



Lincoln Chapter

The American Historical Society of Germans From Russia

NEWSLETTER

VOLUME VIII, ISSUE 6

NOVEMBER 2000

You Can't "Beat" the Beets!

by Allison Rye

Last winter, our local board of directors decided to plant a demonstration garden for the convention visitors to see. Sid Babcock and I were appointed to be the chairpersons for this project. After looking at the spot that was designated for the project, Sid and I decided that we would have two rows of sugar beets, four tomato plants, marigolds surrounding the area, and watermelons and cucumbers grown from Russian seeds.

Henry Sader volunteered to roto-till the area. He also brought two pickup loads of horse manure and tilled it in, with the help of his son, Heine. The rumor is that he used Bud Dietrich's roto-tiller to do the job. When Henry was asked, he alleged that the roto-tiller was his, residing at Bud's house. LeRoy Butherus planted the watermelons, cucumbers, and sugar beet seeds sent to us by the Panhandle chapter. I planted more marigolds than I could count, and John Schleicher planted the ones that were left over. Since Henry was there doing some other work, he corrected my lines so that the border of marigolds actually framed the garden plot instead of wandering around here and there through the area. Who knows? I might have ended up at the caboose with my border of marigolds, had it not been for Henry helping me draw the line.

Then the long hot summer came. The garden looked great for the convention, bringing us many positive comments. But July and August brought unrelenting drought and heat. If Ed Roth hadn't watered the garden on a steady basis for the last couple of months, we would have had no garden at all. (Henry Sader claims to have watered every week or so as well. But I wonder – if Henry watered, why did he ask me if we had ever found the hose and sprinkler he brought down?) Many

others, I'm sure, did some watering when they could.

Bud Dietrich and Ed Herstein ho-ho-hoed the garden, allowing the garden plants to have room to grow. The tomato plants produced a spectacular crop. The watermelons did pretty well, too, producing several melons. The cucumbers were very bitter, but the consensus of the group was that if they had been watered more often, the cucumbers would have been fine. We did get some spectacularly giant cucumbers, but they didn't taste good.

Then we had a hard freeze in late September, and on the Saturday of Oktoberfest, I decided it was time to harvest the sugar beets. Bud Dietrich dug up the sugar beets, and we took the tops off. There were suggestions later that we try to see these wonderful vegetables at the farmer's market downtown, but by that time, the tops were already off, and we concurred that they probably wouldn't sell very well without tops. So I took the beets home in a couple of cardboard boxes, and they are now on my porch.

Ruth White called Western Sugar in Scottsbluff to ask them how the beets were to be processed, and when they asked her how many she had, they laughed and laughed! Henry Schmidt said that the folks in Russia boiled the sugar beets, and then cooked down the syrup. My husband, Rick, grew up in the Scottsbluff area, and he and I talked about what the process must have been in the factory, including washing, grinding, cooking and "schmushing" (That's a German word, isn't it?). They would then have an evaporating process, and another "schmushing" process so that that they could break the evaporated stuff into the same size crystals to go into the bags.

Since I didn't want to boil the sugar

beets and create a lot of extra humidity, I decided to bake them. I washed three beets (these are big), and put them in a roaster, and went back to the Oktoberfest activities. Someone had reminded me of how terrible the beet factories smelled in western Nebraska when they were processing beets, and had warned me that my house would smell terrible when I got home. But when I returned home, the house just smelled like "beets." It was almost as if I had cooked red beets.

Now came the hard part – peeling these little fellers. They really aren't very little, when it all comes down to it, and they are slippery! By the time I got my three sugar beets peeled, I didn't want to have anything more to do with them.... So they sat in my refrigerator for a couple of days, while I pondered the meaning of the universe.

It was at that point that I decided that making sugar probably wasn't my talent, and I gave up. However, there are still plenty of sugar beets for some other brave souls to attempt to cook. Just call me, or come by my house at 2665 South 11th Street, and take whatever you want (of the beets, that is).

I'll be bringing some of them into the AHSGR headquarters, so we can take a picture for historical proof, and so people can see just what a sugar beet looks like. The German-Russian experience was closely tied to sugar beets in this part of the country.

All in all, the garden experience taught me that there are reasons why we have factories to extract the sugar. I also learned that our ancestors had a lot of fortitude and worked very hard for the food (and sweets) they had. I remember hearing that sugar and sweetness was the thing most yearned for by the pioneers. Now we know why!



This 'n' That

by Larry Schenkel

FOLKLORE BOOKLET

Norma Somerheiser, Allison Rye, and I thank everyone that contributed stories for the folklore booklet that the Lincoln Chapter had printed for the 2000 Convention. It was very well received and we sold out the original 70 issues very quickly. We had 31 more printed to sell at the Oktoberfest and the Broda Dinner. We aren't going to have too many for the Broda, as the second printing went almost as fast as the first. The first two printings sold for \$5 each. We were trying to cover our expenses and not worrying about making a lot of profit on the first ones.

Norma would also like to give special thanks to Jerry McInnes, who wrote the introduction and Allison Rye for the many hours spent at the computer putting the stories together and getting the graphics set so the booklet could go to the printers.

Since the first printing we have received several more stories and if we get enough, we will do another reprint and include any new material we have received.

We would like to have some stories about the churches. Do any of you have one you would like to share? Do any of you have any pictures of the churches you would let us copy? I will list the churches I know with other names included. Some I don't know the names of: North Bottoms—St. John's (no longer exists), Immanuel (Immanuel Reformed), Faith (Salem), Lutheran (near 14th on New Hampshire); South Bottoms—1st German, Ebenezer, Zion, Friedens.

I know they used to have school in what I always called the "American Forward Building" but I don't know if it was a church and I don't want to forget any others (St. John's Reformed isn't in the Bottoms), but if I have, please forgive me and let me know.

If you are not familiar with the booklet, let me explain briefly.

AHSGR is doing a wonderful job gathering and preserving our heritage from the Old Countries. Our booklet is making a beginning effort of preserving the history of the immigrants and the succeeding generation with an emphasis on the first and second.

Our ancestors leaving Russia is not the end of the story, it is just the end of a chapter. The boat trips, the migration across America, the Beet Fields are all new chapters, and we are the new historians. *You* and I.

I don't know how many times I have heard, "I don't know why, but my kids and grandkids just don't seem to be interested in the organization." Maybe this bit of history will help.

If you know anyone who can't read anymore because of failing eyesight, we have recorded the booklet. If you would like a recording or a booklet (while they last), call Norma.

So, please, if you have any stories about your churches, the adventures of you and your "gooms" (pals) put them on paper or record them, give me or Norma or Allison a call and we will get them and prepare for a reprint that will expand the 52 pages we have now.

By the way, many of the booklets were purchased by chapters to show at their meetings and hopefully stir up enough interest to start recording new chapters by their members.

OKTOBERFEST

Well another Oktoberfest has come and gone and, perhaps not as successful as last year because of the weather and Nebraska's game being televised, but still successful. Anytime we can get a group of people through the Heritage Center and feed them Volga Boatman sandwiches, we should feel good about it. But, like everything else, it doesn't get done without volunteers, and as I have said so many times, we have the best in the world. I want to thank them by name, so if you see them somewhere, you can thank them for the outstanding job they did while representing the Lincoln Chapter.

My brother, Phil, and Henry Sader donated the pop we served with the Boatman. Bud Dietrich ordered the rolls and picked them up. He also picked up the wurst and he and Henry Sader spent a good deal of Friday browning it at Henry's. Lefty Grenemeier, John Schneider, and LeRoy Butherus spent most of Friday setting up our blue concession stand. Phil Dinges drove me around Friday picking up sauerkraut at Schnieber's and chips at Weaver's.

Jerry McInnes, Phil Dinges, Bud Dietrich, Norma Somerheiser, John Schneider, my wife, Norma, and I got things put together Saturday morning. In the afternoon, Phil and Irene Dinges, Bud and Virginia Dietrich, Norma Somerheiser, Allison Rye, Norma and I sold Boatmans. Phil, Irene, Bud, Virginia, Norma, and Allison worked outside and they did a lot of shivering. President Ruth White helped when she was done with her duties on the International Board of Directors, and Jan, her friend, Amy, Anne, Rick, Ruth and Norma washed roasters, tables and cleaned until nearly 8:00 p.m.

And this was just for the Volga boatman! There were other Lincoln chapter volunteers present. Molly Grenemeier was there, as always, in her original costume, sitting in the summer kitchen, answering questions. Lefty was there, Barb Schmidt, Judy Runion, and more who I am probably not remembering. If I have not listed someone, please let me know and I will correct any omissions. I also apologize in advance.

I would like to recognize the spouses of our-of-state directors who again donated many, many volunteer hours while their spouses were in meetings. I hope someone took down their names at headquarters. If they did, I will include them in another newsletter.

Thank you again, one and all.

IT'S NEVER TOO EARLY

During the Oktoberfest at the Heritage Center I got into a conversation with Helen Schwab. Her hus-

(continued on page 5)



Lincoln Chapter AHSGR

Broda Dinner

Friday, November 3, 2000

6:00 p.m.

Shrine Sesostris Temple

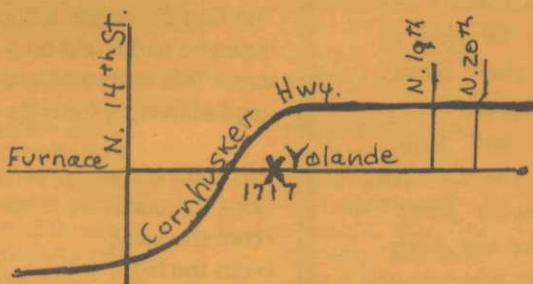
1717 Yolande Avenue

>>>Lots of room! Plenty of Seating! Enjoy a good dinner!

>>>One lucky person will take home the raffled quilt!

>>>Tickets are available from any board member. Or please fill out and return the form at the bottom of this page with a check made out to **Lincoln Chapter AHSGR** in a self-addressed, stamped envelope to **Norma Somerheiser at 2675 South 11th Street., Lincoln, NE 68502.** If you feel there is not enough time to mail, call Norma at 476-8976.

Getting there.....



BRODA Ticket Order Form

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE NUMBER _____

_____ # of Adult Tickets @ \$8.00 each

_____ # of Children under 12 Tickets @ \$4.00 each

_____ Amount Enclosed



TAPS

by Larry Schenkel

Taps is the song played on all U.S. Military posts around the world at the end of the day. It is also played at all military funerals. I have included what is supposedly the story of the origin of Taps. What with Veteran's Day fast approaching, I thought this might be a good time to say thank you to all of our people who have served their country in the military. Many have given the final measure, their lives, fighting for their country, and ask you to honor their memory with me.

During WWII, they published a newspaper in the North Bottoms called "The Church Messenger." In it, each church listed its members who were serving in the Armed Forces. I have included those names in this story.

I have been told this will make the people in the South Bottoms angry, because they have not been listed. If there is a list available of names for the South Bottoms, I would be glad to print those names, too. If there is one, call me and I will get it. The idea here is not to compare North and South Bottoms, it is to honor the sacrifice made by some of "unsere leute." Remember, it doesn't make any difference where you are from or where your family settled, we are "Eine Leute, tsusamme," *One people, together.*

One last disclaimer because some may still complain. My mother's family is South Bottoms, not the North. My Uncles Jake and Manny proudly served during WWII as did my Aunt Esther's husband. I honor them and their contribution with love and pride as I do all who served, white, black, red, brown, or yellow!!

TAPS

It all began in 1862 during the Civil War, when Union Army Captain Robert Ellicombe was with his men near Harrison's Landing in Virginia. The Confederate Army was on the other side of the narrow strip of land.

During the night, Captain Ellicombe heard the moans of a soldier who lay mortally wounded on the field. Not knowing if it was a Union or Confederate soldier, the Captain decided to risk his life and bring the stricken man back for medical attending.

Crawling on his stomach through the gunfire, the Captain reached the stricken soldier and began pulling him toward his encampment. When the Captain finally reached his own lines, he discovered it was actually a Confederate soldier but the soldier was dead. The Captain lit a lantern and suddenly caught his breath and went numb with shock. In the dim light, he saw the face of the soldier. It was his own son. The boy had been studying music in the South when the war broke out. Without telling his father, he enlisted in the Confederate Army.

The following morning, heartbroken, the father asked permission of his superiors to give his son a full military burial despite his enemy status. His request was only partially granted. The Captain had asked if he could have a group of Army band members play a funeral dirge for his son at the funeral. The request was turned down since the soldier was a Confederate, but, out of respect for the father, they did say they could give him only one musician.

The Captain chose a bugler. He asked the bugler to play a series of musical notes he had found on a piece of paper in the pocket of the dead youth's uniform. This wish was granted. The haunting melody we now know as "Taps" used at military funerals was born.

Day is done	Fading light	Thanks and praise,
Gone the sun	Dims the sight,	For our days
From the lakes	And a star	'Neath the sun,
From the hills	Gems the sky,	'Neath the stars,
From the sky	Gleaming bright	'Neath the sky,
All is well	From afar,	As we go
Safely rest	Drawing nigh,	This we know,
God is nigh.	Falls the night.	God is nigh.

SALEM CONGRAGATIONAL

PHILIP JOHN BELL
DONALD L. BIEBER
HOWARD DEBUS
PETER DEBUS
JOHN FLOCK
WILLIAM FOLMER
ADAM FOX
HARRY FOX
JOHN FOX
CONRAD FRANK
ELMER GESHT
WILLIAM GESHT
HENRY HAHLER
HERMAN HAHLER
EDWARD HEGEL
•HAROLD HEGEL
HENRY HEGEL

•EDWARD JACOBY
•JACOB JACOBY
PETER JACOBY
ALEX KAHLER
WILLIAM KOEHLER
DAVID KRUMM
BENJAMIN LITT
HENRY LITT
JACOB LITT
PHILIP LITT, JR.
HAROLD MICHEL
RICHARD MICHEL
DAVID REICHEL
HENRY REICHEL
GEORGE F. REIFSCHNEIDER
HARRY REIFSCHNEIDER
RUEBEN REIFSCHNEIDER

RICHARD SCHAFFER
HENRY SCHLEICHER
ADAM SCHREINER
EMMANUEL SCHMIDT
FRED SCHMIDT, JR.
HERMAN SCHMIDT
DAN SCHULTZ
THEODORE SCHULTZ
HENRY SCHWINDT
JACOB SINNER
ALEX STIER
DAVID TRANT
JOHN TRANT
MYRON WIEDEMAN
PHILIP YOCKEL

(CONTINUED)

**EMMANUEL REFORMED CHURCH**

WALLACE ADAMS
ALEX ALT
HARRY ALT
RICHARD ALT
BENJAMIN ARNDT
LEO ARNDT
TED ARNDT
PETER ALEXANDER
HENRY BAUER
RUEBEN BAUER
JOSEPH BOLOG
ADAM BREHM
RAYMOND BREHM
VICTOR BREHM
WILLIAM BREHM
FRANK BRILL
ROBERT BRILL
EDWARD BURBACH
*JOHN BURBACH
LESLIE BURBACH
WALTER BURBACH
CLARENCE A. CARLSON
WALTER C. DALE
FRED DERR
JOHN DERR
HARRY ECKERT
ROBERT FAGLER
WILLIAM FAGLER
LOUIS FIRESTONE
CONRAD FIRESTONE
HARRY FIRESTONE
ALBERT FIRESTONE
EDWARD FIRESTONE
WALTER FIRESTONE
JAMES FUNKEY
ROBERT GABELHAUS
VICTOR GABELHAUS
ALBERT P. GIEBELHAUS
CONRAD GIEBELHAUS JR.
MELVIN GIEBELHAUS
SAMUEL W. GIEBELHAUS
WILLARD GIEBELHAUS
DALE GLANTZ
ELMER GLANTZ
RALPH GREEN
RUPERT GRIESS

EDDIE HAHN
WILLIAM HAHN
EMMANUEL HARMONY
WAYNE E. HEISER
GEORGE HELZER, JR.
WILLIAM HEHSTEIN
AL J. HYTREK
VICTOR D. KAHLER
ALEX KILDOW
HARRY KILDOW
J. REX. KIRCHNER
ALEX KNAUB
PHILIP KNAUB JR.
JACOB KOCH
ALBERT KRAFT
ALEX KRAFT
JACOB KRERIK
ALBERT LICKEI
HENRY LICKEI
JACOB LICKEI
ADAM LIFINK
RICHARD LOGAN
ADAM LOOS
ALEX LOOS
CONRAD LOOS
EDDIE LOOS
HARRY LOOS
JACOB LOOS
JAKE LOOS
JAKE LOOS
JOHN LOOS
WALTER LOOS
WILLIAM LOOS
WESLEY MAER
JOHN MICHAEL
KENNETH MICHAEL
ROY MICHAEL
VICTOR MICHEL
RICHARD NAGEL
ALVIN HERBERT
NIEDERHAUS
EMMANUEL NIEDERHAUS
GEORGE NIEDERHAUS
GEORGE NIEDERHAUS
JOHN NIEDERHAUS
RALPH OVERTON JR.
HARRY PAPPAS
GEORGE REBENSDFORF

HENRY SADER
EDWARD SAUER
GEORGE SAUER
JACK SCHNELL
CARL SCHAAF
EMMANUEL SCHAAF
GEORGE SCHAAF JR.
PETER SCHAAF
EDDIE SCHAFFER
HERMAN SCHAFFER
ALBERT SCHLEIGER
CONRAD SCHLEIGER
GEORGE SCHLEIGER JR.
WILLARD SCHLEIGER
ALVIN SCHNEIDER
HAROLD SCHNEIDER
RICHARD SCHNEIDER
RUBEN SCHNEIDER
ADAM SCHWINDT
ALBERT SCHWINDT
EDWARD SCHWINDT
HARRY SCHWARTZ
GEORGE SITTNER
REINHART SITTNER
ERNEST SPAHN
RICHARD SPAHN
CARL STERKEL
PETER TRAUDT
EVERET URICH
FERDINAND WEBER
DONALD WEITZAL
JOE WILL
REIFERT WILL
RUSSELL WINSLOW
FRED WURSTER
PHILLIP ZITTERKOPF
HARRY ZITTERKOPF

ST. JOHN'S CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

HARRY BAUER
JOHN BAUER
JOHN BECKER
HENRY BITTER
WILLIAM BUSH
EDWARD DEBUS
HENRY DELOS
HARRY EICHLER

HENRY EICHLER
DAVID FOX
JACOB FRICK
ALEXANDER GEIER
EMANUAL GEIER
HARRY GEIER
HERMAN GLANTZ
FRANK JOHNS
VICTOR JOHNS
HERMAN HEMPEL
HERMAN HERSTEIN
EDWARD HERSTEIN
EDWARD HERZOG
ARTHUR HORN
JACK HUCK
GEORGE KEIL
WILBERT KINSVOTER
HARRY KOCH
PHIL KOCH
GEORGE KOHL
HENRY KOHL
ERNEST KOLB
GEORGE KOLB
WILLIAM KOLB
EDWARD KREICK
CONRAD KRUSE
JACOB LEIKAM
VICTOR LEIKAM
EDWARD LEIKAM
KENNETH MASER
HARRY NEIDERHAUS
FRED PAUL
ADAM SCHAFFER
JACOB SCHAFFER
JOHN SCHNEIDER
EDWARD SCHUCKMAN
EMANUEL SCHUCKMAN
ROBERT SCHUCKMAN
AUGUST SCHWAB
ALBERT SEILER
HENRY SINER
HERMAN SNYDER
WILLIAM SOMER
PETER SPADT
WILLIAM SPADT
EMANUEL STUERTZ
GEORGE WALTERS
JACOB WEBER
VICTOR WEBER

ST. JOHN'S EVANGELICAL & REFORMED CHURCH

HOWARD BELTZ
PHILIP BELTZA
THEODORE BREHM
ADOLPH DINGES
GEORGE H. DINGES
HERMAN E. DINGES
JOHN J. DINGES
PHILLIP DINGES, JR.
RAYMOND DINGES
*GEORGE EIRICH, JR.
HENRY GRASMICK
ALEXANDER GROH
GEORGE GROH JR.
VICTOR GROH
HAROLD L. HAAR
LEROY A. HAAR
HARRY HERGENRADER
JOHN P. HERGENRADER
HARRY HOFFMAN
HENRY J. HOFFMAN
EUGENE IRICK
ALBERT KLEIN
HENRY KLEIN, JR.
LEROY KLEIN
*HARRY KOLB
EDWARD LEIKAM
RALPH LEIKAM
CALVIN NUSS
CONRAD SCHEIDT
EDWARD SCHEIDT
LEO SCHWARTZKOPF

THESE WERE THE ONLY NAMES OF WOMEN I FOUND. DO YOU HAVE SOME TO ADD?

MARIE E. WEIDENKELLER
DOROTHY JOHNS
CHRISTINE HELZER
ESTHER FUENNING

THIS 'N' THAT (CONTINUED)

band is on the International Board of Directors and she was volunteering while he was in the board meetings.

Helen talked about the upcoming convention in Denver next year. They are going to have a Country Store at the convention as a fund raiser.

Those chapters that have hosted a convention know how costly it can be. We, the Lincoln Chapter, spent \$5,000 on our Welcome Night. I hesitate to say this because it sounds like we are bragging. We are not, I am just stating a fact. We had help.

So, as I said, it is never too early to start the gears to meshing. Helen is

looking for homemade craft items to be donated for sale. She said really good sellers are embroidered tea towels, and homemade aprons. That doesn't mean that is the only thing they can use. Any homemade craft items would be accepted. Hand-painted items sell well, also. Don't put any limits on your imagination.

If you have items you will donate and are going to convention, take them with you and give them to Helen when you get there.

If you are not going to convention, I would be glad to take them for you. Or someone at the Heritage Center might take them.

Helen also asked me if any of you going to the convention, if you would like to volunteer to help in the Country Store selling. If you would, or if you have any questions or suggestions, you can write to Helen at: Helen Schwab, 725 So. 14th Ave., Brighton, Co 80601. You can also e-mail her at: schwabbb@webTV.net

The Convention dates are **June 5-10, 2001.**

I hope our Lincoln Chapter members will help make this our best Country Store ever.

If I can help in any way or answer any questions, give me a call at 438-3814.

Lincoln Chapter
American Historical Society of
Germans from Russia
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Lincoln, NE 68502-1199

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I refer to Eddie Loos as our "Poet Laureate." He has written many poems about our people and our ways and I love to see them included in our newsletter from time to time. Can you read the poem included here? If you can't, you have lost another "brick" of your heritage. (I am losing "bricks" all the time). Maybe we can get Eddie to write a special poem for the next booklet we print. How about it, Goom? Can you come up with one for us? Let me know. — Larry

In Meine Kleine House

by Eddie Loos

Die kleine kinder sind su vol,
Die veise nicht vas die mache.
Grossmutter shaft in die kiche,
Fiehr die kinder dut sie backe.

Sie backt rieval kuche fiehr die Veihnacht.
Das kiche ist varm fon das brot.
Das velch hingle kocht in das oven,
Es gooked unt schmecked zu gute.

Das hitzoven ist bei der shenshtah,
Das Christbaum sets in deas ecken.
Meine bett ist bei das finster,
Unt so ist meine fetten decka.

Ich drinken meine kaffe.
Das feuer in das hitzoven ist varm.
Ich habt kraut soupe in eine tasse,
Glaubt mich ich sind nicht so arm.

Ich setzen hier bei der hitsoven,
In meine kleine house.
Das ice unt schnee es kommet,
Aber ich gehen nicht hinhouse.