because of sickness, bankruptcy, and then to imagine abandonment among strangers, and finally — death!!!

From Germany many people have brought over unreality: a belief in the underworld, in magic, witchcraft, sorcery, witch's Sabbath, and evil spirits here in every corner. Now at first they deny this imagining, this foolishness, and to a stranger they pretend that they do not understand what you are asking! But I am one of our own people and I know and am acquainted with this foolishness. I do not believe in all that one little bit. It is not true, absolutely worthless; but underneath lingers a fear that always is similar to the "mock-justice" which was with us for 500 years. There was a mock court in Bieste for centuries.

Thinking over all of this unreality, one notices in it a persistence of false gossip. "So and so has a curse on him!" "So and so can drive health from the body!" It is cunning. It is the devil's work. And they all, most in the community, are good Catholics who know their instructions in the catechism backwards!

It is in vain to talk with them, for there will be denials, all of them made up in the head. It is not true! One thinks, "So and so can cure a person from illness by witchcraft." Stupidity!

At home alone, every day, many women drive themselves crazy with this unseen, unrecognized power of the imagination which is all only in the mind. We must more and more get the people together so that we will not find so much mental disturbance, and with laughing, visiting and good cheer, their minds will again get clear. God help us here. The pastor told me and Natz that they have these same troubles in Stallo and all of the other communities.

Another cure for worrying and concern, besides especially more rest, is the relaxed but alert acceptance that slowly can come from the rigorous nature of forest work and of farming here. Somehow with these stalwart adversaries and also with sympathetic kin,

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one can learn to feel, "If it did not get finished today, indeed it will be finished soon." A preparedness for trouble and death is included in such acceptance. There is the whole reconstruction of their lives.

In the forest they say, "Death is always waiting to touch, intentionally and decisively, the trees and animals and plants that one likes." Hardly a day goes by without something dying, and then we must cut it down, or root it up, or bury it. Every day! Sometimes the pain is surprisingly, disproportionately keen, but often there is no pain, except usually a dull pain from our own inconvenience of turning our face to our enemy. In some cases there is then a moment when a tiny little living thing gasps a little, squirms a little bit, and it is gone — so completely gone one wonders if it ever really existed! There it is — that extraordinary, that marvelous little organism, yes, it is already almost cold and stiff; and if one does not quickly bring a shovel there are promptly maggots! That is life too, right there, and from a certain perspective, dignified and useful. But that is not realized here in the forest of St. John, and that the people must understand. The familiarity of this experience removes much of its pain. Death seems closer here in the forest in our seclusion than in the city, and less terrible.

The immigrants here are mostly young folks. When something bad happens, it is to a young one — the old people stayed in Europe. In time, 20 - 30 - 40 years, there will also be old folks here and old folks must die; the young might. Because of the violent deaths of men and sometimes women, either in the forest, or from tools, or from guns and powder, or from bulls or other wild animals, or from lightning, the expectation for violent death is a little more natural here than it is in cities. Here the hazards are so obvious, and, at best, the worriers are mature and must know that each living thing has its season, and so also its end.

Also, if more reasoning is required, it is not difficult to remain calm here, and to look at this thing long enough so that one sees the width and breadth of these lives upon this planet as if they were flowers in a little garden, that come up and go down, good and bad, in a short spring, summer and fall between two winters, the first without beginning, the second without end. It is not too difficult to look upon all of this as a little accident, a brief improvisation of a song between silences, at any of the farms here which are in a cheerful mood and which have respect for their lives; but the worrier goes to his grave.

But we are mere men, busy, groping, hungry and loving, often in our very first years here. The elderly suffer from aches, and the heart and reasoning are weak. Anyways, there is something weak and afraid in me that keeps fighting, in my mind and in my guts. This passage, this waste of life and beauty, yes, there is something that cries out in fear for the living conditions of our friends and neighbors, and for some of my own relatives who delude themselves.

Yes, and then I think back to Homer's sailors who first wept unashamedly, but then they made their fire, and slept beside their little ship in the starlight. And then I take up the lifeless and stiffening little body of a little lamb or a young dog, get a shovel, and I do what I must do, and go about my work.

Liwwät Böke at St. John and by and with my Natz, the loving sweetheart. Thank God.

(Ed. - This was written c. 1842)



"Sawmill, south side at St. John 1845."

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"One year later, new outhouse"
"The dog is growling"
"In two years a chimney (will be) up"
"The loghouse appears friendly now. Actually (it) was nothing special, and yet clean and cheerful. Natz carved all the furniture himself. It also smells quite fresh. It is most certain we must yet in time see that we plan our work in the forest and fields; it is, however, certain God stands by us."

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Weddings at St. John

There are many weddings here, two kinds. Younger girls and men are not plentiful. The couples usually are married before they come over here to America; some already have children. When a young couple marries, it is usually arranged by the parents beforehand. When the girl is 15 or 16, and the young man is 18 or 19, and they have courted one another for a short time, the two are permitted to marry.

First the two need a place; always, however, by itself. One is young only once. In order to get ready, the neighbors and the community come together and help with the loghouse, bakehouse, and one or two buildings for cattle and pigs. They put in a garden and the start of an orchard, and a well if they do not find a spring on the land. The springs here gave out in a few years as the forest came down. Now one finds the springs dry. Hammer, saws, wagon, sled, plow, harrow, hatchet, harness, bed clothes, mattress and utensils with pots and kettles are needed. Every young couple does not get all this, but most of it.

When there was no pastor, then three witnesses testified to the promises between the bridal couple. Later on, when the cleric visited the neighborhood again, he consecrated the two with God's blessings. A wedding is a great deal of work, but does not cost much. In the first years at St. John, all in the community came to the wedding. Later, as more residents came in, only the neighborhood came. With heightened anticipation, both young and old, in a frivolous and happy mood, each with his own expectations awaited the wedding day. A wedding here is the unanimous gathering when no work is done, such as: reaping, log rolling, loghouse building, path-making in the forest, or chopping down and burning brush.

In the morning the bridegroom and his attendant assemble in his father's house in plenty of time. The bride and her group prepare themselves, and start to walk towards the bridegroom's house so that the group gets there exactly at nine o'clock in the morning, prompt. The marriage and the saying of vows must certainly be finished before the noon meal at twelve o'clock.

The procession towards the bridegroom is in double file, often broken up by the narrowness and obstructions of our path, because we have no wagon path. And these difficult paths are often made worse by the sometimes good-natured and sometimes exasperating, scurrying Yankee neighbors from a distance. They fell trees, or knot and tie grapevines crossways in the path. Now and then they conceal a gun to go off there near the path, and with the unexpected shooting of various guns, frighten all with the commotion, noise and smoke. Let the reader himself imagine the scene which follows this farce, especially if you have horses; the screaming of the women and girls and children. Some fall down to the ground; often they break wrist, arm, leg or ankle.

Another conference generally happens before the bride's group gets to the bridegroom's house. When they get close, two youths run speedily over the poor path with its sundry logs, bushes, water, brush and deep holes to get the bottle. The young can better handle these hindrances without terror. Many ride horses. Nothing happens to the wedding procession until the bottle of grog or whiskey appears. At the head of the procession is an Indian yell! The bottle was filled for the occasion by the bridegroom's father. The first of the two youths who were in the procession, gets the bottle, runs back to the oncoming group of the bride, and, with commotion, everyone who is thirsty gets a swallow (Ed.-"Sluck") or little drink of whiskey to quiet the nerves and to bring on a good appetite.

If there was no Mass, the wedding was held outside in the barnyard, between the house and the buildings. Each knew his place,... every family, the aunts, uncles, grandfather and grandmother, nephews, nieces, relatives, in-laws, neighbors and friends, and, from outside the family circle, the strangers, hired hands and maids.

Every family has dogs or hounds, usually two and sometimes three, and when the almost 30 or 40 families come to the wedding, these dogs come too. They will not stay home alone, so that means horses and dogs. With a 100 dogs there is a great deal of noise and dirt. So a week before the wedding, a neighbor or two catch a hundred live rabbits in traps or snares, and when it is eleven o'clock, they let the rabbits loose in the forest, and the dogs search and hunt for the rabbits until nearly time to go home. It is thoughtful and clean.



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"Hechtor"

In the barnyard are located four chairs that are for the bride's and groom's parents alone. All the people come into a half circle, almost around the chairs. The men and young boys are clothed in leather trousers or pantaloons, with linen jackets and leggings, leather shoes in summer, and boots in winter. The people wear jackets or coats as determined by the weather, the wind or rain. All their clothing is homemade, nothing is bought. There is no money; all is barter here in the forest today. At eleven o'clock three of the parents sit down on three chairs. The father, or uncle of the bride remains in the house with his girl and the bridal people. Usually there is no ring here, just in Cincinnati, and they are expensive. When they do have a ring, then a nephew or niece brings it to the three witnesses. One is there "in loco sacerdos", as the clerics say, which in Latin means "in the place of the priest". All the women now are nervous, in their linen petticoats and homespun clothes, rough shoes and stockings. Some women have leather jackets. All is homemade. The children are similarly dressed, like the parents. Every man is carrying his gun and powder.

All the people are immediately serious and quiet as the mother of the bride comes from her house to the fourth chair and sits with the other three parents. Then the bridesmaid, sometimes the bride's own sister or relative, comes out. In a few minutes the bride comes out of the house and walks right to her father. Everyone is deathly still. Now the father says, "I" (and he says his name and that of his wife, the mother) "today offer from my house and my family our daughter with the name _____ _____ to her bridegroom whose name is _____ _____ for the two to marry. They will today, and from this day forth for all time, be known as man and wife until the time a priest is here to bless the two in the sacrament of marriage, according to the rules of this land, state and village, and the regulations of the Roman Catholic Church. Now I ask you three citizens to witness these two, without other husband or wife, take one another in free will to live an honorable and virtuous life together." Now come their questions, the new pronouncement, etc. Then they sing if someone knows the Ave Maria, and we pray a rosary.

On the last Amen, all shout, "WHOOPEE! (Ed. - "Huji"), A WEDDING!" "Beene in de Luft! Huji! Huji! Huji!" Often the mother and the grandmother and the womenfolk cry.

Now all is ready for the mealtime. Each family brings something to eat: bread, vegetables in a soup pot, soup peas, soup meat, pickled meat, sauerkraut, sweet sour sauce with soupbeans, cabbage, potatoes, side meat, pork, chicken, berries, cherries, thick slices of bread, butter bread, carrots, casseroles, roast chicken, cornbread, cottage cheese, currants, venison, produce, geese, hazelnuts, honey, corn, meat, mulberries, and sometimes also mutton; the victuals are innumerable. The kitchen is outside, so the aroma from the roasting pans, cooking pans and kettles builds up the appetite. Everyone is hungry. Starved!

Disk table



Now the eldest says grace. The tables are half logs, held up with four legs set in drilled holes. Many wooden utensils. Few spoons. We use horns for drinking. From twelve o'clock on they eat, the entire afternoon. There is sometimes popcorn with honey for the children. (Then everyone is a child again!) They eat until they are stuffed; there is no more room in the belly! Then there are rhymes and stories for the little children. As the bridal couple dances on the earth, boys and girls, men and women in pairs join, singing, dancing, wiggling and waggling, twirling round and round in groups of eight, with glee, from almost two till four o'clock, all afternoon.

After that the single girls take the bride and the unmarried young men the groom, all together, to the newly married couple's loghouse, putting the two under the covers with their clothes on. The young men tie the groom with rope or twine in knots, and leave the two newlyweds alone in their new house in bed. And then the new wife has to untie her new mate. No one in the community goes by their house for three days, and then the four parents visit the young pair and bring vegetables and meat and bread. Everyone knows that the new housewife doesn't know how to cook yet, and also has not the time!

The forest here in St. John is gloomy, not dark, but gloomy by five o'clock, so all must go back home at four o'clock with their dogs in front. And they talk about all that happened, the fun, and the conversations they have heard from one another. Three days later the parents go on a visit to the newlyweds at their new loghouse with plenty of eats, etc. They talk it all over again, and leave them with deep good wishes, and they themselves go back home. The young couple are now also an individual household, with their own rules, regulations, and love for the entire life they will be together with one another.

Liwwät Böke 1843

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"Boys in the woods" 1850

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"John Baptist Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati" 1859

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Discussion and Information

Discussion at St. John, August 25, 1844
Information for our ordinary at Cincinnati, Bishop Purcell

We wives of this entire region here are obedient to our Bishop.

We are not obedient to our pastor, name of Henry Herzog, in his incorrect and erroneous dominating regulation of our privileges and privacy in our married lifestyle.

The cleric, Henry Herzog:

1. Teaches the womenfolk here, "You are in mortal sin if more than twice a year you provide sex with your husband."
2. "You must confess everything, everytime, and do penance!"
3. We dare not talk over with our own husband or wife sex-related words, things, acts, feelings or deeds.
4. Kissing and petting bring on intercourse and sexual desires; that is a sin.
5. All married couples must live more in a self-controlled and continent lifestyle with one another.

Dear Bishop, we women are not yet entirely crazy, but are now so greatly guilt-ridden, worried and hopelessly confused with this apostle and adherent of Jansenism. He is a silly fool! His singular inquisitiveness, deep into another's most intimate sexual attraction is miserably shameful!

Is the Catholic church again back to those hypocritical or phony times, the people encouraged to the "virginal state" over any other one? Roman Catholics particularly regard sex as dirty, and married sex just a little less dirty. The Bishop knows better!! It is a wrong approach for getting near to salvation!!

One reads and sees that also in earlier Christian times, the unhealthy view that the "virginal state" is a better and higher way to heaven. Such a sickly attitude plus the complaining, lamenting and reviling by spiritual sisters, brothers and clerics against natural sex in marriage is at best bizarre, eccentric, and at worst unhealthy. The virtuousness of the first native Christians, like the first Romans, was often attended by poverty and ignorance. a) Chastity or continence. The severity of the first learned fathers of the church held sinful every little thing that was related to sex, and showed their abhorrence of all pleasure that might gratify worldly desires and lessen the spiritual.

Herzog, the cleric. He would forever like all people to live in the state of "virginity", of "purity", and be considered like any harmless, innocent vegetation or vegetable. Perhaps this human paradise here in the sexless forest can, generation after generation of people, make a new paradise of innocent and imperishable things come alive.

The use of marriage is permitted by the cleric because to the "fallen descendants" it is only a noxious, a bitter need of humanity that persists, and a restraint... however imperfect... against the natural licentiousness of pleasure/desire. He sees pleasure/desire as a disgrace. Marriage is tolerated but is pictured as a defect. His "virginal state" outlook and ideal, as with so many spiritual sisters and priests, always carries cultic overtones.

The praise, that acclaiming of the "virginal state", is overemphasized, overdone, and overexaggerated. That "virginal state" is a sacrifice, freely assumed. Marital relations/intercourse between consenting man and woman partners is a healthy, enriching pleasure.

We have enough trouble in St. John. It is not necessary that we try virginal ways... not between married people... and other bizarre, foolish ideas of one or a dozen clerics.

Think once, you in the "virginal state" with your sacrifice, and do not be critical of our wholesome, healthy marriage which is a sacrament... a holy lifestyle. Watch out! Watch out lest your loss of the sensual pleasure is replaced by a spiritual pleasure... pride.

Dear pope, sisters, clergy, listen to me. You are not a fingerbreadth better than I. I am a woman, a human. I am sensual. What is sensual? That is not a new question.

My answer, Lord Bishop Purcell, is direct, open and thought out... not opinion alone, but my own summing up/paraphrasing because I am informed. I am a woman, a married woman, a midwife, in High German — "Hebamme", with a little more acquaintance with people outside of the confessional.

a - I was a bit educated as a young girl in the cathedral school in Osnabrück.

b - I see and listen to pain, to conjugal behavior, to the personal conduct of life's course, to the honorable conduct between people, man and woman, wife and husband.

c - We must not draw off and take away altogether from the value of sex which brings and carries new life into this world.

d - Altogether, here in this area, more than 100 women now and then tell to one another, to me, to anyone who has ears for hearing their expectations, disappointments, indescribable humiliations, their hestations, lack of cooperation and participation, their fear of sin, of hell, and, many times, of the misunderstanding of most of our clerics.

e - The majority of the womenfolk asked me to write their and my thoughts, wishes, all this as a) The discussions. b) A letter to you, Lord Bishop, our Ordinary and last judge before God and the Catholic Church.

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On the strength of that, I write on.

Natural sex must have a common equality for both the husband and wife.

a. The same and complete knowledge.
b. The same understanding and interest.
c. The same purposes and demands.
d. The same idea of pleasure and fulfillment.
e. The same freedom to express their sexual wishes, dreams, delights or actions.

The big questions. "How important is sex?" "How important is it that sex occurs between loving, committed husband and wife?"

The inverse question. "How important is the loving associated with sex?"

What the unmarried celibate must understand is that the holy sacrament of marriage gives the married couple the complete freedom to express, experience, examine, explore and enjoy their inner sexual individuality, their physical selves, without explaining or accounting to anyone. It is their own personal concern. It is one part of their common life together. Sex is powerfully important to people... this need of freedom to express, as husband and wife, their love for one another, in, by, and through sex.

(I make no notice, no distinction between traits that are determined by our culture. I make no attempt to determine the nature of human sexuality, the vital meaning of sexual intercourse.)

I will write only of the elements of a phenomenon. I will put forth, try to explain my opinions, my limitations, how I understand one or the other universality in sex in the common experience of the loving husband and wife now in the St. John area, in this forest, in this, our new culture. The universality is among all the days, any days, a uniform flowing from one another in a fortunate, satisfying, loving relationship. Experience is the beginning of an answer to the question, "What is sex?"

How important is sex for you, her, him, me for loving? Sex is important for all people. Its breadth, extent, measure is one way man can accomplish three things that all people naturally yearn for and prize.

(Remember, dear reader! A midwife cannot work in solitude, and she quickly learns that the sex of the people is not hidden, but is more open than the confessional. So has God made mankind wonderful, Lord Bishop! For you, for Reverend Herzog, and for me!)

1. - In sex one can feel. In the surge of sexual desires and pleasures, one comes alive with strong feelings. One does not often find strong emotions in this forest and, therefore, they are precious and welcome.

2. - One feels absorbing pleasure. Unlike pain, pleasure draws your consciousness toward it. Sexual pleasure easily absorbs your entire consciousness into itself. But pleasure also brings you fear. Yet in the security of love you choose to let yourself go with pleasure, that is sexual pleasure, to give yourself up to it, to identify with it. With the overflowing pleasure, the personality you yourself are knows the other in a unique way. You are together in an overflowing emotion from both yourselves.

I regret the awkwardness with the use of expressions like "are together", but words such as "communion", "sexual intimacy", along with "common union" are so much laden with romantic, intangible overtones, that such expressions fail to evoke the simple, plain, earthy experience you and I are discussing here and now.

By listening, one finds the evidence, the sign, that the sexual togetherness of a couple, of a loving husband and wife, has a great, transcendent, surpassing importance that no other human means has for being together. This discovery reveals significantly higher and better the wife and husband's sharing of sex and the enjoyment of their bodies together in sex.

Of any occasion filled with happiness, such enjoyment as sex is the high point. Today, here in the forest, in our hectic, short, active life, men and women often are alone a long time, and often they are tired, they sleep, they are exhausted from work. Sex is sometimes the only way it is possible to hold love together. For a great many it is the only way.

So how important the moralists will judge all this depends on how important they judge natural human feelings. If moralists rate the worth of human feelings far below responsible chastity and intellectual insight, they might consider that being together in sex is not important at all. They will consider it even less important if they also rate enjoyment as one of the lowest feelings.

(But you clerics may become completely dismayed if husbands and wives also let it be admitted that they both together have sex — for fun.)

The moralist can learn something. Having fun is one of the best and most profound ways, one of the most personal ways for human beings to be together. About all this humans don't even ponder. It is as natural as eating, kissing, breathing and urinating.

3. - Sex is always in the right season. Sex is the sign of an overpowering drive in both husband and wife. Sexual passion is beyond question an urgency, difficult and even impossible to resist in an individual's life. Husband and wife come to this stage in their relationship when the desire to touch one another springs up wildly throughout their consciousness. "It doesn't matter" what they are doing, they must get their clothes off! Sex is perhaps the only way they are together with one another.

Let us not be embarrassed or ashamed to stress these commonplace, often gallant, often comic, often funny, often tragic facts about sex.

Sex with the one we love is not just an appealing option, like reading a book with someone, or singing or praying with another. Rather we would so much like to start sex with this person that it is a raw need inside our body. It is like hunger after a fast day, or like the need to sleep after thirty hours of hard work. When the need is fulfilled, the contentment can and does permeate our whole being... similar to a good meal after hunger.

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This power of a natural need dwells in all lives. This was proved by the austere Jesuits years ago when they continued to smoke although the Pope had forbidden them to do so. The importance to their personal lives of satisfying their need to have tobacco outweighed the force of papal edict or authority.

Listen, Bishop. Listen well, Lord Bishop, and tell your clergy what you know is natural and God-given, one of the most worthwhile things in our married lives together. We must include this most lovely expression and experience, the at times overpowering need for sex. Even though there may be other ways, sexual passions stubbornly draw their desires towards this singular way of being together. It is a curious human phenomenon, a blind physical compulsion.

I cannot understand why theologians do not try to understand this themselves! Do you understand that? One can eat sugar, drink wine, or whatever... as the Jesuits with their tobacco smoking. But this is a compulsion that does not go away, that calls intensely, personally, towards togetherness in rare awareness and joy.

Lord Bishop Purcell and all theologians, I have tried on behalf of all the many Catholic women here to explain their views, their awareness against that foolish "mortal sin" which only exists in Herzog the priest's twisted mind!! You clerics must understand, not let it be ignored in your calculating, your rating of this prize, this value, this precious gift to us from God himself!

Humans can live without sex, the same as without hearing. They miss a human experience involving sound, noise, confusion, singing, voices, music, etc. Yes, they live without hearing, yet we wish for them that they could live better with hearing. Hearing and having sex are powers that we cannot help wanting, needing to have. They are important. They bring us to life in human ways. The roots of our nature grasp this.

In the "Summa" St. Thomas writes, "This is the body!" The mystery, the beauty, the sublimity, the joy in creation is too sacred for him... and also for me... to have complete understanding.

With thanks and respectfully co-worker,
Liwwät Böke 1844

(Ed. - Father Herzog had a history of antagonizing people. Later in the fall of 1844 Bishop Purcell sent Father Navarron to this area to quiet the troubled waters.)



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"1841 at St. John" (double loghouse)

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My Writing and Drawing

Why? So many people are always asking me, over and over, why do I spend so much time writing and drawing. Many are only curious gossips with their foolishness. And then there are also the big-talkers who jabber about other peoples' private lives... and do nothing about it. And everywhere there are honorable people and they also ask, "Why?"

Here is my answer to all, and I'll give it only once. The answer is many-sided.

1. All the questioners, men and women both, should look into themselves to try to determine the crucial differences between a human, as a type or species, and other animals, especially the higher apes and primates. This task is not simple since there are many attributes that seem to be critical... upright stature, using and making tools, a high degree of family values, and also the use of speech. But in one single aspect a human stands vastly apart from all other animals, his use of written language and representational drawing.

2. I am a human! God-given talents were granted to me to use... otherwise I would be lazy.

3. The discoveries of "writing" and of thoughtful "drawing" were the most significant of all of man's discoveries.

4. With a great crash the chains were loosed, the chains which bound a human and his culture to and in a limited area in space, and also to a restricted fragment of time.

5. By the vitality of that writing a human can express ideas, images and facts from his surroundings to other individuals... for today and tomorrow.

6. These things may then remain a permanent record after the author is forgotten and has again returned to dust.

7. The significance of the enduring impact of knowledge is the principal and perhaps sole reason why man is so absolutely the dominant creature upon the earth.

8. All nonhuman animals take their knowledge and lives with them upon their death.

9. A human can gather the rich products of his mind to store them for unlimited time so that future generations can learn from them. If Ruloff, Cordt and Ditmar Boeke had not left their writings here we would know so much less.

10. The great advance in humankind in the last ten thousand years or so was nothing but the discovery of that ability to write and draw.

11. The Bible and other books tell us today what occurred many thousands of years back. We therefore know so much of those remote times.

12. I am a woman among other women. Sometimes a woman will come along and say, "No! No!", or something similar.

13. Perhaps in twenty, thirty or ninety years my children's children will come to read my writings and to look at my various drawings and they will better understand who they are, and will know that Natz and I were really living persons.

14. That is my answer.

Liwwät Böke
1845

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"The young Natz is not afraid. His little brother at the door is!" 1854

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Health at St. John - Early Years

1835 - My perceptions and considerations about the sicknesses and health of the people in the St. John community and the surrounding area, and about their knowledge or ignorance of the considerable danger.

This is being written from my own concern about the situation today. A healer I am not, and it is not necessary to use or listen to my advice. I am a midwife. I am no herb doctor or physician. This record is a reference, stated and set down, about our settlements from the beginning and in sequence, not in secrecy; rather the truthful conversations between us people, the continual talk of every person here.

(L.B. 1835) My position.

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1) Here in the forest, each man, woman and child must know, and always, in every place, every day be aware of the circumstances concerning health of both body and mind. For people and animals the mode of living is not as in Europe; trivial habits bring us peril.
2) "What's that!" "Dumb stuff!", say some with half a laugh... until they are dead. Unlearned, filthy people, ever such simpletons.
3) But we all learned and are acquainted with a) use, b) disuse, c) abuse.
4) Soap — Before we go into the house, we must wash our hands every time, and dry them with a clean hand towel.
   a) before we eat
   b) before we hold the children
   c) after we use the outhouse - urinating or defecating
   d) after feeding the stock
   e) after any work out of doors, outside the house
   f) every few days wash our bodies with soap, back and front, man and woman; every child
5) Water — Drink spring water; spring water is fresh. Never does one drink the stagnant water in a basin with dirt or flies therein.
6) All farm animals, horses, cows, pigs, dogs, sheep, cats, mules, oxen, etc., must each use their own water trough.
7) All those animals like cats and dogs should live out of doors, outside the loghouse. Animals infect people with fever and sickness.
8) All persons must go about outside with leather shoes or boots, and, in the forest, with leather leggings as well. Around here adults and children must never move outside the house barefooted or unclothed.
9) With boiled salt water, wash all open wounds when no longer bleeding hard. Bind with a clean bandage. Let the bandage off so that the air can come in when it is one fourth healed.
10) Build the outhouse a distance from the loghouse and barnyard; the wind comes from the west most of the time. Cover with ashes all feces and urine.
11) Drink no milk during the hot summer. (Cover the milk crock with a lid... flies are dirty.) After the first day, let it set up into cottage cheese.
12) If a person falls to the ground from a height, let him lie quietly. Later take him to bed on a stretcher. Broken bones need splints carefully wrapped with cloths.
13) One must take out a splinter of wood in the flesh with a tweezers or needle, and wash the flesh around the wound with boiled salt water, at once!



"Backside on a stump. Pain.
The thistle in the hand is out.
The rascal is much better."

14) A woman or man who has a hernia must wear a secure binder. Children also.
15) Do not sleep on the bare ground!
16) It is warmer here than in Europe. In summer time use your sun hat lest you get sunstroke or sunburn.
17) It is necessary to cook all meat, domestic or wild, quite thoroughly.
18) One should cook all edible plants or vegetables in hot water, not eat them raw or uncooked. Many animals move about our gardens at night; strange animals may also be sick.

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19) Allow no flies, ants or lice in the house. Strong soap water in the hair will kill lice overnight.
20) When the throat is sore, gargle with hot salt water every hour.
21) For shoulder or back pain, heat two pounds of salt over the fire, pour it from the pan into a cloth sack or bag, and put it over the pain while you are sleeping in bed.

I can write more. This is the starting point so that we will always be alert.

1835-1845 — My account of the people here seeking relief from the pain they suffer, and again regaining health. With reluctance, I cannot give out names. That would not be responsible reminiscing.

Many travelers from Europe who are looking for farms stay with St. John residents for one or two days. They are weak from their journey, have colds, sore throats, scabs on their bodies, and are exhausted and filthy. They are also worried and irritated with everything. These strangers bring to our residents various diseases, fleas, lice. The children are pouting and dizzy, listless, lethargic. But all of us here were also passersby a little while back, so we must be sympathetic.

1845 — The Precious Blood group came. They have all the answers to every question, and even answers to our questions that we haven't asked yet!!!

Most troubles come to us from mishaps in the forest. We don't know the weather or our unfamiliar surroundings, and we don't know exactly how to manage the forest. The sad problem is our adverse lifestyle here, the daily new things alongside our worries and burdens with the forest. It is irritating, hateful, this tendency of us in this community towards both bodily illness and sullen attitudes. And in every family in the district, from Minster (Stallo) to here, our ordeal is frequently overladen with heartache.

A half dozen or so, how many is not known, have suppurating wounds, ugly outside and inside, sometimes wrapped with bloody bangages, often not. Broken bones, bruises, children with _____ (Ed. - "Wiskfever"?), measles and irritations.

Also I certainly have to wonder... I have never before seen so many wives mentally ill. They now cannot speak out or talk things over. They say they are tired, feel alone, afraid and also homesick. They are so spiritless they cannot produce any outburst; they won't allow the words to come. I ask, in a friendly way, "Come, my woman (or child), now speak out freely, what is wrong with you?" Not a word! There is nothing to get out of the woman! Yes, that makes me wonder, and their husbands too. What should this madness be called? "Out with it !" "Do you hear?" So it goes with the distressed women all the time.

I knew all along that they are perhaps not really listened to. Talk things over! Indeed else the women will not be able to get along with the menfolk. They must both roll one another around the finger. But they feel that they dare not notice each other. "No wife must wear the pants. Otherwise the new farmyard and farm will soon be lost." I say to her husband, "Just believe me!"

We must find out what to do. I have long thought that the menfolk do not understand their wives so well. "You can't escape in the forest here." "What's that?" Then look around once... there you can see the husband, in the forest and fields, chopping or feeding, going back to the barnyard. In general this is so... when the husband often does not recognize at all that his wife is sick in mind, not in body. And I say to him, "Husband, it can really be no other way. It is disgraceful, for God's sake; you see your wife the least of all!"

He must plan to listen with tender patience, all the time, to the complaints, the moans. Often women in pregnancy feel clumsy, lifeless, listless, with a craving for eating odd foods. And they feel themselves half sane in this Godforsaken forest! It is inescapable that a man's wife alone be burdened with their unborn child. But it is his child too. Help the wife by listening! Talk things over with patience, with tenderness. Say to her, "I love you!" That will please any woman, any time.

1835-1845. A short tale. Frequently during the years here in St. John, I have heard, "Liwwät, I beg you, help us!" or, "Let us be!", or, "Bad luck is standing over us", and, "My husband", or, "My child, father, wife". And I say, "Oh, and how does it look to you?" "Liwwät, she is really as pale as death!" "Is the sick one seized by worries?" "Yes, Liwwät. For me it also is not really good. (Sits down) No, not really good for me at all. It hurts me in the stomach; nothing but worries do I have, day and night." And so on and on with the various complaints I have heard.

The following inserted list is what I can remember of what happened here to the people in St. John. Tapeworms and boils, many, many festering wounds. Water on the knee, tottering elderly, a hundred belly pains. Back pains, edema, upset stomach, much flu. Bruises on every limb, concussions, cankers, hiccoughs. The skin on fire from filth... all the time itching and scratching with dirty fingers. Troubles with the rectum, many bloody fistulas. Every other person complains about his hemorrhoids... "it feels like hellfire." Protuberances and blisters, cross-eyed children and deformed people; eczema, calluses and growths. Headaches... a thousand and two. Jaundice, kidney troubles, crippled knees or leg bones, deformed joints and limbs, lockjaw, infection from blood poisoning. The women: Anxieties about _____ (Ed. - "Laermoer"?), breasts, bowels, intestines, bloating, midriff, hardships, their suitability for child-raising, miscarriages (200 I know for sure), hernia, change of life.

Both men and women early bear distorted attitudes. They are confused, upset, forgetful; they talk in mumbles, breathe in sighs. They are half-crazy

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from imaginings, hoarse from crying, stumble about with hollow-eyed countenances. The lonesomeness, this hushed silence between man and wife, makes them mentally ill, and, in the crazed course of their lives, they forsake pleasure, forsake their speaking habits, and become indignant. The men become impotent, desire for their beloved diminished. Often I could not solve it, and failed to find a way to help. I am a midwife, not a body or mind doctor. Even the children, young ones on the lap, wonder if perhaps they have done something wrong. It's all imagination! First a kiss is needed, lively, ardent, and with much love.

Man is a mammal, and throughout life is infested by insects and flies. The most dangerous here are the mosquitoes; they are found on stagnant, cool water puddles which are laden with horrible filth. The child's mother has milk leg; she lies on a straw bed with lice and fleas... which also bring troubles. The mother thinks herself weak. So, what is the matter? The husband cooks distasteful food. The mother feels fatigued, dizzy, half an invalid; she is so cautious that her blood circulates feebly. Cleanliness, a proper tidiness of body and mind, should certainly help her. Mostly, women must discover that childbirth is not an infection. Motherhood is natural, not a sickness; but as a woman, you alone feel the embryo.

Many menfolk think they have the pants on. Watch out! First he says to you, "Do you want me to quit?" "I'll stop you, dear husband, and fast." Never again! You are a woman, and are likewise as strong, smart, human, worthy, capable, shrewd, handy, careful as any man. Sit tight! Why don't you build up completely anew your identity, your cheerfulness, your femininity? Listen, I say! That wood which stands here in the forest... a hundred thousand trees!... that belongs also to you, as does the land, the loghouse. And there we women can be especially clever... our menfolk come there. We women must always maintain our pride. The men will understand nothing. And let the men have their say... until they hang up their wooden shoes. Let them loose; we are often well off rid of them. At night they will be back again... for bed. Where else should they go? Hurrah! They will stay with us; desertion will not happen! What! Yes, God makes it so. Thanks be to God, men and women need each other... by day and also by night, which is not always entirely "still as a mouse".

Women! Think and listen awhile, and with cunning, laugh out loud without stopping! Hahaha! Indeed, the night brings on yearning. For menfolk this yearning is the most enduring torment; otherwise, never being with their beloved, they will die of yearning. It is good to be a woman. Join in! Prosit! Drink from life! Listen, women, think, "I shall live!" All the happiness in your household here works according to your calculation. Now you are in there! Your husband is never your boss, never the lord! No! No! Be proud! And it will go well, try it! I can hardly keep from laughing when I think about it... how our menfolk will not be able to stand their torment any more. And we women must let them know at home and from all sides in St. John that we women are equals! Your husband will say, "You dare to see yourself no longer as a weak, silly woman?" And again your man will ask, "Why can you sleep so peacefully?" — Good night!

It is worrisome and greatly upsets me, this foolishness of the old European custom of going barefoot. To go about barefooted brings trouble to men and children every time, with blood poisoning of the ankles, feet or toes. In a few days they go into a coma, feeling nothing, and in a little while it will raise a fever. One must be careful; foolishness brings us quickly to the coffin.

Sunstroke is inexcusable. Put a straw hat on every child while in the sun. We must listen to each other... America is not Neuenkirchen, and complaining will only make us upset. Sun fever brings on delirium and death. It is not contagious or infectious; cold water over the entire body will help the body's condition. Till a person becomes better, he will be giddy and sleepy, and often also listless and weak. The sick person will speak oddly, and the index finger and the thumb cannot be bent.

Men who lift heavy wood or anything, or hoist heavy sacks, must use braces and supporters.

Often pain in the abdomen needs only a little piece of soap in the rectum. This isn't bothersome and it clears the bowels. Before long one feels better. It is not risky.

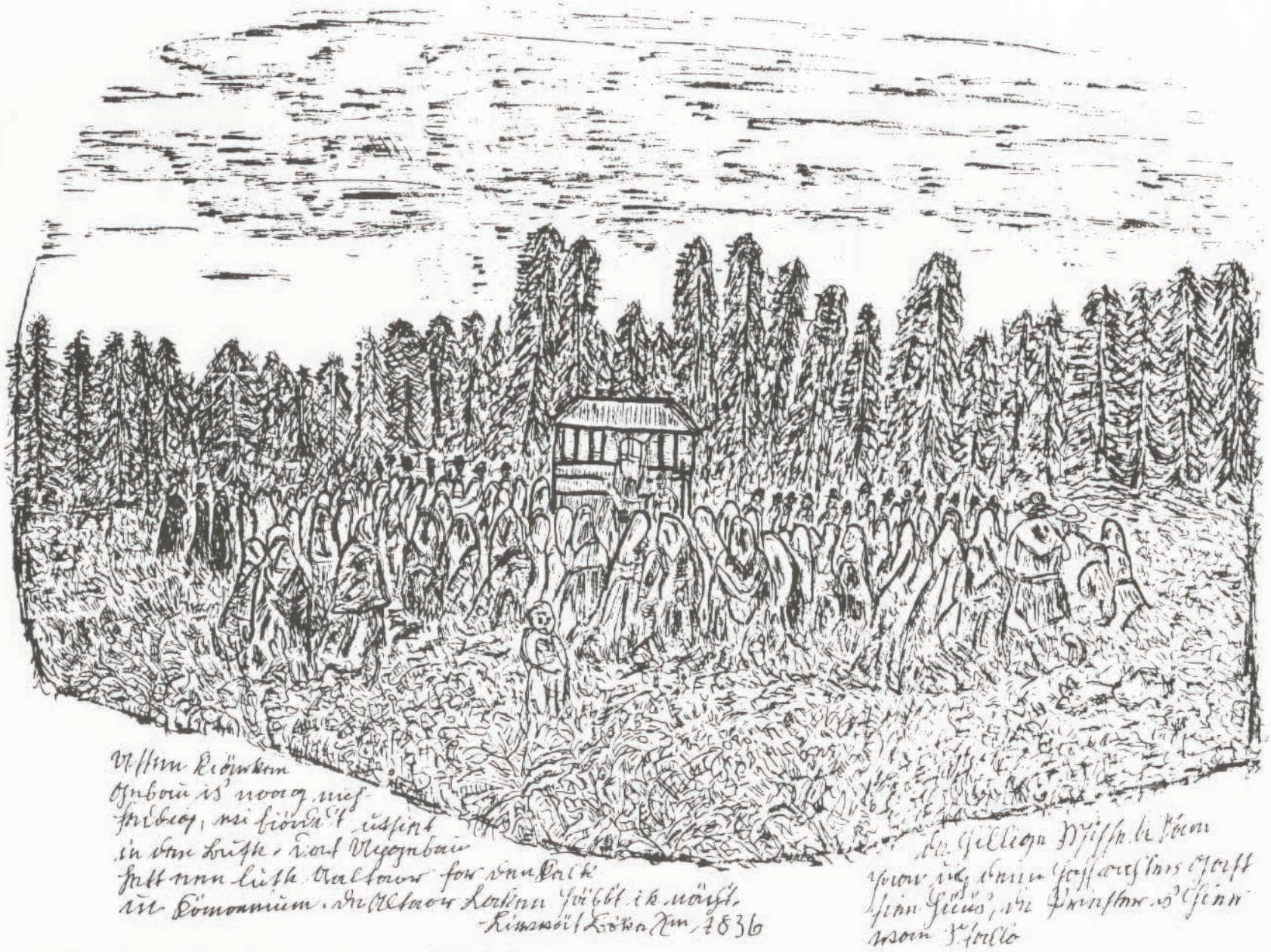
Children howling and yipping, not crying, from broken bones are afraid and short of breath. This is not their imagination as we older people might convince ourselves. Children with sore gums are only getting teeth, which, with suitable neatness and cleanliness, is never a hazard.

People, listen to one another. Mankind hangs together by the earlobes!

Liwwät Böke 1846



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"Our church building is not yet finished. We pray outside in the forest. The platform has a little altar for the chalice and communion. I made the altar cloth." 1836

"Holy Mass at St. John in the yard back of Gast's house. The priest is here from Stallo (Minster)."

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Flagellants near St. John

(Ed. - The word "Busshiemdener" has no English equivalent. The nearest would seem to be penance: "Buss" - shirts: "hiemdener". Hairshirts? The article indicates them to be flagellants, like the "penitentes".)

The place and the day when Natz and I suspected for the first time was a Sunday afternoon after the talk and prayers. The people of the parish were in the yard behind Gast's loghouse. Someone asked, "Boke Barnt, if you wanted to be up in heaven, first would come purgatory; it says so in the Bible. I think that is truly turned around." I looked him right in his eyes, wrinkled my nose a few times, placed my arms at my sides, and Natz shouted to that crowded yard, "Yes, that is true."

We were seated with others of the parish at a sort of table-bench. We were laughing and teasing one another, and eating potato pancakes that we brought from home, cold and prepared. At this chance the hungry Natz's saliva ran all around his mouth... when he only thought about eating. With eating he let himself become entirely relaxed. I, too!

Finally we were all sitting around on benches and stumps in Gast's yard, and now they started to talk about spooks and the devil's work. And nothing else did they rather talk about in St. John and Stallo than about such. Everyone knows that. The fat Kramer -who felt they were as full of devilish hot air as a dog full of fleas - "It is indeed not without reason; a sitting butt thinks of such nonsense." But others had to hold their thumbs alongside their bottles. Finally I wanted to ask about the "penance shirts" who lived on the pathway southeast, between St. John and Stallo.

Now what shall I tell you? Now it was quiet as a mouse, every long-eared woman or gossip with her mouth half open, the menfolk, matching the women, holding their guns ready, as if wanting something bad to happen. At the least some with blank faces; others took a few crumbs of tobacco from their pockets and stuck them deep into their pipes. It was quiet! God, why shouldn't I ask the question? Everyone knew for a long time what was happening with the "penance shirts" and which had disturbed us all at the time. Then I laughed so because everyone was making out like a dumb animal. Certainly we all have acted like one, not?

Their faces showed it! "What, what?" "Show us!" "Tell us, Liwwät!" "Yes, don't you see? As a midwife you are a great deal better acquainted with all such things than we," flustering themselves in their obstinacy, "Yes, Liwwät, better that you hear from us than from strangers." The old chatterboxes thereupon had for me only a heap of lies.

One gossip held her head half sideways as if she were hearing something from her shoulders. "I agree," I said. "You know well the people around here don't talk about that. They are afraid and reluctant to discuss it. One lets no one else ever know what he knows!"

After awhile I said, "Idols and idolatry and idol sacrifices need never make us afraid. We have our own wills and minds. We know that all of us here have a correct viewpoint about that." To that I added, "Do not worry; knowledge puffs men up, but charity builds men up. When someone imagines that he is clear about a thing, he yet knows nothing that will come after he gets a full understanding. But if he has God's mercy, then God will come to us fully."

"Now I come back to this yet again, that one does sacrifice to idols," I said. "We know that there are no idols at all in the world, and also that there is no other God but the One. Certainly there may be provided all kinds of gods who are so-called, in heaven and on earth; yes, there really are a lot of gods and a lot of lords. However, we have but one God who really is the Father of all, and to Him alone are we lead. And so also we have but one Lord Jesus Christ through Whom are all things, and we are also through Him."

But then I came into a fog. They said, "You are clever and strong! Young and educated in learned things, languages, and you have an historic awareness. Thus you are able to explain or define things, and take many chores into your hands. An excellent woman. Natz Böke is lucky to have such an excellent woman in the house, pretty face; and she is also a bit attractive when she is posing."

They were teasing and kidding me, but stubborn I am not. I replied, "Yes, I know you have to shame me; better rather you like me, as I like you. We surely all are as poor as a church mouse. You have nothing and I have nothing, hardly more than the blessings of an absolutely genuine God. As your midwife I have helped most of those who are sitting across without charge, with your children's births. Watch out when you are again with child; that is something you should also think about." Most praised my words; they clapped their hands for my speaking out with zeal.

Later we slowly walked out of St. John village, and as we came to Knapke's house, the youngest of their children flew up to us as if we had been gone a half year. And their children, our relatives, looked toward us so friendly that it completely warmed my heart.

"What does that mean?" Natz asked of me a couple of weeks later. After awhile there visited us an old man and woman from the other side of St. John, good friends; they complained to us of their difficulty.

It was late in the fall and had rained all week long. There was flood water over the steps. The woods and cleared fields and meadows in the whole Marion-Stallo area stood largely under water. It appeared as an ocean with many little islands. In our barnyard between the log house and barn which lie a bit higher, the flood went up to the slaughter tree. We use the slaughter tree to hang hides for drying, and in the winter we hang slaughtered hogs on it.

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The two visitors told us their complaints against their neighbors whom they had trusted before the time these two were taken into the secret "penance shirts" group. They wholeheartedly invited us, Natz and me, to take us along the next Friday evening to the ceremonies in their neighborhood to get our evaluation and opinion.

Friday night Natz and I were all in readiness at their house to attend the farce. With masks and little paper hats on all four faces, we left for the neighbor's woods. No one could recognize us or make comparisons with the masks, paper hats and other disguises clothing us.

It was shortly before mid-autumn, the hour almost midnight, and now very dark outside. It was still as death in the whole neighborhood, nothing at all to be heard, and so, at this late hour the clopping from our eight almighty great wooden shoes was more and more to be heard. The man, our guide and pathfinder, was a little fellow with a snow-white goatee and a round face. But otherwise he was skinny as a rail. With his clip-clopping and devilishness he started on this cold, this dark night. "We need to depend a whole lot on our dear Lord God." But his wife thought otherwise. She was a solid person, and didn't hold much with this fasting, pilgrimages and such. "The life here in the forest is hard, etc.," she said in the full darkness. "One must sincerely grab onto life; otherwise one will come to naught." He laughs and frolics all the time and has nothing but nonsense in his head. He is in my eyes a child, even if he has all of forty years on his back.

And yet, both these parish friends fit well together since they remain children in the depths of their souls. She considers everything "good enough" and because of this she also loves her husband much. Each morning when he went down the wooden ladder of the loghouse's loft clippedy-clop, she was awakened, turned herself over to the other side and said to herself, "If he makes it today and the cat doesn't get him," or another bunch of sayings, and remained lying abed till he said "The angel of the Lord" out loud. But then it was time to get up.

So also tonight. We prayed the angelic greeting, dipped our hands in the holy water font, made a big sign of the cross. And Natz nudged me in the ribs, and pinched me - - - so flirtingly in the dark.

The suffering years had come into the forest with their uneasiness which then broke out in the whole area. And it was loose, punching its fist also in the peaceful forest at St. John. A nervous bustle and going about, one and another, here or at Stallo, wanted to know what was happening. Talk, by the many gossips, of every kind and sort... nothing could be real.

They were bad times. In the years 1835 till 1842 it rained for weeks and sometimes months. It was so difficult in the forest that the old people said, "Children, pray! In the big cities they no longer want to know about our Lord, and now God is punishing the world, and he punishes us with the deluge coming again.

And the corn drowned in the fields, the potatoes rotted in the ground and the stock died like flies. Every Sunday we prayed, "From war, plague and hunger in life." Then after came the, "Deliver us, O Lord!" The parish of St. John prayed from its inmost heart, and many heads bowed more deeply with troubles. And we thought about the poor, pale children at home who also had the greatest suffering. The father and mother think they can no longer produce enough food for them. How was it possible under these circumstances to produce enough from the soil here, to produce bread, homes and land for the children and also for the very expensive convent inhabitants who only prayed, took and ate, but did not produce? It was unjust, 1843-1848. The peasant immigrant here is a peaceful, thoughtful human. He hangs on to the old beliefs and does not easily let himself be changed, come what may.

Then why are we walking here, late at night, to look at this very secret, this quiet uproar and revolt against all the Catholic church has learned so long ago??? Are we only nosy???

Bishop Purcell's letter says, "To our very great sorrow, you are coming to know that the difference in your new, wetter and colder places has caused to take place the most regrettable trespasses and enormities in this alien territory. Beware of those who today, in the confusion, spread abroad false doctrines and principles."

Now we came close to the activities of the "penance shirts". There was a little bow-legged, black-haired fellow inside a human ring of about fifty or sixty men forming a circle, yelling and dancing. And inside the first circle was a second circle of women holding hands, who, like the hand of a clock, madly danced around counterclockwise, driven with lewd movements, unbuttoned clothing, and a few with their breast showing. All of this we could very well make out in the faint shadows of a hugely-built log fire in a meadow or field without trees or brush in this branchless woods. It was a chaotic sight!!!

The fellow in the middle preached and talked, and talk he could; that you had to give him! Such mouthworks as his don't occur anywhere up to twenty miles around Mercer County. Indeed he had only a thin, high, screeching voice, but he was sharp as a razor blade (like a knife with poison on it, we had to keep thinking). And what he couldn't do with his voice he did with his right hand, a big yellow hand with long spindly fingers and with prickly black hairs upon them. With this hand he put out such revolting gestures that one thought he wanted to take our dear Lord God himself by the throat and from his position to throw Him upon the ground. His left hand, however, he had all the time shoved between the middle buttonholes of his black, slightly shiny coat, by his belly.

At first he had many listeners in the two rings, but there were soon more, the people coming toward him — like Natz and I — even if it were only out of curiosity. The people were all around him, noisy and screaming like chickens. They looked upon him with pleasure, even if most of the people were also a bit exhausted. And the poor devils understood nothing

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at all while imagining it was always better for them than nothing.

With "the devilishness", and "the many sins", "for that great guilt", "punishment", "now is the time for penance" there came a lot of things, much that I do not hold much with. What he said was nothing, nothing true. No, it is and was stupid. Yes, a stupid performance!

Now, everyone together scratching and screaming, their eyes like chicken eyes, some clawed at their eyes and others their hair and bodies. One woman gave each onlooker a little kiss under the paper hats. Another tore off her blouse, shivered and shook, almost naked, and lay upon the cold hard ground saying, "I am guilty!!" "Lord, I am yours!" "The devil will get us all!" "I must do penance often!" All such things.

One High German woman with sneering face ran about and jabbered loudly, "We are on earth to love God, to serve Him, and thereby get to heaven. Is that correct?"

"Yes! Yes!" they all yelled.

"Also we are not on earth to suffer hunger. Do you also agree?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"If we are not on earth for hunger and suffering, then God also does not want us to suffer hunger; that is surely logical, not so?"

"Penance I understand; what is the logic?" asked a troublemaker.

"Woman, don't make a fool of yourself!" hissed a "penance shirt".

But the others bawled, "Yes! Yes! That is correct; without penance it is worth nothing, but say it again."

A tall, fox-nosed man, without a coat in the cold weather, pounded himself on the chest.

"Also, we must do penance so that we can endure hunger. Then we are doing the will of God, not?"

"Yes! Yes!"

The High German woman, "No, no. How can we do that? Through work?"

"No, no," called a couple of wives. "We indeed have too much work now; we can do no more!"

"And the corn for us is drowned, and our cattle will die," cried the farmers.

And so on and on. One woman fell down with her dress head over heels.

"Yes, yes!" they all called, "We must do penance and chase the devil away from St. John."

Men took ropes with knots and flogged their shoulders, backs and bodies. Then a flogging brother came into the circle and they both whipped one another, by now without trousers and shirts on that cold October night wind.

"Get the devil! Kill the devil!" they yelled altogether, over and over. Then they advanced with manure forks, hay forks and flails. Others had for themselves simply a stout club pulled from the best bushes. Thereupon was a mighty tumult.

"Shut your mouth!" many called.

"Right! Right! That we will do," they cackled, and leaned with their forks and clubs on the ground.

A laugh as from a thousand demons struck Natz and me.

And now the guy in the middle of the two circles shrieked out loud in High German, "And now, forward march. I will take over the leadership for capturing the devil!"

"Yes, go ahead, go ahead!"

Then there was an angry uproar. All the people ran for the unseen devils with clubs. And all that confusion! The young wives screamed and the older mothers cried to themselves; and the young men kicked up a fuss to the rear.

In awhile, when nothing further was going on, they left, all on the way to their homes.

As we later on went past a log house, the door slowly opened and an oldster came out, in long underwear, barefoot, lantern in hand. He is still living, but he was now more than eighty years old, and with his thin face he was an extraordinary apparition, caring for himself, the oldest person in St. John. The thick gray eyebrows had become snow-white, but the eyes that no longer lay hidden under them looked over the "penance shirts" as if they just could not take them for real... the noise, the masks, paper hats and chatter of the people passing by so late at night, hurrying into the darkness. He looked over all this, at the end of his life's path which now lay before him into eternity. The passing "penance shirt" noisemakers stood still!!

Then our pathfinder and host went up and talked to him, and his voice became soft.

"Natz, Liwwät, he can no longer endure his hunger. From now on we will share. Tomorrow morning we will start bringing food. Earlier he helped all the people of St. John plenty."

In awhile the oldster's eyes turned in that dim light of his lantern, and he said in a clear voice, "Yes, I will go with you; don't leave me!!"

We looked at ourselves and at him, and didn't know what he meant. But then we took him to bed, blew out his light. Outside everything had become still.

As we returned through St. John village, Natz and I on the way home, Gast's yard and house lay completely deserted. Later, at our loghouse, Natz slowly went up to the door. As we stepped into the half-dark loghouse we saw a man, all alone, at the dead hearth-fire. His family and fellow travelers had gone into the barn to sleep. The custom was that travelers had a right to two nights' sleep, water, and a share of the food, whatever was there. "I do not want to rob you," he said. "We are on our way to buy land in Indiana."

At that Natz lay down his gun and laid his hand on the fellow's shoulder. "Yes, stranger, we will help all of you. Come to bed. Tomorrow we will talk with you."

His wife was with child, six or seven months, a straight and strong woman, but personally dirty and foul. After a bath in the tub with soap, she was fit to visit with. By nine o'clock the five people shuffled away slowly into the gloomy forest. Everything became quiet.

Liwwät Böke 1852

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N.B. — I can remember well the names of most of them. It is better their children not know that their grandpas and great aunts were "penance shirts". It was an event. Perhaps they are still together with their idolatry. I do not judge them. God is the judge. But I and Natz understand their whining, their devil's celebration, their frustrations and crossing the line.

L.B.



1853

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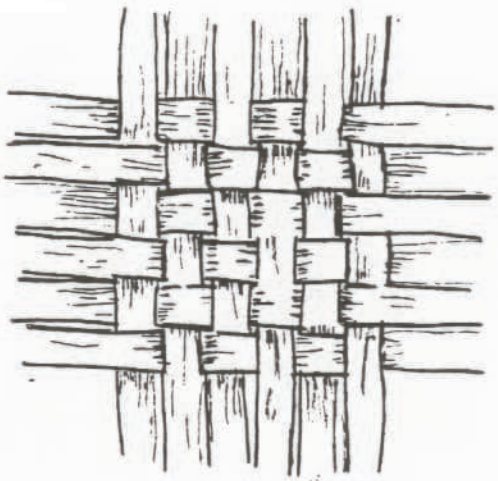
Basket-work

Basket-work is the art of completing a basket from beginning to end. Basket-work, among all the other skills, is the one skill which a person finds among all sorts of uncivilized races; their womenfolk are skilled at weaving cloth, clothes, baskets and mat work. Among all unlearned primitives this basket and mat work always shows us their skill. The American Indians excelled all other tribal primitives in all sorts of work, in the design and completed nice baskets. It is from them that we, here in the forest, mostly learn.

The production includes the assembling and advance preparation of the various materials, the cutting, forming and weaving of them finally into a completed basket. The process involves the proper effort which is needed with the material being used, and with the type of basket one wants to make of it. According to their construction, one can place all baskets into two classes: woven and spool or spiral baskets.

Woven Baskets. The usual design or construction of woven baskets, used for large baskets, is checker-board-style weaving. In the weaving, the splints cross through at right angles; each splint of the woof runs alternately over and under the splints of the warp. This manner of weaving is used with both large and fine splints, but more often with the large.

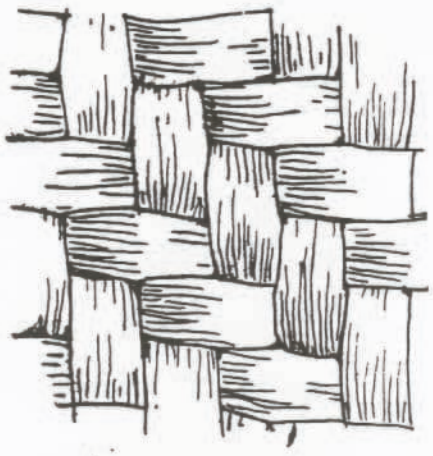
See illustration number I.



Number I.

The style of basket weaving commonly from stalks (such as surgarcane stalks) is called twill work. One does this by drawing through each cane of the woof over two or more canes of the warp, and then under two or more, forming a diagonal, or twill-like pattern. These patterns are suitable for a great many variations.

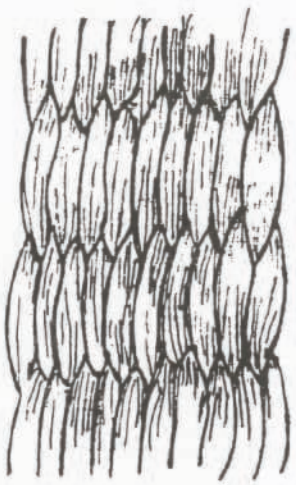
See illustration number II.



Number II.

Another common style is wickerwork, as one so often sees in willow baskets. This wickerwork one can weave in so many different variations and styles. It is often combined with twill work in the border.

Number III.



This is an illustration of wicker-work.

Number III

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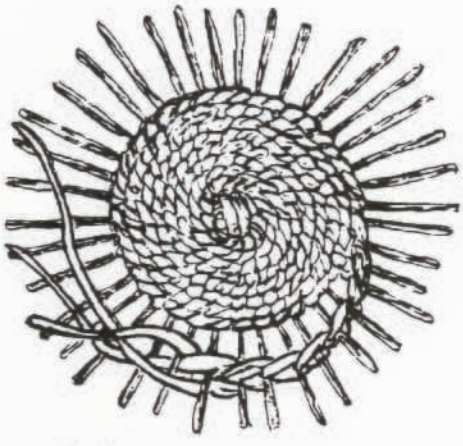
The style which is common among the American Indian tribes is called twined work. It is the most intricate and also the most beautiful of all styles of weaving. The warp is assembled of stiff, rigid stems or splints, and the woof is in pairs and also in three strands, twined and braided in threes. In passing through from stave to stave of the warp, the woof strips are twisted one-half turn. Twined woven work has many possible variations in styles to make neat, beautiful baskets.

Look at illustration number IV.



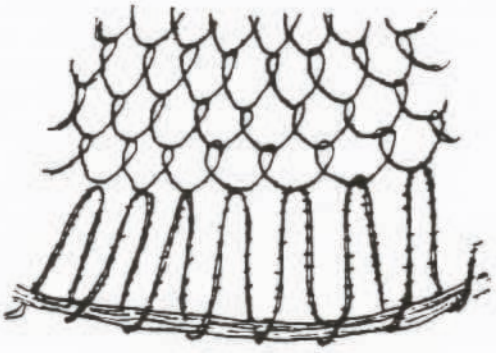
IV

Spiral or coiled baskets are made by sewing over and over with any sort of flexible string or material, each stitch interlaced with another underneath. What corresponds to the warp in woven work is made of a coarser and stiffer material, and a fine, flexible bark is used for the sewing. In this number V illustration is shown only the beginning in a three-strand braided, or twined work. It is of raffia, and is also called palm-type woven work. Small and large are fashioned with fine and coarse materials.



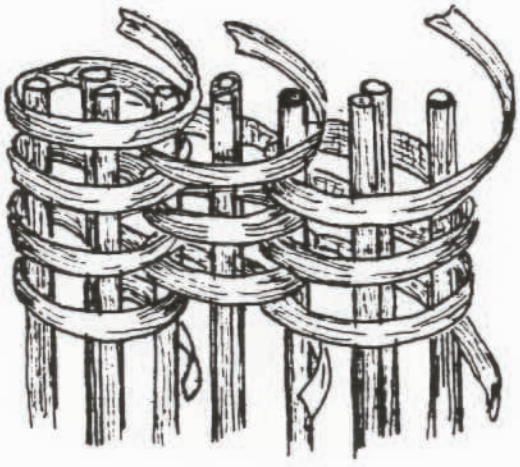
V

This style of basket-work is everywhere in St. John in what is known as curl-work. (Ed. - possibly open-work.) See illustration number VI. By changing the form of the stitch, the various rolled spirals of thread, straps, and large or small bands are twined as one sees in number VI.



VI

Here in illustration number VII is a universal style in which the stitches are coiled around three staves. By varying the shape of one stitch to another kind of stitch, the basket-maker introduces bands and thus breaks the monotony of the surface, and thereby adds beauty and elegance.



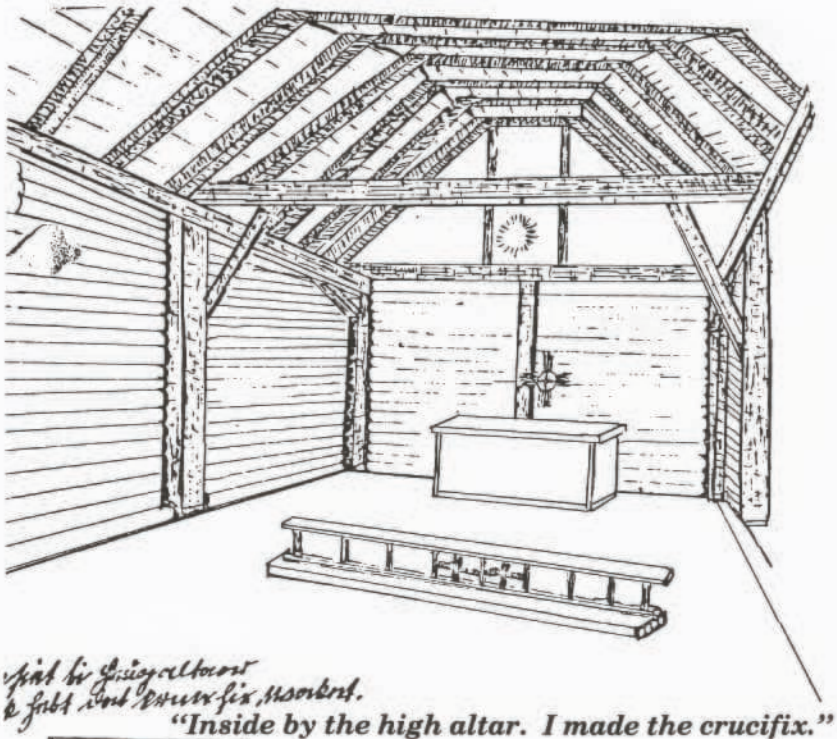
VII.

Basket-work is a very practical and valuable occupation in a girls' school and in the convent. It is simple and easily learned, and is a worthwhile training, both for the hand and the eye.

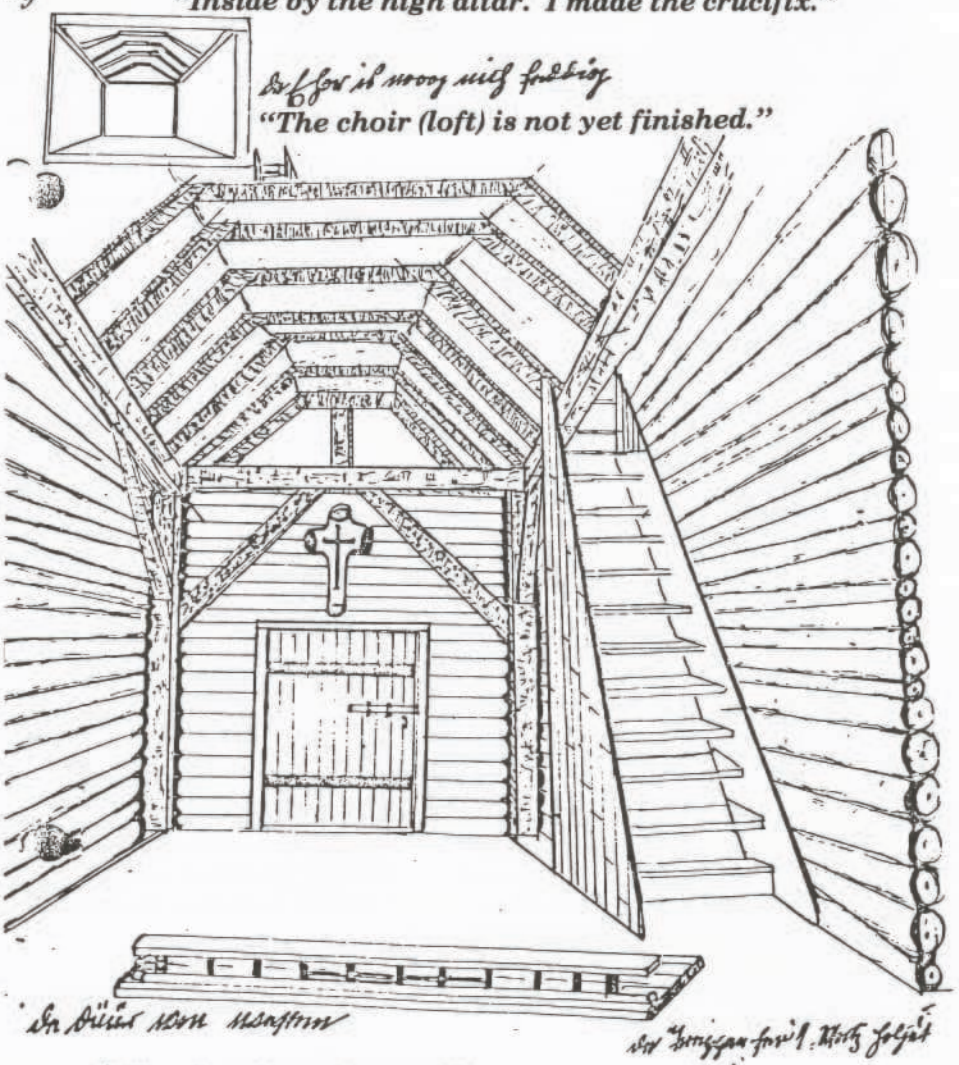
It is more than a pastime.

Liwwät Boke 1854

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"Inside by the high altar. I made the crucifix."



"The choir (loft) is not yet finished."

"The door from the west."
"The steps finished - Natz helped." 1838

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"We do not have a priest up at the altar. Magnificat! They sing a song so sweetly. The farmers are singers, large and small - as bright and clear as a choir. Neighbors, we in our and their prayer-book, mindful of the Mother of God and St. John the Baptist, are thankful." 1839

"The school is near the church. School finished 1836. Church building finished March 13, 1837."

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Community of St. John

Of the forest, my first impression was: I am imprisoned, swallowed deep in its gloomy throat. In these wooded depths there is no dimension or direction, so dreadfully quiet, so damp, dark, cool. Behind, below, above, in front are the brush, the weeds, and two million unbending trees. Their branches, their boughs clutch at me at each step, and there is no path except by the old branchless trees; a topsy-turvy paradox, cool three-fourths of the day and a cookpot all afternoon.

The racket, the commotion, the trilling from all the forest recesses vexes us. It is a murky place all day long, a jail under a damp umbrella. Unbearable! Unacceptable! Unaccountable! The forest can lock us in her vault; a shifty vampire with voracious animals, every prospect is living and alert and loud. Then there come the buzzards, grossly hanging in the air. Cautiously they smell, watch, flutter down to the ground to eat the weak, the almost-dead, both small and large. God has also wisely made the buzzard an equally important forest-dweller here. In the ground unknown worms are wriggling; over the ground run three-, four- and hundred-legged forest-crafty creatures, web-footed, clinging, horned, blind. Yes, so new is our milieu, our surroundings and environment with loud clamor each day and night. It is epic. However, in spite of the din, humble mankind learns to live in this humming monotony.

We immigrants in wet hunting clothes, many a husband with a wife on one arm and a hunting gun in the other, are impatient with our urge to clear this forest! God is here too, by the way!!! Gradually we come to know the secretive savage forest and later on (it seems an instant) are the forest and we familiar with one another. We know it! The animals, the weather sometimes it all seems right! My introduction was entirely frustrating, unexpected. It shocked me. Now, looking back, Natz and I have become nothing if not jacks-of-all-trades. We now make light of our luck in surmounting the wearying hardships.

It is impossible to describe how dense, dull and



"Terror together in the woods as it grows dark behind us."

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clumsy, how pitifully bewildered we and our neighbors were,... how impudent nature was! The margin between preserving the life and health of our bodies and minds, and our ignorance, was often precarious. Saying goodbye to the forest, not uncommon, was not possible. Get out? We could not! Our complaints went away in time. It was worth our wailing and screaming. God is indeed with us!!

In the St. John-Stallostown vicinity: the first year here - 1835.

Food: Much fresh game for the catching in the forest... plenty of deer, rabbits, raccoons, squirrels, turkeys, bears, beavers, quail, pheasants and other animals, and fish, nuts, berries, cherries in summer. Most of the time we ate corn mush and corn pancakes. At the Piqua mill we bought wheat flour and baked white bread (20 hours in the fireplace). We like it the best.

Our neighbors, the Knapkes and Hausfelds, were close by and traded things with us. We had good water from the spring by our loghouse, plenty of water. It runs all the time and rolls down the hill into the stream east of our house.

We had to walk everywhere and used the Indian path north and south. The path to St. John village (Ed. - to the east) we made with logs and branches. We used wheelbarrows — back and forth — for fetching and carrying. Wheat, corn, and all things we carried or hauled by packsaddle on a horse, to the mills or other businesses, to Sidney, Dayton, or Cincinnati, there and back. Riding horses were costly and scarce. One day each week Natz had to work for Marion Township, building bridges, culverts, roadways, dirt roads, dams; also half a day for building the church and school. That was precious time to give up, but not wasted.

Some kinds of wagon paths were necessary. The rivers and streams provided us the best means for hauling things. (As we take the trees down, take away the underbrush, the rain water flows more freely, and the risk now is with overflowing streams. In a few years that will be a new danger for the land.) Here we were lacking any nearby stores, dealers, or grist mills for grinding our corn. The mills were all 10 days distance away. Natz and others at St. John had a millstone but no mill wheel. They were too large and heavy to bring here.

Our daily requirement and problem: how to divide our time between house-building and other construction, handwork on furniture and gear, and clearing up and chopping down the forest... everything by hand. That is all tedious. Time was needed for planting corn, fencing, protecting our stock and grain and garden from marauding wild animals and birds. The crows were not afraid of our scarecrows. We had to chase them off with clubs, guns, and noise, day and night.

There was no salt to be had here. It cost $5 to $8 per vat; now it is $11 a vat.

Pigs ate corn, and the forest provided plenty of pig food, mast and acorns. We also found time to plant pumpkins and garden foods.



"St. John school" 1836

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"Crash! The forest resounds. The deer dies."

Natz and I chopped down 4 acres in 10 months. That gave us some elbow room.

Cash (Ed. - "Klink Geld") was not to be found for buying or selling inside our thick forest; it was really not suitable... no one could find us here.

Families that owed on their land had trouble. They paid one twentieth on the day of sale. Then one fourth was due in 40 days, and the balance was due in 2, 3 or 4 years.

(I can not write well here, no time, no place, no energy; too many things come between my work and my writing and drawing. And my writing is not organized, no system. It is not fit.)

The farmers did not have the right grasp of the how, where and what for taking over this forest, for dealing with the forest or plants. All of the routine was new and went contrary to our previous ideas and skills. Sympathy was not needed; that had no value for us. Countless discussions in the forest or cornfields... the land seemed crazy. It was a crying shame how much time and help, how many hours were wasted. In Europe we understood the weather, the land, its use; here we dared not speculate. We learned by degrees how or where and what to plant first and such things. There was always a stalling, a delay.

The question at this time was whether to plant wheat. The first concern, with so little acreage ready for planting, was: "Is it necessary?" We could not be buying wheat flour all the time... too unhandy to get, too far, too expensive. We tried it in the new soil; a grassfield it was not.

Isolated here in St. John, we had to grind our own grain using the same primitive mortar and pestle which they used in ancient times, a thousand years ago. There are some farmers better located near grist mills so they can easily haul their grain over the rough packtrails to the nearby mill. We pay one-ninth (sometimes more) royalty to the miller for his services. Too much! In addition, by trading, the miller accumulates an overabundance of grain for shipment to other places, or he makes the grain into flour for shipping or selling still more profitably. The miller is a most prominent man in our rural economy, as producer, buyer, or middleman and shipper.

John Steinemann built himself a traditional grist mill with two stones on a little stream on the south side of St. John which can provide enough water to drive the water wheel for a short time. That helps the area families around here. Gert Westgerdes built himself a cumbersome horse-driven grist mill. His charge to us: one-sixth of the wheat, and one-eighth of the corn. That is expensive.

Slowly we learned how to grow wheat and it fits admirably in our economy. It is everywhere in demand. The good prices make it justifiable to haul it a considerable distance. The seed is reasonable and Natz and I made the tools for planting it with our own hands. No elegant granaries are required, and the barn floor provides enough room to thresh it with a flail and for winnowing. And the storage space in the barn is there.

A life of working and struggling! But heavy work

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"Grain mill at Pikkweh" (Piqua)

is certainly necessary in the production of wheat such a short time after the forest land is cleared. That clearing is time consuming. Perhaps by the middle age of the next generation our entire acreage will be fruitful. To grow wheat satisfactorily one must plow deep, harrow, and drag with a beam or roll the ground. One must drill the seed into the ground two handbreadths deep, or the devilish animals and hungry crows eat and feed on our seed. (There is, we have heard, a seed sowing machine.) To sow by hand, broadcast and uncovered, is not worthwhile. Too much is lost.

Many harvesters use the sickle. The scythe or cradle is better for mowing. When the wheat is ripe, it cannot stand long or else the grain is lost. Harvest time is short and we cannot let up until all the wheat is set up in shocks. Clean grain which is winnowed free of weed seeds, dirt, stems and chaff, is more valuable. It must be free of foreign matter. A strong horse can carry 3 scheffels (bushels in English... 180 pounds) the entire distance to the mill. Hauling by wagon is still too risky; it would be cheaper and safer. The best time for hauling wheat or corn is in late autumn. Then the ground is hard and firm, and the rivers and streams are frozen over.

Continued plowing and wheat planting in the same fields brings us down with infestations, insects and diseases. Grubs from the eggs of the Hessian fly deposited on the stalk feed on, weaken, and kill that stalk. Black stem rust shrivels the grain. Mildew, or blight, saps and undermines the strength of the growing plant. Smut befouls the seed. Midges or weevils eat the kernels. The chinch bug sucks the sap out of the growing plants. Overplanting and careless cultivation and dry weather are also always happening here.

Accidentally all here in the St. John area were in trouble. Wait! We learn that we must drill in the wheat earlier in the spring, or later in the autumn. Then the seed must be carefully cleaned before we plant. Also, we must destroy the barberry bushes, plow more deeply, and give more thought to eliminating the weeds. Most important is that the fields are rotated annually, not planted in wheat every year. Clover and grass should be used in place of wheat. When we have more cattle, then we will also fertilize more.

To the acre we got this many bushels in each of the following years:

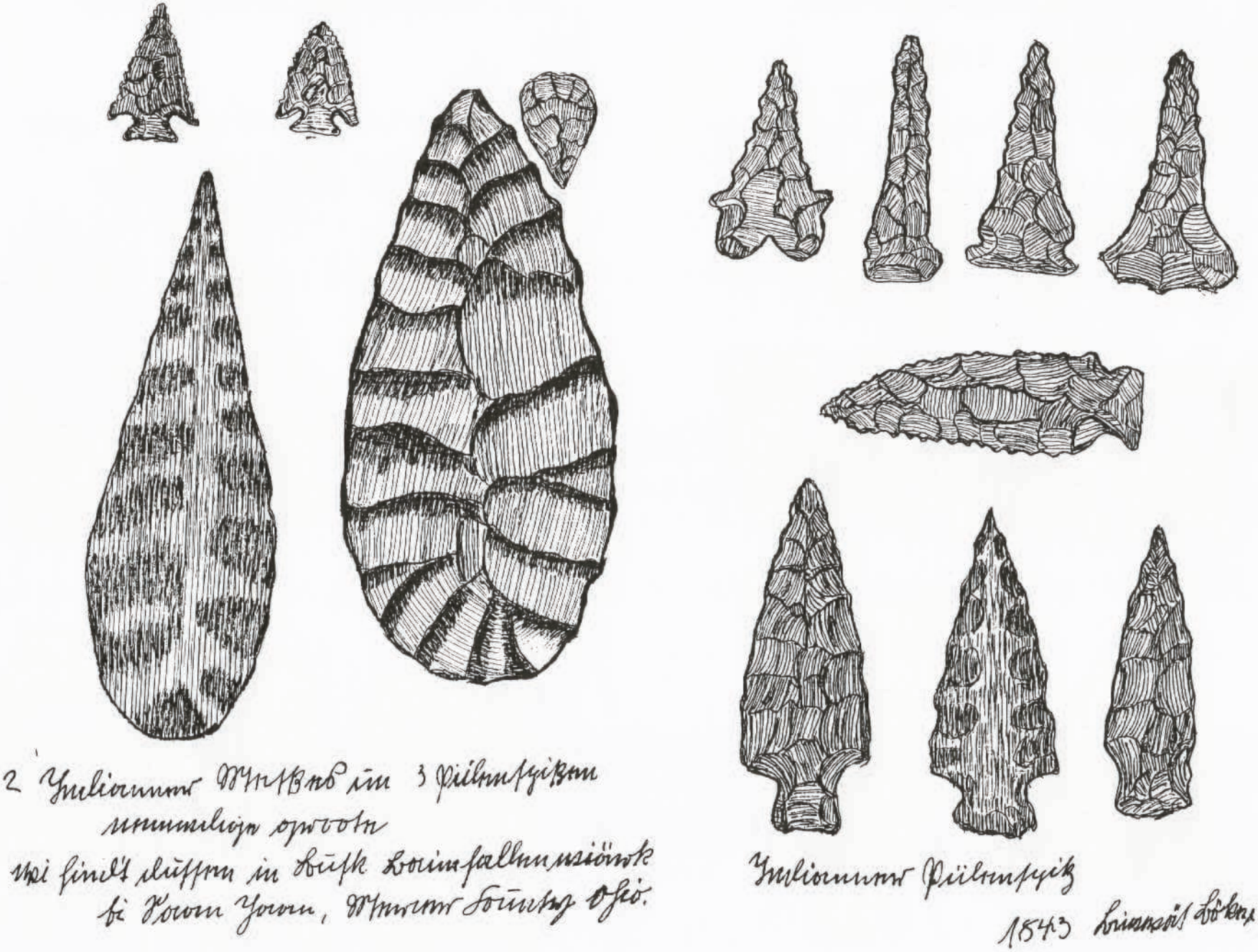
1835 - 0	1838 - 31	1841 - 33	1844 - 35
1836 - 25	1839 - 32	1842 - 32	1845 - 35
1837 - 28	1840 - 30	1843 - 35	1846 - 41

Corn. We planted corn with delight, anywhere, anyplace, ever since we have been here. If all did not come up, or was eaten up by 1,000 animals, we learned each year and things got better. Corn grows anywhere, all over, in any spot where there is a bit of soil if it can have proper weather. It is hardier, stronger and sturdier than wheat, has a longer life, and is less susceptible to plant diseases than wheat. It defends itself better from parasites, and yields more to the acre. It is a cheaper grain for feeding livestock than wheat. True, it takes a longer growing time and early frost sometimes damages it before the milk is set. One-fourth bushel of seed is enough to plant one acre which usually yields 42 bushels, whereas it takes 2 bushels (120 pounds) of wheat to seed an acre, and the yield is 15 to 18 bushels per acre.

Wheat was always the principal bread baked in St. John's loghouses, but in the first times here corn was more commonly eaten. It also fed all the stock, the pigs, horses, cows, chickens, etc. Cornmeal bread, Johnny cakes, corn mush, hominy from ground meal, and corn fritters were the eating standard of life from the beginning. In those first days here corn was doubly useful and necessary; both people and livestock ate corn, and it was also used as dry animal feed in winter. To plant corn... each hill by hand... we first chopped with grubhoe and axe through the hard ground, grass and roots; we didn't plow the first time. (Crows, with supernatural faculties, could find our sprouted corn!)

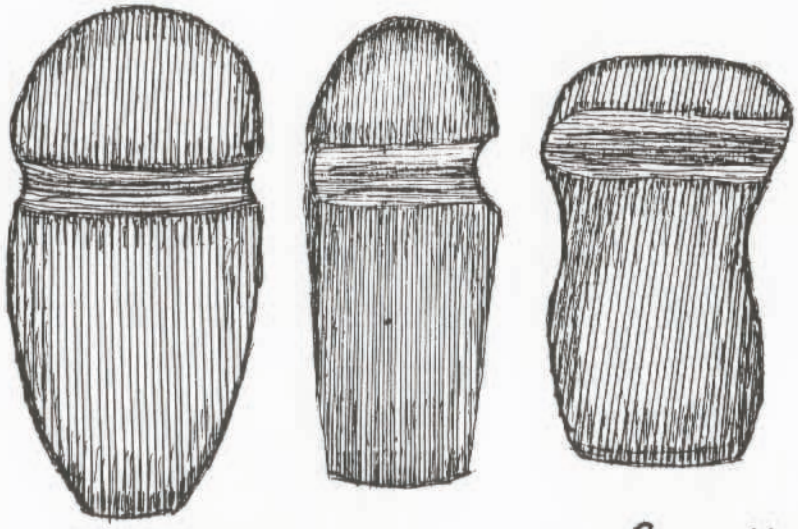
Unlike wheat, we can husk corn at our convenience. The stalks are cut down with a chopping knife and set in shocks where they stay dry. That is heavy work. Often we do the husking in cold and raw weather in winter... whenever it is convenient. It must be dry. When it is dry, the ears are shelled or thrown into the corncrib. Corn on the cobs or shelled corn we feed to the pigs in winter. It is wasteful and destructive to let hogs loose in the cornfield.

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"2 Indian knives and 3 arrowheads - actual size. We find these in the woods (during) tree-felling work at St. John, Mercer County, Ohio." 1843

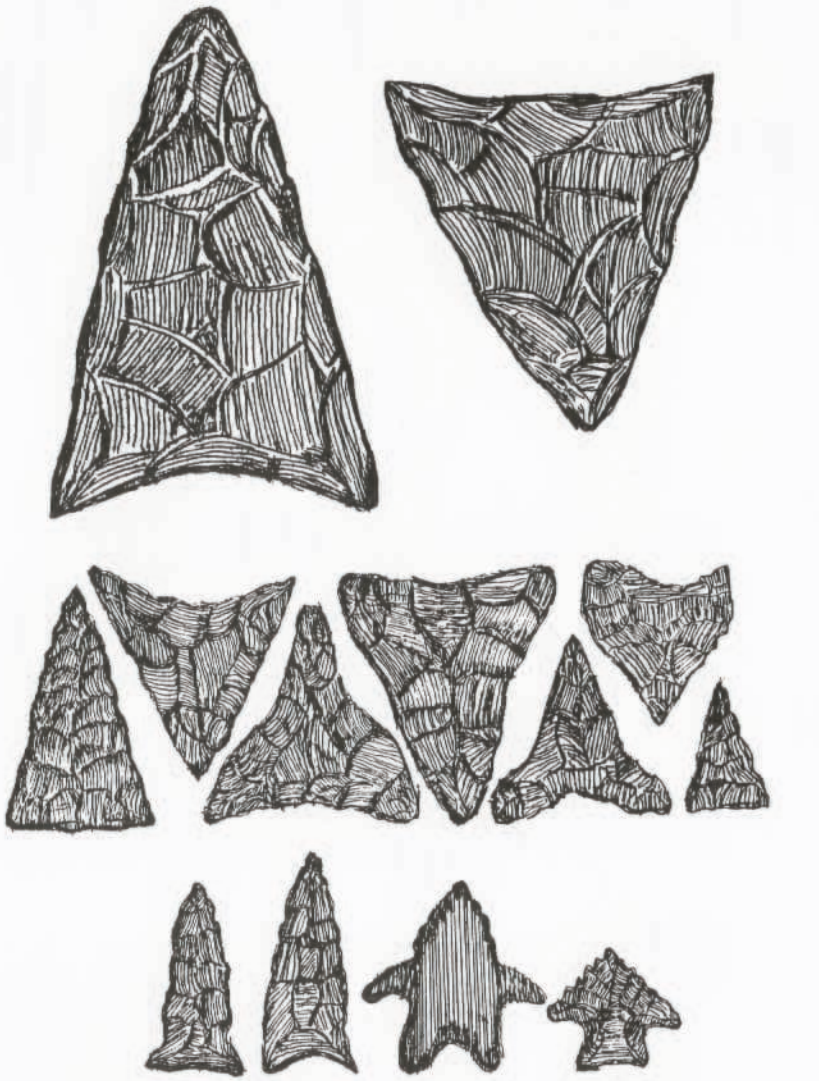
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"Flint"



"Indian axes from our woods and fields - ½ size."



"Indian arrowheads - ½ size." 1843

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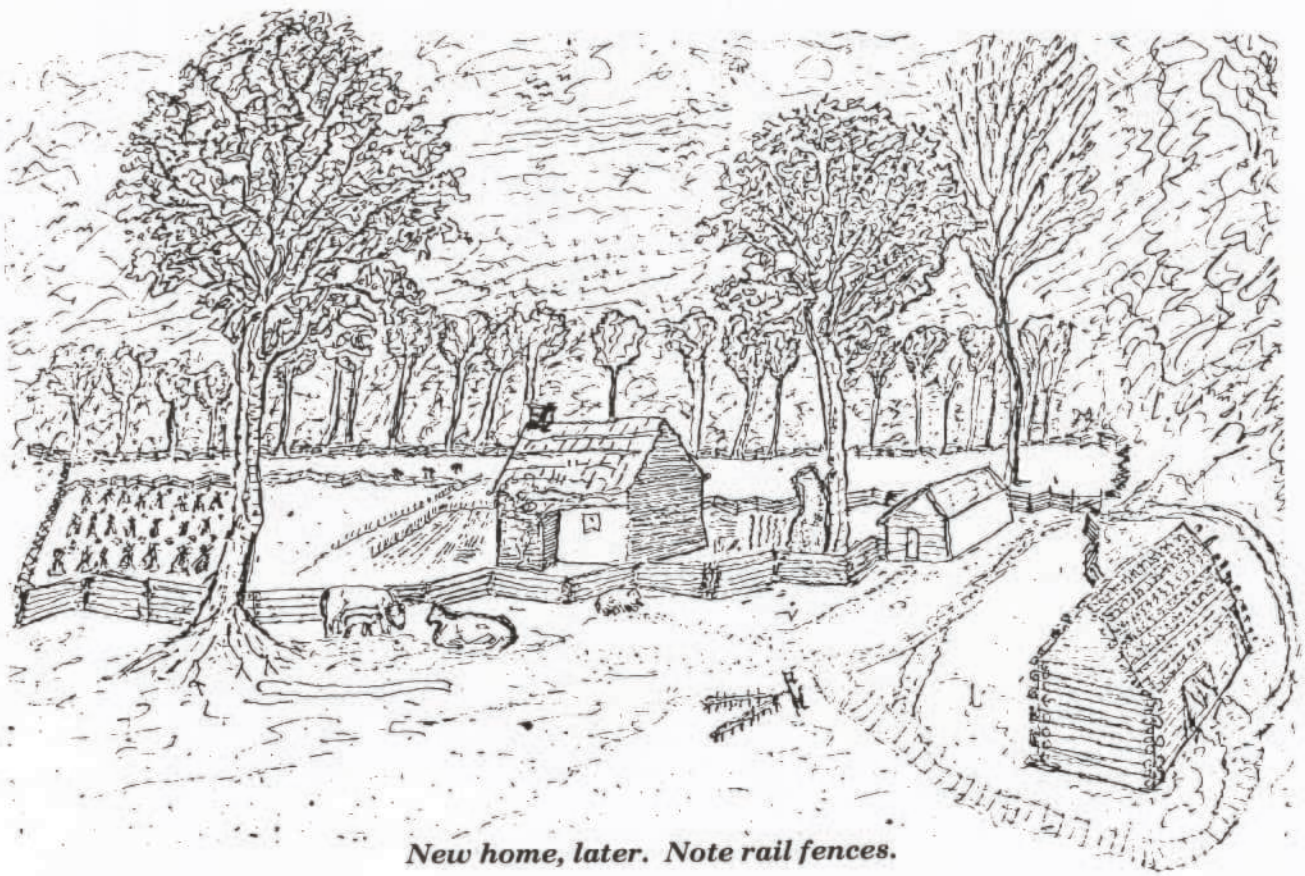
Weeds, drought, cool nights, heavy rain showers which wash out the soil and weaken the rootholds, windstorms that flatten cornstalks, early frost, crows and blackbirds which destroy many early corn sprouts, cutworms which kill the stalk, rats, mice, squirrels and other wild animals that plunder the corn in the field, in the shocks, or in the crib... all are the enemies of corn. Even with all that devastation, with all the work and trouble, the harvest is fruitful enough. The land and ground does not become exhausted and in need of manure as in the growing of wheat. So we now have a garden that we have gradually learned to regulate and plant.

Other kinds of grain. Here in the St. John vicinity oats is the third largest grain crop grown, mostly for feeding horses and for mixing with corn for cattle and sheep. Oats follows corn and wheat in rotating the planting. Then follow clover and timothy. Barley and rye follow fourth. Both grains are used in breweries and distilleries. Buckwheat is a strong, winter-hardy, durable grain, needs only short growing time, and thrives by itself in poor, weak ground. We bake bread from it a great deal and also often eat buckwheat pancakes.

The boundaries around our fields are all open. The best and only protection is the rail fence... we have plenty of wood. Fence-making takes so much time... chopping a fallen tree to pieces. In one day a strong axeman can split about 80 to 84 flat rails. Today we still cannot protect what acres are in use. A bitter and souring blotch, the source of an unending discontent, an annoying burden here in the forest is ever the barbarous practice which lets sick cattle and pigs run loose and wild. The necessity for building fences around plowed land starts more arguments here than any other thing except the drinking of whiskey. Hedge fences do not hold pigs inside. A rail-splitting axeman can cost $20 per month with board and room. In time we will get it done, yes, all by ourselves.

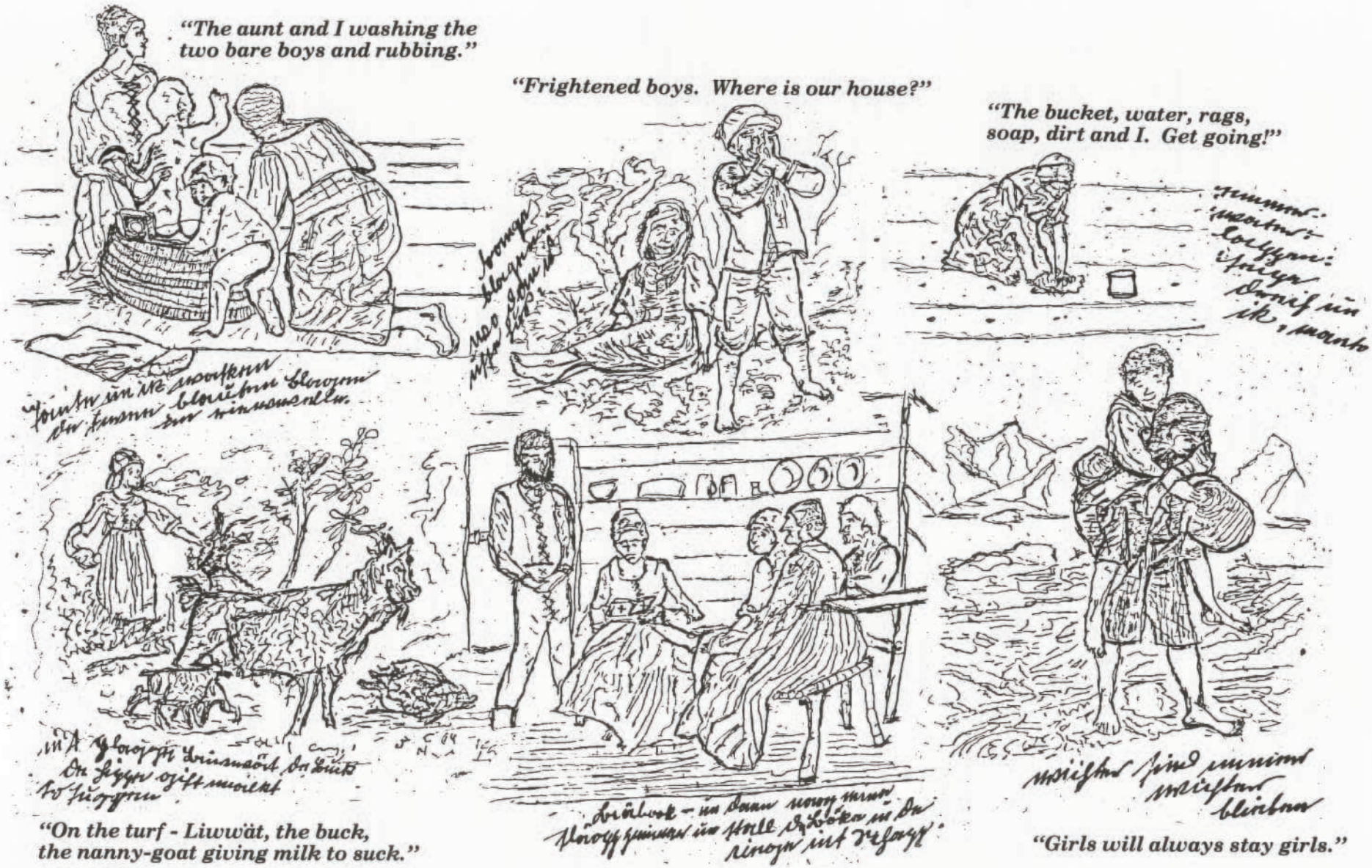
Cattle. A cow pasture without grass, clover or timothy is nothing. It is a certainty that cattle must eat grain and root crops besides grass; and they must be housed under roof inside the barn in the hot summer and cold winter. If they are not they will gradually degenerate. In the first years here, stock, pigs, etc., were outside in the weather all winter and summer long. They wasted away and died! Their milk was skimpy... almost nothing. We cannot let the stock run loose in the unenclosed fields or woods.

It is all too apparent that disorder resulted from our trying to accomplish much too much. Here in the God-forsaken forest we tried to acquire a farmstead with a homelike building with enough space, a nice place to have children. And on the inside, a cozy hearth, bedrooms, kitchen... room to sit, sing, sleep, to write and draw... these are deeply felt needs in every adult and child. A place to cook inside, to eat, to learn household skills, and where Natz and I, together in all peacefulness, can sleep by ourselves; also for the children... it is their very life. To have such a home is a freedom and a privilege. But to get it, we had to chop it out with hand axes, like a sculptor, stalk by stalk, tree by tree, twig by twig, branch by branch, undergrowth, broken branches, thorn bushes, stone by stone... chop it down, cut it out, drag it away. We were entirely engrossed with all of that, absorbed.



New home, later. Note rail fences.

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"The aunt and I washing the two bare boys and rubbing."

"Frightened boys. Where is our house?"

"The bucket, water, rags, soap, dirt and I. Get going!"

"On the turf - Liwwät, the buck, the nanny-goat giving milk to suck."

"The prayerbook - and then to my bedroom to put the books in the row in the cupboard."

"Girls will always stay girls."

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1851

The people here, all of them, were in need, needing cattle, pigs, etc., all at the same time. But we didn't have the time or the food for handfeeding the stock. Consequently many let their stock run loose through the woods, far and wide. Rail fences were lacking. It was impossible to do everything... clearing, fencing, building the barn, house, stalls, lean-tos, cribs; needing to drain the land, build bridges, haul off stones — on and on till eternity — it was not possible. It was not!! In time all this was overcome, everything accomplished.

Then the menfolk would drive the livestock to Cincinnati. Later we butchered the animals, and in barrels with brine we shipped our meat away by canal. The buyers pay us with cash for this and also for cured bacon and pork. (That stock driving was not profitable.)

Sheep. Sheep-raising requires less money and less attention, uses whatever forage other stock and pigs do. Although sheep have their parasites and diseases, they don't get cholera or lung disorders. Hounds, wolves, and other wolf-like animals do kill sheep. We use the wool. Sheep on the St. John farm was never a large operation, and was not suitable here. In a few short years they were gone.

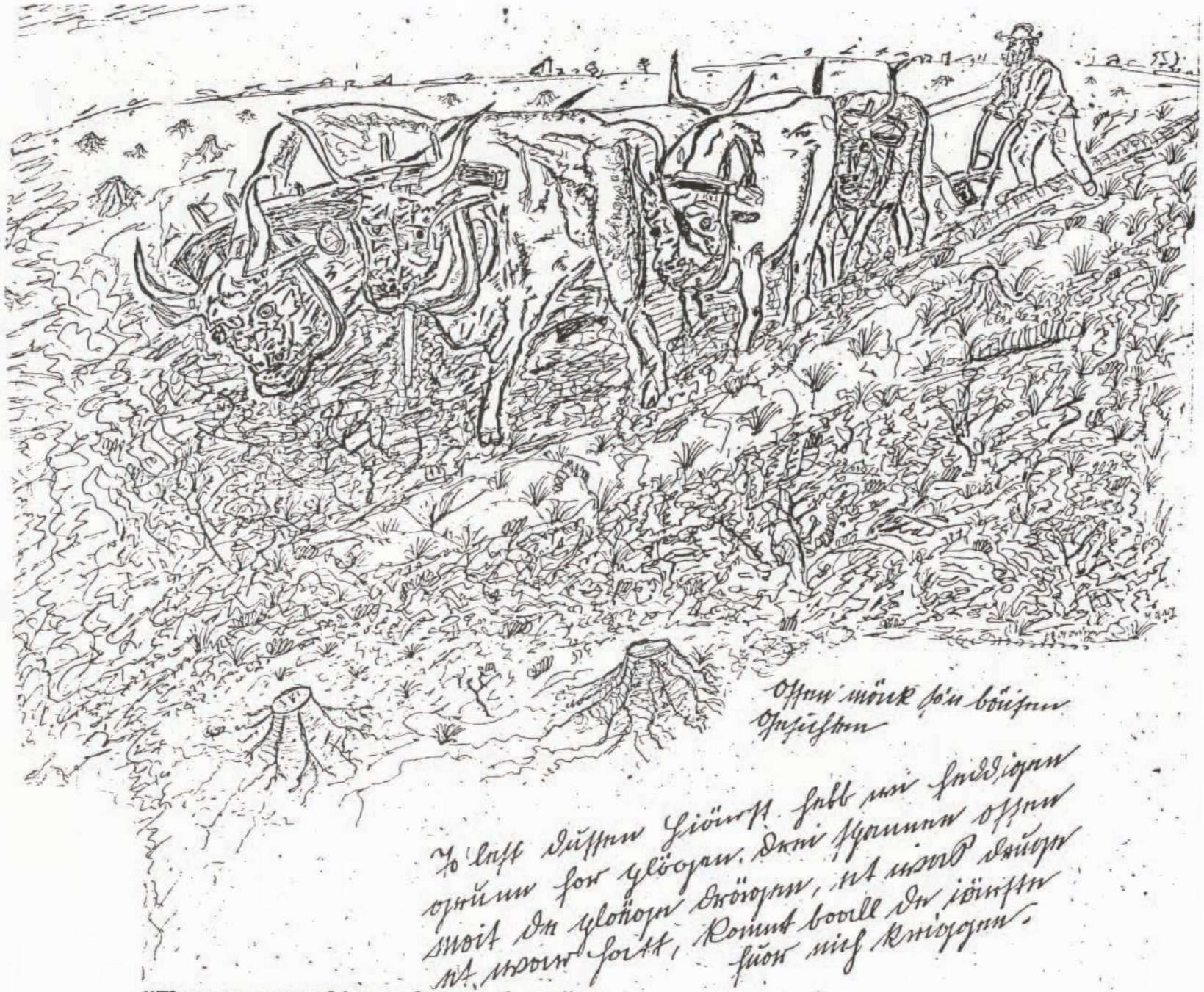
The use of oxen in Mercer County. Ox power on the farm is an old practice, traditional since the beginning of farming. We keep cattle here and in the natural course have produced bull calves. It is possible to castrate them, adapt them to the yoke with training in the usual farm work, and at the end of their working days to fatten and sell them to a cattle drover. While the ox is slow and awkward, he is stronger than a horse, can pull a heavier load, is not skittish, not likely to run away and break expensive equipment, and doesn't use much grain for food. At St. John we had seven span of oxen for hauling the huge logs and stones, for ground-breaking and building construction, for all the heavy work at the church building, on the wagon roads, for clearing brush and so on. Horses are more agile, as are mules, for plowing, rolling, raking, harrowing. Horses are light-footed, easier to turn around, not so slow and awkward as oxen. Oxen were not in use here for very long.

Horses. Without horses nothing would grow today. These work animals help us in everything, such as treadmills, plowing, harrowing, rolling, carrying, driving, riding, hay-making, raking, wagon-pulling, hunting, visiting, traveling. Horses are obedient. (Horses also cost more each year.)

The prejudice against mules diminishes as the price of horses goes up here. One can list the advantages of mules over horses. Mules live longer, their active time is longer, they are not often disabled by disease and accidents, they eat two-fifths less food, they don't need the blacksmith so often, are cheaper. They can work better in hot weather, and their fatigue or exhaustion doesn't last so long. They can pull more steadily, endure more, need no shelter, are one-third less costly. They are more durable. For work on the wagon roads, and for building dirt roads and foundations, we use mules all the time in Mercer County.

The dairy. Each farmer here owns a useful milk cow. We eat our milk and butter and trade with local residents in town. We do not have spare grassland here for feeding cows and calves. We can better get

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"The oxen are making such angry faces."
"At last, this fall we have prepared the ground for plowing. Three span of oxen must pull the plow. It was dry, it was hard; could almost not make the first furrow."

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"Plowing and peeing." 1853

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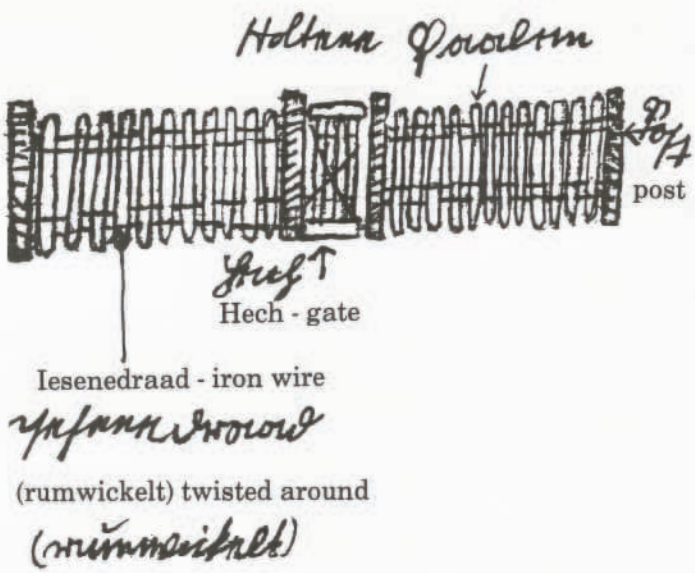


1856

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cash from our pork, eggs, hides, wheat, corn, fat, feathers, tallow, potash, lye water for soap, pens, wooden staves, etc.

Holtene Paalen - wooden pickets



Poultry. Beginning in 1838 we had chickens, from the little eggs to full-grown curious broods, no special breed. We let them run in our chicken coop and inside the wire-bound picket fence. They need water in a clean drinking trough and a little food in a deeper wooden trough. Often they lay their eggs in the grass. In a summer we get three broods. We eat the eggs at home and trade the excess with a huckster or with the town people. Every frugal woman here knows how valuable a basketful of eggs is for trading for printed cotton cloth, muslin or calico; or for a spool of thread or a package of tea and coffee. We use our own hay and grain for feeding cattle, chickens and pigs. We eat our own meat, eggs, vegetables, potatoes, milk and bread from our own table.

Hay. There was no hay grown in St. John until 1841, and then not much. Fields were not yet prepared. The immense forest stood in the way. Our best and most easily-planted land was given over to other crops. Only the poor acres were given to grass . . . heavy clay ground, wet, low-lying meadows, hill sides washed out by rain, or very stony ground. What we cannot plow we can use for hay. Once the pastures are dried up in late summer or autumn, and no more forage is provided for the cattle, then it is necessary to use the hay in the barn for feeding.

Like all farm work, good hay-making takes judgment, skill, and muscle, or the yield of hay will be diminished. One cuts hay before it is over-ripe but not before it is in proper growth. We must cut the hay carefully and at just the right time, leaving it lie on the ground for drying. Drying needs especially more wind; sunshine bleaches the hay. At the same time there is the pressure to get the hay into the barn before the night dews or the July afternoon rain showers which take away the nutritional value. Hay cutting with the scythe is the heaviest work. Then follows spreading the swaths and afterwards raking the hay, pulling it up into piles so that the night dews can roll off. Hay-making goes on here from early morning until late evening time. Everyone helps! Haying is hard on the horses.

Our wheat is standing ripe every July at the same time as the hay . . . so much work, two crops to complete inside of a short time. A lot of hay is good to have; then we can feed more hay to the pigs and cattle instead of grain. The surplus grain is worth more than the hay; it is transportable and we get cash for it.

By 1845-1848 we all had to build bigger barns; we had more fields sown in hay, and hay is bulky to store! When the pasture is dried up, hay and oats make up the feed we give to the horses, and hay, with corn and other grains, is fed to the cows, oxen and sheep. More corn is used for pigs. Besides our town horses we now have a team of draft horses and a span of oxen. At haying time, the hay is thrown up over the beams into the hayloft with forks. Children can then throw the hay down easily.



"Haymaking"

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Timothy and clover, with meadow grass mixed with blue-stemmed grass survives best in our clay soil.

Surplus hay is valuable. From 1849 to 1853 town people paid $15 cash for 2000 pounds, and they hauled it themselves. The canal at Minster is our best means for selling hay, mostly to the south. Henry Pohlman (Ed. - "Pohlman's Hinik"), Jossie Meiring (Ed. - "Meiring's Jossie") and others here made a hay baler which presses the hay into littler packs or bundles. They tie twine around these. Now we can get more weight in a bundle.

Garden and orchard. At our first opportunity we started both next to each other; any other arrangement is unhandy. There is a path at the end and an end gate, and a picket fence around all, just like the fence around our chicken coop.

Just as hay, wheat, corn, oats, rye, etc., are important to our life style and betterment, just so is the growing of vegetables, fruit trees and berries, both the wild and our own plantings. Fruit and berries help our diet balance, our health and condition.

Apple trees for cider, applesauce, applejack; and the pigs enjoy eating the cut-off peelings. We started by planting from seeds that I brought with me from home, named Gravenstein; this is our best apple for buying and trading.

For early summer: Red Astrachan.

For winter: Baldwin, Newton Pippin, Rhode Island Greening, and Russet. We sell the Newton Pippin and get $8 for a bushel which the buyer must haul himself.

We have 22 apple trees; 10 cherry; 12 peach; 5 quince; 9 plum; 16 pear; 6 apricot; 16 crabapple. All were raised from saplings. We are fortunate.

Besides the many wild berries in the woods, we also grow domestic berries all around the house, the garden and in little corners in the fields . . . many raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries and blueberries. There are many strawberries on the ground in sandy soil. To pick them is fun; to eat them still more so!

Green vegetables in the garden:

Beans - fip; bush; early; dwarf; lima, soup.

Peas - green marrow; green dwarf; early; long pod.

Beets - mixed; red; sugar (1844); L'Orange.

Turnips - white parsnip; Brannaten red; for the animals: mangel-wurzel; steik; white thick.

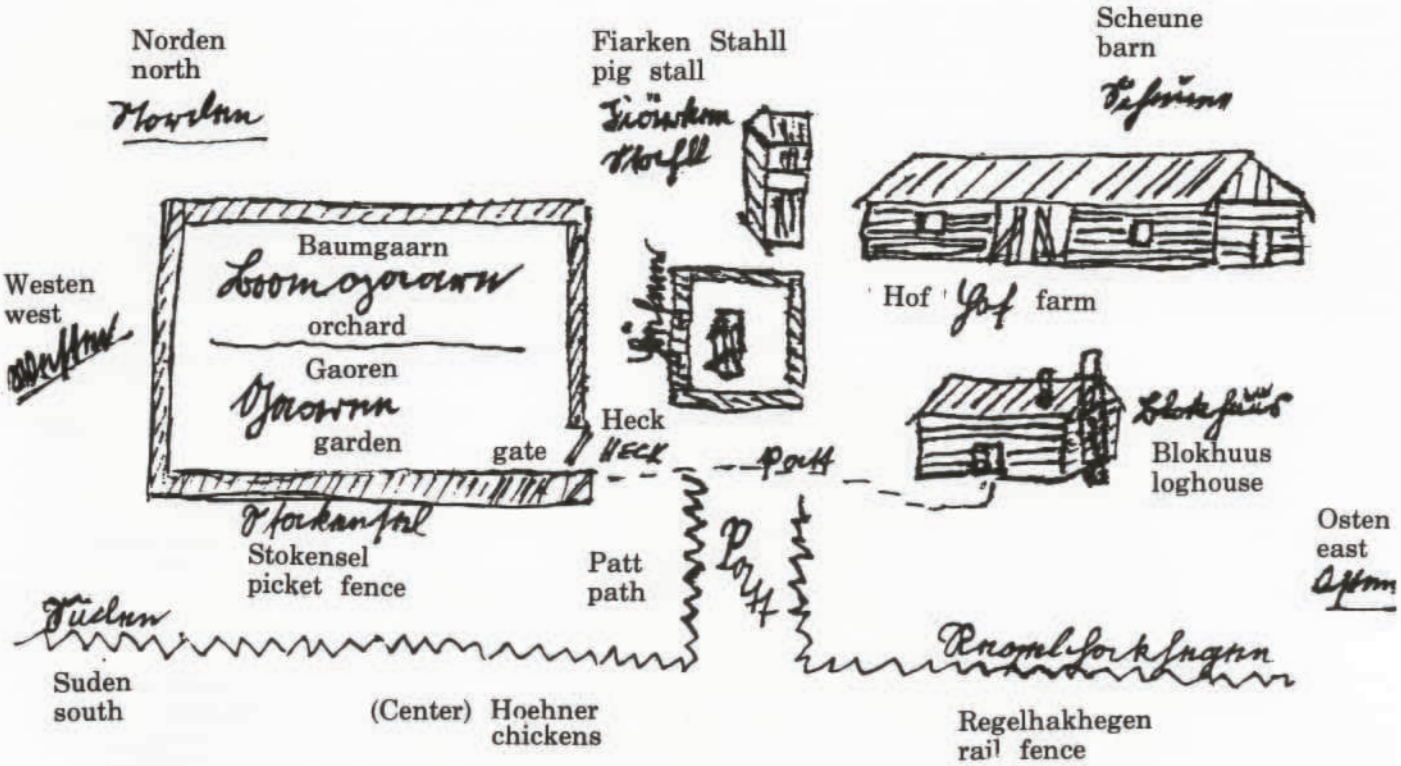
Carrots - long, yellow Swede; Hollander.

Onions - red sweet; white; yellow; large yellow.

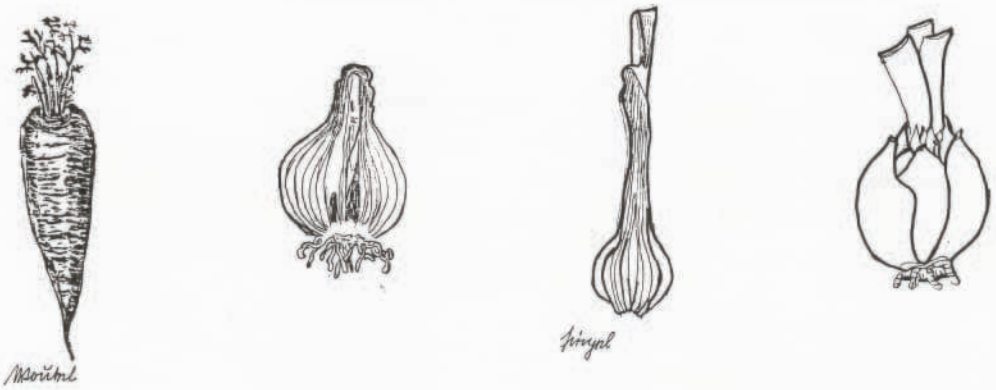
Cabbage - red; white; early red.

Cucumbers - pickle; gherkin; long gherkin; summer gherkin.

Spinach, kohlrabi, leeks, rhubarb, and eggplant.



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Squash and pumpkin and parsnips grow in the wild. We must plant these in the garden to replace our domestic varieties; perhaps we will get better results. Potatoes. People in Europe eat potatoes more than any other root crop; here too! They grow best in sandy, drained and loamy soil, and using manure we get 280 bushels to the acre.



By 1840, after we found the time, we built a grape arbor, a grill with trellises, and planted blue, white and Concord grapes. Catawba grapes do not grow well here. Grape roots cost a dollar each; they are better than cuttings. (In 1841 Bernard Wabbler (Ed. - "Wabbler's Natz") at chickasaw built a grape press, and pressed grapes for making wine.)

Manure. In the coming years better and enough manure will make our land more fruitful. The problem now is how to bring the land to greater fertility, and the answer then will be no hungry people and children. One must perceive that such future won't come by itself; we must foresee it in our minds now.

Equipment. All the time there are coming better plows, harrows, hay wagons, threshing machines, hay mowers, rakes, drills, rollers, and above all, better skills in American farming knowledge. Increasing knowledge about specialized farming is one thing, like garden farming, fruit farming, dairy farming. But that is one egg in the basket. Diversity is better.

Flowers, by each other and alone, grow everywhere around us here, varieties such as peonies, lady slippers, buttercups, oleander, rhododendron, azalea, wild roses, roses, tulips, violets, anemones, snapdragons, bleeding hearts, camelias, clematis, asters, daffodils, dahlias, hyacinth, lilacs, magnolia and a hundred and one, both domestic and wild. We walk sometimes with a carpet underfoot outside our loghouse, and we give a little time to this. God wants to let us know that he is with us here; we are not alone.

Happenings which impressed themselves on my memory. Now I have a little time, an occasion to look back. It was remiss not to write, a neglectful period.

Cash (Ed. - "Klink Gelt") was rare; what we had the families brought over here from Europe. We negotiated everything by trading. Deer and racoon skins brought cash in Cincinnati. So many deer . . . one could not count them.

Wolves howled every night, the whole night, and often chased our dogs right up to our loghouse door. Wolves are hard to catch, almost never with traps. Wolves once followed Natz as he was riding to Sidney to buy salt to bring back on his packsaddle. (100 pounds of salt cost $16 cash.)

Porcupines are seldom trapped here; the thirsty know they can trade them for whiskey to drink.

The mosquitoes ate us up! Horseflies ate up our horses and cows. One cannot kill the houseflies.

Pigs ate what they could find in the forest, and mast is the cheapest pig food; they ate themselves fat.

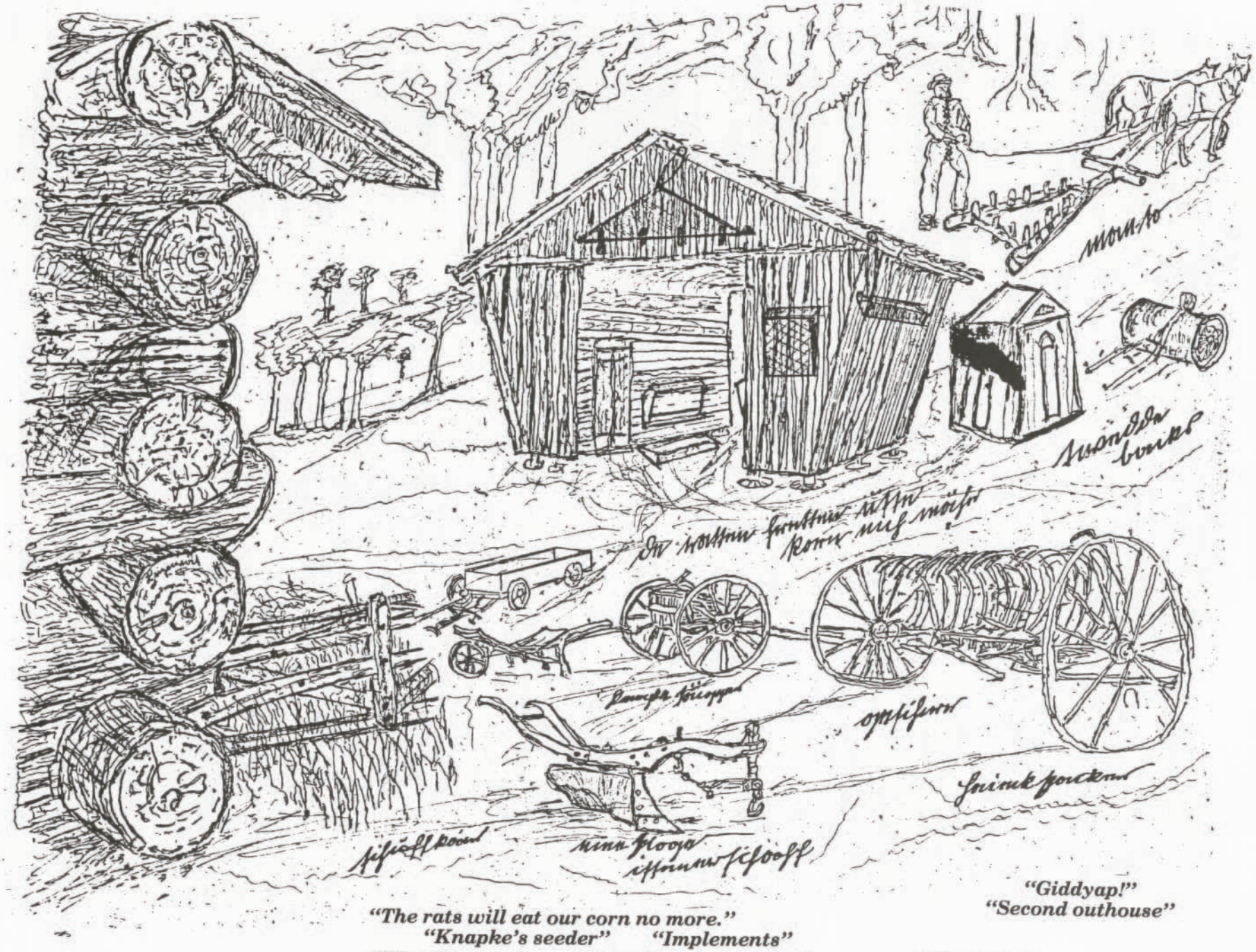
In autumn Natz and I gathered hickory nuts and so many walnuts. The shells of the walnuts we dried for a year, and sold the dried hulls in Cincinnati to leather preparers for coloring the leather.

Bees fly around in the forest the whole year long except in winter. We take white flour in our hand, and, alert in the quiet of the woods, wait for a bee. As it sits on a flower we throw the white flour on the bee. In the dim forest it appears bright, and we follow the path of the bee back to its hive in a hole in a tree. With a hatchet we make our mark on the tree, and in December or January we take the honey from the hive, and also usually the beeswax which has so many uses. That is the practice here. We sell honey to the townspeople and also trade it with the traveling salesman (Ed. - "Pingel-Pangel Mann") who comes around with all kinds of things to sell. Cash money the peddler does not always have in his pocket.

Our days and nights. At certain times it is absolutely dark in the forest. Thick! Pitch dark! One does not see the sun until ten o'clock. It changes a lot.

SPRING April is somewhat gloomy, the sky is cloudy, and there are rainshowers . . . yesterday, today and tomorrow. Underfoot it is wet and slippery. Snow hangs on the trees and bushes, the ground is muddy and soft. Ice and all the snowcover slowly become water which rolls down the hill. Snow boots are still in use, the snow cap is on the head, but we are not snowed in. The snow banks melt and drip near

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"The rats will eat our corn no more."
"Knapke's seeder" *"Implements"*
"Wheelbarrow" *"New plow, iron share"* *"Hay rake"*
"Giddyap!"
"Second outhouse"

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the loghouse and barnyard; the ground is not snow-covered. We hang up the snow shovel on its peg.

The bear is hungry and is searching for food. All the beasts stay away from his food hunting . . . people too; it is dangerous! He eats pigs and is so iron-strong that some barn doors cannot keep him out. All the day long he wanders by, and with deep, loud grumbling he lets you know his greediness. Then his roughness and grumbling are fearsome. The bear does not distinguish night or day. In case one meets a full grown bear, one must have gun and powder ready and at hand while doing night work. He eats fish from the river or stream, beehives, pigs and calves.

Along the canal they have to bury deep in a hole in the ground all the bones and twisted intestines and unserviceable meat which the butcher cannot use. Any leftovers go into the ground as the smell brings bears there from far and wide, and it is so dangerous for the canal workers. What is not buried is burned in the brush. Bears are a great deal of trouble in the spring. Year by year this troublesome beast, this robber, becomes fewer and fewer.

His hide is notably valuable to us forest dwellers. It is a wonderful door cover in cold weather, or a cover for the bed at night time. Selling it to the traveling dealer or peddler brings the most cash.

Fear of the bears drives many women who are alone at the house stark crazy. By 1842 or so, the bears were mostly no longer here. Their reign was too long; eradicating them completely was the answer.

Our hounds, bedraggled and far-ranging, drive away all the raccoons who eat the chickens and the new growing plants in our garden. As for muskrats and weasels, we must now get up earlier so we can catch and take them before they eat up and claw up everything. They are cowardly and scurry away!

In spring all the rivers and streams swell up and take out the low bridges. Fish swim in these streams, and we catch many which we smoke, and preserve in salt vats for eating during Lent. Catfish and sturgeon, mostly.

Windy and wet, so wet it is! At this time Natz burns unserviceable branches, brush, bushes and logs . . . away from the house and barnyard. A forest fire during the summer is possible. Stumps stand eternally and everywhere; Natz burns them out. Altogether it will take 1000 years, there are so many stumps.

With clay and lime, each spring we caulk and plaster the logbeams on the house. Winter weather annoyingly ruins the caulking between the logs, and our house inside is again damp and wet.

During the winter Natz built us a sundial, and in the spring we set it up in an open space between the trees. Underneath he built a good foundation, solid and strong and level, of brick and mortar. Before he could make it level he also had to assemble an exact and accurate water level. He has the skill, patience and interest to figure it out. With so many needed tools and handmade things, he must think it out himself with minimum help from me. The neighbors are too far away and are not inventive. They are not interested until the time Natz has finished, built, or made something . . . and then they praise him greatly so that he will lend the item.

Natz can see his requirements in his imagination, and these he can fashion with his hands. Often, when he is silent, I know that he is not thinking about me for he takes no time to kiss me; so his mind and thoughts are busy with other matters. I recognize his moods and needs; mine he can almost never make out . . . only once in a while. That's the way it is.

The sundial, in sunlight gives us the correct time; on sunless days and dark nights it is of no use. In winter it is not accurate for determining the hour.

Here in America is the skunk - which we never saw in Neuenkirchen. He is as big as a dog, black with white lines from his neck back down to his tail. He is a stinking animal, impossible to describe . . . a pukelike smell, so putrid that it is smothering for a long time afterward. He lifts up his hind leg and sprays out his urine stream. Our dogs and all animals run quickly another way when he is nearby. Natz's sprayed-on clothing we burn, so foul and so insidious it overpowers everyone's breath. In the spring they stay around quite openly.

Doves fly by the thousands overhead, and we see them high above our Marion Township sky. On the ground in the dense forest a thousand quails are feeding, and nesting their eggs which the wolves and all other animals eat from the nest. Their dirty offal surrounds us here, and all the time pheasants dart back and forth and drop more dirt. Many are eaten up by wolves and weasels. We sell pheasant feathers for making feather dusters and pens.

Spring is a busy time, plowing, planting, sowing, making the garden. (Hurray! I like that! The children never like it!) Some families forget what day of the week it is, the date, the month. Joseph Moeller (Ed. - "Moeller's Joseph") forgot which year it was, his mind in a daze.

In spring the children play in the warm forest, scurrying around and looking about, and carelessly they get turned around, don't recognize the surroundings, are lost! They feel as if they are in a tunnel, in great fear, alone and inept in the limitless forest. Then we parents uncertainly and fearfully search with stomach-wrenching worry. Often then the parents, unthinking and so badly upset, also become lost in their urgent haste. Each neighborhood learns the vastness of the treacherous forest. Spring brings trouble, so we carefully use necessary precautions. This concern is always needed for going about too boldly in the forest is unsafe.

It rains profusely so everything is soaking wet and damp-feeling; the water is dripping day and night. The sun's rays cannot reach the ground; the clay is saturated. Wolves attack cows and calves which are weak and become stuck in the mud. Horses and cows break their legs between the corduroy logs on the wagon roads . . . so often. The wagon roads, packed with clay and brush which washes out, also become foot traps. For the most part, footpaths are few, as are wagon roads, and all are shrouded by the immense forest. The forest rules! Our fields are forever encroached on by growing bushes and grass and weeds. Clearing is slow in wet weather. The muddy paths worm their way between stumps and a million trees.

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1857 Linsmärt Löten 1857 2 m.

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"The pictures show a hungry bird in wintertime."

The underbrush is tough, and the brush stalks are toughness itself.

SUMMER The summer is hotter here and damper. Moisture helps everything to grow... including the weeds and brush. Mist hangs on till 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning so that one cannot see a foot ahead, and birds don't fly about high overhead, only back and forth a little.

From July to September the thirsty deer stay by the river to drink the water, to eat the grasses, and to avoid the flies. On the water deer hunters follow like Indians in a little canoe or hide boat, quietly floating downstream. They float with a lighted candle in one hand which lights up the trees and dark creek banks where the confused deer stand, blind and curious. They see only the weak gleam of the candle and this intrigues them. The smell of the flickering candle covers the human scent, and with our guns we can get 20 or so deer. And their skins bring immediate cash! This far overshadows all the bother and night time exhaustion. Natz and I were tired, but not any longer with the cash in our hands. It is well worth it.

For completely opening up the fields, summer is really the time. Even our small acreage is changed, with thistles and a thousand thorns, vines and rushes. Some areas remain waste and useless unless we slave away with mattock and spade. It seems a year's time before the corn is blossoming in ear and tassel.

A herder with his dogs is only needed to keep sheep in meadow or forest. Hogs and cattle will stay put and grow fat on fallow ground with plenty of grazing. It is useless to have them in the woods for they scatter unless they are tied to a tree.

At the beginning of summer the barns, cribs, cellars and stalls stand empty. There is only game to eat, no home-killed smoked meat, no sausage, no bacon. There is no milk in the pot, no butter in the dish, no cream in the churn, and many times there is no bread in the cupboard. We should and must help one another for the entire community's needs are our concern. The support of a neighbor would console us were we in a similar case. Onto our faith we must hold fast, for we farmers here in St. John depend above anything and everything on God's blessings. We know sympathy for the little man, helping when the shoe pinches. We must be patient for as Natz says, "By 1860 this will be a paradise."

All summer the pure sweat bothers us as it runs down our cheeks, stands on our salty faces, rolls into our eyes, itches. In bed our backs hurt all over. We cannot sleep with the pain inside or with the roaring wind outside. In the gloom hunger stares through the windowpane but he says nothing. With the sunrise we get up to face the hoe, the scythe, the manure fork, the hammer and axe, the shovel and spade. The Lord God gives us favor and fortune, and we pray to him, "God, help us on this day in this forest." Truly we know nothing of God nor God's ways.

On each acre there stand 65 to 100 huge thick trees. With all the thistles and thorns, and stones under the brush, this means that 3 acres is all Natz and I can clear with luck in one summer if I am not with child. And it is so necessary to fence cleared land immediately for otherwise all the animals are running around in it. The soil is fertile. We had to think over and talk over our situation each season from the beginning. Circumstances differed so, for example the weather. With our lack of knowledge of this land and world here, there are always new emergencies. This is also true with all our neighbors and friends in the community and the area, including the English Yankees. We go along one way, and suddenly we must adjust. But the work, that work in the woods is fun in summer. The garden, the harvests, and the orchard produce a great deal of food to store for eating later in the winter.

Nevertheless, self-concern is more common each succeeding summer and is now almost epidemic. The people, men and women, are locked in the solitude of their own hearts and minds. The men want to chop down the forest in a short time, and it is not possible.

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The men fall short in their undertakings and, in their dissatisfaction, they are silent and sulky, sullen and pouty. Such behavior smothers the women's spirits, and they feel themselves alone, apart from the community, without friends and female companions. That is not simple. Some of the people here are alone in actual isolation, or are alone among other people or in crowds, because they think that no one is concerned, or that they cannot cope anymore. The women are not often praised, so they feel themselves abandoned in the world, facing their inner troubles. Also, the loneliness brings on drinking and suicide here. More and more are indifferent in their outlook and thinking. The community is in great difficulty.

Mostly, all of this mental trouble is caused by differences in viewpoint about the worth of the family, the concerns of the village, the parish, the pastor's and church's understanding and help. We all had our start under Europe's feudal system, but the forest here is a savage wilderness, and many people cannot adjust themselves. Their acceptance does not sit well. Their worth and their patience strained, they don't know the how, why or when of the forest, of the work, or of adjusting to the lifestyle.

America is entirely different than we had imagined formerly. Overdrawn, exaggerated expectations created innocent, ignorant, idealistic immigrants; and the American culture puts emphasis on things, acquisitions, possessions and status. The average immigrants grew up with longings and lonesomeness in the usual ways, and think that one lives with loneliness as with the weather. But the increase in loneliness here becomes a sickness. Bodily pain is turned inwards causing a break, a ruptured pattern in speaking to, in speaking with, in dealing with people.

In America, personal freedom, knowing one's own worth, and self-determination have great value. You are answerable to yourself alone. Here in America the Yankee culture places high value on being left alone, and one must not interfere with another or come between others. Yet self-culture or individualism is a terrifying demand or challenge which contains the elements of loneliness . . . which already is not far under our skins. There lies a fire crossways between the natural attraction for persons of the other sex, a pattern in our expectations that explains a little why so many men and women, who say they are feeling lonesomeness and really are seeking companionship, don't find it.

In the short time we have been here in St. John, I have been called to take over as midwife in most of the births among the German Catholic families, and I am not surprised that many Lutheran families call on me also. They have no Lutheran midwife nearby. The surprise is that the Protestant Yankees sometimes call me. It is not often, but it is interesting to me. I learn a great deal about their customs, thinking and all that. They also do not have a church building yet. A minister comes by horse occasionally from Willowdell, Ohio, and I don't know where that is.

They read the Bible a lot more than Catholics, and find in it the answers to their questions of how to serve God. They pray more out loud together and sing hymns of praise. They hold their services at a house, or under a tree in summer. They are really good Christians. Most do not smoke, use no chewing tobacco, drink no beer and do not dance. They keep the Sunday holy with prayers, praise and singing. They are not superstitious and so devilishly afraid of magic as we Catholics. Men and women are more lighthearted, relaxed, open and friendly.

The Yankees here were born in America. Their outlook and expectations are naturally more realistic; they can accept the reality of our forest. Their attitude is most positive, the highest. They read English newspapers. I can understand them well since I am studying English in order to speak and write it. (This is something for all Germans here to learn immediately.) There are many differences between the Protestant Yankees and us Low German Catholics. That is understandable since their families have been in America now for two or three generations. Today's Yankees started here, and, from culture and tradition, understand quicker and better the American situation, its expectations, possibilities and limits.

In our childhood in the Old World, we Low Germans were styled, cut, formed and finished with an entirely different outlook, customs, and principles suited to living in Europe. The Yankee has a better start since he was born here in America. Adjustment to a lifestyle is easier in youth . . . more so than if one is transplanted in the middle years or older. The Yankee here, therefore, has an advantage. He can venture into the forest better than we. He and his wife are not bothered by all the muddled thinking that we Low Germans brought over here. We Low Germans are obsessed with the underworld, ghost-like customs, black magic . . . ignorance we inherited in Hanover and Oldenburg. The Yankee is in peace. He does not concern and worry himself with all these guilt feelings. He does not have to contend with imprudent priests; he does not need to buy his Heaven here with cash. He also does not use almost half his food, savings . . . given away to the convent, the sisters and priests. Buying farms and much land for the Precious Blood (Ed. - Society) costs the Catholics twice as much as the Yankees.

Comparing Low German, Lutheran, with the Yankee is a common thing in this area. Each looks at this or at that, but we are all blind. The Yankee is proper with us. He pays promptly. He does not concern himself so much with weather, money, boundaries, clothes, prospects. He is not stingy. He and his family are reserved and mistrust the Catholic people. He is clannish and haughty. He is a better hunter, better woodsman, better wood carver, wood chopper, trapper and tradesman. He has more patient traits, is a better horse handler, knows nature, water, weather, streams and animals better. His voice is honey-sweet, not gruff like the Low German men and women.

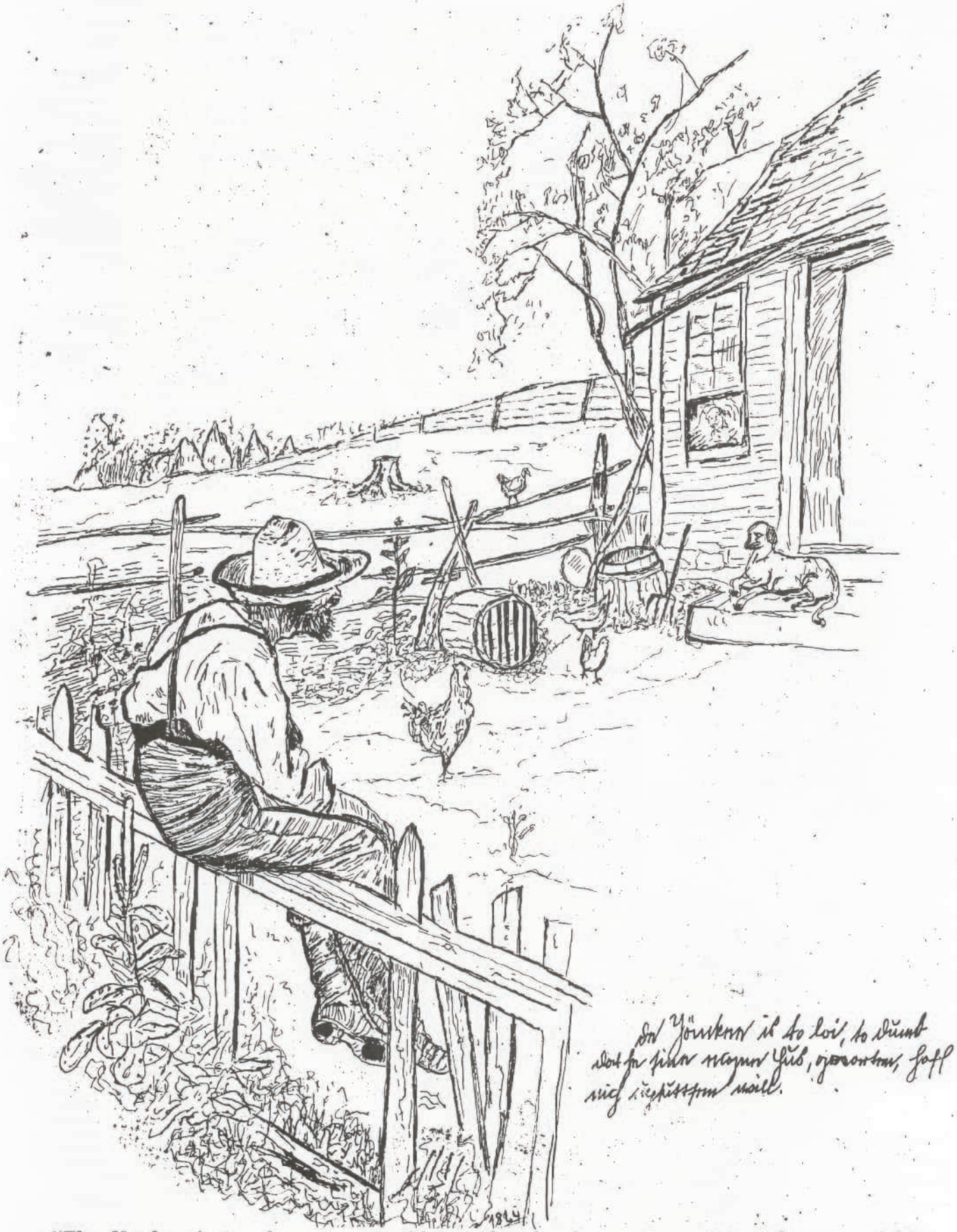
The Yankee women and men are better with guns, better as pelt trappers than they are with fork or shovel. The man wears a flat hat on his head, knee pants, and long hose, or leggings; but his shirt is a vest. He holds his pants up with a string or belt, not suspenders. The women hold the control and the

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"At the rich farmers in Ohio, the Yankees." 1864

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"The Yankee is too lazy, too stupid (so) that he does not want to take care of his own house, garden, farm." 1864

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money! They eat their evening meal, the main meal, after sundown, in the twilight. They go to bed later, and get up much later than we Low German people.

In the hot summer, Yankee women and girls wear sun bonnets on their heads, which are cooler than our head cloths or shawls. As summer clothing, they wear no under skirts, their dress is shorter, and they can run better, bend and get around better, and are cooler. They all wear a narrow girdle around the waist. Often the whole family goes about with bare feet, and the entire family swims in the streams together, entirely nude.

The Yankees like dogs and coddle them. They keep many pet animals, and they use mules better than horses. They plant gardens but not orchards. They have mustaches but not full-face beards. They are smaller and thinner . . . the wives also. The wives like bright colors, are reticent, look so docile, are not often sick, and birth their own babies more easily than we German wives. Their bodies are thinner and longer, their pelvises broader and more supple. They don't lose so many little children, not so many miscarriages. Their pleasure is subtle. Inside, their house is styleless and plain. They always have enough time, are never hasty, are less intense, and are relaxed.

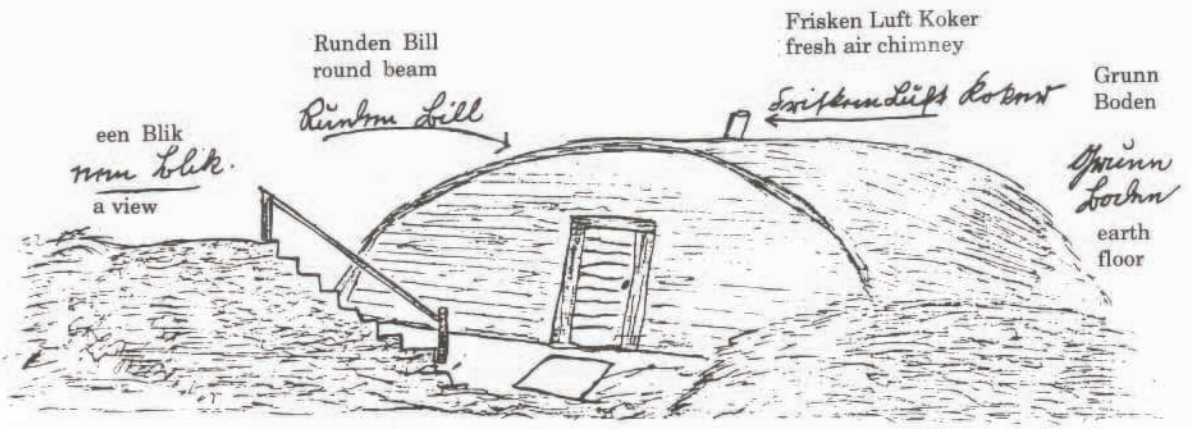
The Yankee is a proper Englishman, and we can learn a great deal from his culture, ideas and lifestyle. He is no fool, not stupid. He is a good neighbor to have, to get to know, and to work with. They are not exactly like us, but they are just as good . . . often better. The Yankee does not understand us Low German Catholics one little bit. They still hold a complete hatred for the Pope in Rome, and they really do not know why, only that their forefathers brought this hate to America a hundred years ago. They trust us not at all. On the other hand, we trade with and help one another. They pay me $6 in cash promptly for my midwife assistance and care. They accept my advice, however, which pleases me very much.

In our summertime there is much construction of buildings: the church, bridges, fences, and also an addition here on our house for soon other relatives will come here from Bieste and Nellinghof. Natz and I have built two more sleeping rooms and enlarged our loghouse with an addition to the kitchen. (Ed. - See drawings - next page. The section on the right contains the two new bedrooms.) The breezeways also have a roof. Our third house . We have both privacy and family togetherness for eating, visiting and reading.

The neighbors helped us with the logrolling from the woods, and placed them close to the construction area. We then squared and notched the logs, after which we put them in place, level. In the holes we stuck chinking of clay, sand and hair from many different animals. That mixture sets itself up hard and strong. The cold wind, the snow are forced to stay outside. . . they cannot blow through. Then we hung the doors, shingled the roof, set in the windows, and laid the floor with wooden planks that are pegged. The fireplace against the outside of the wall comes last. The chimney we have completely finished outside.

Inside we will make the beds, tables, chairs, benches, during the winter. That is the time for small talk. I will have to sew many bed sheets, bed covers, feather beds, straw ticks, hand towels, bath towels, wash cloths and window curtains; also dish cloths and dish towels. In winter we will place tied bundles of corn fodder around all the buildings. It helps us keep the wind outside.

All the cabbages, potatoes, etc., will be safe and warm in our deep ground cellar built like the catacombs in Rome . . . far underground and lined throughout with straw and fodder. Our ground cellar is now completed, half underground. The roof is also of earth, held up with great wooden trusses. Inside against the earth walls, Natz and I built wooden shelves all around. Upon the shelves we will put the carrots, cabbages, apples, onions, potatoes, beets, turnips, kohlrabi, pears . . . between straw and fodder. They will keep fresh until April. It is cool in the cellar, but it does not freeze.

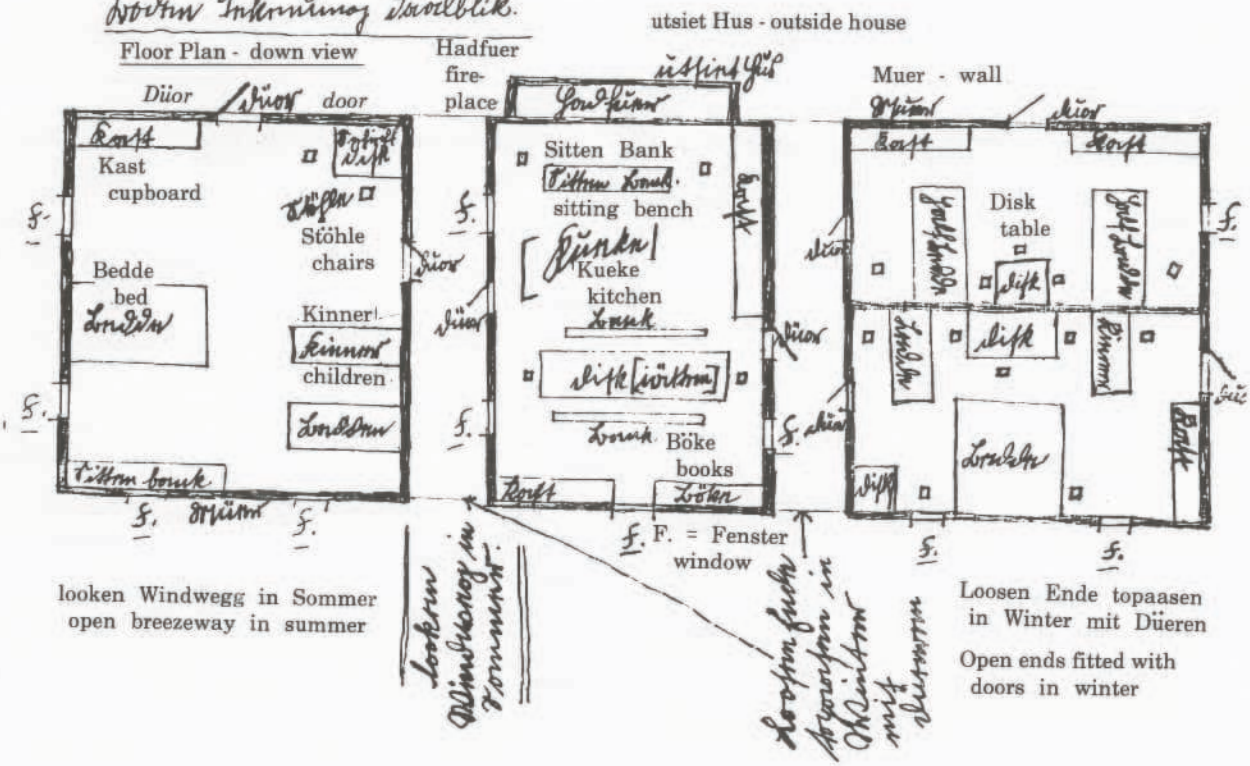


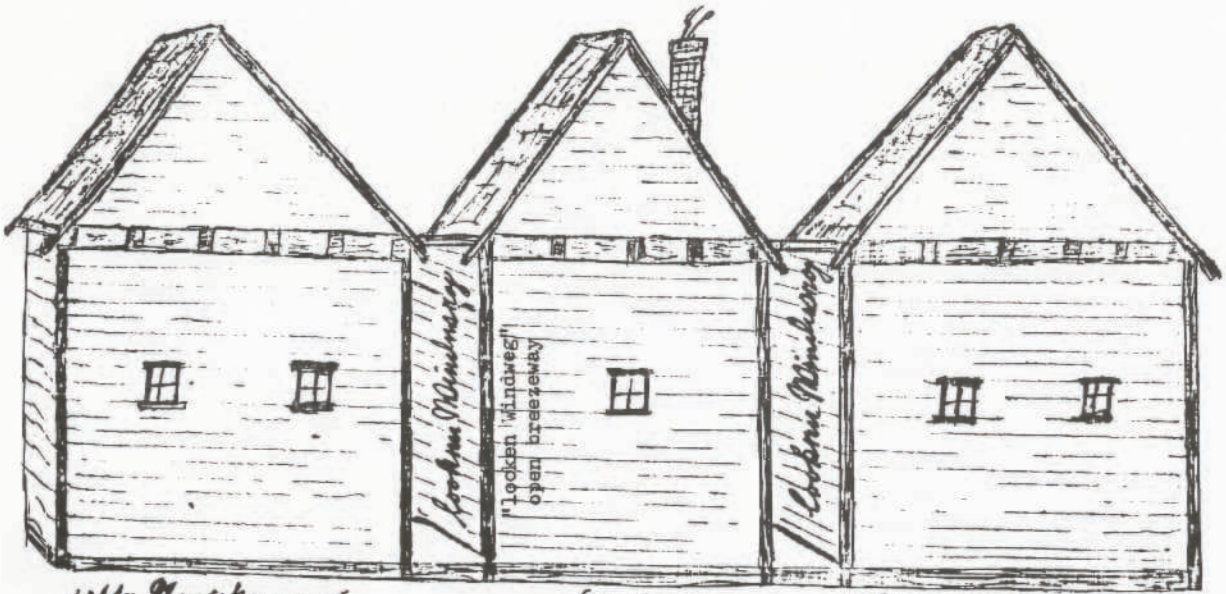
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Boden Tekenung daalblik

Floor Plan - down view

utsiet Hus - outside house





usse Slaopkammer
our bedroom

Küeke
kitchen

Kinner un Verwanten Slaopkammer
Children and relative's bedroom

Gebau Tekennung Födern un Siedenblik

Building Plan additional - side view

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The two of us built the steps in one day, a lot of fun. He said, "Why not steps from here to heaven? Then our troubles will be past. No, then you would be an angel and no longer a woman; this is better!"

In summertime many families are on the move. More and more new families from Europe and the eastern states are moving into the forest here. Other families move away from here to Indiana and Illinois... better land for farming, they say. Permanent or gradual settling is slow here. Most families of Low Germans, Catholic or Lutheran, have situated themselves in the St. John, Minster, Chickasaw, Cassella, St. Rose settlements in peace, and are holding out for the better days to come soon.

AUTUMN The autumn wind grips us in September. The blue sky is covered with gray clouds that travel over rapidly from the west. Leaves fall to the ground. Nuts fall over the leaves, and in a month the sunlight will fall, bright, on the leaves. The nuts fall reluctantly. Strong winds shake every tree, bush, building and house. Window shutters are closed and snow will lie upon the window sill. All is windswept; we make every opening wind tight. Winter is peeping at the windows and through the window panes, but cannot see inside. We shake and shiver from the cold outside. Winter is not for just a moment... it will stay till May. So in July and August we have readied ourselves in advance for autumn's approach and for the winter following. Along with our cattle, chickens and pigs, we put all tools inside the barn. Enough wood is cut. At hand are salt, sugar, flour, cider, chewing tobacco, paper for writing and drawing, books for reading, bed covers and clothing. We set our shoes in the corner and put our feet in boots. Now there are better wagon roads in the vicinity and as far as Minster by the oncoming canal. And the walking path is cleared, brush and thorns cut down, so that people travel more and carry back and forth the news, the gossip.

In autumn we strain honey, and we are lucky to find wild honey in the trees... so good to eat in wintertime and also to use as medicine for throat ailments. Sweet, and better and cheaper than sugar, it is also good for baking cakes and children's cookies and confections, or pastry.

Dried apples we tie up on strings and hang in rows in the loft. We have to peel so many apples that our knife blades become dull and blunt! We squeeze cider in our press; the apple juice drips down into earthen crocks. Some we drink. The rest we put in great earthen pots with thick lids, and place therein a mother-of-vinegar. Later on this will provide us clear vinegar with a wine-like flavor. The community has purchased several large copper kettles which are used by each of the families around here for a few days to cook up applebutter and applesauce. This is done outside in the cooking shed over a hot fire, and each person takes his turn with the long-handled wooden stirrer to thoroughly stir it around so that the applebutter does not burn or stick to the bottom. We mix in sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg, cider and honey until it is palatable and pleasant in smell and taste... then it is ready. We do the same with pears. We keep both in earthen pots with thick lids.

From cabbage we make a lot of sauerkraut. The cabbage is finely sliced, shredded crosswise with knives, sprinkled with vinegar and salt, mixed in earthen crocks, and then pressed down with a heavy stone and set in the cool cellar. When it ferments in the crock, it is finished. The fermenting brings to the top all the contaminants which we skim off. Tastes good! Saltpeter helps, but one cannot always get that.

With luck one can make good white cheese. First one separates the cream from the buttermilk by settling. Then one cooks whey from the buttermilk and lets it set till it is cheeselike. The cream one churns until it becomes butter. Set it all in a corner with some salt mixed in. In a week or ten days, combine the butter and whey in a wooden bowl with a wooden paddle, through and through, and with the hands fashion a shape like a little loaf of bread. Then we let the loaves lie in a cool place so that they age, and in 3 to 5 months it is cheese that is tasty to the tongue and for the appetite.

From herb-like vinegar, water, salt, anise, a pinch of pepper, wild dill, arrowhead, bay leaves, tarragon and thyme, we mix the pickling solution which we use for preserving pickles and gherkins. This prepared mixture we pour into earthen jars, and all year long we have sweet-sour gherkins to nibble on (Ed. "anknabbeln").

In the last few years we have gotten a new food bonus, sugar cane, which we plant in a cornfield. It is ripe in August. Then we strip off the leaves, and press the stalks very thoroughly in a cane press at Chickasaw. The plant sap comes out of the stems. Afterwards we cook this plant sap in copper cook pans bigger than a man. When it is cooked off and cooled down, it is skimmed off and is now molasses, a dark, sweet spread for bread and pancakes. This and English syrup we pour into shiny pails with lids which we buy from the peddler from Dayton who deals through here. This new food is worth the work, and is wholesome for the stomach. This sweet cane has come here from southern America.

In summer and autumn, we put aside seeds of all the vegetables and flowers that grow in the garden, and on each seed sack we write which kind is in it for planting again next year. The seeds are kept close to the ceiling. This is the best place to keep them dry and out of the reach of children's hands. Mice cannot get at them here, the air is always temperate, so with strings we hang all the sacks up above.

With the coming of winter, the weather in America becomes colder, more windy, and there is a great amount of snow. We have to give more attention to the stock, pigs, horses, oxen, mules and to the chickens in their coop. Chickens usually are kept inside. They cannot feed outside... no worms, no plant seeds, no wild plants. So we have to use more corn, cornmeal, oats and straw for feeding. Outside in summer, chickens eat a lot of fescue and bugs.

Ducks and geese can get around outside all day long better, but in the evening we dare not let them stay outside. It is dangerous for they would freeze and the wild animals would destroy every duck and

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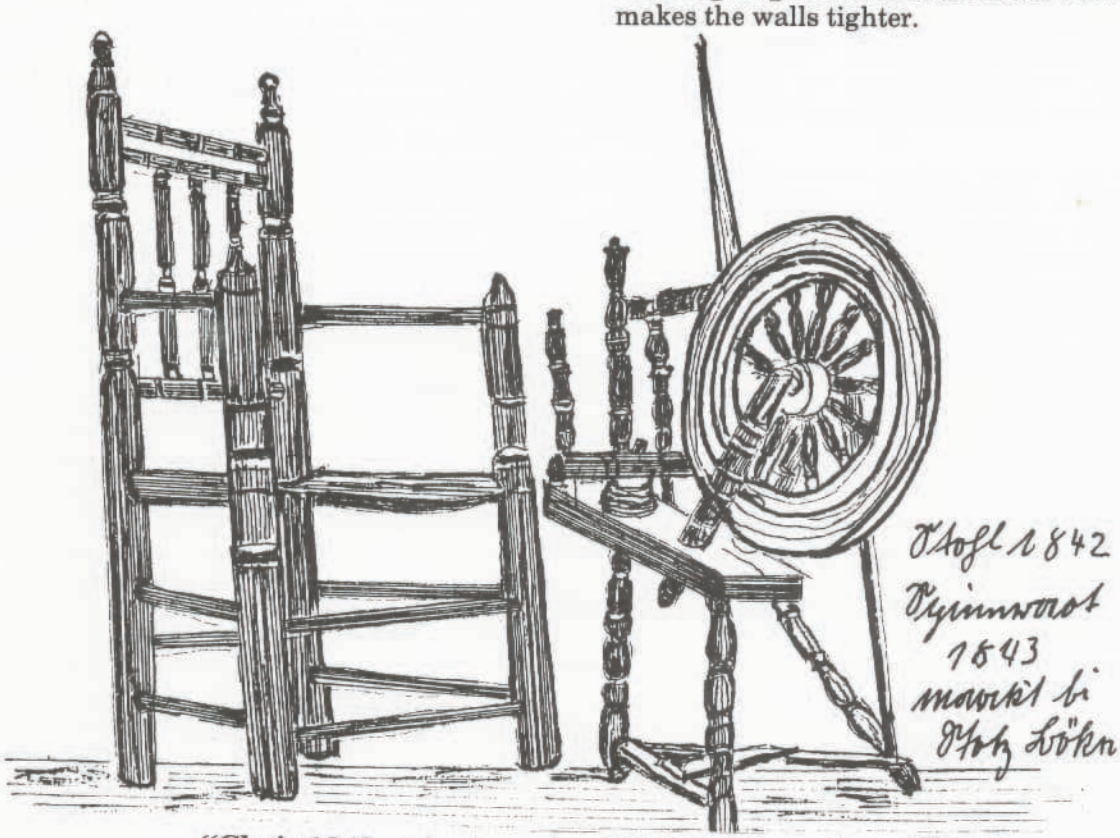
goose instantly. From ducks and geese we get the best feathers, to sell and for our own use to make bed covers and feather dusters and pens. From goose fat we make goose grease that brings relief for sore throats and lung disturbances. In the salve I mix menthol and peppermint or pepsin.

Peppermint grows wild here. I cook off the oil from the wild mint or peppermint plant in a distilling kettle, also called a still. The still, which was made by a cooper in Minster, belongs to the medicine maker, so it is on loan to us. I sell some of the strong-smelling syrup, the distillate or volatile oil I get from it. A medicine maker from Cincinnati buys it all.

WINTER In winter we haul all drinking water for all the domestic farm animals in buckets from the spring for their water troughs or deep water tanks. Three times a day we fill these. Water freezes immediately in wintertime.

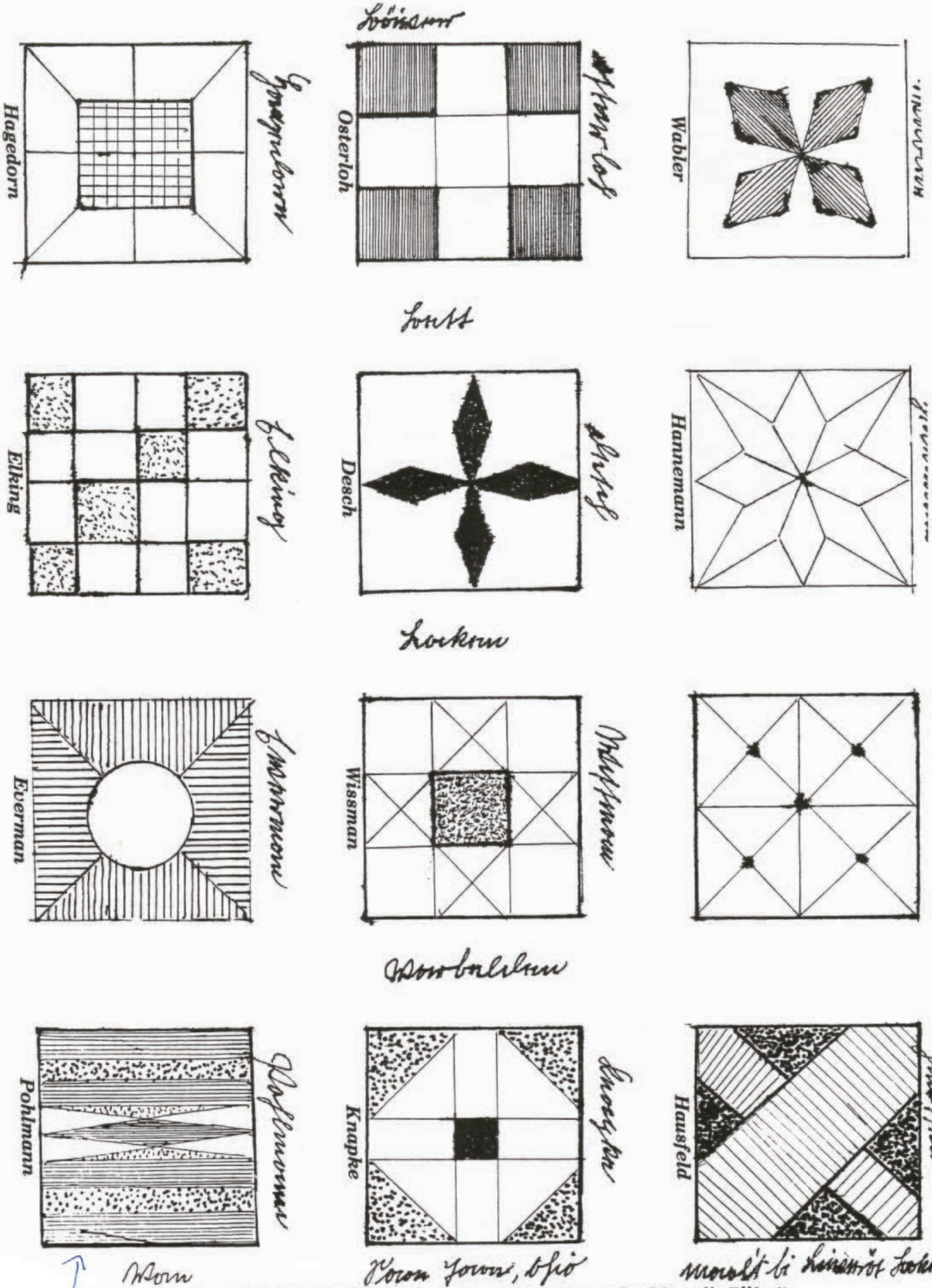
Inside the house, we women sew clothes, pants, shirts, underwear, jackets, towels all winter long. A new American women's gathering is coming into use around here now. Six, seven, or eight neighbors visit, all at one house, in the afternoon and make quilts of matched patches sewed together. We sit on chairs and benches around a wooden form, talking, complaining, trading advice, troubles and homesickness. The quilts are bright and useful. It is good medicine for all the visitors.

Inside the house Natz and I also complete the walls and furniture. We plaster the walls with a mixture of clay, sand, hair and plaster, stirred together and placed smoothly on the wall. In two weeks or so, we whitewash the walls with lime water. This whitewashing brightens the room in our new loghouse and makes the walls tighter.



"Chair 1842, spinning wheel 1843, made by Natz Böke."

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"Bedspread patterns from St. John, Ohio, drawn by Liwwät Böke"

Pohlmann bedspread pattern.

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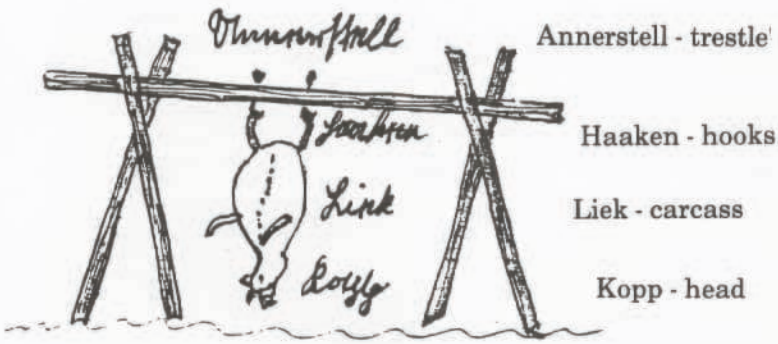


Weller
barrel

Liensliede
mudsled (mudboat)



Haak
hook



Annerstell - trestle

Haaken - hooks

Liek - carcass

Kopp - head

Outside in the forest in winter all the leaves have fallen to the ground. Now is the best chance to remove all the weeds, thistles, thorn trees, thistle hedges, brush and scrub with mattocks and shovels. We hitch up a team of oxen with chains and pulleys; the chain wraps around the roots to pull them out. We now have a winch, like a windlass on a sailing ship or steamship. It is also called a lyre. The chain is handwrought by our blacksmith and is formed in his forge. Three teams of oxen give us much pulling power. Bit by bit, slowly, all winter long, Natz and I chop away, and a little land is now added to our other cleared fields. In time, by the middle of the next generation, all the land in St. John will be fruitful. So it is worthwhile.

On a very cold day in winter we butcher hogs with a couple of the neighbors to help. Days ahead of time all is readied at the house and barn. We pen up two or three boars, fat ones, in a pig sty. The weather outside must be freezing. In the early hours and morning chill, we shoot the boar to be butchered in its forehead. After the hog falls down dead, we stick it in the throat with the tip of a knife, and, in a bowl, we catch the blood that gurgles out. Later we make blood sausage from this. We lift the hog's carcass onto a wheelbarrow and push it to a mudboat so that we can place the carcass in a barrel that is 3/4 full of boiling water. We move the carcass up and down in the hot water and in a little while scrape the hair from the pig's hide with sharp knives. We pull the pig up and down with a hook fastened in his jowl. We hang the pig's carcass upside down on a trestle. Then we slit the belly down the middle so that all the intestines fall down from his abdomen onto the frozen ground. The women clean the twisted intestines for later use; sausages are cased with these, like hulls with pig meat packed in them. All the other meat, every piece, is properly cut and salted down. Hams and bacon and such are cured with smoke in the smokehouse. Butchering days are hard and long. In the evening we all eat our fill with neighbors and relatives, with a half glass of wine or grog. Each family takes some grits (Ed. - "Goedde") home for eating later on. The children play outside and inside all day and are tired and sleepy by the time they have to go home. In a few days we will also help our neighbors and relatives.

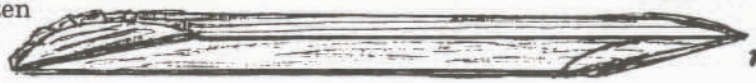
FUNERALS The aged must die, young people may die; death is just around the corner. Since families needed coffins with the cholera here off and on, and as Natz is handy as a carpenter, he makes various coffins. Three inch thick round pieces cut crosswise from a tree trunk make the two ends. Nine thin wooden planks are fastened with pegs to both end pieces. The corpse is placed inside the coffin which was made to the correct size. The lid is also fastened with pegs.

The people here, in St. John and Stallo, promptly had to set aside a piece of ground for a cemetery in the first days, and had to set up a plan as to the how, where, when and what upon a person's death. Here,

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Sark dekkel (etwa Lutker in Maolbeld)
coffin lid (somewhat smaller in drawing)

een Soorten
one type



Sark dekkel [etwa Lütker in Maolbeld]

een Soorten insiet friebet mit Root.



Sark
coffin

1835

insiet friebet mit Root
inside rubbed with lampblack

insiet friebet mit Root
inside rubbed with lampblack;
and a pillow

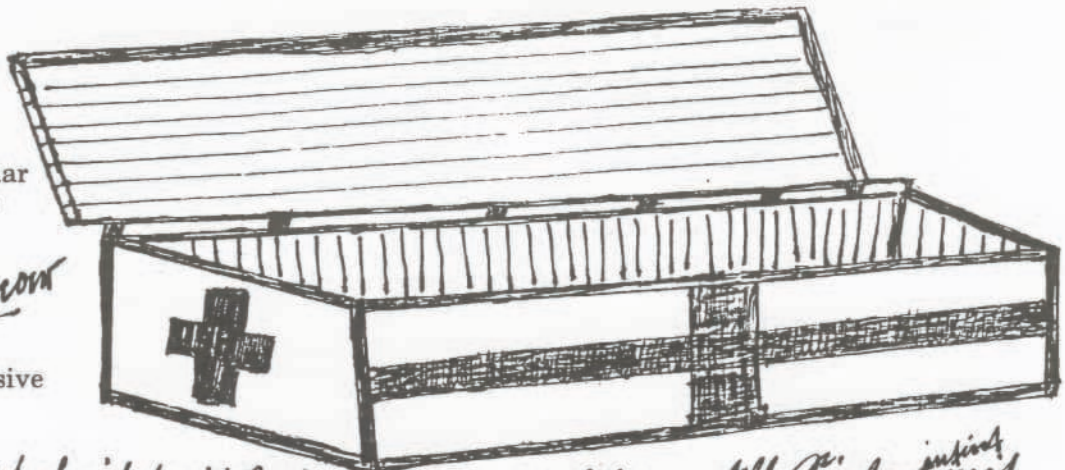
Annere Soorten
another type

Annere Soorten



insiet friebet mit Root un een Küssen

1837
1838



mäihr
Kostbaar

mähr Kostbaar

more
expensive

Utsiet friebet mit Root. Insiet mit Kussen. Alle Sieden insiet mit Laken ankliestert, un twee/druedde Sprei.

1840/41

Outside rubbed with lampblack. Inside with pillow. All sides inside with cloth glued on, and a two/thirds cover.

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with no priest certain for singing the Requiem Mass, the lay men and lay women took charge and set up a system that we all understand and use, and every living person has his place and responsibility.

Death gives us, the living, two areas to provide for:

A) The widow or widower; the orphans; the relatives.

B) The deceased: preparation of the body; burial service; burial place.

Immediately when someone dies, it is necessary to bring in a witness to verify that the deceased person really is dead, and is not in a coma or stupor. It is necessary to let the neighbors know. The people here have few relatives close by; if that is the case, the neighbors take charge completely. Notification is given to other neighbors, the relatives, the parish, the pallbearers; the gravedigger is told to ready the grave; a coffin is gotten or made. All burials follow on the next day after the death at 11 o'clock at the church building, or at Gast's house. Most times, both neighbors of the deceased come, and from the community, one from each family.

(Ed. - Prayers to use with a dying person are given. These are not translated here. Of interest is that these prayers were taken from a ritual of the 14th century used in the Bieste/Lage area.)

The neighbors quickly ready the body in the coffin, dressed in the deceased's clothing. In the evening and through the whole night is the wake, with prayers, rosaries, talking, a jug of whiskey, something to eat. Depending on the weather and the time of the year, the manner of the beginning of the burial is determined. Usually the coffin (or if there is no coffin, the corpse wrapped in a sack) is carried on the shoulders. When the forest is too thick, the weather too wet or snowy, or the wagon road cannot be used, we use a mudsled or wheelbarrow to get to the church and cemetery.

Before we built the church, we parish members conducted our own ritual at Gast's house and yard. Most of the time there was no priest. We assembled in a circle around the coffin for a planned reading and psalm recited together. (Ed. - Not translated here is the "Thunder Psalm" used.) Then all the parishioners together sang the "Sun Song" of the Holy Brother from Assisi, the men singing the first line, the women the second, alternating. (Ed. - Not translated here.) Then there were a few moments for the assembled people of the parish to meditate and keep the prayer in mind. Then the leader slowly and clearly reads from the Sermon on the Mount of our dear Lord. (Ed. -Not translated here.)

Then the pallbearers take the wooden coffin carrier with the coffin on it up on their shoulders, and slowly the whole assembly walks to the cemetery and the deceased's grave. As the coffin is let down into the grave, and earth is thrown in over the coffin, we in St. John are fortunate that the Bishop granted us parishioners permission to sing, in Latin, the sequence from the Mass for the Dead. While the coffin is being covered with ground, we all sing together, "Dies irae, dies illa". Over the new grave, the pallbearers roll a



Sarkdragger
coffin carrier

Sark is hier anbinne't
coffin is tied on here

Een, twai of drai Sarkdragger
one, two or three pallbearers

ihr Schulleren in Plaatse't
their shoulders placed in (here)



Sarkdragger wenn dat Liek in't Sak is't
coffin carrier when the corpse is in a sack

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large stone or two so the wild animals don't scratch it open with their clawed feet.

Those attending the service gather later on in another place, away from the cemetery, and eat their midday meal which they had to bring from home. Nowadays, the community visits in order to recall the deceased with his relatives and family, friends and neighbors, hired men and maids. The neighborhood arranges that someone remains with the widow or widower or the orphaned children at their house for awhile to care for, to console, and to help with the farmwork.

TRADING DAY Two or three times yearly, the area along with other communities from all around here have a trading day. This custom is bigger and more necessary here than it was in Europe. Here it is not a fair as it is over there. Here it is the solution to the search for necessities that one otherwise cannot find or buy. Often St. John here is the sponsor, and folks by the hundreds patronize our trading. One needs no money, only things that are useful and hard to obtain, such as salt, sugar, tobacco, equipment, pots, household things, anything and everything. Useful utensils for outside and inside, work things, sleep things, clothes, cloth, soaps, tools, saws, casks, mauls, carpenter's hammers, harness, seeds, flint stones, fleece, combs, leather, etc. It is worth the time for the fun, the acquaintanceship, the Catholic spirit, the visiting, and getting advice and taking it. It is good for man, woman, and child. We have to tie the dogs at home or else there would be 500 barking, howling hounds. It is good to get acquainted with each other's families, their skills and practices.

THE FUTURE In our lives here, we Low German Catholics never want to forget the great gift of God that has been handed down to us by many generations... in my Knapke forefathers' families at home in Nellinghof since the time of Wittekind (Ed. - Widukind). And Natz's too; the Böke forebears lived through wars, hunger, thirst and political troubles for a thousand years. But this gift from the Holy Ghost we must lock securely in our hearts for the oncoming generations here in America, by our devotions, prayers, manners, and witnessing example. With God in heart and mind, hope is given to our children; they have nothing else to hold on to. In future times in America, one will have to live more and more alone; the farm community as we knew it in Germany is entirely absent. Here one does everything alone... and with God. Holding on to our Catholic customs, teachings and culture will make it easier for our children's children.

Here in America, the culture places so much emphasis on possessions, getting things, and the correct place upon the rung of the ladder, or one's position in society. The lifestyle of the people here allows little time or energy to form and to maintain relationships. Overemphasized and exaggerated expectations are created by an idealized version of luck: the self-made men... without God or families. Simultaneously, with increasing freedom and mobility, the bonds to spouse, family, church and community unravel quickly.

Self-reliance, individualism, makes terrifying demands; in it is a large element of loneliness just under the surface. Without a knowledge of the will of God and of God's blessings, one finds only an unreasonable hope. Therefore, for our children and for ourselves, a habit of prayer is the practice that will surely protect us here and later in the valley of Jehoshaphat - at the judgment.

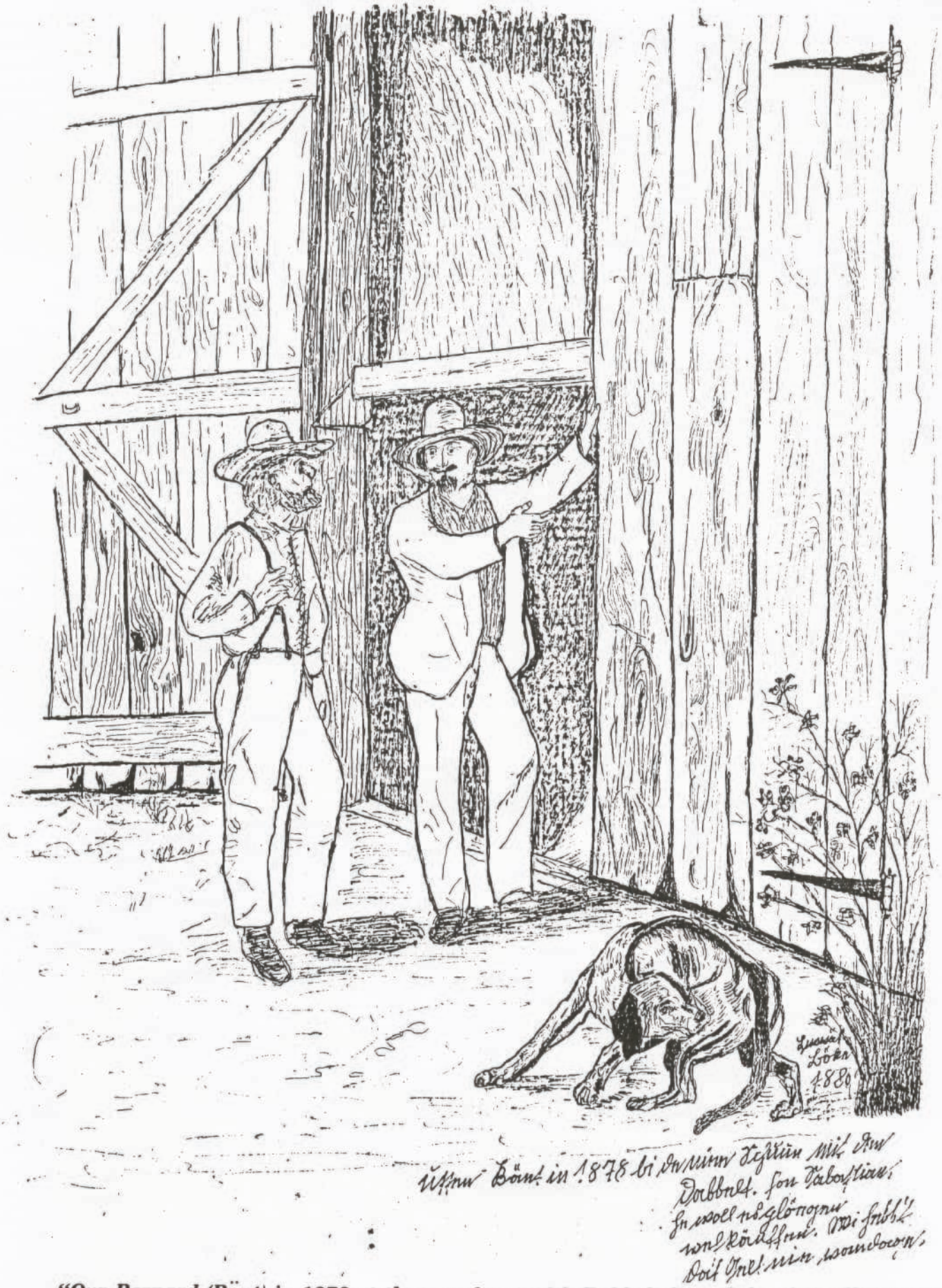
(Ed. - Here follow 64 pages of prayers for children, for every conceivable use, written in Low German.)

Liwwät Böke

(Ed. - The above material appears to have been written over an extended period, most likely during the mid-1850's.)



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"Our Bernard (Bänt) in 1878 at the new barn with Dabbelt from Sebastian. He wants to sell us a plow. We don't have the money today." drawn 1880

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What the Wives of Mercer County Wish Their Husbands Knew Better

While men and wives have the same need for self-esteem and status, they typically satisfy these needs differently.

A man gets his sense of worth primarily from the good name he earns by his work or diligence. He draws emotional satisfaction from doing well in trade or business, from having enough money to live, from developing a highly respected skill or craft, from having the assurance of being the boss over others, or from his patients, clients and fellow businessmen.

The man who is successful in these areas does not need to depend on his wife as the first shield against inferiority. Possibly she plays an important role; she is his companion and loved one. She is not entirely essential to his self-respect day by day.

Contrarily, the housewife approaches her marriage with a totally different outlook. She has no access to the "other" sources for self-esteem usually available to her husband. She can cook good food, but when it is once swallowed by her family, they forget to thank the housewife for it. Her housework brings no respect to her from the communities of St. John or Stallo, and it is not likely that she shall have praise for the suitableness of her cleaning methods! Moreover, the more isolated she becomes, the more essential is her husband to her self-respect, self-confidence and well-being. Her husband must be that "one person". If he is not, she will be unable to fulfill her basic needs. That, I think, is the trouble here in the forest between married couples, in Mercer County, perhaps all over! That is what I think.

Let me condense and make this tale useful. Men derive self-respect and all that by being respected; women feel themselves worthy when they are loved. That is the difference between the two sexes. That is the greatest important distinction.

This understanding helps us to explain the particular view of marriage as seen by men and women. The man is content with a sort of fellowship relation in marriage; this privilege is a part of the marriage arrangement. And at the same time, with her cooking and cleaning, if she is also a bit affectionate, he will be satisfied. The romantic element is nice but not necessary.

Sometimes such kind of surface relationship drives his wife utterly wild with frustration! She must have something more meaningful. Women ever yearn to be the sweethearts of their men, with respect and appreciation, and to be loved with tenderness. That is why the housewife in the loghouse all day long eagerly awaits his homecoming. It explains why their wedding anniversary is more important to the woman. It explains why she is always reaching for him when he is at home, why she makes him leave all that work. Perhaps that is why the absence of romantic love is the cause, the source of depression among women here in the forest. Often the woman finds it impossible to convey her romantic love to the man.

One fellow listened carefully as I explained to him his wife's frustrations. He promptly went to Stallo and bought her nice new shoes, walked home, rapped hurriedly on the door. When she opened the door, he stuck his arm out and said, "Here", and with that, thinking he had met his marital responsibilities, pushed past her, and fed the pigs! His wife was almost upset!

Another gruff man said to me, "I will never understand my wife! She has everything she could possibly want, pots, pans, dishes, furniture and all that at home. The loghouse is built with a floor. I don't drink or spank her or the children, never. I work every day in the woods, but she is miserable, and that I cannot figure out."

Why?

His loving wife, abandoned, half love-starved, his love, would gladly trade everything to get a single, solid expression of tenderness from her unromantic man. Things don't bring self-esteem, but if she is her husband's sweetheart, that does!

It is written in the Bible, "And he (her husband) shall cheer up his wife whom he has taken." Earlier the Mosaic rule stated clearly that the wife's emotional well-being is the particular responsibility of her husband. That is still true!

This message is to the man here in the forest whose own ego-need draws him to reaching for success in life, working seven days a week and consuming himself in a continual quest for power and status. When his wife and children do not fit anywhere in his schedule, he deserves the trouble that he certainly will get.

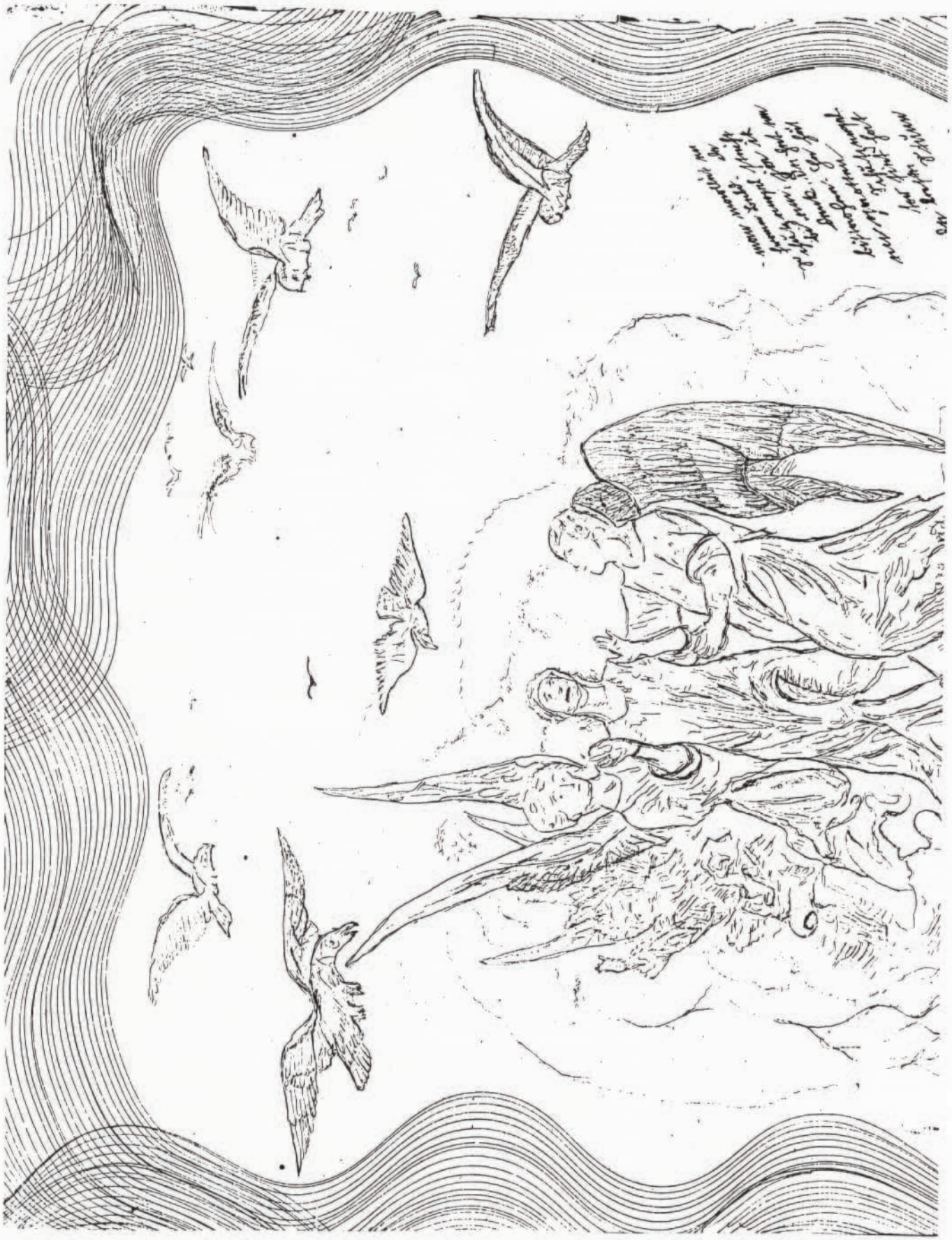
This masculine accusation should also be heeded by the husband who uses his free hours for his own pleasures, fishing, conversations, card-playing with others, drinking, passing away his time all alone. Everyone needs recreation and other fun, but when our fun suffocates those who need us, then it has gone too far and needs to be regulated.

In America there are many renegade or runaway husbands with abandoned families; they take themselves off into the forest and "good-bye!!"

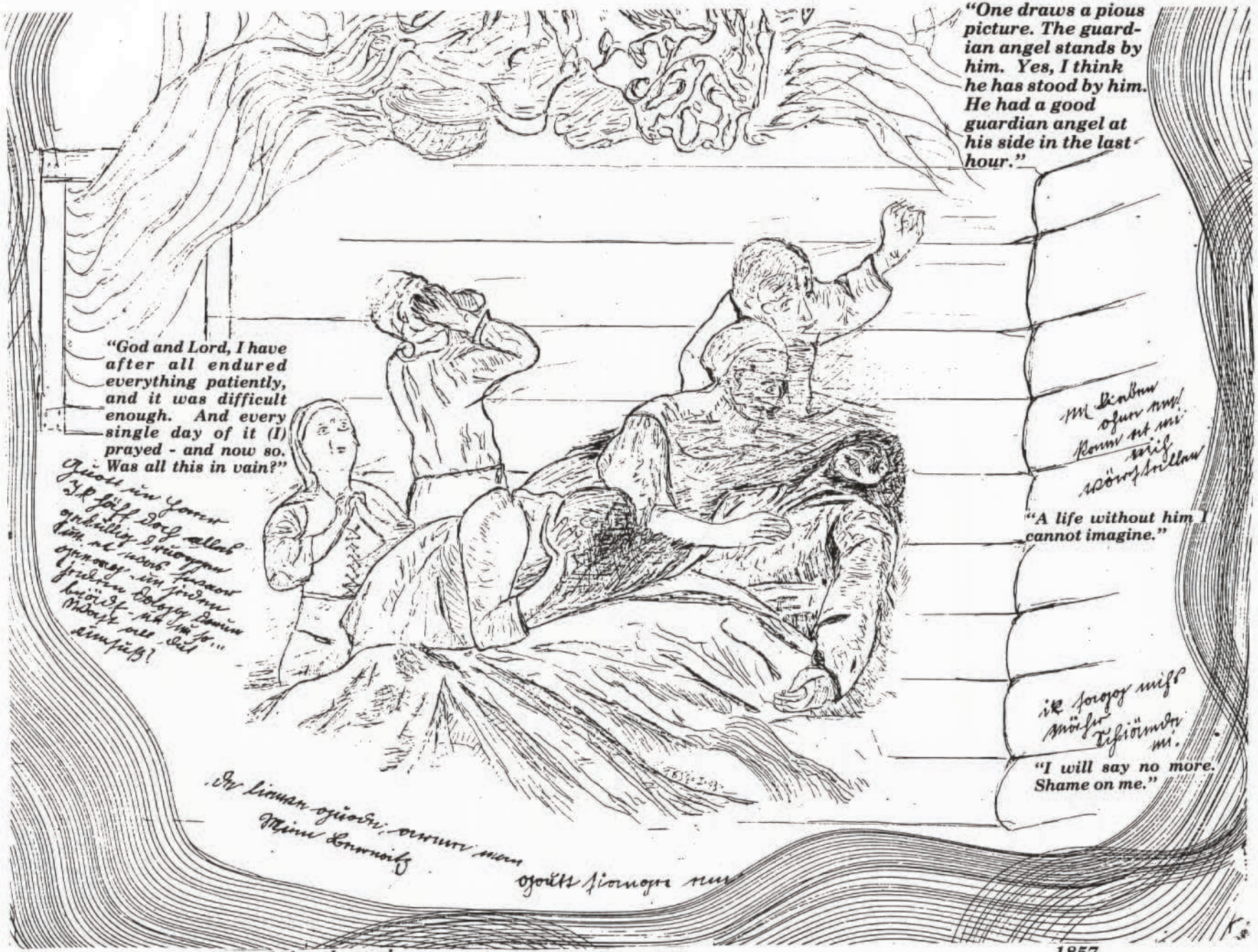
We can live entirely in harmony. That is written in Ephesians 5:28-33: "So shall men love their wives as if loving themselves. Who loves his wife loves himself. No one hates his own body; no, he cares for it as Christ does for the church, and we are all part of his body. Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cling to his wife, and they shall both be one flesh. That is the greatest mystery; I mean that it refers to Christ and the church. You shall everyone have love for his wife as for yourself, but the wife shall respect her husband and give him honor."

That the husband and wife are one body is also written. "A man must leave the house of his father and mother when he marries so that he can be united more staunchly with his wife; the two shall be as one."

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Certainly there is no room here for masculine oppression within this formula. The man is obligated to loving leadership within the family. At the same time he must recognize his wife's feelings and needs just as he does his own. When she hurts, he also hurts and finds what is needed to end the pain. What she wants, he also wants so that she will be satisfied with all this, and will be deeply grateful to her loving husband.

In my own lifetime, Natz was always my beloved. He loved me, I him. As two we were in all things one, in work, viewpoint, suffering. At the table, at prayer, with the children, with everything. Our relationship, experiences and sexuality delighted us both in the same way. That was to us another gift from God.

Natz concerned himself over me from Lage in 1820 or so until his death. I also for him... gladly.

Liwwät Böke 1857



Dwenger, Liwwät and daughter 1859

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Young Liwwat's Death

(Ed. - The death of her only daughter at the age of fifteen, and only two years after her husband died had to have been a cruel blow to Liwwät. She wrote this article in 1859 and placed it aside of her drawing.)

"Afraid? No, afraid I am not, but one must be prepared. Joseph, (Ed. - Dwenger) you are active. It can happen. She does appear as well as yesterday," I said to him.

He looked at her astonished, a mere fifteen, her cheeks glowing. "I will help, Mother Liwwät," said Joseph, "but everyone can expect something, I as well as another. That we have to count on."

"I do not count on that," said young Liwwät. "You are healthy. With me, the prayers, every morning, every hour are like oppressive days. It has not stopped me. I have worked straight through noon into evenings till in the night I tremble and shake, both my head and also my chest aching."

"Think about it, Joseph. My prayer stands sentry before you, young Liwwät, and the others, like a shield, like a rampart and like a wall. Nothing can happen to you," I said to him and to myself. All were quiet... a little too much, thinking about their own complaints.

The three boys were at work in the fields, getting wood for the oven. The bridge to the north was breaking up, the stream under it too fast for the earth of the banks. The hens and the rooster were making, as usual, too much noise for someone who is at home sick.

"For you, Mummy, nothing is now too difficult," said young Liwwät softly.

I said, "And then that trusting in God; however, we do not know God's ways enough to presume to point out the way to Him. He goes his own ways, these are sometimes other than we think, even if we do have a stepson priest like you, Joseph."

He clapped me on the shoulder. "It is God's will, and you can indeed usually not force it. The Lord has promised us that He will hear our prayers."

Bernatz came into the house. He looked his sister in the face, and slowly let his eyes go over her slender, pretty figure. She was red under her eyes, and her brother smiled. "She does not look healthy. Is something wrong then?"

I thought of my Natz in the churchyard, also of the little youngest ones. (Ed. - Two children had died as infants.) "God, I am thankful to You from the heart, but do not Thou impose a burden too difficult; it could be cruel," I thought to myself alone.

"Then I don't look healthy," cried young Liwwät. "What's wrong with me? Look at me!"

Later she would become refreshed, I will say, just like this June day. It was a beautiful, nice walk to church with the Knapkes on June 12th, 1859, neighbors going through the morning-fresh world, through the greenery and the flowers, through sunshine and birdsong. It was no walk, it was almost a dance, so light was my heart and the feet of Bernard, Henry and Herman. (Ed. - Her sons.)

And from St. John here, the bells rang for the second Mass, as if the dear Lord also wanted to pass around His favors and to send compliments after young Liwwät. It was almost too beautiful, and too beautiful dares not exist upon this world. That is reserved for heaven.

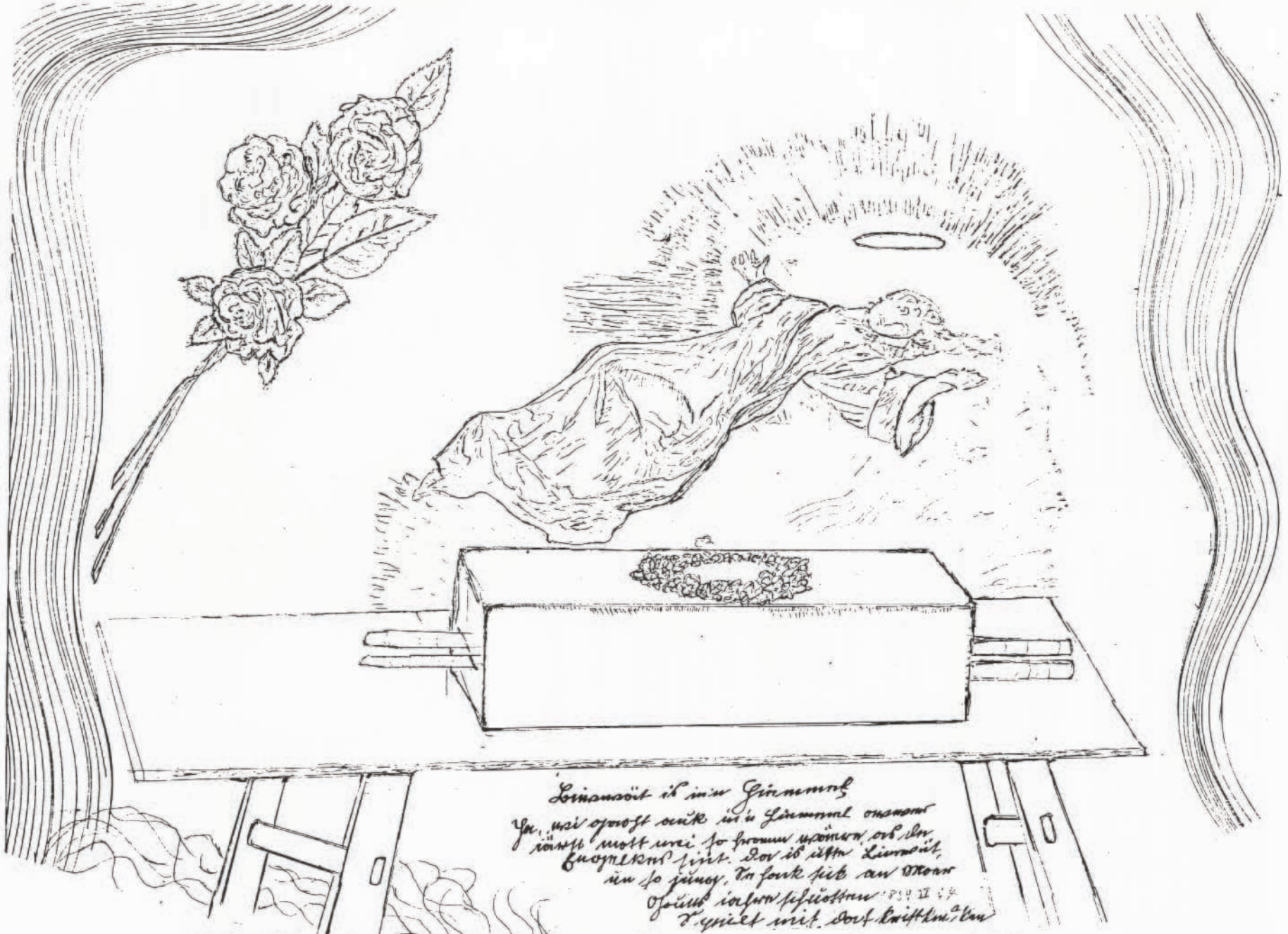
Two days later my own girl was dead.

1859



"Lisbeth Böke" (daughter) 1853

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Death of daughter. "Liwwät is in heaven. Yes, we will also go to heaven, but first we must become as godly as the angels are. There is our Liwwät, and so young. She jumps on the Mother of God's apron, plays with the Christ-child. 14 June 1859"

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Liwwät's Notes in the Family Bible

(Ed. - From the front flyleaf)

This Bible in English is a remembrance to our family from the little, once-lost youngster (Ed. - Joseph Dwenger) who off and on was at our house. Since he became an orphan in 1849, the pastor had him taken in by Natz and me to help him as he was entirely alone.

Jossie has grown up and is now also a priest since he received the sacrament from Bishop Purcell in 1859. In the basilica in Cincinnati Jossie was then ordained.

Now he is hard-working, but he brought us this Bible so we all will learn more about God, and at the same time we will then also understand English better.

My children are all married and I am now grandmother also. My beloved Natz is taken away from us about ten years or so. It hurts me always that he is not by me, to hold the hand, to talk over so much. Thank God for all else.

Liwwät Böke 1868

(Ed. - Copy of signature of Joseph Dwenger from Bible flyleaf)



(Ed. - From the back flyleaf)

So that I do not forget, I am writing in the Bible what they owe me. My two other married sons at Kappellen (Ed. - Cassella) are unsettled. I am furious that they do not bring back my written papers to home here. They have taken to their houses, against my stand, these papers, namely:

Natz and I 1859
Gardens and Trees 1861
The Passing Times - 1840 till 1850
The Passing Times - 1850 till 1860
The Passing Times - 1860 till 1870
My and Natz's Children 1872
Natz's Childhood 1868
Midwife teaching and Demonstrating 1873
St. John Today 1880
St. John Is Changing 1875

They have not given back my writings... what is my own work. So it is put down here in the Bible so that our families know what was taken away from me.

Liwwät Böke July 6, 1881

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"In 1837 Dwenger built his little house. The wife is with child, almost time; (in) only eight weeks all must be finished."

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A Rascal Lad Becomes Bishop

On the morning of the 6th of September, 1837, I was busy at work with Natz putting a corner post into the excavated hole in the ground. Then Joseph Dwenger came on foot to the two of us. Natz asked him, "You are so far from home; why are you on foot?" Dwenger answered, "My horse became lame a day ago. Yes, my Mittin (Ed. - Familiar form of Maria Katharina) needs help with a little trouble; she is ready to deliver our third. Come then with me, right away, since you are indeed our midwife."

Mittin's labor was slow, the fetus large, and the woman was weak. Her water broke entirely too early, but we did not lose him, and in the morning the child was born. It was the 7th of September. Hennik (Ed. -Henry) Dwenger fancied, "He is perhaps a little bishop," and we all laughed. They had nothing of value to pay me... they had barely 40 acres. He was a poor fellow. In three or four years he died, his wife a widow, the three children orphans. A month later she was on the way back to Cincinnati.

Nine or ten years later she was again back with us in St. John with the young child, Joseph. The two oldest she allowed to stay in the city. Thus it was in the summer of 1849. She died October 25, 1849. The cholera took her. So many died we didn't have time to make coffins for each corpse; most of them went into their graves in a jute sack. Not one got a gravestone; too many, and too much concern for the living.

The lad, Joseph Dwenger, was taken in by a Reverend Kunkler. Because of the boy's own illness, the priest asked if we would take him into our home until the child should be well again. This Natz and I took upon ourselves. That orphan child didn't know anything. We brought his fever down with cool, wet cloths and rags wrapped around his strong body. With a bit of thin soup and a lot of cider he was better in a week, and in the second week was again on his feet. He rushed about, cried, and was distressed about his mother's death.

Natz and I learned to know him. We liked him and he liked us also. For the rest of his life he always said, "Liwwät, or, second mother, you and Natz are my parents too, and if you had not cared for me in my childhood, I would not be here today."

He was large-bodied and strong. Likewise he learned everything with his dogged perseverance. Off and on, now and then, Dwenger came to visit with us, a day or a month; he always felt at home and comfortable with us. As he became older, he often had to talk over his mother's death, every particular, every detail.

The cholera was around here a long time before 1849. In towns where people lived close to one another, they became infected before we farmers were struck down. People talked most about the plague, the cholera. The newspapers of the cities printed rumors and these traveled around here also. In stealth and gradually, the plague was spread from spring until it broke loose in July. Here in St. John we lingered in the dim hope against the cholera. In Minster the plague was loose like a raging, treacherous beast!! Then started the frightful question, who, or which families will be dead next? The people could not hide their ill temper while we shunned one another. All, in fear, fled from every person.

Now the weather was quite hot, and from the first weeks in June the infection spread out in an indescribable manner. We stayed in the forest; others ran away. We ourselves were thrown into terror. On the wagon road one saw nothing at all but wagons and carts with goods, gear, children, people, cats... all hurriedly on the way to another place. Alarming and wearisome things to witness, and it seemed to me and Natz we were indeed living with disaster.

We knew well what trouble was coming up for us and the community. Natz and I took seriously how we must cope with the knotty problem, or lock up the house and flee. That was not possible with the livestock, children and the farm. No! It seemed otherwise if our lives were to be preserved in such a repulsive ordeal. One cannot run away without finding more misfortune. We stayed with all the other worried neighbors. It was distressing to stay and also to run away. At the same time we had our obligations! We had to keep our eyes on that. The Bible says, "Yes, we know not what we must do; O God, do show us." We also read, "You shall not have fear against the pestilence that roams in the dark... a thousand may fall at your side, and ten thousand at your right hand, but it will not come near to you."

In these times the people around here were more given over to prophecies, dreams and old wives' tales than at any time before or since. Our children and the Dwenger child understood all the inconsistent or conflicting actions of their parents, teacher and neighbors.

At St. John cemetery the routine was confused. The pastor, Kunkler, was one of the best we had had here, but it was too much with day and night confessing the sick and preparing them for death. The graves were mere holes in the ground with a lot of water in them. The corpses came by wheelbarrow, wagon and stretcher. The sight was awful, with horror in every breath. The corpses went into the grave mixed atop one another, no names, no prayers, nothing!

Neighbors found other neighbors at home, all long dead, young, old, children, women, hired hands and relatives! One woman in St. John shouted, "Oh Death! Death! Death!"... an inhuman voice that struck me with horror and a chilling of my very blood! Now, later, it is scarcely believable, the dreadful occurrences we experienced every day, people in the raging of the fever and affliction, or in the torment of their own agitation... who could stand that? Many times people laid their violent hands on themselves, threw themselves outside the door. Often it was insanity. Some died from mere fright, without infection; some frightened others with their despair, folly or madness.

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"September 4-1859 priest"

"April 14-1872 bishop"

"Joseph Dwenger is today a priest. In August I was in the great cathedral myself."

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In the cities and large towns there was some looting and other bad things. Greed was in many hearts and minds to steal from the sick; breaking into houses, they took bedclothes, anything.

By September it was again better. We went again to church and in November the children went to school. If one thinks back, how the people gave up and abandoned themselves... that was a strange effect for a period of about two or three weeks. They became bold and venturesome. They were not shy with one another, not restrained. They behaved as though their lives didn't matter anymore.

Many remedies for a cure were tried, but there is so much to figure out about the plague. However, it pleased God, with the cold weather, to restore us to health. By February in 1850 then, it was past.

In 1849 the new parish called Maria Kapellen (Ed. -Cassella) caused such trouble between St. Rose and St. Henry beyond it to the west. In the summer another convent with the name of Grünenwald was completed there. (In that vicinity Natz and I had bought two parcels of land). On November 2nd, All Souls' Day, our son, Bernard, and the Dwenger youth were both accepted as picture-bearers in the procession from St. John to Kapella of the "Maria, Mother of God" image. Then Natz and I talked over with Dwenger that he might perhaps become a priest, obviously later on. At this time we must not talk about that publicly, not yet speak out. We kept his wish in our heart and mind. On his visits we said or asked nothing of his intentions. Along with our youngsters he helped with digging out thistles and brush, with planting, with corn husking, also with potatoes... planting and eating.

In 1854 he said goodbye to us with the promise that he would pray a Hail Mary for us every day of his life. He also made a promise of his fidelity to the Precious Blood Society... and then he became a student at the seminary in Cincinnati for training and education. On the day of December 19, 1857, Joseph took the priestly step of crown-shaving called tonsure. On August 20, 1858, he became subdeacon, and on the next day, August 21, 1858, he became deacon, i.e., was taken into the diaconate.

In August 1859 I received the invitation from Bishop Purcell himself to Joseph's ordination. The ordinary was my host in his house. The day was September 4, 1859. That little orphan child who had sat on my lap and cried, whose tears I had wiped from his eyes with my apron, whom I had to love, he who had had so much homesickness for his mother, now then he became a priest. I was speechless! His first Mass in St. John was on the 9th of September and I was proud of him. Then he was at Himmelgarten as a teacher. He bought the farm at Carthagena here in Marion Township in March 1861. Now and then he visited us. He was robust, sturdy in voice, and still hungry all the time.

From the first day he spoke with me in English, and could speak it a lot better than my children since he had a good teacher as a young child at school in Cincinnati. He spoke English without a Platt (Ed. -Low German) inflection, indeed so clear his accent was like the Yankees! He always brought me paper and also English books. For a few years he was a missionary priest.

In 1866 Archbishop Purcell wanted Father Joseph with him at the Council of Baltimore as advisor. He was also with Father Andrew Kunkler, Provincial of the Precious Blood Society, at the Second Council. (I forget the year.) Then came the message that Joseph would be a bishop. That is unforgettable! I was his second mother so I was then in the first pew, he said his most distinguished person! That was much too much! He became bishop on April 14 of 1872, blessed and consecrated by three bishops whose names I do not know any more today.

In my old age now, Bishop Joseph comes to visit at least once or twice each year. He writes to me every month or so, even from Rome and Europe.

Now I heard, confidentially, that our ordinary, Purcell, is in deep trouble over money. He and his brother. I am too old to figure out all of that.

I pray always to God. He is not deaf, he hears my call to him. He can do with me what he wants. Give me a sign, O God, only from thy countenance abandon me not.

Liwwät Böke 1877/78
In my childhood

Ed. - Notes on "A Rascal Lad Becomes Bishop"

* Baptismal register at St. Augustine Church, Minster, gives birth date of Joseph Dwenger as April 7, 1837. In later years Dwenger disputed this date. He believed himself to be two to six months older.
* Joseph Dwenger's father was Gerhard Heinrich. Quite possibly called by his second name, Heinrich, or Hennik in Low German.
* The parish of Cassella (known then as Kappella since there was a chapel there) was officially formed in 1847. The people there wanted their own church rather than attend St. Rose to the east, or St. Henry to the west.
* The Precious Blood convent near Cassella, called Grünenwald, was opened November 2, 1850 with the procession referred to.
* The "farm at Carthagena" had been formerly a Negro school called the Emlen Institute. This became St. Charles Seminary, replacing Himmelgarten Seminary.
* At the Council of Baltimore in 1866, Dwenger served as theologian-advisor to Purcell, and also as a delegate for the Precious Blood Society.
* Dwenger was the second bishop of the pioneer diocese of Ft. Wayne, and became prominent for his successful organization of the young growing diocese, and for his setting up a Catholic school system which became a model for other dioceses of the United States.

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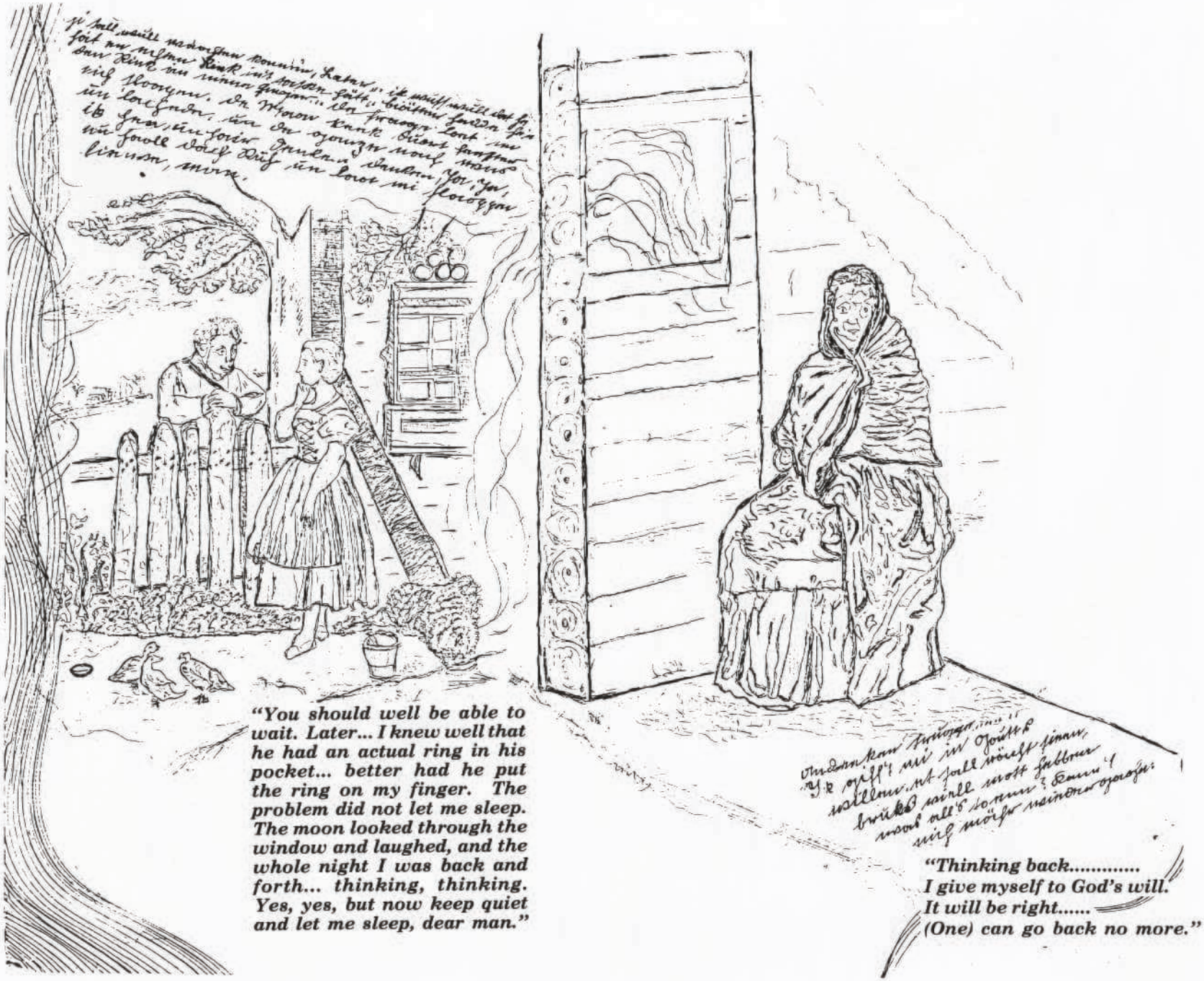
"Our Bishop (Purcell) sat for my drawing twice. I finished the picture at St. John." 1859

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"Noise! Commotion!! Pray he cannot." Liwwät Knapke 1827

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"You should well be able to wait. Later... I knew well that he had an actual ring in his pocket... better had he put the ring on my finger. The problem did not let me sleep. The moon looked through the window and laughed, and the whole night I was back and forth... thinking, thinking. Yes, yes, but now keep quiet and let me sleep, dear man."

"Thinking back.....
I give myself to God's will.
It will be right.....
(One) can go back no more."

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Now and Then; Some Fruits from My Old Age

I am writing to you of the fruits of solitude and old age, a school few care to learn in, though none instructs us better. Some parts follow the results of our serious reflections; other parts the flashings of our lucid intervals. I write at the same time for my own satisfaction and for the uplifting of human conduct.

I am blessed by God in my old age, and I kiss his hand which has led me to him. Without him the world is barren; with him, his grace, one can serve him together with my Natz, families, children, relatives, friends, neighbors and the community and mankind.

There is nothing so easily wasted as time, about which we must be more solicitous, since without time we can do nothing in this world. Time is what we must have the most, also which we use poorly. For this God will certainly judge us, incidentally when time shall be no more.

I am not pretending to you out of boastfulness, but mainly out of good will. This is many-faceted, not insincere, but contains hints to grasp and take to heart. Whatever is your inclination or aversion, practice or duty, you will find something which will be right for your guidance and benefit. Accept and improve that which serves your requirements; the balance use according to your judgment in good will to you and all creation.

As is written by Luke, the 17th chapter says:

> Vs. 5 - The apostles said to the Lord, "Increase our faith," and he answered: "If you had faith the size of a mustard seed, you could say to this sycamore, 'Be uprooted and transplanted into the sea,' and it would obey you.
>
> "If one of you had a servant plowing or herding sheep and he came in from the fields, would you say to him, 'Come and sit down at table'? Would you not rather say, 'Prepare my supper. Put on your apron and wait on me while I eat and drink. You can eat and drink afterward'? Would he be grateful to the servant who was only carrying out his orders? It is quite the same with you who hear me. When you have done all you have been commanded to do, say, 'We are useless servants. We have done no more than our duty.' "

Stupidity or Ignorance

Now it is worth wondering and taking note of how many millions of people come into and go out of this world ignorant of themselves, and of the world in which they have lived. If one visited Rome, would it not be strange not to see the Vatican City and remember the buildings, cathedral, gardens, fountains, etc., which make up the beauty and pleasure of such a place?

Yet few people know themselves, no, not their own body, the house of their highest understanding, the most extraordinary structure of the world, a living, walking tabernacle. Certainly not the world in which it was made and in which grew their sustenance, and which we must know for our greatest needs along with our pleasures.

From St. Paul's letter to the Christians at Ephesus, Chapter 4:

> Vs. 18 - Their understanding is darkened. They are estranged from a life in God because of their ignorance and their resistance; without remorse they have abandoned themselves to lust and the indulgence of every sort of lewd conduct.

The world really is, however, a great and indescribable place. Not many read or think about that, this wonderful natural phenomenon. This subject children should learn in their youth; by their eighteenth year they know only handwork, nothing else.

Education

Parents take great pains to make their children into profound scholars and at the same time also men. It is in vain: rather to talk, never to know. That is meaningless. Such a class uses language with high skill to make an impression upon the unlearned. The first thing children notice is what is sensible... and this ingredient we make no part of their elementary beginnings.

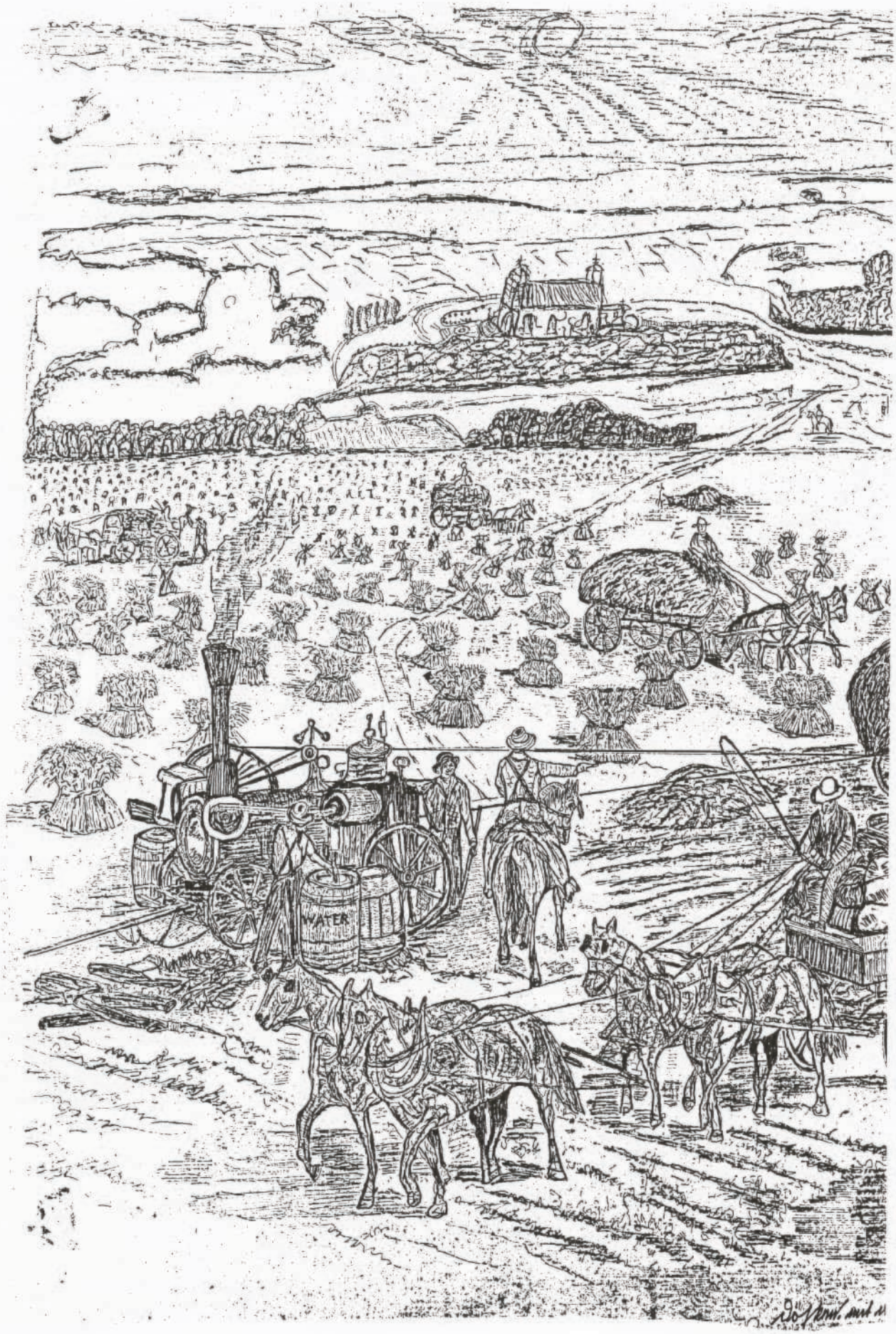
We burden their memories to learn by rote almost too soon. Incidentally it is most needed first to learn to work. Many learned ones whose education did not teach them to work with their hands and backs are thereby often lazy, disorderly, unpunctual and unyielding. They think themselves better, above others.

Here in America foreign languages are not commonly in use. Everything is English. It is better to understand English first, and later learn another language. In a hundred years in the world everywhere, English will be spoken. Small languages, like our Platt (Ed. - Low German) will in good time be dead.

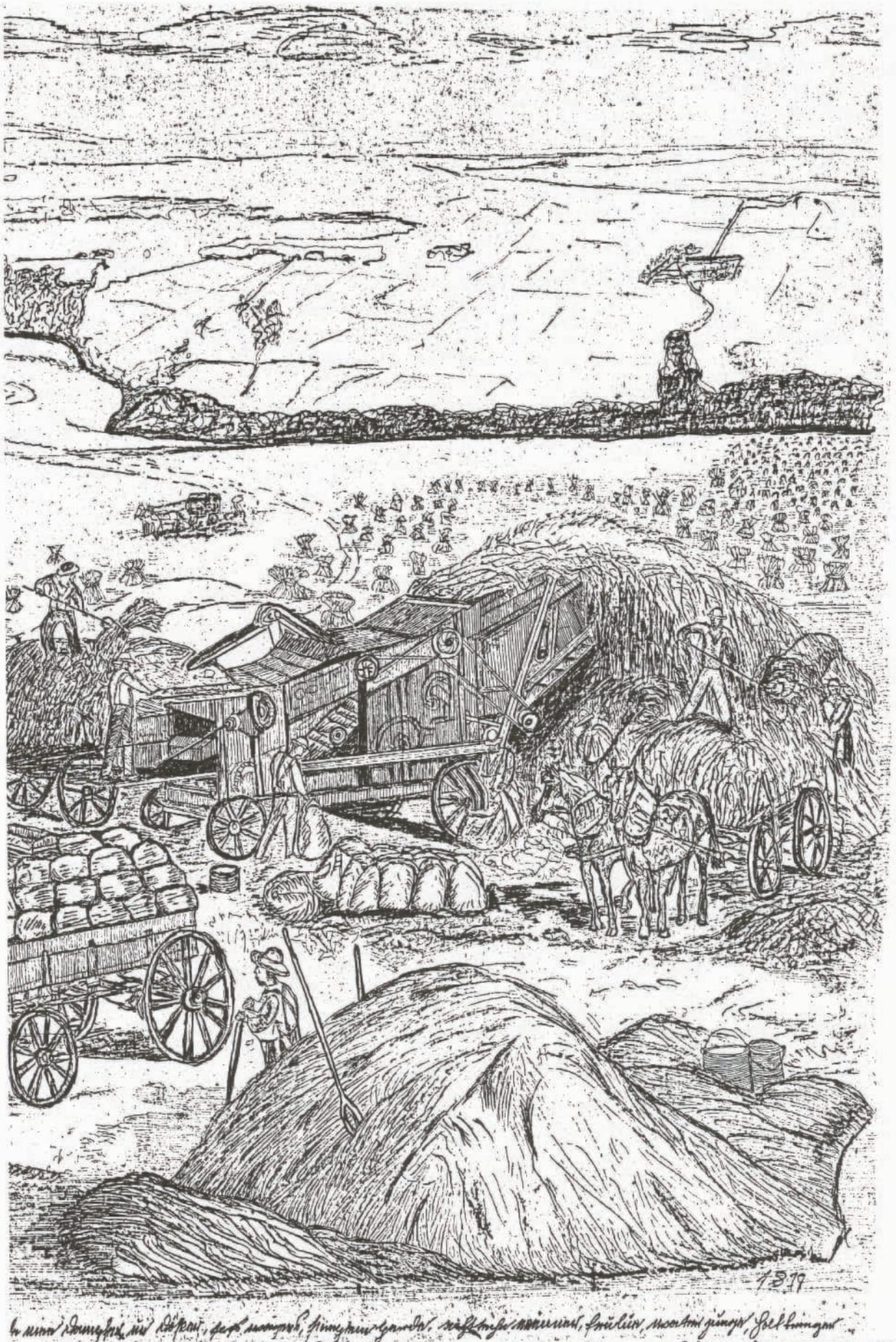
Certainly one must learn and use, solidly and thoroughly, the Latin language, the historical, scholarly skill; one should not despise or neglect it. However, in our culture here, it is now better that children also learn with their hands the making of tools, toys, shaping, drawing, framing, forming, construction, and how to work on the farm.

It is a shame not to study nature and the things of nature whose rules are few, plain and reasonable. Let us begin where and from where she begins, go at her tempo and pace, always stopping where she stops. No one loses anything when we are good naturalists. God's creation, heaven and earth, will not long remain a puzzle for us, the firmament, the earth and waters with their own various and numerous inhabitants, their products, natures, seasons, sympathies and antipathies. Their uses, benefits and pleasures

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"Threshing with the new steam engine and threshing-machine, six wagons, seventeen horses, eighteen men, women, water boys, wood carriers" 1879

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"Lisbeth sews, learns and reads very well." 1854

will be better understood by us, and an early knowledge of their power and goodness plainly conspicuous to us through both perceptible and past forms. The world wears the mark of its Maker whose brand is everywhere visible and its characteristics thereby legible to children with wisdom.

That produces caution in people in their use of the world, gradually, with better studying and knowing the productivity of their world. For how then could men find the confidence to misuse the world with the Creator staring them right in the eyes at the same time? Their ignorance makes people insensitive and that insensitivity is stubbornly set in the misuse of this majestic creation on which the voice and stamp of God is everywhere and in everything to the observer.

Finally, even if man be the index or epitome of the world as philosophers and advisors tell us, have we only to read carefully to ourselves and thereupon become learned in this or that? On the other hand, on the face of the world is clearly written by nature what God has made for our admiration and adoration.

Psalm 8:

O Lord, our Lord, how glorious is your name over all the earth!
You have exalted your majesty above the heavens.
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings you have fashioned praise because of your foes,
to silence the hostile and the vengeful.
When I behold your heavens, the work of your fingers, the moon and the stars which you set in place —
What is man that you should be mindful of him, or the son of man that you should care for him?
You have made him little less than the angels, and crowned him with glory and honor.
You have given him rule over the works of your hands,
putting all things under his feet:
All sheep and oxen, yes, and the beasts of the fields,
The birds of the air, the fishes of the sea,
and whatever swims the paths of the seas.
O Lord, our Lord, how glorious is your name over all the earth!

Frugality

Frugality is good if generosity is joined with it. Eliminate superfluous expenses; second, give to each enough for his wholesome needs. The first without the second brings on covetousness; the second without the first brings on prodigality. Both together make for higher contentment. Happiness is in the place wherever one finds this.

If that is to be universal, we must do away with the two extremes, need and too much. The one can complement the other, thereby bringing both to the mean, a just step towards earthly happiness.

It is a shame and reproach to religion and government to suffer so much poverty on one side, and excess on the other. The distribution and allotment between these is not right.

Industry

We must love to work. Even if you do nothing for food, you should do it for your body's condition. It is healthful for your body and also good for your mind. Work prevents the results of idleness, which often come when there is nothing to do and lead too much to do what is worse than nothing.

A book, garden, workshop, music, reading, writing, hobby improvement are all pleasant and profitable diversions for both the idle and industrious; this way they avoid bad company. They communicate with nature, God, the saints, and the arts, whose variations are equally profitable and educational, and foster a good balance of body and character. Also the mind!

Knowledge

Knowledge is a treasure, but judgment is the treasure of the wise man. He that has more knowledge in comparison to judgment, is made for another man's use, more than for his own. It cannot be healthy where the appetite is great and the stomach's digesting is weak.

Somewhere are men who are like dictionaries, to be looked into off and on, but therewith have no methodical church association (Ed. - ?); tolerably amusing. Even with less knowledge, usually a man of judgment will always have the advantage over the imprudent, knowledgeable man. A wise man makes what he learns his own; to others he shows only a copy, or perhaps a token.

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Comfortable Living

Is happiness more certain from easy living than from a curious mind? Or from a fastidious palate? Will it be troublesome and slavish to be agreeable and proper? No! They who diminish their own freedom and imagination, who make so much over necessities, receive nothing from them. An easygoing style of living provides more pleasures, but willful temperaments will always want to have more.

Work and a moderate lifestyle learned by children during their early years are justly preferable to easy comfort and delicacies. The man whose father has taught him to live on little, due to his father's concern owes more to his father for that wisdom than for a nice inheritance.



"The cat will not let the milk and mice alone"

Judgment

The guidelines needed for judgment. In all things reason must have the upper hand. It is another thing when one is inflexible, when one is stubborn in an opinion; it may well seem to be reasonable, but it is always foolish! It is one thing for a man to have his glory, another thing to take that off to show the truth. It is the mark of a good nature to be easily entreated.

Beasts act by instinct, man by reason; otherwise he is a greater beast than God has ever made. As one says in a proverb, "The corruption of the best things is the worst and the most offensive." Let that, therefore, be the standard that has the most to say for itself. "Of that, let every man judge himself."

Regulating Your Thoughts

Man is made to be reasonable and also a thinking creature. There is nothing of more worth to his stability than the correct conduct and use of his thoughts, since on this depends his usefulness both to the public and to his own present and future advantage in every way.

Often when one considers this, one must lament afflicted humanity which, because of the great jumble and confusion of its thoughts, hardly has a correct or mature understanding of things.

Therefore, clear your head, and gather and manage your thoughts frankly. And you will save time and 'see and do' your affairs well, because your judgment will be clear, your mind at peace, and your powers, talents, faculties all will be strong and normal.

Remember at all times to keep your thoughts to what is happening now. Do not do more jobs than required. It is better to reduce than to take on more work for one's self. In the whole matter use your thoughts as your work requires, and give each thing place according to its merit and urgency. Give everything a review and you will prevent many errors and vexations, and also much lost time in your life's course.

Friendship

Friendship is a union of spirits, a marriage of hearts. And the bond therefore is virtue.

There is no friendship where there is no freedom. Friendship loves a free atmosphere, and one cannot confine it in a straight and narrow enclosure. In freedom must it speak and act, and not assume ill where no ill is meant; thus it will be easy to forget and forgive petty replies.

Friends are true twins in their souls; they sympathize in everything and have similar likes and dislikes. One is not happy without the other; at the same time one or the other is not miserable. As if they can exchange their bodies, they take on each other's pains and pleasures.

One cannot separate those who love one another beyond the world. Death cannot kill what never dies. One cannot divide the spirits which live and love on similar sacred principles, the foundation and record of their friendship.

It is needful that in life and love they are by each other. In this divine glass they see themselves face to face, and in their relations they are pure and at peace. This is the comfort of friends. They will die, yet their friendship and humanity are in the best sense always present, forever with one.

Charity

Charity possesses many meanings, and is best in all of them. To begin with, it takes on the sufferings of others, the poor, the unfortunate, and extends its hands to help and better their conditions.

At the same time, charity cultivates the best in things and people, in everything. It is forgiving, serves everyone, and has hope to the end.

Finally, it is the love of God and fellowmen which raises souls above worldly considerations. And it offers a taste of heaven upon earth, as it will be

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heaven in all its fullness hereafter to those genuinely charitable here.

God would like to implant this divine virtue more, and pour it out among mankind. We imitate Christ; with love and forgiveness we can be close to God.

My Thoughts on Life and Honor

Surely we need only one thing to possess God: his grace to serve and love him. That is it! We sin and he forgives, all! At the same time, the understanding of our souls and all the outside help provide so many vistas open onto godliness, so many ways to savor and adore our Christ. When one is detached, drawn from all that is fleeting, he must seize upon the eternal and absolute, using the rest as no more than a loan, a wage! To worship, understand, receive, feel, give, act... that is your law, your duty, your heaven!

After all, there is only one thing we can study and that is the habits, uses, practices and changes of the human spirit. All other studies lead us back again to this one.

I have never felt the inward assurance of genius anywhere within me, nor even a foretaste of fame, nor of misfortune; least of all the prospect of being a mother, wife or respected citizen. This indifference to my future was itself a sign; my dream was vague, indefinite. I must not live in the present since I will soon be living. (Ed. - in eternity?) Let me assess myself, and let me leave life to the living. I will give myself to my ideas; let me write the testament of my thoughts and of my heart.

Heroism is the splendid and wonderful triumph of soul over flesh and sin! One can say over fear... fear of poverty, suffering, base wants, dishonor, exhaustion, disease, isolation and death. There is not true piety without this dazzling blending of strengths.

Duty is of much value; it makes us perceive reality from where one stands on his own patch in the world. Meanwhile, and at the same time, we are detached from it.

How vulnerable am I? If I were a mother, what a host of trouble and sorrow the child could bring to me!! Now, as a mother, I have to suffer in a thousand ways; thus a thousand strengths are necessary to my happiness. Yes, my heart is too sensitive, my imagination anxious, and despair is easy. For "I should like" spoils what for me is; for "I should" devours me with melancholy. This reality is present, today, not to be made good again, inevitable. It worries and frightens me. So it is on the other hand, I hold on to my happy memories of the family living together. Fear? No! Hope? Yes! Every hope is an egg which may hatch a serpent instead of a dove; every joy is a knife wound; every planting time entrusted to fate has its harvest of pain.

What is duty? It is one's nature listening with best and greatest attention to God's graces. And one must overcome one's nature. That is the most profound problem. Life is essentially learning and accepting God's will. On your or my decision then, lies strength or surrender!

Thus there are two paths among those the Catholic church presents and teaches us for salvation: by the use of the will to know Christ (he died for us and opened heaven), and by the use of the graces we receive from the sacraments.

Humanism is worldly, without God's grace, and in the present day it brings about this addendum... read on, right here.

A Time of Mediocrity

A time of mediocrity has now begun here in America, and mediocrity freezes the mind. (Natz and I have been here almost forty-three years. The outlook on values is slowly changing.) Equality gives rise to uniformity and evil is helped out by sacrificing all that is excellent, noteworthy and extraordinary. (For instance, my Low German speaking and writing are bit by bit more English, especially since I now read English books, pamphlets, newspapers every day, and likewise speak it well, right out, some of the time. "What one does not use, he loses.")

Everything becomes less crude and at the same time more vulgar, cheaper! An epoch of great men is passing away, the epoch of the ant hill is upon us. The age of individualism is in danger; we no longer have truly original men. All things are actually going ahead continually; souls that pray, do penance, are today all declining.

In the books by Waldo Emerson called "Human Nature", "The Times", "Nature" - 1836, "Conduct of Life" - 1860, and other present day books in English, books which are often notable at times, but proud and self-seeking, they finally say the self is made the



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center of the universe. It is man rejoicing in himself, taking refuge in the inaccessible sanctuary of self-awareness, almost a god! It is a triumph which is not far removed from unbelief, also called godlessness. It is a superhuman point of view which does away with our humility. It is precisely the same temptation to which man succumbed the first time! Then he desired to become his own master whereby he would become like God.

Today we are too much burdened with causes, possessions, government affairs, sports, concerns. Too much work! Too many worries! Too much of this! Too much of that! Sometimes they say we read too much! We should throw everything overboard, our desires, cares, anxieties, preoccupations and learned doings, and recover youth, simplicity, childhood, and the present moments with their happy measure of gratitude.

Others say, "By our leisure, which is far from idleness, by such an attentive and recollective inaction, the soul loses her creases, expands, unfolds, repairs her injuries like a brown and blue bruised leaf, and it will once more become new, natural, true, original." Reverie, like a shower at night, refreshes the thoughts which have become tired, worn and discolored by the heat of the day.

If you listen to those who tell you that you must be your own best friend, you will find out that you are eating at your table alone, talking over your troubles with the cat; and you will also find no letters in your mailbox. In good time when you go out into the world, and stubbornly watch out for number one everywhere you go, will others watch out for you and hide themselves? There then is the result: a dog-eat-dog world. Have you seen the mysterious hand that is supposed to see to it that, as we each pull the blanket our way, we all will still remain covered?

As we take hold of aloneness, we find it insecure and limited. One thing has been firmly established: most people deeply need the affection and respect of others. Therefore, the notion that the "ego" should be the sunshine of a person's universe violates what Christ said, "Love one another." People who look to themselves for relationships and emotional sustenance pay much in their isolation from others. They feel unappreciated, neglected, lonely, afloat in a hostile world. They are more likely to be sick, emotionally and otherwise, locked in an asylum, often committing suicide, than people who have to do with other people.

In recent years people have turned themselves inward. Such a retreat into the "ego" has many sources today. It draws from our historical origins in which the individual has a value above everything, a notion from the times church and king oppressed the people. Today the trouble is wealth which allows people to indulge themselves in "ego", and it seems to them that they need not be concerned with others and the community. Psychology adds fuel to the fire by supporting a search for a life crammed full with "ego" in a world without sacred vows, community ties, or enduring commitments.

The government sticks its nose in, and makes out it is the last resort. In time our government will get its finger in the water jug, and a water commission will let us have water of two kinds: A) for drinking, B) for washing! It will oversee poorhouses, all gifts, charity to the poor, orphans, widows, and will get the upper hand over churches, schools and communities. That will come fast... the devil is on their side.

More and more the state feels its strength, politics takes over. In our morality, there is the vacuum of a self-centered world. This troubles many. The custom where we assisted our neighbors, the community, the village, gradually will pass into other hands. It is evident in reading and conversation.

Two innermost values give us the important ingredients. We require mutuality, that is, caring and affection for one another... love that flows forth and back among families, friends and neighbors. The best way to receive love is to give it first. Respect goes with love. The second value is the keystone called politeness, the concern for our life's orderliness. We must allow each his partaking in all things.

The war between the South and North changed our outlook towards government, values, compassion and one another. The government will always take, bit by bit, slowly, and do for people what the people here can do better for each other. It is all to exhibit cunning political power, their pretending that they, strangers, can better handle management than we ourselves.

With all this writing, I lost my way.

I just now returned from a walk in the garden outside in the autumn rain. All the innumerable, wonderful signs which nature displays and colors charm me and touch my heart. There is no broader, nicer view in an outside rural scene than an understanding, nearly a perception of the mind and soul if one brings the two together. It bewilders my mind, their particularity, similarity and uniformity. True poetry is a greater truth than science. Poetry, in her synthetic manner, seizes at first glance that essential thing which all the sciences put together can only hope to reach at the very end.

Lessons from the Hellenists, the Greeks

Beside them we are barbarians. In a thousand ways, as in education, eloquence, public life, poetry, they add to the ennobling of every man who knows them. However, the number of accomplished men is the measure of that former culture; ours today is a bit below theirs. It is only a few years since we finally didn't have slaves subject to us. Barbarians are no longer at our frontiers but at our doors. We bear within us greater things; considering this, we ourselves seem that much smaller.

A strange paradox: that their objective culture should have created great men, as if by accident; and here in our time, our subjective culture, contrary to its expressed mission, turns out paltry second-raters. Things are becoming more majestic, but mankind is diminishing itself.

Motherhood and its Glory

The mother should be to her child as the sun in the heavens, an ever present radiant star where that little

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"... the child is only quiet, resting for a little while, so quiet I am singing. Comes a bird flying - in comes the Sister Superior from the convent, makes a disturbance. The child is awake."

unstable child, so ready with its tears and its laughter, so slight, so intense, so stormy, dares come to calm and strengthen itself with warmth and light and love. The mother represents goodness, godlike prudence, law... no, divinity itself under the unique form in which childhood can cope with these earliest and highest things. If, therefore, the child is high-strung, the mother teaches it that God is good, is forgiving, and gives to each sufficient grace.

The child's religion depends on the manner in which its mother and father live, and not on the manner they have spoken. The innermost tone of their lifestyle is precisely what reaches the child who finds no more than comedy or empty thunder in their maxims, remonstrances and punishments. The parents' actual and inner worship... that is what the child's instinct infallibly perceives. A child sees what we are, through all the fiction of what we should be.

It is strange in discussion about things, to speculate how abstract minds which move from ideas to facts, always strive for concrete reality, while concrete minds move from facts to ideas, and are usually topmost with their abstract ideas. The more intellectual temperament trusts to a moral theory; the more moral temperament has an intellectual morality.

The center of life is neither in thought nor in feeling, not even in consciousness, but in the will. Truth is in the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, in the Seven Sacraments, in and from God. Deep in our consciousness is our being, our substance, our nature. We will not find our soul; it is invisible. We are spontaneous, involuntary, instinctive, and unconscious of our internal properties.

It is certain now that we will only find our peace in this life, just as in eternal life, in God. From that then, He is what He is meant to be for us.

What Is the Secret of Lifelong Youth?

Haughtiness has two qualities: one wherein a person is self-satisfied; the second wherein he is unable to change himself. Of these two qualities, the second is possibly the more subtle.

The whole secret of remaining young is to keep a burning enthusiasm within by the help of harmony in the soul, that is, the condition at all times of remaining in God's grace. When everything is rightly ordered within us, then we may rest in harmony with the works of God. A certain profound zest for eternal beauty and order, a glowing mind and straightforward good will, these are perhaps the foundation of wisdom.

How inexhaustible is the theme of wisdom! A peaceful, glittering crown surrounds these splendid ideas. Wisdom encompasses all the treasures of moral happenings and is the ripest fruit of a well spent life. She never ages; she is the very expression of order, and order is eternal. Only the wise man tastes all the flavors of all life and of every age, because only he can recognize their beauty, dignity and worth.

To see all things in God, from his own life to fashion our own life of equal worth, to live with gratitude, recollection, kindness and courage... this was the admirable spirit of our forebears. Add to these a prostrate humility and a devoted charity, then you have the wisdom of God's children, and the imperishable joy of true Christian Catholics.

Love's Enchantment

Women should be loved without reason, without analysis. Not because she is beautiful, cute, fine or good, cultivated or gracious, or spiritual, but because she exists! Every analysis seems to her a lessening

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of her personality, worth, talents, into something which ignores her and allots her to second place. She rejects it, therefore, and rightly rejects such! The time is about coming here finally, when man and woman will stand on the same rung. It is time! Right now! If the domain of woman is to endure, liking and loving must remain a fascination, an enchantment; once her mystery is gone her power is gone also. So that love may appear inseparable, undiminished, superior to all analysis, it must retain such aspects of endlessness, of the supernatural and miraculous, which together constitute its beauty. Mostly, people hold cheaply whatever they understand, and bow down happily before the incomprehensible.

The triumph of women is to show the murkiness of this male understanding which he himself thinks so enlightened. And then when a woman inspires love, he is not without pride and rejoicing at this success. His vanity is not altogether baseless; but a strong love is easy and calm, a serving and offering which in its turn despises the lesser triumph of vanity. Natz and I often discussed the needs of mankind which the woman and man must accept with identical dispositions. It has been a long time. And the time comes. My beloved husband, Natz, was always considerate of my identical status, voice and management. Most men think themselves godlike. That they are not!



"My husband and our three children lie in the St. John churchyard. Our cat on a visit there."

Man and His Useless Yearnings

Always breaking one's head is the note of today's morality. This painful, restless "becoming" has taken the place of harmony, stability and joy. We are all fauns and pleasure-seekers aspiring to become angels, ill-humored creatures laboring at our embellishment, horrible moths that this morning were pupae in the egg. Today our ideal is no longer the tranquil beauty of the soul; it is the anguish of Laocöön who fought the serpent of evil. No longer are there happy and fulfilled men here. We are indeed candidates for heaven, but galley slaves on earth, and we row away our lives in the expectation of a harbor. It seems possible that this perfecting is nothing else but a pretentious imperfecting.

That "becoming" seems rather not being done out of good motives with complete certainty. It is a lessening of evil, but it is not good of itself. It is a generous discontent with offenses, disgrace and dishonor... but that is not happiness. Ceaseless pursuit of an endless end without God is indeed excessive madness; that is not common sense. It is a hankering for what can never be, a perilous illness. Wise it is not.

Yet there are none who do not wish to achieve harmony, and if he but achieves this, then he is in God's graces. He does the will of God, prays to Christ and also to Mary and Joseph, to his guardian angel; he keeps the sacraments holy. Then he is finally within the eternal order and understands through the Holy Spirit everything at once, the flowers, or a little, the solar system. Harmony, like God, seeks nothing that is outside itself. Like God, harmony and tranquility are exactly what they should be; both direct us to goodness, order, law, truth, honor. There is one difference... God exists, is grace, and transcends time and reveals the eternal.

Are the Golden Times Now?

In the world of society, it appears that one lives on ambrosia and knows nothing but noble thoughts. Anxiety, want, desire simply do not exist. All reality is suppressed as vulgar and inhuman. It is a world which amuses itself with the flattering illusion that it lives above the clouds and breathes mythological air.

That is why all disturbance, the cries of nature, all suffering, careless familiarity and every frank sign of arrogance shock this fragile medium like thunder. They shatter this collective fabric, this palace of clouds, this enchanted architecture, just as a shrill crow scatters the fairies into hiding. These fine deceptions are unconsciously a work of art, a kind of poetry, by which cultivated society reconstructs a false god that is long ago dead. They are confused memories from a golden age, or aspirations after a harmony which earthly reality has not in itself to give.

The golden age will come later, afterwards, in heaven! A bit like that here if one is without sin. Don't forget it, the commonplace is the devil's work.

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What Is New Under the Sun?

Jealousy is a powerful thing; it resembles love, but is in every way contrary. The jealous man desires not the good of the loved one, but at the same time her dependence on him, and his triumph over her. Love is the forgetfulness of self at all times. But jealousy is the most fervent form of self-love, the exaltation of the tyrannical, deceitful and greedy self which above all cannot forget and subordinate itself. The contrast is complete.

A man of fifty years, contemplating the world, will find in it some new things. That is certain. But a thousand times more does he find old things refurbished and plagiarized and modified rather than improvements. Almost everything in the world is a copy of a copy, a reflection of a reflection; and any real success or progress is as rare today as yesterday.

Let us not complain about that for only so can the world survive. Humanity advances at a very slow pace; that is why history endures. It may well be that progress so fans the torch that it burns itself away; perhaps progress hastens death. A society which dares change rapidly must arrive the sooner at its downfall. Yes, progress must be the savor of life, and not its substance.

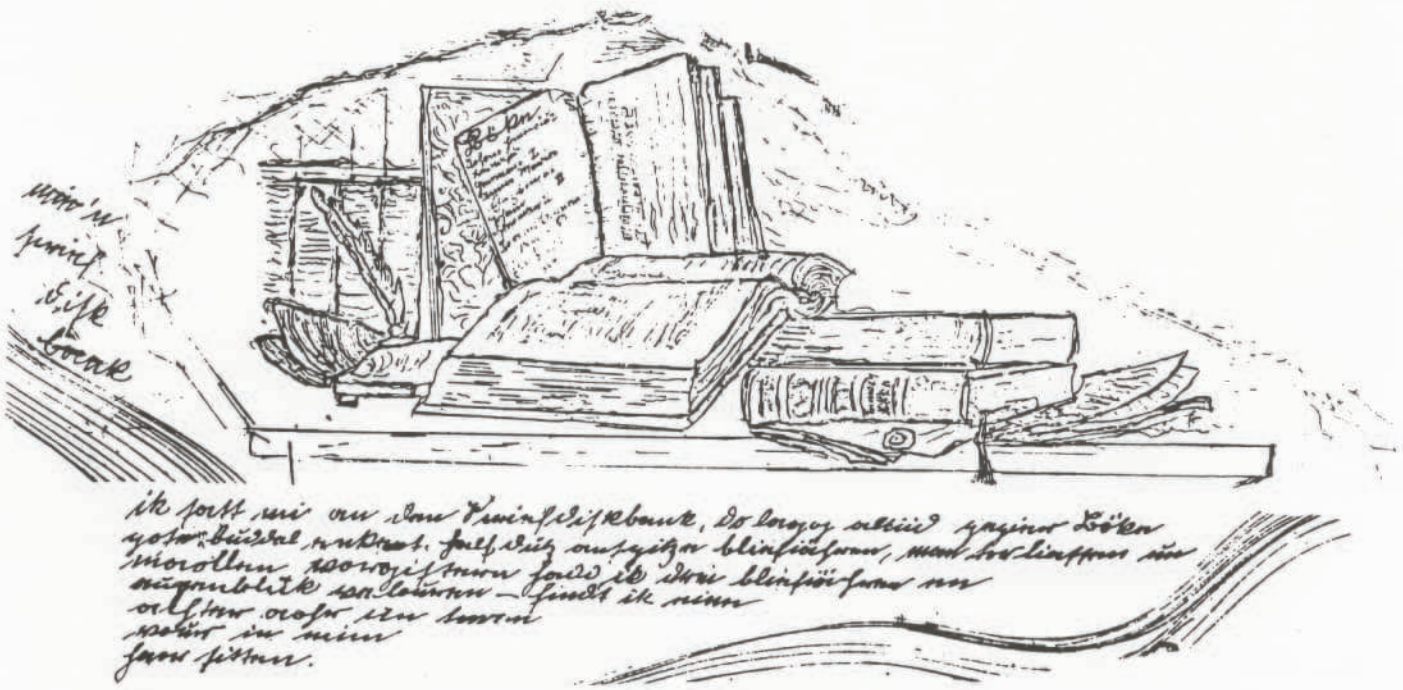
To renounce happiness and to think only of duty in order to enthrone conscience where the heart has been,... this willing sacrifice is a noble thing. Our nature runs backward from it, but the better self must practice it well. An expectation of justice is the evidence of a faint awareness; we should like to do without justice. A courageous character clings to such independence. Let the world think of us what it will. That is its affair, not ours. Our business is to act as if our country were grateful, as if the world judged in impartiality, as if public opinion could see the truth, as if life were just and as if men dared to be good.

The Only Way to Tranquility and Order

Few people know our physical sufferings; our nearest and dearest have no idea of our conversations with the King of Fears. These sorrows one dares not share. Kindness leads us to hide them. One suffers alone; one dies alone; alone one hides himself away inside a little room with six boards. But we are not forbidden to offer this loneliness to our God. Our sins' penalties need reducing. Thus the soliloquy with the soul's anguish will become a dialogue of peace. Obstinacy becomes docility; concealment becomes liberty; pain becomes the grace of God.

Willing what God wills is the only means to peace and rest. It is uncanny going to bed knowing that one may be dead tomorrow morning. I knew it very well last night! Not yet! Here I am! When one counts the fleeting hours and tonight is as yet the unknown, one gives up everything and just talks with oneself. I return to my senses and my writing now, as the rabbit returns to its own pattern to die. As long as I can hold my pen and have a moment of solitude, I will recollect myself in front of my echo and talk with my God. An examination of my conscience! Deep contrition, not outcry; at length only an Amen in humility... "My God, give me your heart! Your graces!"

Liwwät Böke - 1879



"My writing table desk"
"I sat at the writing table desk. There lie always paper, books, pens, a bottle of ink, half a dozen pointed pencils for reading and drawing. The day before yesterday I lost three pencils in an instant. — I found one behind my ear and two were sitting in my hair."

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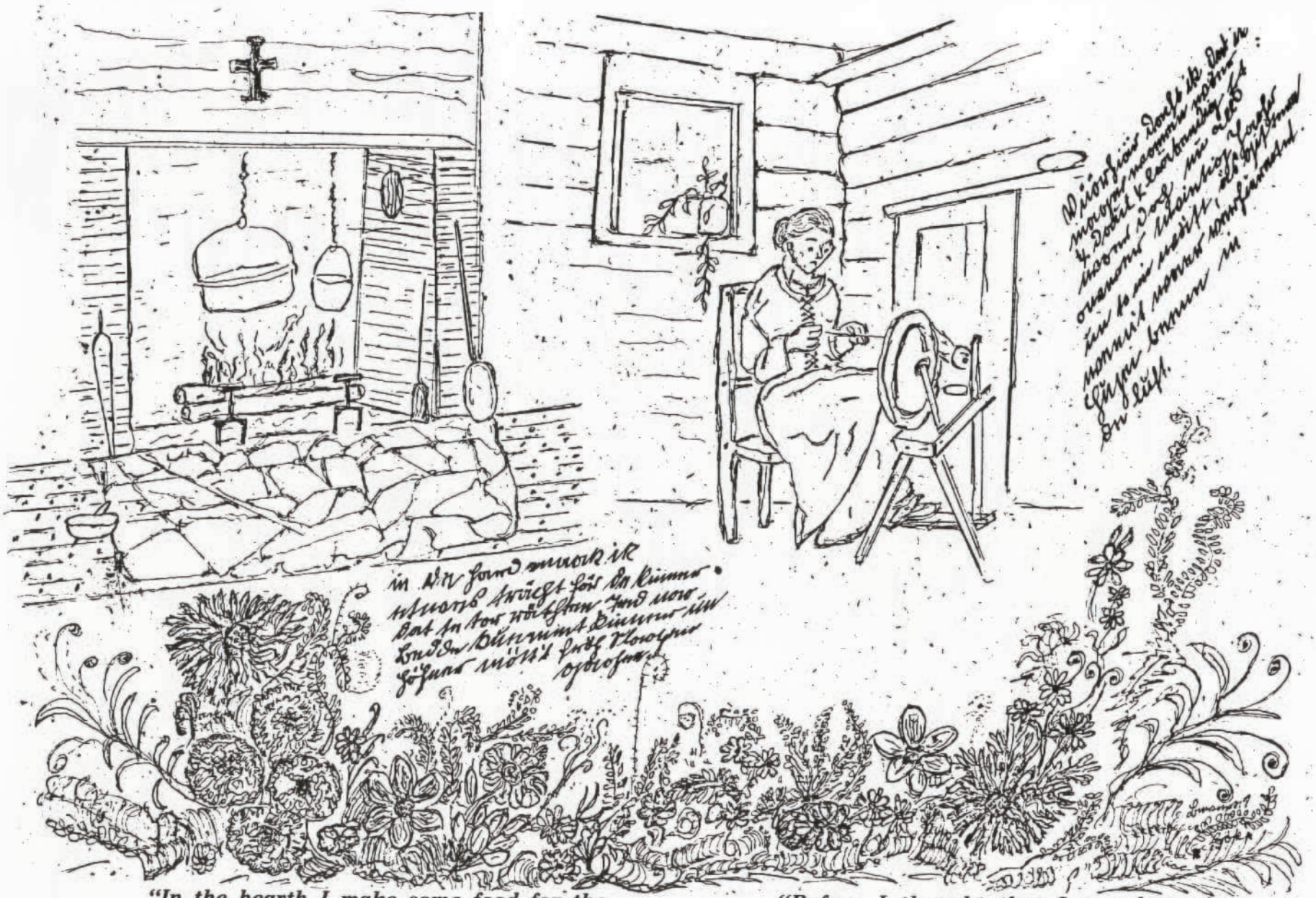


"Work in the fields; they are hungry and thirsty." Liwwät Knapke 1827



"Children's play" Liwwät Knapke

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"In the hearth I make some food for the children so that they come to bed at the right time. Children and chickens must go to sleep early."

"Before I thought that I was becoming emaciated x dead x living. It was all over twenty years (ago) and to me (it) was as yesterday when we were married. 'Hujei, Beene in de Luft! (Hurrah, legs in the air!)' "

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Thinking Back; Thinking Ahead

I think that I have told you all of this. If not, you must understand that a person who exercises a forward-looking, insightful talent cannot make the most of its power until after he exercises his insightful gift upon the world so that from then on the people can finally recognize it.

The nineteenth century man, more than his forefathers, must be aware of, must investigate the diverse peoples with whom he shares a small, shrinking planet. To gain this awareness he must know the cultures which have shaped the outlook of the other people, the old and new histories which have brought them to this point.

How then should one search the established world, the stories of the world's cultures? Why, how far back, how extensively? How the revolution in our perception of mankind, brought about by the emergence of dozens of new peoples, new states and unfamiliar long-past eras, has brought about generally the realization that "nothing human is alien."

My intention in writing this is to convince my family and the community that all this is not to assemble dead facts, but mainly to confront live issues. The issues are live because they arise from the tensions that men must consider face-to-face in each generation,... tensions between liberty and authority, between reason and faith, between human free will and all of the impersonal circumstances which help shape our lives. However, in order to bring any such affairs to completion with skill, it is necessary to read the views of historians who have set them down in their own words. One must develop a measure and acquire a historical insight by comparing these conflicting perceptions with the source materials on which they are built. Above all, one needs to concern himself with the great issues formed along with the western civilized world, and not bother with historical problems that often are artifically contrived riddles.

I believe that there are three significant points whose development and interplay have formed the distinctive features of western civilization and set it apart from other great historical cultures. They are: 1) The growth that comes from intelligent scientific inquiry; 2) The persistent tension between Judaeo-Christian religious ideals and civil realities; 3) The appearance of constitutional forms of government.

At the same time I firmly believe that what distinguishes man is his extraordinary abundance of imagination which is scarce in others. Therefore, man is an imaginative animal. And I believe that universal history is the greatest uninterrupted and persistent effort to, little by little, detect some pattern in a mindless fantasy.

By history I understand those studies of human reality, from remote lifetimes and till now with today's living people. History, I add, is much more than a collection of records; without a philosophy upon which one can base an understanding of human realities, there is no history. It is still a youthful, human and natural science with frequent disputes. However, as it is now under another name "study of man", and man is going into an extremely critical era in that his fate is involved, therefore we have the duty to make a vigorous and conclusive effort to transform all this into a mature science.

The basis, the established principle in all history is the general study of the strange reality which is human life,... human life which is always the life of someone.

Every civilization is nothing but challenge and response. What is the response in the case of every migration of nations? Be it from overpopulation or invasion, hunger or need, an everlasting response is the attraction of prime land... as here in America. Geography, incidentally, does not draw history along with it; only stimulates it. People do not place themselves in a particular terrain because it called or challenged them, but because they are pleased with it. My beloved Natz knew that very well.

A fundamental flaw in our perception of any achievement is that our consideration of almost every view of each civilization is forced to be from the outside. One could get a better insight by way of an inside view. Human life is a reality in which everything is internal and also at the same time external. Our judgment must consider these internal things. In examining cultures and civilizations one can perceive the profoundly related differences of structure between the Graeco-Roman and present-day European civilizations. The one was the spine, while the other is two-sided; the Rhine really is the spine. Even though comprehensive, even though exact, our examination will not perceive that the collective lives of a people, a nation, are a most intimate thing, and to that extent a secret thing... exactly like one's saying anything about his own personal life. That is a privacy inside one's self, and no one who sees that from the outside can so clearly understand it.

In time one seeks to prove his findings about the succession of universal states and universal religions from which culture and civilization are produced, each with its limitation, inside its own separate heredity, locked out from any cross-fertilization by outside forces.

Here in America, now a hundred years old, one meets the same thing as in the Roman states and times. It is the unique culture of a nation whose history is known to us from its cradle to its grave. There one finds the key to Rome's fate, and it frightens me, here, today. My fear is that the government's exercise of its all-embracing power is wrong at the beginning and will be wrong at the end. That is, as nations reach their ultimate maturity, the

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most unforeseen things happen. The trouble which visited us at the beginning of state affairs will again return.

Injustice is an inevitable fellow-traveler with the attainment of our lives' potential; today that is described and called "new values". When one considers that, let me emphasize: the only hope of recovering real justice rests first entirely upon accepting injustice as a fact rather than trying to put it out of existence, or agreeing that it is the fault of a man or of a class.

In the end I shove all this about "new-thinking" up their throats to the proper spot... especially next to anything that is other than the idea called: "challenge-response". And with my ability to make distinctions (Today writers use such long words; I can do that too in the Oldenburger-Osnabrugian-Low German-language) I discern at once that human life is clouded; that environment or change in environment can in itself be described as a hindrance, an impossibility and a challenge for man. At the same time, it is always difficult and related to the undertakings which man in his ingenuity devises, to that which he usually calls his imagination,... in good time to what he wants to be.

This gives us a clue about "challenge-response" which is rather deeper and more valid than the simply anecdotal, incidental, ill-favored ideas. In the light of all human existence there appears to me what is an enduring thing... a dramatic confrontation and contest of man with the world, and not only with the occasional bad laws which now and then come to light.

It is mankind's predominate characteristic that he is interested in other men. And this preoccupation is not limited to a momentary or temporary sympathy; it is also an affinity and sharing with those who live or have lived in remote times and places. When Europeans visited at close range with the primitive inhabitants of Africa, Asia, Eastern lands, or America, the curiosity of the natives was unbounded. The white man's clothes, speech, customs, ships and tools as well as his food, his beliefs and his domestic animals became a source of endless delight, wonder and bizarre imitation. Again, whenever the Europeans came in contact for the first time with ancient Eastern culture, comparisons automatically arose which finally generated an admiring regard, or a calculated disregard. In hardly any case was there genuine indifference. It is a sign that one is a man when he simultaneously recognizes humanity in other men and feels it tied in to his own humanity. Every person soon has in himself the taste and instinct of a cultural historian.

Now, historians recognize tradition, and the moment one uses it he must make clear which of its two meanings is to be kept in mind. Tradition in its raw meaning, as relating all the events that have occurred on earth, is a colossal, confused, vast heap of material which no one but God may know completely. He counts every birth and the fate of every man and the fall of all the sparrows. From this manifold material, in every age men must consider what they think is important, striking, essential, useable.

In this second sense tradition is not endless raw material, but rather a finished record. It is a record of the material passed down from generation to generation, perhaps with just some markings on wood and stone to refresh the memory. Even in those early and obscure forms of legends, history is abundant. Inwardly men like their past and come back to the memories to receive comfort, pride or guidance. And later, when the tradition is written down and transcribed in books, a comfortable history will gradually unite not only the tribe but the entire nation.

Since books are numerous and varied, questions arise which often confuse the reader who is not an educated historian. "Why is there not one uniform, proved history about the nations or movements?"; "Why is history always being rewritten?" and, "Since the visible accounts are different, which do we trust?" One must always rewrite history because any given fragment of history is necessarily a selection from all that recorded abundance which I have mentioned. And one cannot really make a selection except from a specified viewpoint. This specified viewpoint tells how we have developed types of history: war, political, religious, and also the comprehensive type called cultural which is especially related to the nineteenth century.

Our interest in the histories of cultures arises directly from our own viewpoint, and this in turn from our situation, which I will momentarily describe. It is inconsiderate that each generation within a century and each historian within a generation should have his own viewpoint which sets him apart from his fellows. His overview of the materials, assumed and conjectural, is different and hence must be concerned with the structuring, the emphasis imposed, and the conclusions of his history. If he is a good craftsman, his book should be as trustworthy as that of another similar honest historian. And their disagreements will not weaken one or both histories unless one of the two writers avoids or cannot get evidence which later becomes available. There can be as many solid viewpoints as there are from a mountain top, as many as there are individuals or time periods.

Now, our nineteenth century situation is what has inspired my own particular viewpoint,... why today I am totally concerned with the historical culture, the struggles, the fate of our Low Germans, our language, our customs, our belief in God, our worth. All of these are, little by little, beginning to perish. The answer is in itself historic. All, everything changes more profoundly, more widely, more rapidly. That which is old is of no value. The fashionable is what is new. What is new today, will it all be old tomorrow?

My answer. During the eighteenth century, and more now in the nineteenth, Europe has changed. Why? Europe looked out at the new world, built power centers, colonies, entire empires in all parts of the world which were discovered 400 years earlier, and which then served Europe primarily as trade centers or trading posts. One knows this colonial

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expansion as the monarchical period, or imperialism! To those who have studied it, the reason and meaning of it all is obvious.

At the start, Christianity, Catholic and other, was brought to the unfortunate savages,... along with proper clothes and handkerchiefs. Next came better work methods from Europe and gifts with a lavish hand, bestowing its goods on backward lands: roads, streets, and now railroads, mining skills, trades, farming and tool industries. They turned the old unchanged ways of Asia and Africa inside out into a partial replica of themselves, i.e., Western Europe. Finally they provided true culture and values in the identical shape of their own tastes, customs, laws, houses, schools... a hygienic preparation to take over the world.

What is native to peoples, let alone! Their values, customs, languages are their right. Here in America, on the land where I live in Ohio, in St. John, that rightfully belonged to the Indians earlier... their lands and their rights were taken away by Mad Anthony Wayne near Ft. Recovery in 1795. (He also built Fort Wayne in Indiana.) To conquer for whatever reasons, to manipulate from people their property, speech and customs, even done in the name of God, any God, Catholic or otherwise, is ungodly.



Especially in the forefront is the Society of the Precious Blood which came, saw, took. Veni, vidi, vici! These priests will in time lose all their possessions and property rights here. At first they will abandon those properties when no religious use is found for them; other religious or state officials will buy them, or seize the property. The absolute secrecy of their accumulations, their self-esteem in their clerical positions,... as if above ordinary men, will, even if it takes one or two hundred years, strip from them each of their acquired places. This will also shut down many parishes so that they will find themselves with less and less support from adherents. (Here, unfortunately, the Indians will receive nothing.)

First their methods were brazen... slowly becoming subtle now. The scandal of their first years here are nearly forgotten now, about thirty years later,... even the connection between Albrecht and Brunner who was... God forgive me for writing this... an irascible womanizer and also a bit eccentric. I understand the sins of the flesh better than any others.

So? So it was. What is known to happen in the grand manner to nations also happened in a small neighborhood, and I was there... to denounce him! Justifiably! Justice belongs to all! Also to the excessive Reverend Brunner and Sister Albrecht, irregular mate of Brunner. So? And so it was! An imposition!



"Indian tobacco pipes from our woods at St. John" 1844

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"A picture in my mind from the tales in former times with Indians" 1854

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In Europe writers began to speak of the "white man's burden"!! Intermittently they experienced twinges of conscience to teach and care for the natives until they could help themselves out with their own enlightened — that is European — institutions, and rule themselves with free elections and then a parliament. The so-called Anglo-Saxon nations had better take over governing the world.

Nations will lay down their weapons in exhaustion and despair, at times abandon even the inherent right of each nation to determine its own fate, and, when once this principle is accepted, colonies are done. Self-government is coming. We understand this awareness... filled with many new peoples, new states, and new histories which we will strive to understand and absorb. All the world is becoming smaller and mixing more in the lives of one another.

People of every color and belief and loyalty will begin to move about, and so also will their ideas. Books will be abundant, cheaper. One will be able to get newspapers and pamphlets. The new telephone and telegraph will be so improved that information and knowledge will move around the one world. Localities, once called exotic — which means "outside" — will likewise be inside, demanding our best ideas. Sometimes they will accept our help; and others will often attempt revenge because of earlier injustices.

Whatever our own opinion on particular issues may be, it is evident that a great blending of culture is going on here in Ohio, in America. Europe and America soon will no longer remain at the middle of the historical world. So, a turmoil akin to that which Copernicus stirred up in astronomy 400 years ago is beginning to take place in my perception of mankind. Since the one-time "outlying" localities of the world, the frontiers of culture, will within the next hundred years become encompassed in a profoundly new form, it is impossible to cling to the viewpoint from which earlier historians developed their writings. Because of this, histories will have to be rewritten.

Shortly it will be foolish to think that Europe is not the center; it will no longer be a center. Likewise it may well be unsafe for one to locate the center in another place. It is also foolish if I guess where the center will be in the years 1915, 1960, 1985 or 2005. Nevertheless it is evident that the new nations in Central and South America, Australia, India, and especially China, Japan and Africa will have found their strength through new ideas, new attitudes, new methods, by way of new thinking. Science will come out of hiding. Medicine will provide a better life and will prolong it. Surgery and medical skills will be obtainable by all.

My precise point of view to which honest observation leads me is that this unified world is painfully on the way to a common, though varied, culture. It is difficult for me to represent and describe convincingly that the culture which will come will not yet be complete. Perhaps the idea in my thoughts of one world is ridiculous, but it will not simmer down; rather it smolders like a chain of volcanoes and will erupt unpredictably.

I know a bit about war. I have seen Napoleon's men quartered at Neuenkirchen and Bieste. I have seen the lean, hungry, lusting and wretched Napoleonic soldiers on skinny, sick horses returning from Russia, defeated. We children went after their dead bodies when they fell on the way back on the "Pickerwegg" highway and took their clothes, boots and anything else. We took harnesses and anything of value off the dead horses. We took wagon wheels, tongues, side boards, guns, powder, gears, leather lines, single and double-trees.

The war between the North and South here in America was horrible. Many soldiers did not die in battle; they died from disease. I read about it every day... before, during and after the war.

In many regions of the world, the gains of one year are lost in the next; diplomatic and economic ties of one country with another are foolishly broken by succeeding governments.

I feel in my mind, pray and hope, but cannot know that the underlying forces common in today's world will in time discover in every territory and culture their destined union.

In the meanwhile I must still read and think about the various cultures. Sadly, for those who are writing history today, there is a limiting factor which one cannot ignore. The culture of the West is the only one which has systematically studied the others from the start of their manifold contacts. I am not saying that in a history of the culture of the world one can rely on the research undertaken long ago by the ancient cultures of the East for their own use. But that is to say that as yet a true collaboration of experts from all parts of the world is as difficult to bring about as is the production of a complete historical account of the emerging civilizations. Yet it is careless to say that my or the next generation will see and live with any strong interacting forces between the Far Eastern, Near Eastern, African and Western sections.

I read of those who, for the sake of understanding, propose a mingling between "eastern spiritualism" and "western materialism"; they are in good faith, but they don't know what they are talking about. I know well, actually very well, from living under and with the Swiss clergy and complaining sisters as neighbors; also with good Protestant Yankees, with North German - Low German Lutherans. Cultures cannot be merged as if we were sweet young children!!

Living all my life here in Mercer County, the St. John-Minster-Celina areas, has taught me at what a sluggish pace and with what painful struggles ideas cross cultural barriers. A strong culture has a noticeable unanimity in its resistance to strange and uncomfortable ideas. I go to Cincinnati to get books and to visit Archbishop Purcell. He understands me a little; I understand him less. On the other hand, though, Bishop Dwenger and I understand each other well. You know why, very well!

It is for this reason... that cultures are unique and wonderful entities in their workings... that I examine them through my reading of details, through discussion and meditation. Unlike our forefathers, I feel an unavoidable preoccupation with all the new

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"At Saint Marys lake 1840 - Celina, main town of Mercer County. On the lake shores."

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"Near Celina" 1851

rebelling peoples and their cultures. That which I once set to verse, the old historical accounts of battles and kings, I now find to be unfulfilling. Like the ancient Greek, Herodotus, I want to now step outside my second fatherland to view the broad horizon, to learn the customs which exist outside of Mercer County in far-off places, and come as near to them as I can; to be aware that nothing human is foreign or alien to me.

The question: Which culture ought I examine? Although one strictly interprets it to mean a distinct way of living, should I seek the opportunity to discuss the contributions of one among many of the linked cultures which make up a common civilization of this region, Mercer County, for the future? To give a good account I must get a view of the entire county, i.e., complete, including Fort Recovery and Rockford. Seldom have I been northwest of Celina.

Two other considerations restrict my choice or my strategy. One is the historical interrelation round about Marion Township, St. John, Minster and all of southern Mercer County. The other, when I finally relate factual accounts, whether the listeners realize it or not, these accounts will have a strong bias towards favoring the evolving explanations. "How did this come about?" And likewise, "Where do we go from here?" and, "Are we like this?"

The listener's belief that what we are is what the past has made us commends itself at sight, and serves us as a measureable value. With that, therefore, copying cultural historians, I accordingly take up our civilization which has survived to the present... no matter how many changes or apparent interruptions I find in the telling... the Low German nation, from the time of Widukind or even before then. Any and all cultures, if they are still here, are important, and with fairness to all, of whatever sort our failings and mistakes, the Boeke and Knapke families have had very great powers to survive.

I want to give you a fair idea of how our culture has come to the present here, has come to assume the pattern in which we now find it. We must give consideration to several earlier cultures which have almost dissolved in the larger stream. Ancient Athens is no more... and at first we don't see much of ourselves in the city-states of Pericles and Plato, even though at the same time their achievements seem to have a connecting value for us. Artistic, intellectual and social achievements — which are independent of time — seem to us to have a sort of continuing life. Besides, we say that they are profound gifts or works and, for that reason, we assign them the highest distinction. Any culture that has produced a quantity of great works interests us, whether or not we make a connection between their way of life and our own.

The "Precious Blood Society" brought its own measuring stick with them. They took too much, grasped too much, expected far too much. Soon the church will spell out that the priests, the clerics, are the servants of the servants of God. Yes! They did not consider us!... our own historical north Low German past, filled with importance! No! That is residue! In the first place, for us Low Germans from Oldenburg and Westphalia, it is not a laughing matter; we want to stand up proudly for what we have achieved.

Brunner did not comprehend that, that here an appreciation and a knowledge of culture are impor-

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"A view in Cincinnati in the hotel. The people are grand, with cards, drinking, eating, dancing; too much money, they don't work, live only for amusement." "(I have taken no time, and almost forgot.)" 1876

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tant. Purcell knew; Brunner did not. Now we know why the Swiss, who so badly wanted to become bishop of Cleveland, did not. Purcell admired our efforts, our hanging together, and did understand what the people as a group built together, or sang, or worshipped, or fought for without priestly supervision in our first times here. He recognized our skills and drew up rules for our lifestyle.

To be a man, to be a woman, I say, is to be moved by the signs of other men, left here by their passage on earth... as the author, Daniel Defoe, wrote in "Robinson Crusoe", his book of 1719, were those "unexpected footprints in the sand". Brunner and Albrecht left their imprints lying on their consciences. Even so, it was certainly God's will. We were and are thankful that Brunner's longtime impulses were ended when the time came. With his irresponsible thinking, unprincipled arguments and expressed unperceptive view of lay people's needs, he was blinded by his fanatical "on again", "off again" absolute, uncontrolled authority. He was a burden!

We then, you and I, know well that it is a historical fact that seemingly remote cultures simultaneously play a part in another culture's evolution. Natz and our relatives talked a lot about that after their arrival in America in 1842. Mitten and Gäethe noticed it at once. (Ed. - Mitten was the familiar form of Maria Katharina, Liwwät's sister; Gäethe was the familiar form for Gertrude, Liwwät's mother.) In such a short time here, they said, we two had changed and were a bit different. So Maria Katharina and Gertrud, just arrived, saw a change in us immediately then in the seven or eight years after our own arrival. We are always and at all times adapting, changing.

The record of this many-sided cultural force is naturally incomplete. Now, after seeing it here in the St. John community, in Mercer County, in the diocese, in Ohio for forty-five years, and earlier in Europe during my childhood and youth, I am aware of and know enough to acknowledge my debts to others. For example: to India for the so-called Arabic numerals; to the Arabian Mohammedans for science; to China for silk-making and so on to many others for innumerable advances of hand and intellect.

We know, now in the so-called modern times which I claim started about 1492, that western lives in their more homelike and intimate details have been radically changed by the unending traffic between East and West. This is a counterpoint to the impact of the West upon the East, about which I wrote before as a present-day source concerning itself with regions considered exotic.

My feeling about influence is thus a rational feeling, and I often reflect about the effect of any culture upon another. When there was no borrowing and no possibility of mingling, then the indication alone of something strange has often been enough that I begin a train of thoughts which emerges in great movements or events. The immigrants from Damme, Münster or Alfhausen, or from anyplace, do have effect on the French in Versailles in Darke County, Ohio.

With succeeding swings of attitudes, Europe has responded since 1500 to contact with primitive people. In Montaigne's monographs comes the idea of relative standards of behavior. Cannibals, he says, eat human flesh, and we become almost unhinged, disgusted. But clearly they do not feel such guilt, and in other ways they maintain rules similar to our own. No reason to take up cannibalism, but it might be better to use a little tolerance towards those whose customs are different from ours. That is a lesson that Brunner never learned.

In the next century it was the simplicity of primitive lives that attracted the European. In that simplicity they saw basic virtues such as truth, integrity, modesty and loyalty to the tribe. The "noble savage" was not a discovery of Rousseau; it was commonplace a hundred years before then. Here in America the Indian tribes are much written about... "wild brutes" in retreat. White men are heroes for killing, stealing and abusing... in tandem with the government's looking on.

Thanks to this mystery of the simple and noble savage, the idea came forward that a man was a man rather than a member of a class, guild or slave caste till in the eighteenth century it helped to generate the idea of a man's rights, every man's. It was then that Rousseau uncovered the theory of the virtues of democracy (Greek: DEMOS KRATIEN - the people rule) and after him came the revolutions that established the groundwork for "A man's a man for all that",... to which the whole world now is striving to give stable form.

Culture is a man's interest in man coupled with a thoughtful survey of the past. Since most of the goods of life are found or made by hand, it is important that my writing should be supplemented with pictures so that historical tales will immediately jog the mind and emotions. Where this happens, there is no need of trickery or exaggeration to make the facts vivid. They live by their own force.

The mind itself is the central riddle of civilization. Historical tales in themselves are in vast overabundance, events tending now this way, now whatever. Is there inside this a meaning that one should read, a sign to consider? And, though there is or not, how can we explain the emergence and disintegration of "civilization" — or of any given civilization?

These are deep questions. Many good minds have tried to figure out this mystery of the "rise" and "downfall" of governments. And the answers differ widely: land exhaustion, inferior weapons, low morality, plagues... the choice is yours. I know that there is a cyclical movement; its pattern I don't understand. Prophets, St. Augustine, John Eckermann, Fritz Kugler, all saw the changes and discerned a linear progression, but disagreed about direction... toward the end of the world, or genuine freedom under government, or real justice without need of government.

The diversity in interpretation shows how unclear is the message buried in the evidence. What, in fact, does "rise and fall" mean to me when it is applied to a culture? The speech-image is sometimes clarified by turning it into another and saying that civilizations

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are born, mature, and die. This has credibility since we are familiar with birth, maturity and death; however, the use of this model to span the centuries brings us to serious errors.

The death of a culture is also an idea open to objection where we can never establish the extermination of an entire nation... as we are able to in Rome's destruction of Carthage. Once again, what should we say about ancient Athens whose government is no more, whose language has changed, whose gods are no longer worshipped, and whose immense monuments are ruined, but whose gifts and thought forms are yet alive!

The question really is one of paraphrasing. One must say that the culture of the Greek city-states is gone by reason of its absorption into firstly, Rome, then into the medieval centuries, and now into modern civilization. Because of that one must add that in the course of any such absorption of a culture into another civilization, much is lost, thrown away and mixed with new elements. This, if anything, is the usual rule of civilizations: traditions following or carried forward include changes... which means innovation.

One of the most arduous promoters who holds to the cyclical theory of civilization is in one of the two books which I have just read that were given to me by Bishop Dwenger, and which he had bought in Europe. They were written by a French scholar and diplomat. His name is Joseph Arthur Gobineau, a skilled writer and an authority on the Orient. He makes innovation the pivotal point of civilization. He states that civilization appears only when cultures mix and flow into one another. It is by opposition, surprise, even distaste that human energy is driven to create innovation. Then, says Gobineau, when the intermixture has gone on for a long time, energy wanes, the diverse customs confuse the simple mind. Skills and crafts become weak and indifferent, the people let everything go, and civilization dies.

Today, certainly, cultural exchanges and contrasts here, in and around Mercer County, are numerous, and occasions for confusion are equally abundant. At the same time, we must remember that what we deem of value here, such as culture or civilization, the arts, education and the amenities of life, rely on the protection of that life, and the means for that protection. I notice in the cities, Dayton, Cincinnati and even in Celina, that houses are robbed at night; and Negro families especially do not have the necessary means for food and education. If all this sort of thing increases, then America will have a great many families — all in the poorhouse.

Civilization and society cannot thrive unless there is opportunity for the people, civil government, freedom of action for trading, working, assembly, travel, speaking, reading, and there are the kinds of controls set up for peace and strength. These robberies which are now occurring, especially in settlements close to one another, will multiply and in two or three generations families will fall apart, and no one will be safe at home or on the road.

In these times of complex institutions like education, health care and religion, the government here and in Columbus, Ohio, needs stability and also the flexibility to adjust. Even so, the future hope for culture depends on the interplay of mind and matter, custom and understanding, sin and forgiveness, opportunity and security for all families, every one. All this one can only control in part. I think, perhaps at the same time, the political government will fully try to mold people's lives, will try to control more and more. Yet it can control only to the extent that one's mind, hoping to affect any results, is informed, tolerant, and gifted with a historical sense. This sense is in us all and is aroused by local, state and world events that we read and hear about. I myself can be stimulated by reading the histories of nations... such as those which I have talked over with you... too much.

Started - 1877
Finished - 1880-81 Liwwät Böke

My greatest love is Natz. My greatest loss is Natz. My greatest hope is to meet with Natz again.

In the end I have gained half English and lost half Platt!

I think and pray for you always; later pray also for my soul... thanks!



Natz's place. 1857

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Pictures from my Childhood at Home in Nellinghof and Neuenkirchen



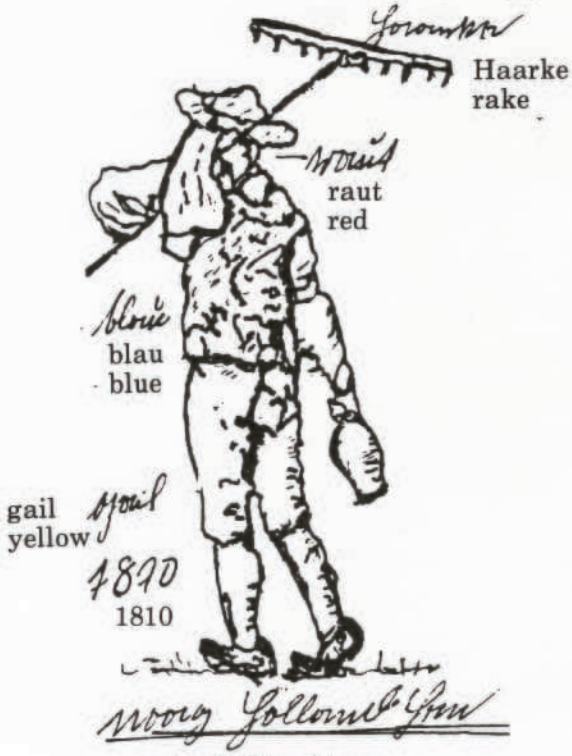
De Riiken in Staodt
The rich in the city

Belder van mein

Kinnertied bi Hüüs in

Nellinghof un Neuenkirchen

(Ed. - During the years 1825-1832, Liwwät wrote in High German verse - in a partially used book from the Böke household - a history of the world for children. She used empty spaces in this book to draw illustrations of things from her childhood at home in Nellinghof and Neuenkirchen. These items, labeled by her in Low German, are reproduced here.)



noag Holland hen
on the way to Holland



Junge
youth

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Stintshepel



Buer Mütz
farmer cap



Blintesieppel Hat of Kappen
tassel hat or cap



Damme Hoot
Damme hat



Leddern Hoot von Bieste
leather hat from Bieste



Hauge Sylander Hasenfeltz
high cylinder rabbit felt



Hasenfeltz Kiärkenhoot
rabbit felt church hat



(Ed. - The drawings on the right show the actual size of the page on which they were made.)

Holsken
wooden shoes



Stoefel holss duer
boots wooden dry



Staodt Schöh
town shoes



Stofel Sibatt
boots



Roch
coat



westen
vest



blau Lokar
blue



Rock
coat



westen
vest



westen
vest



bux
pants

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Strauhoot för Piärde
straw hat for horses



Strau un perlen
straw and beads

Linen Mütse
linen cap

moorien

Bunte gestriekenr
colored knit

witte Sippel Kappe
white tassel cap

Linnen Sippel Kappe
linen tassel cap

mooren

dunkel glau
dark

Band Müsse
ribbon cap

Bindchen
ribbons

Rumbindchen

Sippelstiärt
tassel tail

hesenpeltz
rabbit pelt

besentiel

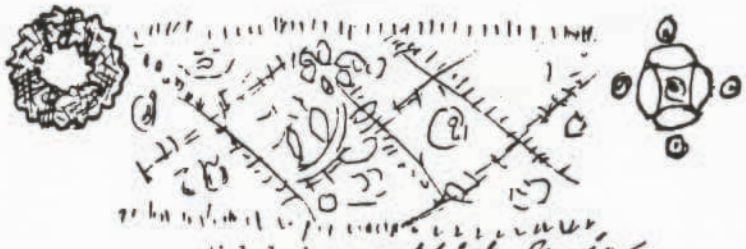
Watten müttse
padded cap

Strouhoot wichter
straw hat girl's

Pudenmutse
cap

oorehenklappe
ear flaps

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stickelerie
embroidery



muster för wiett stickelerie
pattern for white embroidery

Figuren for Latz un Stickelerie Froen Kleeder
figures for lace and embroidery women's clothes















Knop
met Latz

button
with lace

to'en anknächen
to button on



spid knäipmet schnurbrust
lace bodice



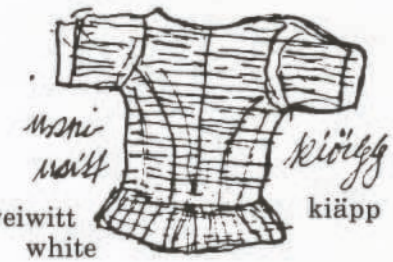
halfbleinen kleed moorien
half linen dress



umhang
cape

trivgen dook

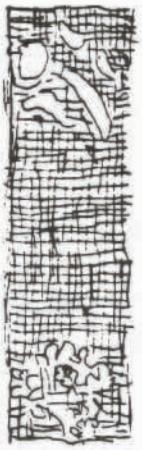
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weiwitt
white

kiäpp

Muster Furgedraat linnen Schööten
pattern linen aprons





blau lelizene beströkte schouten
knitted aprons
blue



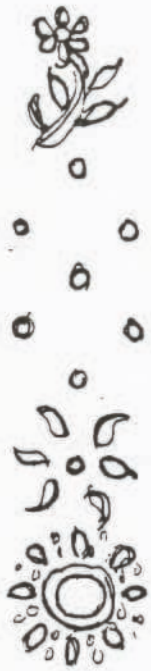
buntebrün met gial
color brown with yellow
un witt schouten
and white apron



buntigen
colored

Schwatte siedenschouten
black silk apron

Snikemester blaufer





Sondag's schötten
Sunday's aprons

kieke
footwarmer

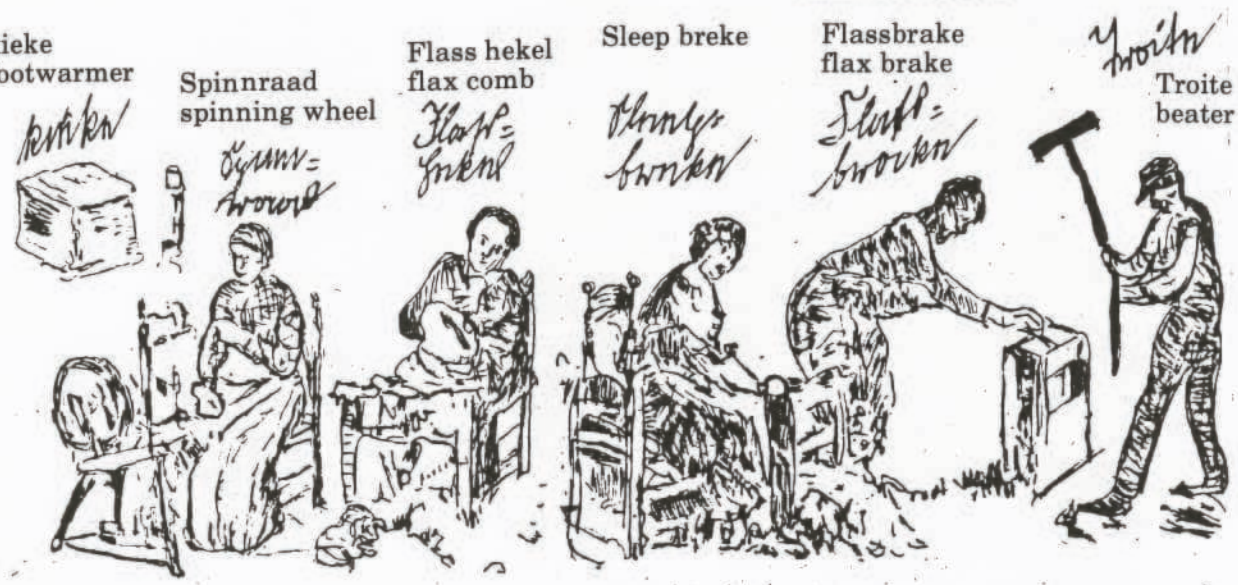
Spinnraad
spinning wheel

Flass hekel
flax comb

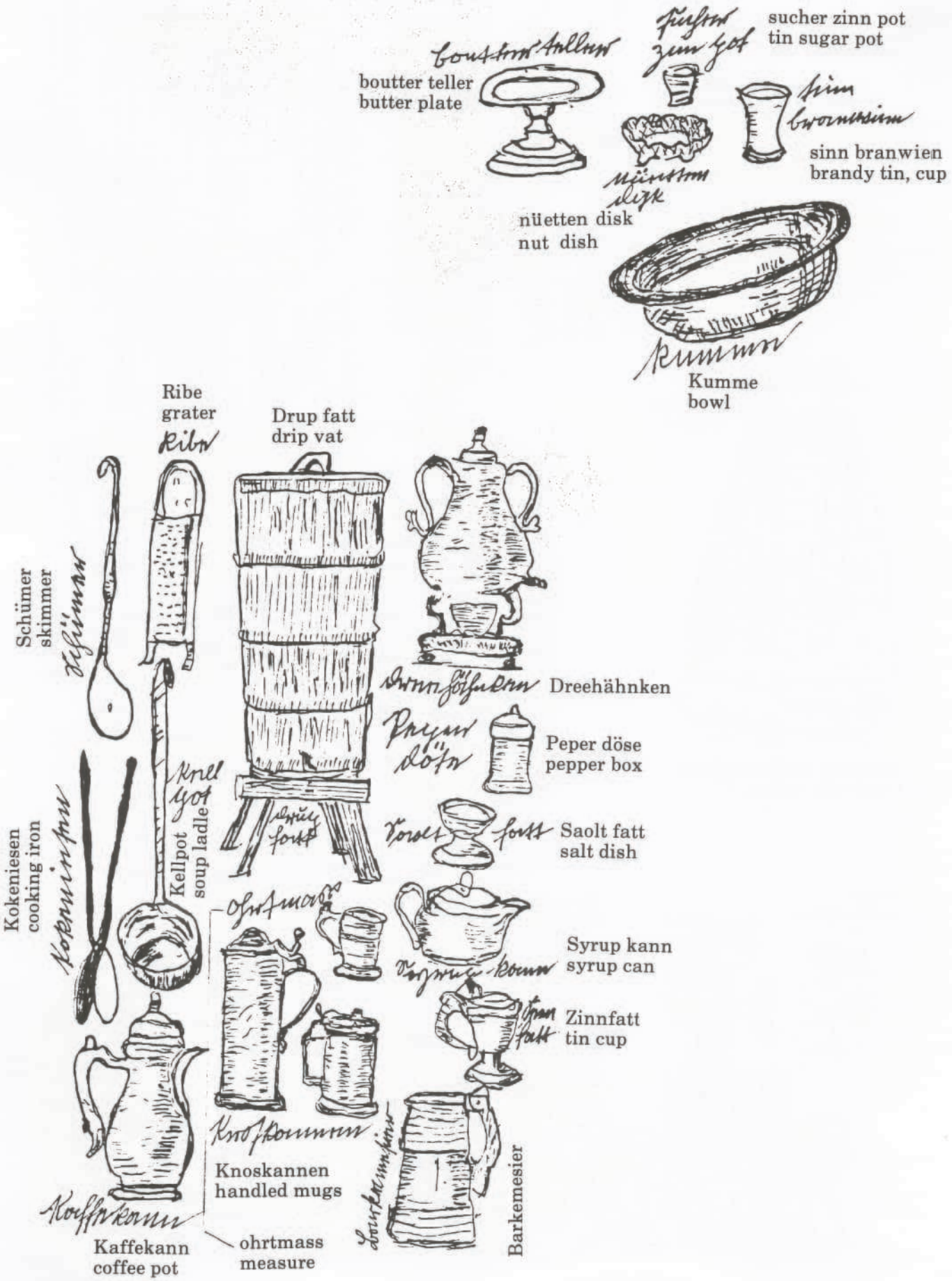
Sleep breke

Flassbrake
flax brake

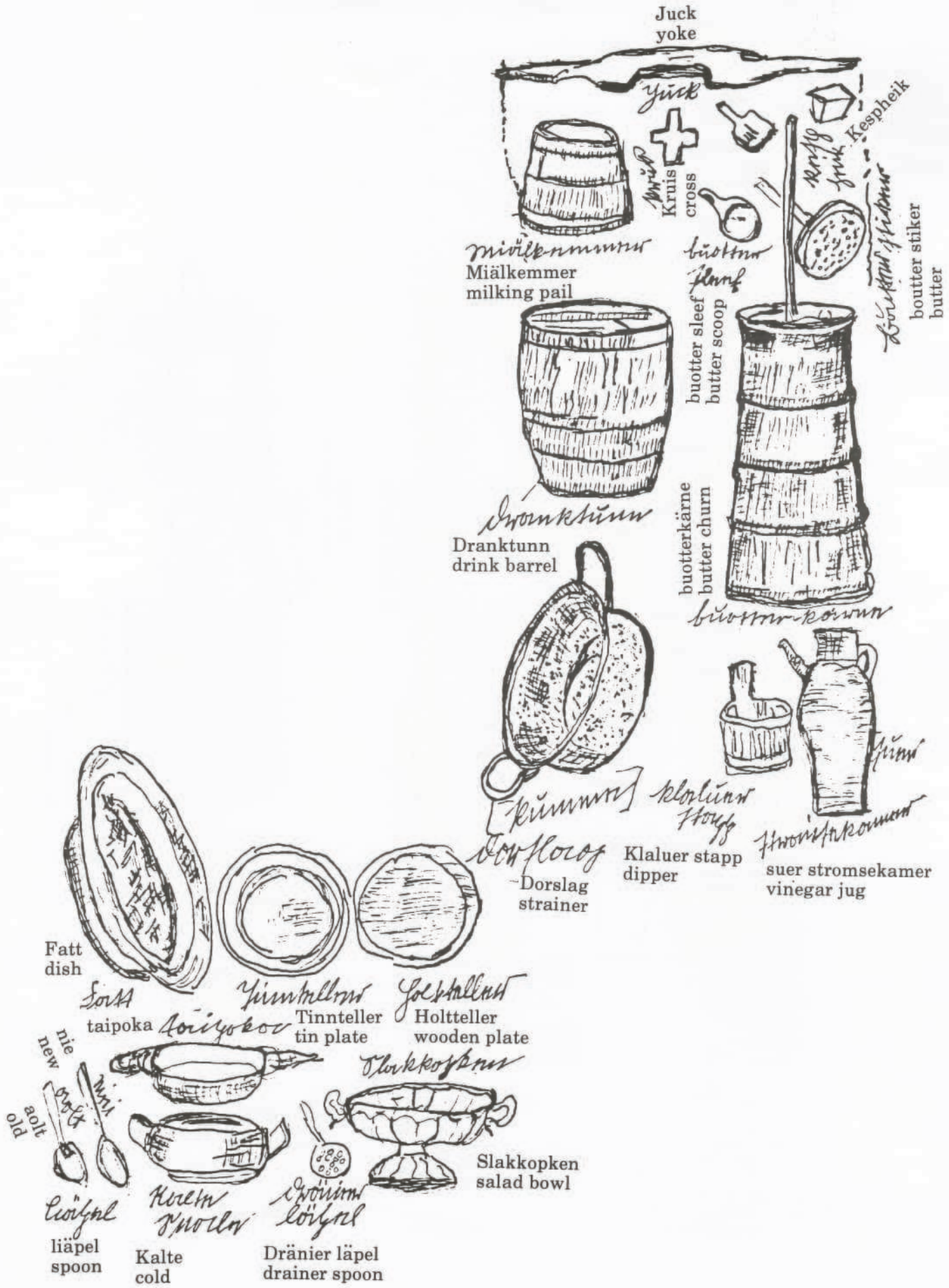
Troite
beater



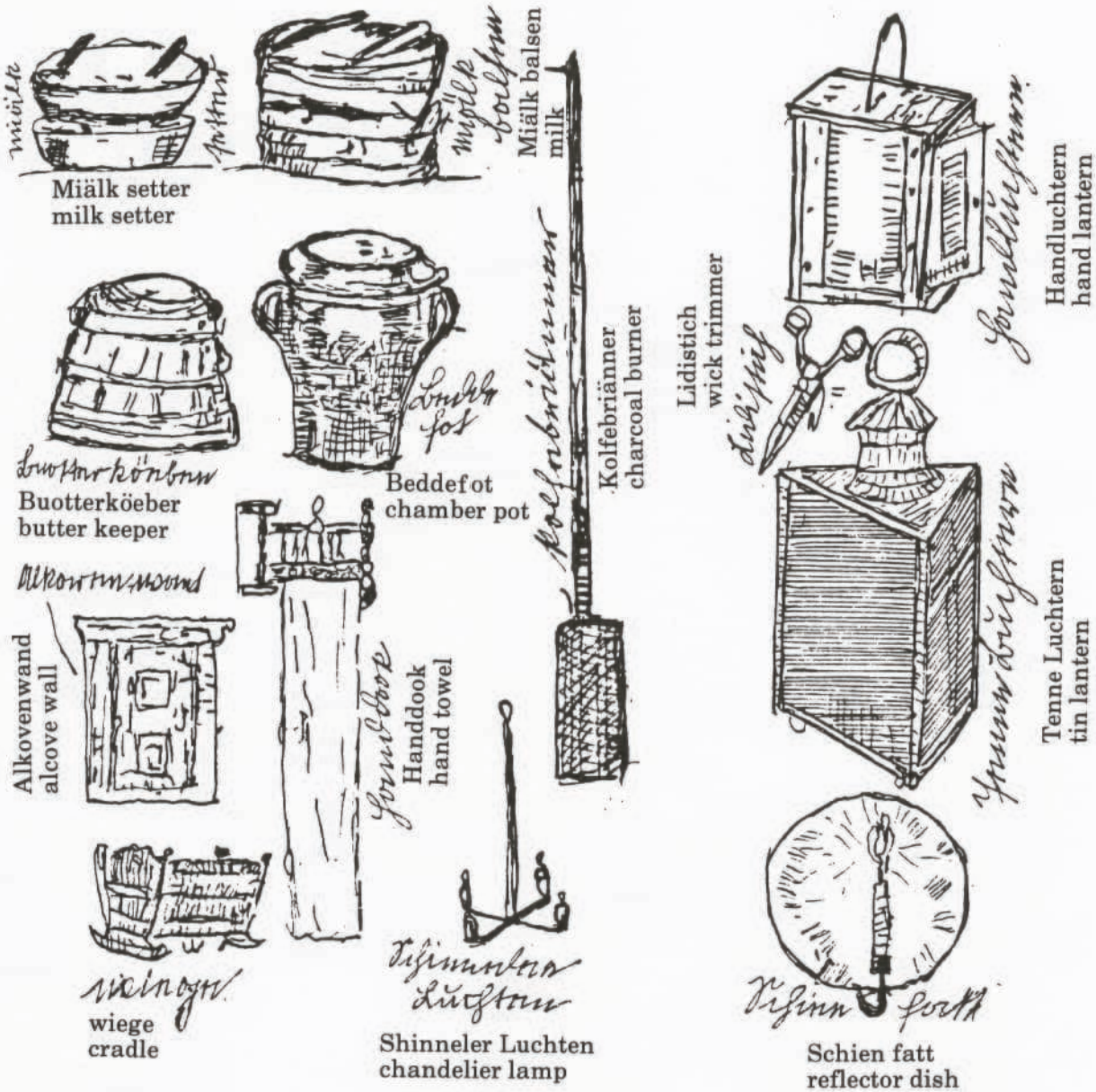
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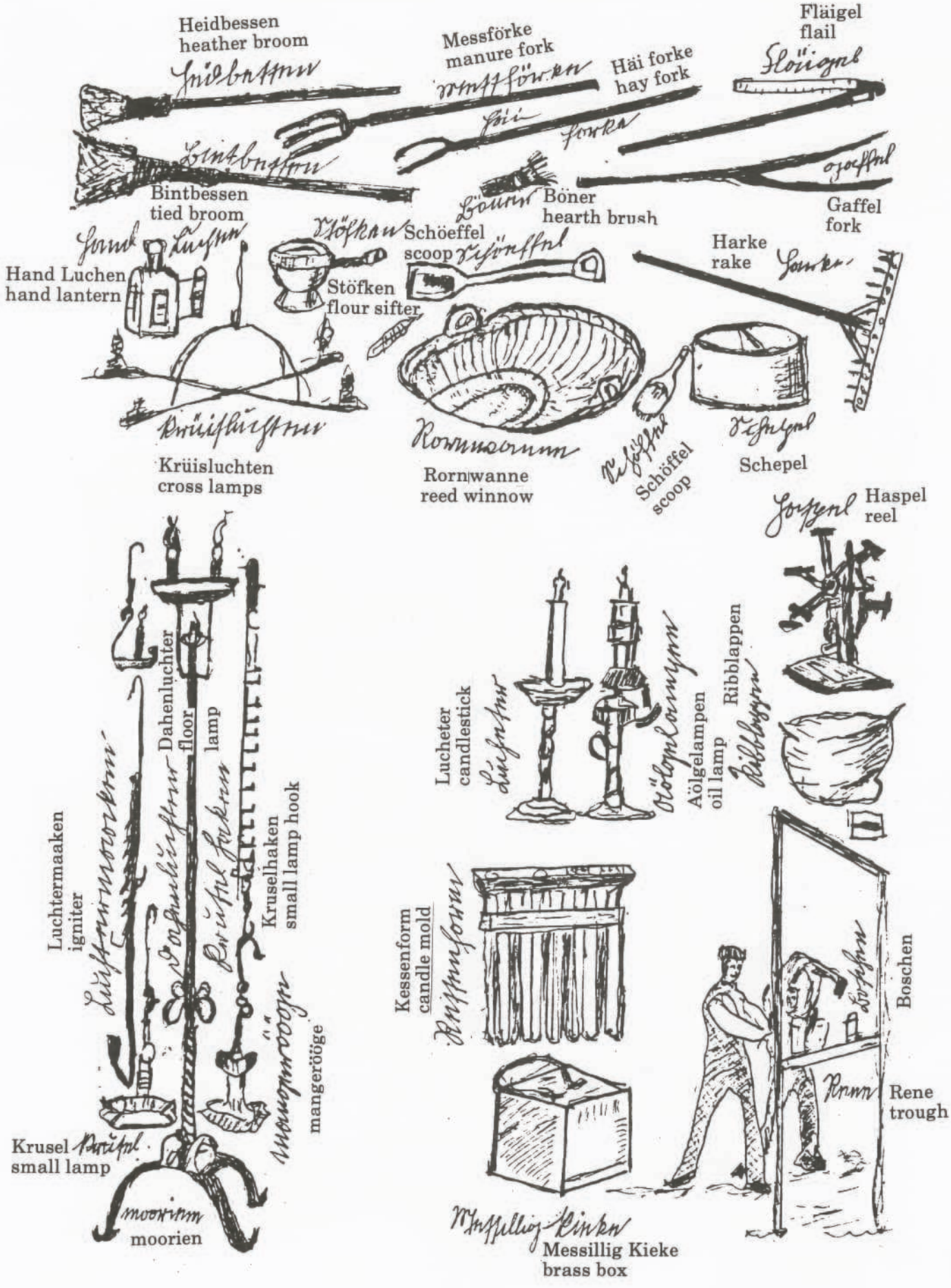
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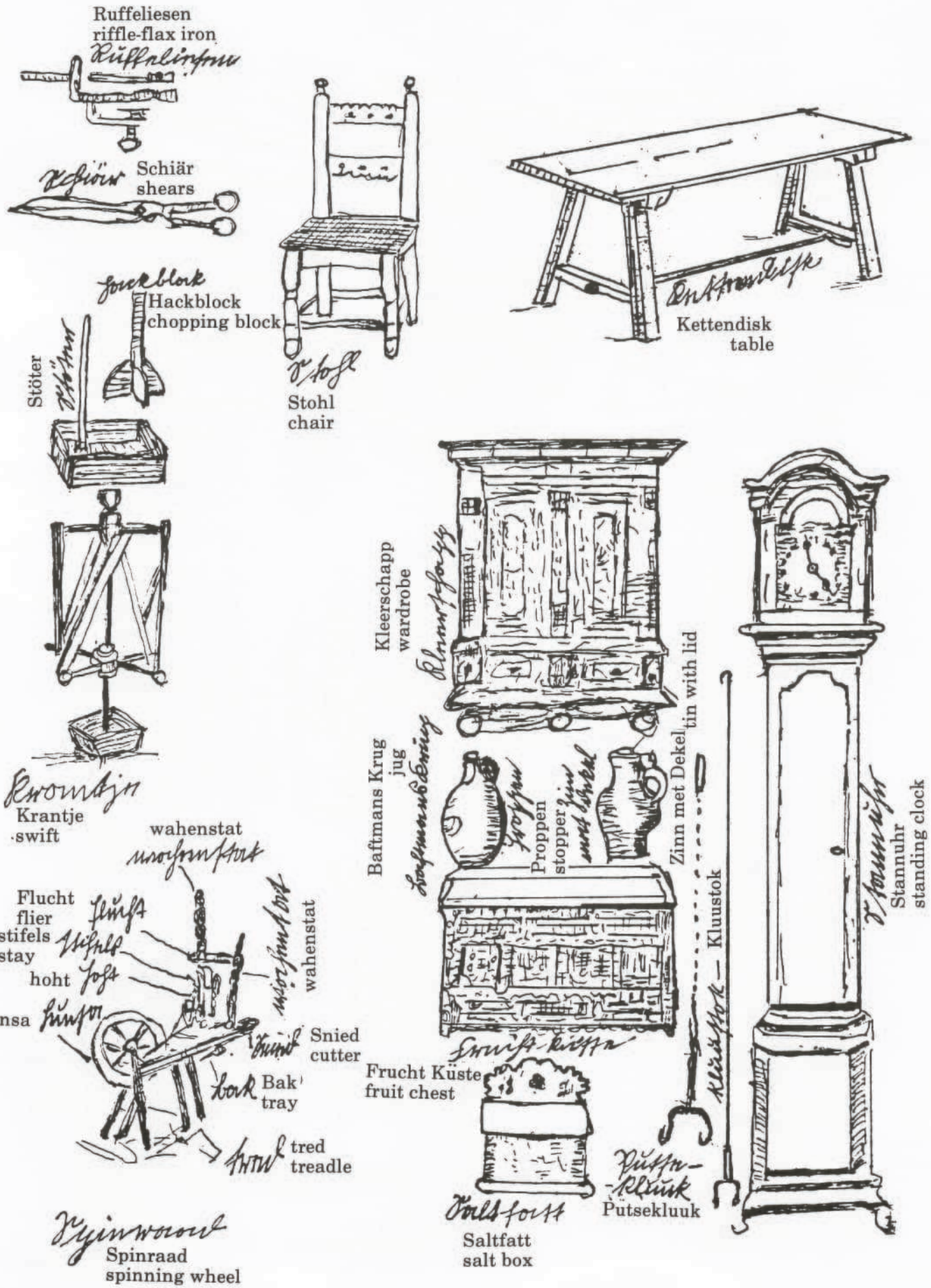
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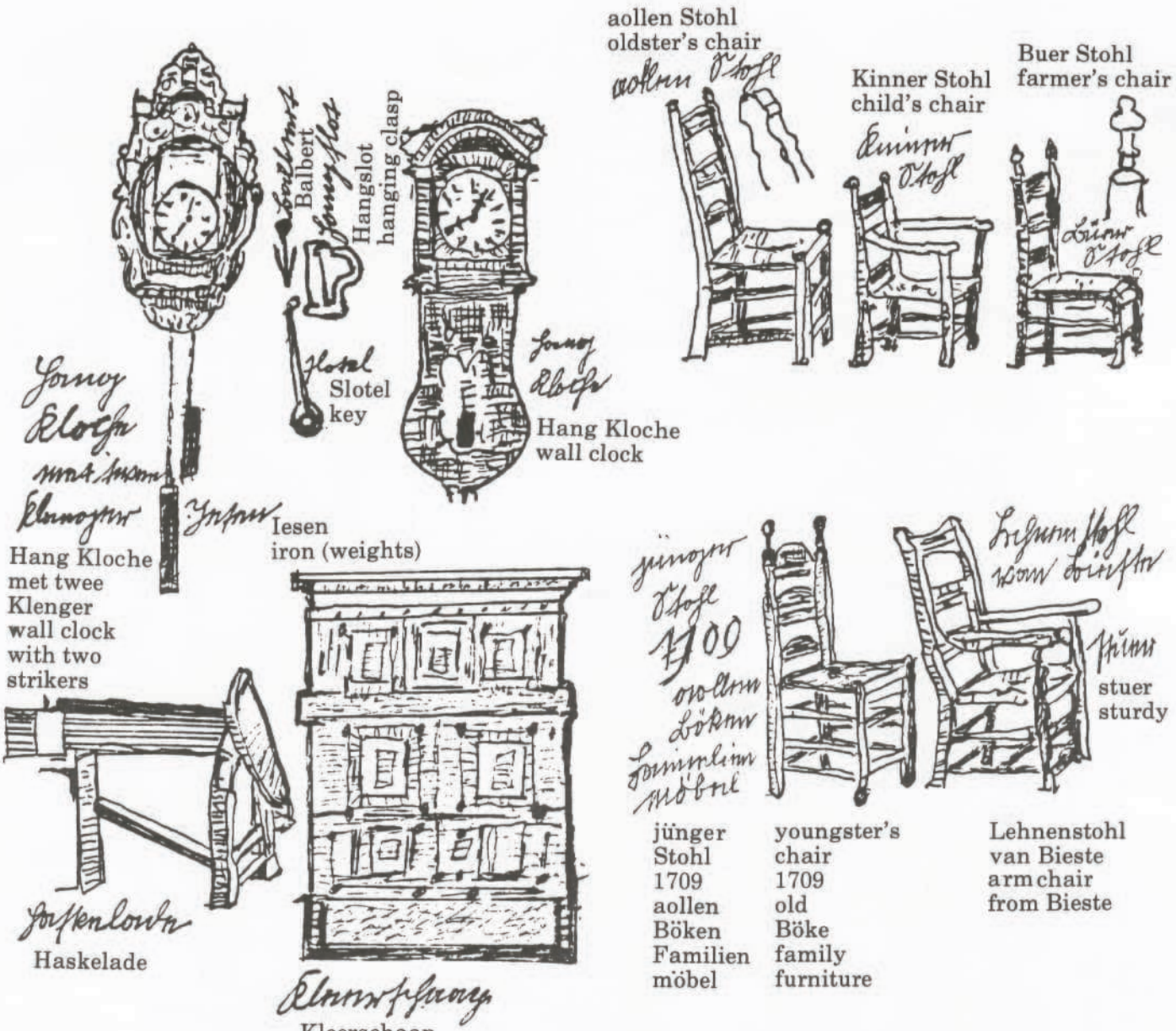
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Glasschap 1778
glass cupboard

Boar för
Holt nagel

bore for
wooden pins

Düssel
adze

Dwingen spliter

Twigburl

Dragmess drawknife

Hil
Bül
hatchet

Hamer
hammer

elze
awl

Klufsagen
sash saw

Sagenbuch
sawbuck

Vosstärt
pit saw

Bül
hatchet

Stumoel
fan mill

Dragblatt
draw blade

Klire

Handslöen
clasp knife

Lükup

Proppen
stopper

Dackdecker
roofer

Sticker

Bolspaden
round spade

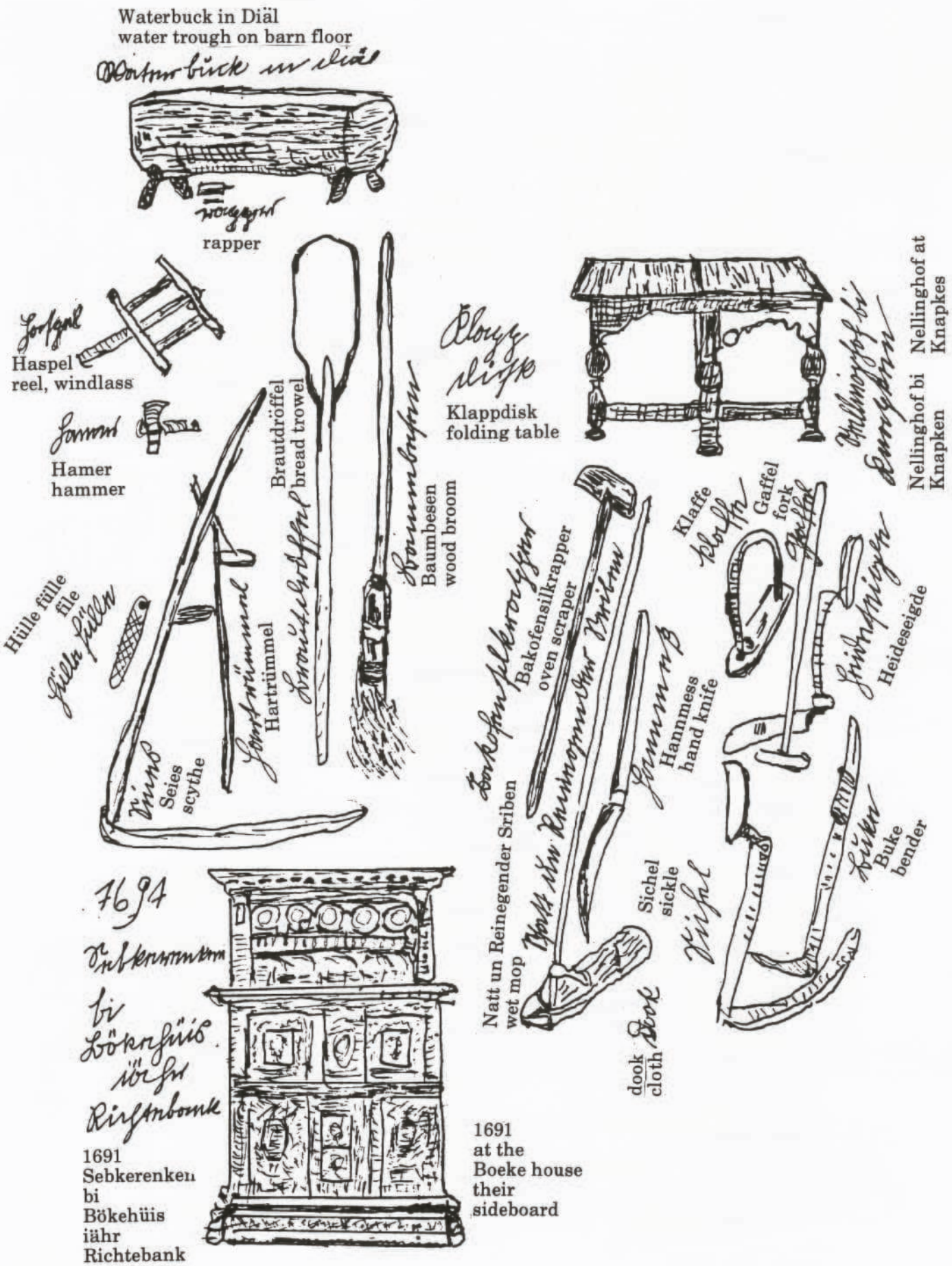
Prike

Deur Hinge
strong hinges

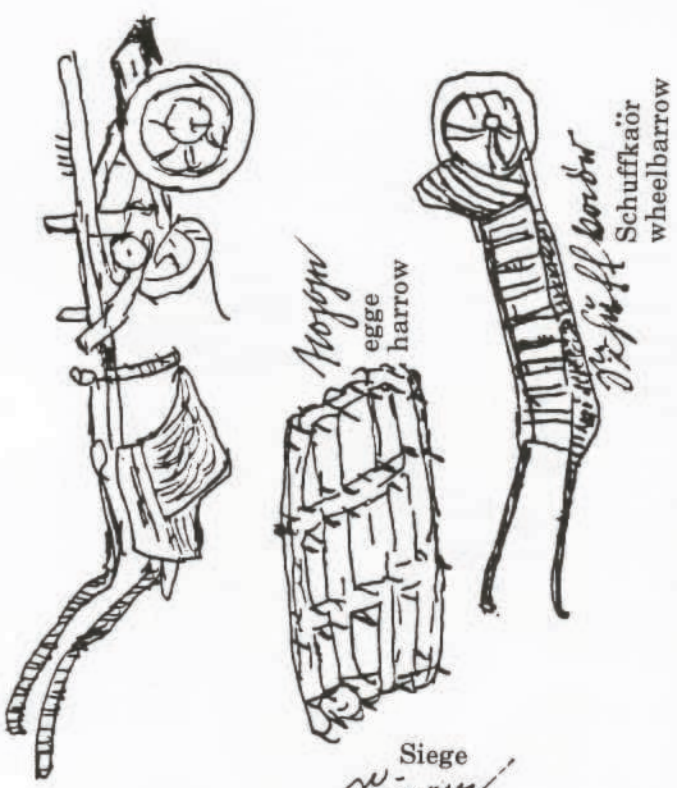
Snidspaden
cutting spade

Lehenkuffer
trunk

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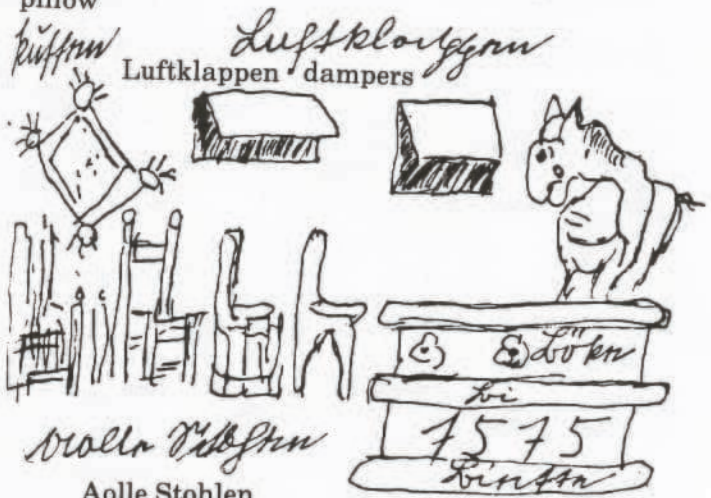
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Kussen
pillow

Luftklappen
dampers



Aolle Stohlen
old chairs

Böke bi 1515 Bieste
Boeke at 1515 Bieste

Siege

Flöete
flute

Komnon

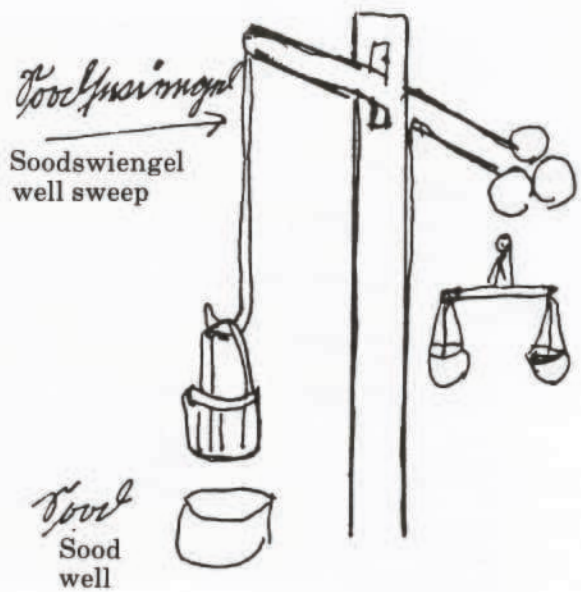
Hinge
hinge

Kelk
chalice



Doopsteen
baptismal font

Hamen
throw net



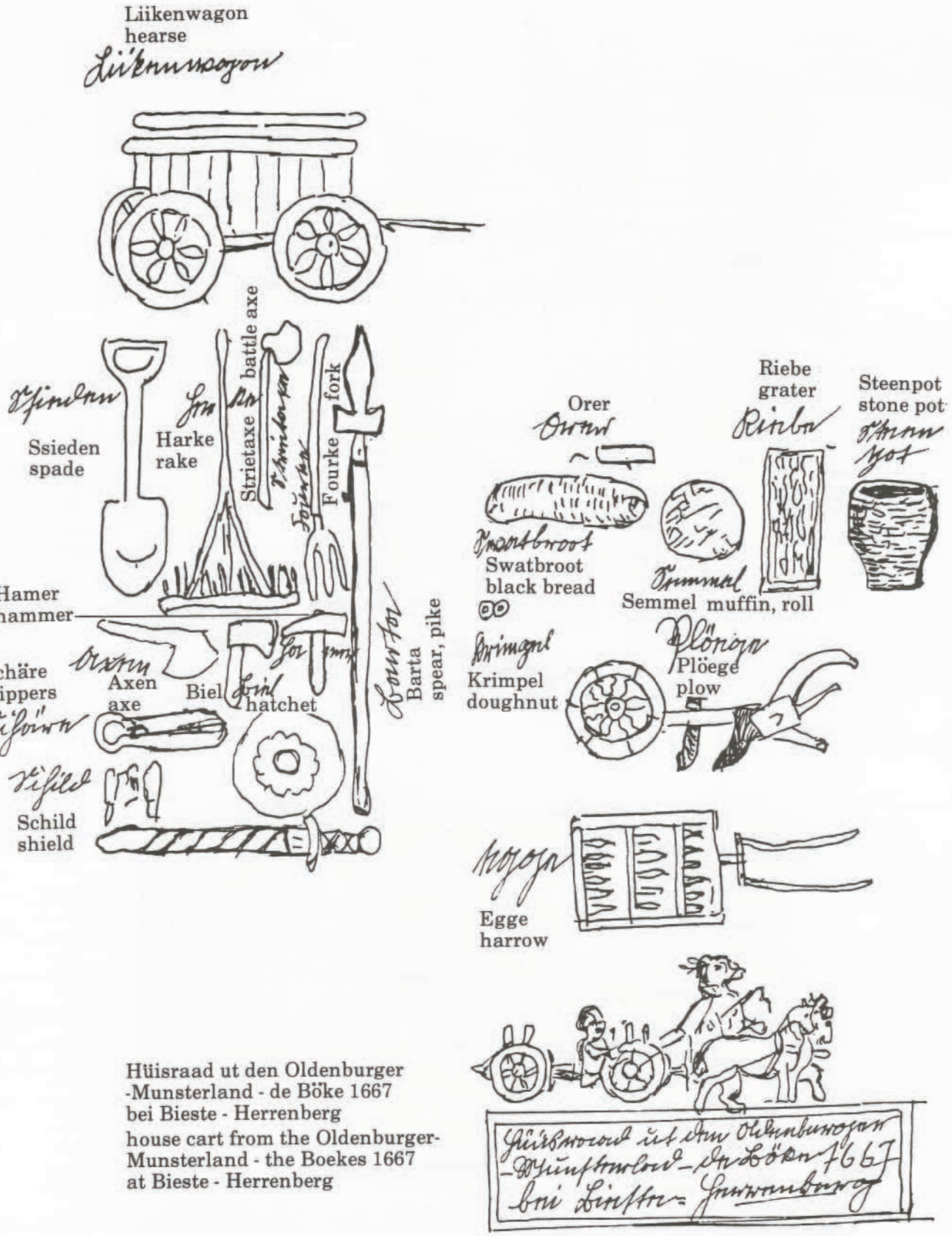
Soodswiengel
well sweep

Sood
well



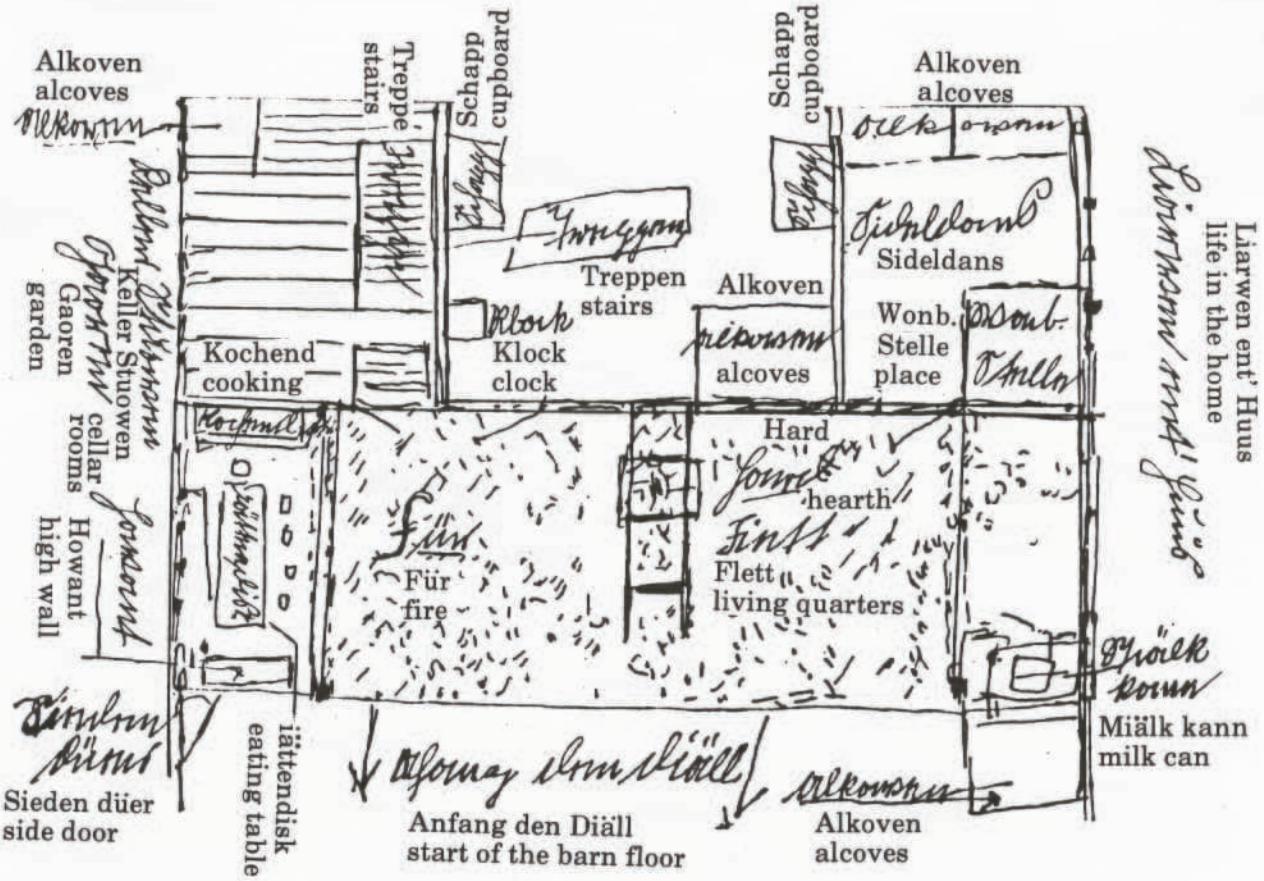
Strumpenbeen
Dröchtner
stocking leg
dryer

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Hüisraad ut den Oldenburger
-Munsterland - de Böke 1667
bei Bieste - Herrenberg
house cart from the Oldenburger-
Munsterland - the Boekes 1667
at Bieste - Herrenberg

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Bedden Alkoven met Düeren for twee Lüe
bed alcoves with doors for two people

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Bom met witten Sand un dann sötgewerft
with white sand and then soot-strewn

Hard Want
hearth wall

Fürstohn
coals stopper

Dablenluchten
floor lamp

Ketel
kettle

Dreifot
tripod

Pannholder
pan holder

Fürhengst
fire horse
(andiron)

Braotröste
grill

Ketelhaken
kettle hook

Kole fust
cold fist

Sleef
ladle

Pothaken
pot hanger

Etel pot
pot

Füershupp
fire scoop

Füertange
fire tongs

Bett
bed

Pannen
pan

Warmister
warmer

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"A view near Fort Loramie, south of Stallo 1836.
On the shores of the lake."

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"As it was in the winter of 1837 towards Ohio, the snow and the wind. All the animals were freezing, the wagons lost also!"
"Drawn in 1880, St. John, Mercer." (County)

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"The Elking wife"
(born Elizabeth Kramer)



"My relative, the Knapke wife" 1867
(sister-in-law, born Katherine Kramer)

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"At St. John Liwebit Böke" 1871
(probably daughter-in-law, born Elizabeth Hagedorn)

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"Bernard Böke, my son, is sleeping. He is forty-one today, his birthday." 1880



Düsseldorf Köln 4 849 Xm.

1879

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About Liwwät's Papers and Vincent Boeke

I first met Vincent and his gracious wife, Irene, in the fall of 1976 when I visited their home in Columbus. This had come about as a result of a genealogical inquiry he had made to our parish. Being semi-retired I had just begun the Knapke family research, so we got together. Little could we have suspected what this would burgeon into!!

At that time, our mutual interest was family history. We shared what we could. Both of us knew we were somehow related, and I knew from my father's diary of his European trip from which Neuenkirchen (there are several) the Knapkes had originated. Vincent gave me my first look at his great-grandmother's handwriting... a small page with some prayers written in Low German (I had never seen Low German written)... and said there was much more. Naturally we both expected her writing would reveal all this desired family information.

At that time Vincent was and had been a very sick man from having suffered several heart attacks. Also he was just beginning to get curious about all this writing and drawing in his possession. He had already become an enthusiast and expert about the Low German heritage, culture and language. By ear he knew Low German well from having spoken it throughout his childhood, but he was also now well into teaching himself to read it with the help of books and records he had obtained from contacts in Germany. (I smile when I remember that on that first visit I received my first lecture on the virtues of everything Low German. It wasn't until a little later that he convinced... or tried to convince me... that Adam and Eve spoke Low German!)

We visited with some regularity. Within a year and a half, by searching the Neuenkirchen parish records, I had established that Liwwät and my great-grandfather were first cousins... which made us fourth cousins. (Later we learned we were third cousins by another relationship.) Vincent was now beginning to catch glimmerings of the extent of Liwwät's material, and was constantly picking up and reporting isolated fragments of intriguing information. Why fragments? Because many of the papers were mixed through each other and their sequence was almost impossible to determine.

The preservation of the papers is a story in itself. In the late 1960's Vincent's first cousin, Ceil Seger, learned that she had not long to live, and called him to find out if he'd like to have *"all those old papers from Grandma's attic."*

(Ceil and Vincent were the same age and had been close as children, and Vincent remembered playing around those old papers as a child.)

When the home farm was to be sold, Vincent's aunt, Frances Schulte, salvaged the papers from the house which had been built around 1880. Frances was living in Dayton and kept the papers there. Later she gave them to Ceil, her only child, sometime before dying in 1962. Ceil, who was living in Minster, stored them in the basement. That Liwwät's papers survived so long is almost a miracle. They lay in the attic at St. John for over forty years. Then in the hands of Frances and Ceil for over forty more years. These unreadable papers could so easily have been considered worthless and discarded.

Vincent, reluctantly he said, visited Minster, picked up the papers, and took them back to Columbus. When he arrived home, he said he took them from the car and just left them in the garage for several years. Sometime later, while he was recovering from a fourth heart attack, he got them out, enjoyed looking at the drawings, but it was a while before he attached any special importance to them.

He said that the papers, packed between cardboards, were in remarkably good condition. But most of the writings were loose sheets and had become mixed through each other. As Vincent became aware of their possible interest and importance, he began to sort them. A monumental task!! Written on both sides in the old German script, they all looked alike. Pages which were on one topic were not always on one kind or size of paper! But he was determined (like his great-grandmother?) and gradually began to put them in order.

He gradually had come to realize that instead of a continuous journal or diary, Liwwät had written by topics. Complicating the sorting process were some odd pages that fit with nothing else, and some articles with missing pages.

But his enthusiasm and know-how were steadily increasing. About ten o'clock one night he called me, full of excitement. He had found the second sheet of her article about her early life, and couldn't wait to let me know the new information it contained! He said he would send me photocopies of the two sheets in the morning. About two days later they came... along with two more sheets which completed the article of eight sides!

We were in quite regular contact through visits, correspondence, and above all by telephone. (If more than two or three weeks passed without a call I grew concerned. I also grew a bit concerned about his phone bill for the calls often lasted an hour or more.) We had many happy hours, delighting each other with our latest discovery about family history, about the history and geography of north Germany in our ancestors' time, about the early days in this country. But inevitably we would return to Liwwät, endlessly speculating and comparing notes as her story gradually revealed itself through her papers. Liwwät dominated!

Vincent was an unabashed enthusiast when it came to Liwwät... or Low German. (I'm sure he was always enthusiastic with any cause he felt worthwhile.) And his enthusiasm was infectious. Our common interests in family, heritage and history made us ready victims and fellow enthusiasts. And once he realized that our interest was genuine, he

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Rennspel und Wortelspel bi de lütken Kinner so de Lowüsken
um is' denken ook de Grönn, wenn-sondig Jüngens un Wiefs
können ook Grötens, singen, denken, Bomkelen, Maschoppelen un Dröömen
is rüm un rund in oostfäönig Drinken mit Pjorks un
Jungens. Wenn bol Saam bis wenn Uhr, allenomiddelings un
denn nemmt de lüdigen Wiefsen de Lüüt, un de lüdigen
Jungens dem Lowoot oll tofoorn ennto de niege Danspünnels
Grütlü to ierst Klökschüss Sna, bin löftig gloodstrau de Hasna
ünnerm Pöbl mit Klinkelen onn Kambinel de Jungens
den Lowoot mit Trad of Lein in Enüggen un lood de Maan
Lowüsken allenen in iehren nietnen Hüsel in Londe, un denn
wenn de nich Sno iehr niene Klönen un Mickbeln. Un to rein
wennigsten kann Jennigen in de Opmaninder gaht bi iehren
Hüsel un to Hüss denggen, un denn de Wenn fallen
de Pött de Jungens Hoor un bringt Opmöhd un Slaap in
Lonnt, jadenn wünnt dat dann nich Hüsfro noo ruef mehl
noo to bo'kehm, un Gott ook nich de Hüs!
De Küst sinn in Noon Noon is Klüstan bi fief Uhr, nich
dünkel Klönen Klüstan, un dat wardten allen meine Jungens
Loogen un wenn Uhr mit iehr Hünde földern Jen un fa
Klaant sick Hosen oll dann wat Gottsamt Gott, un wat
Pjorks un Kürwis to wennomm to foort Labbt.
Denn denggen Hoor gahn de Öllsten noo de Lowüsken
ug rein Lnfoök Jen to iehren nieren Klookschüss mit Gott
Hüllen un to watt. De Öllsten kümt alls ut Eelen
Kinnen, un mit dinggen Wünschen Hoor de sick ut ein
Jungen noo Hüs, de Jungens Hoor sint nü ook
rein ut Hüsfoolten sick, mit iehren eigen
Bropel, Begünnt un Konsel dat gonsten Kiedren
to mit wennomm to foorn sint. = Hermann Köhn
Xu 1643

Sample of Liwwät's manuscript.

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most generously shared his efforts, thoughts and discoveries.

He was delighted with this... as he called it... third career. In his own words, *"Awakening to Liwwät's story was a subtle process for me. I cannot imagine what my life would be without Liwwät, especially since I was only a sick and confused old man when I fell under her spell. It took only a few hours pouring over her writings and drawings to change me forever. And when I consider how many other, hardly less dramatic, 'aftershocks' she has administered to me over the last few years, I'm left with absolutely no comprehension of who and what I'd be today without Liwwät."*

Without a doubt Vincent's absorption with Liwwät and history and Low German was priceless therapy. Very restricted as to physical activity because of his health (he suffered his fifth heart attack in 1978), this provided a totally engrossing outlet for the restless, energetic person he was. Several times when I called him, he would answer in such feeble tones that I knew he was feeling bad. But within minutes his interest would show, and his voice and attitude would become strong and positive... as matched his personality.

Evidence of Vincent's energy? During the few years I knew him, besides the slow, painstaking work of collating and translating Liwwät, he compiled an English-Low German Wordbook with about 16,000 words... revised from his first with only 8500 words. He framed many dozens of pictures... a lot of them Liwwät drawings. He was a compulsive writer and gifted with words. About 1979 he wrote a sort of family history of over 400 pages. Several times after we had talked, some point would catch his attention and in a few days I would receive what he called a "position paper." He said it gave him a little respite from Liwwät and helped him to organize and analyze his ideas. These papers might be from two to ten or so pages and revealed glimpses of his astute, active mind, and of his ability to shrewdly appraise.

Vincent was an engaging man of many talents. He could write poetry with a flair. (I have one of his in Low German.) He enjoyed people and making people happy, and was a consummate story-teller. We knew him as a remote cousin, of course, but he lives in our hearts as an unforgettable friend. (As my wife said, "We want him back!") Without his work Liwwät quite likely would have remained a secret.

Luke B. Knapke - 1986



"The donkey is pumping water from the pump. Is he thirsty?"



"The handler is tired."

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List of the Writings of Liwwät Böke

(* =Translation included in this volume)

c 1820	4 pp	In Roms Tiiden in de Eersten Jahrhunnert In Roman Times in the First Century (School notes) (2 drawings dated 1818 and 1825)
c 1823	32 pp	Een Geschiederung Bekenntnung to Kriegen To Get an Acquaintance with History (School notes)
1824	18 pp	Gesellschaf of Kumperie Iähr Klaasen Society's Classes (School notes) (Feudal system)
1824	4 pp	Immer Mahren Fraogen in Larben wie Antwaorden Always More Questions in Life than Answers (School notes) (30 Years' War)
1825	26 pp	Algebraisch Wiärkwisse Algebraic Method (School notes)
1825	2 pp	Dat "Verbettern" bi den Versammlung bi Trent The "Improvements" by the Council at Trent (School notes) (One page is a drawing)
1819 - 1827	276 pp	Plattdütsken Katholisken Katekismus Low German Catholic Catechism (Transcribed from earlier handwritten copies made in 1545 and 1667. We have been told that catechisms were copied for use in the home before printed copies were readily available. This copy contains more than 160 illustrations drawn by Liwwät Böke.)
1825 - 1832	252 pp	Der Anfang der Welt The Beginning of the World (This history of the world was written by Liwwät in High German... 3440 lines in rhyme, for children. 45 empty spaces are filled with her drawings of things from her childhood... clothing, furniture, utensils, tools.)
c 1824 - 1830	167 pp	Translations and Rewriting of Ancient German Poetry into High German of Liwwät's day. These were in the Böke household, and had been transcribed in the 14th, 16th and 18th century by Roloff, Ditmar and Cordt Böke. She redid them for the old parchments were almost illegible. She said that she had the help and encouragement of her teachers. Also, the Hanover government authorities in Osnabrück wanted all the old papers for studying. Also included are seven of Liwwät's own poems.
1826 - 1828	24 pp	Course of Study at the Cathedral School, Osnabrück, where she obtained a certificate as a midwife. I have seen but do not have this. Page size is 18"x24". Superb technical illustrations... about 120!
c 1820's	4 pp	*De Eersten Tiiden in Ussen Umgang Hier in Oldenburgen-Hanoveren Land The First Times in Our Region Here in Oldenburg-Hanover Land (Illustrated. Appears incomplete, not signed and stops abruptly.)
c 1833	3 pp	*Packing Lists for the Trip to America (Clothing, tools, seeds, misc.)
c 1834	20 pp	*Usse Wegg nao Amerika Our Passage to America (Day by day account of the trip from Bieste to Bremen to Baltimore to Wheeling)
c 1834	2 pp	*Baltimore - Dat in Dienst Nemmen Baltimore - Those Who Were Indentured (Eye witness account of the indenture system)
1835	8 pp	*My Early Life (High German) (Sketch of her life up till her emigration)
1837	5 pp	Rede bi Natz Böke, Saan Jaan, 7 Mai 1837
1838	6 pp	Rede bi Natz Boke, Saan Jaan, 3 Juni 1838
1839	4 pp	Kuerie met de Plaatdüütsken Lüe, Saan Jaan, 11 August 1839
1846	6 pp	Rede den Fest Alle Hilligen, 1 November 1845 (The above four items are readings, or discussions used at St. John when no priest was present. These were delivered by a layman, the 1846 Rede by Bernard Goecke.)

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c 1835 - 1842	3 pp	*Money Changing; Accounts (Undated, unsigned)
c 1842	28 pp	*Bi Huus in Saan Jaan At Home in St. John (Illustrated. Undated)
1843	6 pp	*Hochtieten bi Saan Jaan Weddings at St. John
1844	8 pp	*Rede un Wiesmakerie Discussion and Information (Letter to Bishop Purcell)
1844	102 pp	Ein Geschichte de Christof Columbus A History of Christopher Columbus (Illustrated. High German) (Course of study for German-speaking students in Ohio. Commissioned by State of Ohio. Liwwät's fee: $188.)
1845	2 pp	*Mien Schriwen un Maolen My Writing and Drawing
1846	7 pp	*Health at St. John - Early Years
1847	17 pp	Tensions with Brunner (Mostly written in High German) (Explanation of Damme Plattduutsk)
1852	10 pp	*Busshiemdener dichte bi Saan Jaan Flagellants (Penitentes, Hairshirts) near St. John
1854	4 pp	*Korfwiärk Basket-work (Illustrated)
c 1855	105 pp	*Community (Gemeinde) of St. John (Illustrated) (Includes 64 pp of Low German prayers for children, not translated)
1857	4 pp	*Wat de Wieven von Mercer County Wünsket Iähr Männer Biätter Wieten What the Wives of Mercer County Wish Their Husbands Knew Better
1857 - 1858	3 pp	Natz is Daut Natz Is Dead (several poems included)
1877 - 1878	6 pp	*Een Bengel's Blagen Wärt Biskop A Rascal Lad Becomes Bishop (includes account of 1849 cholera)
1879	20 pp	*Aff un To; Wainig Frucht in Mien Aollerstiid Now and Then; Some Fruits in My Old Age
1877 - 1881	21 pp	*Terugge Denken; Vorut Denken Thinking Back; Thinking Ahead

On the flyleaf of the family Bible, Liwwät lists the following articles borrowed by her two sons in Cassella, and not returned. She was disturbed. July 6, 1881.

De Passende Tiit - 1840 bis 1850
The Passing Times - 1840 till 1850

Natz un Ik 1859
Natz and I 1859

De Passende Tiit - 1850 bis 1860
The Passing Times - 1850 till 1860

Gaorten un Baime 1861
Gardens and Trees 1861

De Passende Tiit - 1860 bis 1870
The Passing Times - 1860 till 1870

Natz Sien Kinnertiid 1868
Natz's Childhood 1868

Mienen un Natz, Usse Kinner 1872
My and Natz's Children 1872

Wiesmoer Liährn un Wieseren 1873
Midwife Teaching and Demonstrating 1873

Saan Jaan Verannert Sich 1875
St. John Is Changing 1875

Saan Jaan Vandagge 1880
St. John Today 1880

(All of these are missing.)

There are about ten more pages of Liwwät's writings in our possession which can only be lumped together under miscellaneous... a fairy tale, Low German prayers, one page on architecture, three pages of poems, etc.

At the time of his death, Vincent Boeke was working at the translation of some of her writing. He may have had others. I know that he mentioned incomplete items from time to time. Undoubtedly pages were lost.

In addition to the above, Liwwät Böke added captions, some of them lengthy, to many of her drawings. Much additional information has thus been preserved.

Luke B. Knapke - 1986

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The names of Liwwät and Natz Böke, and of St. John are not indexed. These occur so frequently that their inclusion would be meaningless.

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"Et is Tiid da ik mien Muul to-mak't. Genog!"
"It is time that I close my mouth. Enough!"

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Map 1 · Germany

Bremerhaven

Wilhelmshaven

Norden
North

West

East

South

Grense · Boundary

Free State Bremen

Weser

BREMEN

Huchting

Grense

Heiligenrode

Fahrenhorst

Dunsen

Harpstedt

Wildeshausen

Visbek

Langförden

Bergstrup

Vechta

Oldenburg

OLDENBURG

Oldenburg · Münsterland

Lohne

Holdorf

Diepholz

Bersenbrück

Bieste

Nellinghof

Alfhausen

Neuenkirchen

Grense · Boundary

HANNOVER

Dagen - days

Leer	I.	
Nellingsof	I	
Jeldorf	I	
Lofer	I	
Vreden	II	XII.
Lemförde	I	
Lemförden		
Diepholz	I	
Holdorf	II	IX.
Lohne	I	
Dünsen	I	
Sammsorff	II	
Heiligenrode	I	IX.
Füstingen	III	
Lemmen	XIV	
Lemwerder	VII	
von Bremen	XXII	II

on the way

Livwat Böke

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Map 2 - Baltimore

Baltimore Madison

DE GRAUTE STADT IS HIER

The great city is here

The way to Frederick (Maryland)

(Bahn) ½ NAO

Wagenweg

Wagon road

FREDRICK (Maryland)

nächsten Staat - mit dems zge din unsern Westen

naichsten Staat - un bruk yl de anner Wisse

next town - now you need the other directions

WESTEN

OHIO

Fier Dagen un Nachten hier, to Wheeling Wagen, Water = Ach Lü = Kost 1833 was Sieven Dollar. Wi moet use eigen iätten un slaupen betalen.

Four days and nights here. To Wheeling wagon, water = eight people = Cost 1833 was seven dollars. We had to pay for our own eating and sleeping.

Werdum North

East Osten

South Süden

STOCKTON STOKES & Co.

Schüen

Barn - Schüen

Schüenn SCHÜEN

NEILL, MOORE & COMPANY

Ladung I - Loading I

Ladung III - Loading III

HIDDN HAFEN

Middle Harbor

PATAPSCO FLUSS

PATAPSCO RIVER

SA AUTF RLUNS

BLACK RIVER

618

Ship's way (channel)

Schiff Weg

ATLANTIC SEE

ATLANTIC OCEAN

Lonltimonn Baltimore

Glegen

Baltimore area

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Map 3 - Across the Mountains

XIII XII XI X IX VIII VII VI V IV III II I

3,300
2,400
1,600
1,200
600

Pennsylvania
Maryland

Pennsylvania
Pennsylvania
Maryland

Ohio River
Wheeling
Clarysville
mostly narrow bridges
Washington Station

Stone Bridge
Washington
Red sandstone in the Hump & Grow Ino fruit
1486 feet high
The land rolls and the road is back and forth
Glebe

Mount Savage
Barrelville
Piney Grove
Frostburg
Cumberland
Clarysville
Allegany Grove

stone bridge
Frienderville

Cumberland

Pennsylvania
Maryland

Middletown
Frederick
stone bridge
New Market

Pennsylvania
Maryland
Piney Grove
Mançock
Millstone
River

Patapsco River
Patapsco Falls
Ridgeville
Lisbon

Licking River
Indian Spring
Hagerstown

Baltimore
Lafayette
Elliott City
Frederick Road
Catonsville

Baltimore
Atlantic Ocean
harbor
Elkton
Elders City
Frederick
Rogersons

Mason Dixon Line
Pennsylvania
Maryland

Limestone Water Liwat Boke

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Map 4 - Ohio

OHIO



North by the canal is the way, direct.
The end is by the canal in Stallo. Then, left on the woods path to Stammen Station, then the little path north, and at the three (3) log houses again directly to the west, about one hour to four or five log houses - then ten we are, at last, at St. John.



The way by water, down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati.
Our trip began in Wheeling.

List, Diary & Nottingham, from Ohio State Road, some Pittsburg, into Cincinnati, from Mrs. Frates 44 ins Portsmouth, embracing.

1			Logstown & Creek	3	
2			Joy Stevens Creek	24	30
3			Liddle Tavern	13	40
4			Wm. Corw - some House & Gristmill	7	44
5			Mellon's Creek	70	54
6			Schuster's ranch	16	70
7			Long's Corners	16	74
8			Middlebury	3	77
9	NNNX		Martinsburg	8	65
10	Wappen Thal		Wollischugn	9	94
11	'		Wittinghaus Town	5	99
12	'		Ormean's Corners	8	107
13	'		Korphen's Corners	7	114
13	' —	N	Tingley's Corners	8	122
14	"		Zeiberg Corners	9	137
15	NI	N	Wilson's Mill	30	161
17	NNE	NN	Mayslinsburg	28	169
18	N	N	Fankenbiburg	12	191
19	N		Scotzeton	7	192
21	"	NI	Stonecreek Fro Grahill's House	1	193
22	'		Latine Georgetown	5	198
23	'		Zig Georgetown	6	204
23	'Muskrat Bay				
24	N	N	Taylor's River	10	214
25	NNI	NN	St. Paul's R. Bridge	23	237
26	"	N	Landisle Corners	20	257
27	'		French's & Eriefadver	10	267
28	'		Zoologie Mill	4	277
29	'	N	Chatfield's Corners	7	278
30	"		Little Boogerembot	11	306
31	'	N	Friendis Corner	3	309
32	'		Washington	6	315
32	'		Ten Penley River	7	316
34	III	N	Little Penny River	19	335
35	"	N	Millat (Peck) Corner	11	346
35	'		Little Miami	2	346
37	'		Bridgetown	8	356
39	'		Fishing River	1	357
39	NI	NN	Locust Corner	26	383
40	'		Monchester	5	397
41	"		Mt. Defiance	6	402
42	'		Groffs Creek	6	406
43	'		Peckerlary	7	409
44	'		Withersville Corners	4	473
45	'	NI	Wolfes Lock Creek	2	415
45	'		Warrington	3	415
47	'		Hodgkins's Corners	3	424
48	"		Mercersville	4	430
48	'		Long & Meadow Corners	4	434
50	III	NI	Little Miami River	20	454
51	III	NNN	Lincinnati	7	497
51	Cinc. 472 Zeigned		August		497



Northern by James Conaghy, Jr, Manager of Works
In 1844-46 he boardened on the Ohio River
little inside of town Jst. John's own
Thomson, to look after James Bourlotte
Gabb Norton son to Dr. Arnold Spencer
Taylor Stanton, waited of route horse track
Germ farm for new Railroads to favor of
Fifty hours Taylor - Some
Fort hire - Lorneys of



Linnaeus Fisher Jun., 83516
Linward Boke
finished 1840 finishing 1850)

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ACCENT

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By Adele H. Koehnen

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The sketches by Elizabeth Boeke, [illegible] single drawings on [illegible] were [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] of her friend [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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