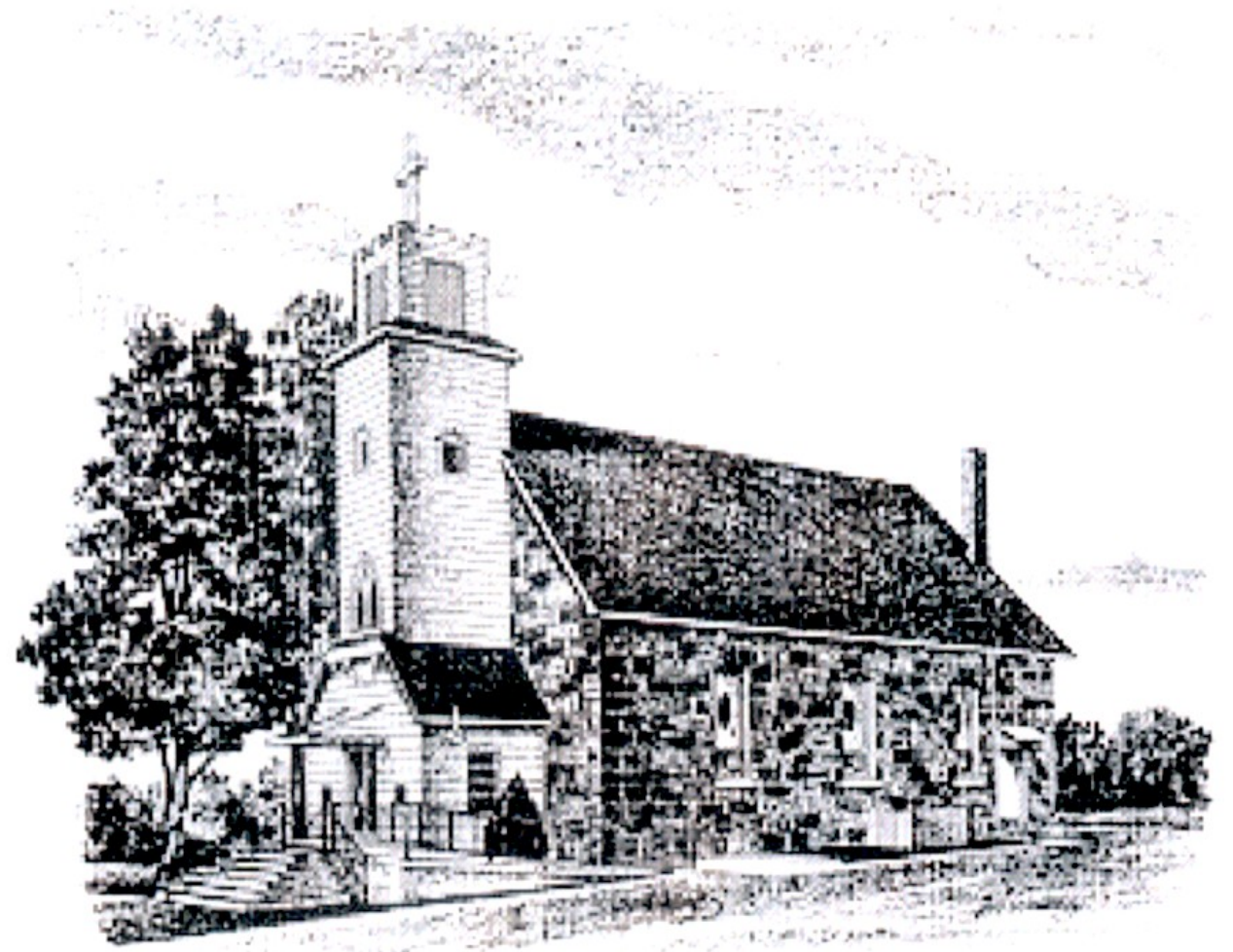


An Oral History of



Trinity Lutheran Church

Lutheran Church Missouri—Synod

Founded 1848

3700 County Road 415, Friedheim, MO 63747

Pastor Roger Steinbrueck

Church Phone 573-788-2536 Parsonage Phone 573-788-2677

Sunday School 8:30 am. Worship 9:30 am.

Saturday Worship 1st and 3rd Saturday 5:30 pm.

(April 22, 2008)

On May 4, 2008 Trinity Lutheran Church of Friedheim, Missouri will celebrate 160 years as a congregation. In honor of this we have put together a collection of memories of the people, church, town, and surrounding area. The stories may be historical, informative, and sometimes humorous. They have been shared by members (past and present), friends, and neighbors of the congregation and the town. They are memories and should be thought of as such. Stories are passed down from generation to generation. Unless put down on paper, some of the details may be forgotten.

A special "thank you" goes out to everyone who has shared a memory and, in turn, has helped others to remember. As we celebrate the 160th anniversary of Trinity Lutheran Church, we should take time to remember our past and to share it with our future, namely, our children, grandchildren, and even great grandchildren. God has truly blessed us these 160 years!

Linda (Noennig) Tucker 2008

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CALL DAY

Roger Steinbrueck 2008

Call Day for me was a day of contradiction. At the same time I was full of excitement as well as fear.

My year before Call Day was filled with tests, interviews, seminars, questions, and soul searching. Everyone wanted to know who I was. All the activities kept Call Day on my mind.

But it was a one way process. The seminary asked questions but they said nothing. I, along my fellow candidates, were in the dark. At first walking around in the dark isn't so bad. But after a while it becomes unsettling. By the end of the year, as May rolled around, it had become hard to think of anything else.

And then Call Day arrived. My family and friends had gathered at the seminary. Dressed in classic black, I lined up with my fellow candidates in the basement of the chapel in alphabetical order. And then the music started. We filed into the chapel. It was full to the rafters with people.

I tried to concentrate, but I don't remember the sermon or the hymns. I do remember watching the rows in front of me stand, cross to the side isle, and walk across to receive their call papers as their names were called. Then my row stood up, we crossed to the side isle, and they called my name. I accepted my call documents, shook the presidents' hands and went back to my seat. From that point my mind went blank.

I remember filing out of the chapel two by two and milling around outside searching the sea of faces for my family. And then a group of folks came up to me and said "Hi, we're from Trinity Lutheran Church, Friedheim." They introduced themselves -- Cletus Rohde, Roger and Pat Thomas, Lowell Mangels, Betty Friese, Glen and Karen Wilke, and Marvin McMillan.

To say that I was delighted to meet them doesn't come close to capturing my feelings. With all the day's events swirling around inside me, I felt blessed by their presence. For me, Call Day was now complete.

The youth group did many projects. One of which remains to this date is the white letters on the back of the church that say "Trinity Lutheran Church" "Since 1848". We also painted the "picnic shed", in the grove, that still stands today. We painted it two different colors, one was Milwaukee cream yellow and the other was a brown color. Every other board was painted one color and then the next. We called it the "psychedelic shack".

The youth group also started the vacation bible school and totally funded it until the Sunday school teacher took it over later. We had an elderly party at Christmas for the 65 and older crowd. We would sing songs and have fellowship and refreshments with them. I can remember we would take my Grandpa Christian, and he would see the party from beginning to end and loved every minute of it. At one time we had a little newsletter for a few editions. We also had free babysitting in the school basement for those who needed it. We had many fund raisers such as selling candy and having many food stands at local church member's auctions. Sylvester Krohman's sale lasted two days.

We also went to a SEMO Lutheran youth rally at Jackson called "Alive in 75". They played guitar music and taught us new songs to sing, break out sessions, and bible study. St. Paul Lutheran Church of Jackson held the event. Some of our members spent the night at Edith and Clarence Ruesler's home. Others spent the night at Gene and Valeria Tuschhoff's home as this was a two day event held on Saturday and Sunday. We enjoyed it and it peaked our interest in gatherings.

Because of this when we received information on a youth gathering at Central Missouri State University in Warrensburg, Missouri called "Show Me The Way", we decided to go. (But, how?) This event was sponsored by the Missouri District Board of Youth Ministry. We had made connections with some of the youth group at Perryville. Jody Young was the director. At times we would even go up to visit her and her family at their home. Immanuel Lutheran would be taking a bus. We asked if we could go, and we helped pay our way. The youth groups from our circuit all rode the bus. Hooked generation, the singing group, was there, all 54 members, 63 pastor and adult leaders, 233 youth. It was an awesome sight to see the gathering of all for gatherings and worship. The group "The Simple Truth" played Saturday evening, and it was such a wonderful message telling the word of God in song. The youth from Friedheim had an awesome time. In 1976 we decided to go with the Perryville bus again. The year 1976 was a year celebrating the bicentennial of our country. The theme was quite fitting "Freedom is.....Covenant Players, a drama group, was there as well as Suncast, a singing/ministry group. Jubilate, another singing group, was also there. We received a Living Bible in 1975. In 1976 we received a New Testament "Let Freedom Ring" "the living New Testament.

A TOWN AND ITS CHURCH

June (Kurre) Oehl
2008

"Friedheim," a tiny little town in the northwest corner of Cape Girardeau county, Missouri-You will have to look hard to find it on the map.

In the center of town stands a beautiful sandstone church with a lighted cross on the top of it. The cross reminds us of Jesus our Savior, the light of the world. The bell tolls and welcomes everyone to come and worship. The organ music sounds and invites all to blend their voices in song and praise to God.

In some ways it is a shame that the windows are closed and not open like they were before air conditioning. Then, the sound of the music and singing could be heard all over town. But, back then we had paste board fans in the hymnal racks to use to keep cool.

There was a wood burning furnace in the basement with a big square heat vent in the middle aisle of church. Occasionally, a lady would get the heel of her shoe caught in the vent. Members provided wood for the furnace. If you didn't bring a load of wood, you were to pay a certain amount of money.

At Christmas there were two trees, one on each side up in front of church. The youth group usually did the decorating. They also went Christmas caroling through Friedheim and the surrounding area to the sick and shut-in and elderly members of the congregation.

They used to have a picnic the first Sunday in September. It was held down in the woods. The food was served outside. After the brick school was built, the picnic was moved up around the church. The food was still served outside on the west side of the school. Some of the cooking was done in the basement. They also used kettles for the beef and wood cook stoves for some of the other food. I think the menu was kettle beef, fried chicken, chicken and dumplings, potato salad, slaw, green beans, sliced tomatoes, peaches, and cake. There was ice tea, coffee, or water to drink. There also was a hamburger stand with soda and lemonade, ice cream stand, toy stand, bowling alley, and the Ladies Aid fancywork and baked foods stand. I think in earlier days there was a beer stand. I know there were some kiddie rides, ring toss games, and a picture taking booth.

I remember the first bible school. Pastor Mueller did the bible lessons, we all sang songs, and then we divided into different age groups for crafts and games. We spent a total of \$15.00 the first year. Some of the earlier crafts were matchstick crosses, macrame flowerpot hangers, decoupage flowerpots, wooden wall plaques, painted rocks, Pringle can dogs, and so forth.

We now place artificial flowers on the altar. At one time only live flowers were permitted. I recall one Easter several years ago when Wayne Bock made a large cross, and we covered it with jonquils. It was beautiful! On Mother's Day some of the ladies would bring in beautiful iris to decorate the church.

Sunday school has been a rewarding time for me. I love those little ones! They are all different and each is very special. I now have students of some of the children I taught, and they sometimes get called by their parent's name. Drew can tell you that this is a fact! Helping with the Christmas program is always fun, especially getting the little angels and sometime "wiggly" shepherds into their costumes and getting them up front at the right time. There are some funny stories, too. I won't tell them all. One year right after Christmas I asked the children what their favorite Christmas gift was, and one little boy said "Chapstick." He was so happy with it. His father said he got a nice truck, too, but he was happy with "Chapstick."

Ladies' Aid has always been known for their quilting. My mother-in-law said they used to put up quilts in the basement of the parsonage. They always had two quilts up at once so that everyone could fit around the quilt. There are some nice pictures from several years back that show a dozen or so ladies quilting. They have quilted many, many quilts over the years.

Then there was the "spring cleaning" before confirmation Sunday. I know some of the ladies remember lying on their stomachs and sliding down under the pews as they put down paste wax. We can't forget climbing the ladder to wash the windows and the lights. The biggest problem was moving the ladder around.

The town of Friedheim once had three places where you could buy gas and three livestock haulers. There were two or three places to sell your eggs and cream or purchase some feed. There was a garage and a blacksmith shop and, at one time, a doctor. The men could get their haircut and their shoes repaired. You could buy groceries and fabric for a dress (I did this many times), or a pair of overalls, a shovel, pitchfork, a pot to cook your food in, and many other things.

My husband grew up in this church, having been baptized, attended school, confirmed, and married here. I have been a member of this church for 51 years. We were married here 52 years ago. All three of our children were baptized, confirmed, and married here. Our grandchildren were baptized here, and so far two of them have been confirmed here. Our daughter was called to her heavenly home eight years ago, and our grandson two years ago. They are now where we all hope to be some day. They are now free from all of their pain. I miss them so very much, and the tears come as I write this. But, I do believe even Jesus wept for one of his friends when they died.

A very heart warming thing happened because of this picnic. A family in Texas disintegrated; the children were put up for adoption. A good couple about eight miles from Friedheim adopted a daughter from this family. They were not Lutheran but were Protestant. They took very good care of this child. About 1960 a couple from St. Louis came to the picnic, the lady of which was raised here. While at the picnic they saw and recognized the young lady (daughter who had been adopted). This young lady was a niece of the gentleman from St. Louis. They kept in touch for years. They had not known where the children of this Texas family were or what had happened to them. The young lady married a man from this community and now lives in Jackson or Cape. She became associated with Lutheran Family Services in Cape. She has appeared in our church in support of this organization several times.

After 1958 the picnic was moved back up around the church and school. But, by then it had lost its charm. It was discontinued in 1968 because it seemed easier to give \$10 than to work or donate food to a picnic.

THE STEEPLE

Clifford Thomas 2008

Before 1938 the church had a tall steeple which was built in 1870. I can remember when this steeple was taken down. We could see through the school windows as this was being done. I can still picture Walter Brune hammering a hole in the steeple up high and sticking the upper part of his body "through the hole". With the renovation going on now, I wish that a pointed steeple could have been put on the church again.

I think it bears repeating that the church we have today was built in 1858 for \$600. The stone masons were two brothers named Mueller. They eventually left here and went to Minnesota where their family became the largest Lincoln Mercury dealer in the state. I am glad that we have a window in church dedicated to our church founders. This building is becoming more beautiful each year.

YOUTH GROUP

Elaine (Pohlmann) Hoffman 2008

After being confirmed at Trinity I was old enough to join the youth group. Most of the time we met on Wednesday evenings and after church during the Lenten season. We would begin with a devotion led by Pastor Mueller. We usually sang songs and played games. A lot of ping-pong was played in the school basement.

The furnace in church had one large register for warm air and two smaller registers for cold air return which were located in the main aisle. These registers had grates with openings approximately 3/4 inch. Ladies at that time wore shoes with rather high heels. If they were not careful, the heel of their shoes would get caught in the grates. I remember this happening; it pulled the lady's shoe off. I imagine this was an embarrassing moment for her.

The old parsonage stood in front of the present parsonage between the cedar trees and house. It was an "L" shaped house with two rooms in the front and a kitchen in the back. This kitchen was later detached and moved east to where pastor's garage stands today. It was called the instruction room, and that was what it was used for.

The older school sat along pastor's lawn where cars are parked today. This building had a high front concrete porch, the front of which was approximately ten feet north of pastor's walk. This building was approximately 28' by 36'. In 1958 it was auctioned at a voter's meeting and sold for \$300.00.

There was a wood shed north of school about where the back porch of the hall is today. The outhouse was located (ladies) at the east end of the back of the hall. The men's outhouse was located at the north boundary of the cemetery.

The pastor in 1925 to 1946 did some farming. He had a milk cow and some sheep. The barn sat where the rental house is today.

THE PICNIC

Clifford Thomas 2008

Most of the churches in this area had a picnic each year. Each church, through the years, settled on a particular Saturday or Sunday. Before 1930 our picnic was held in the spring on the spot of land by the sign and around church. After 1930 it was moved down into the woods by the picnic house. In early years dinner and supper were both served. Later, only supper was served. The ladies prepared food (good food). Some of the men cooked beef in open black kettles. Some cooked coffee, also in open black kettles. This coffee was so strong it would float an iron wedge, big end up. Beer was also sold, which caused a continuing disagreement with the pastor at the time. I will agree that some men got very intoxicated. Hamburgers were 10 cents, ice cream cones were 5 cents, and the supper meal was 50 cents. In the middle or late 1930's a well known country band from St. Louis came down to play at the picnic. The name of it was the Roy Queen Band. The picnic generated approximately \$500 to \$1000 per year. All of the food was donated, with a beef being donated one year by a lady. It was a wonderful social gathering since sources of entertainment were very few in our area.

We have many family members buried here. My husband has great grandparents, grandparents, mother and father, sisters, nephew, uncles, aunts, cousins, daughter, and grandson. I have great grandparents, great uncle, uncles and an aunt, cousins, sisters-in-law, daughter, grandson, and more buried here.

The town of Friedheim has changed a lot over the years. There's not a lot going on any more. But the one thing that is still the same and still tolling its bell welcoming everyone, with lighted cross proclaiming our belief in Jesus as our Savior, is Trinity Lutheran Church. It's still here after so many years. We have Pastor Roger (with his wonderful smile) helping guide us up the pathway to heaven. Come let us worship the Lord together!

BUILDING A FIRE

Violet (Ruppel) Klaus

Wilma (Bangert) Ruppel

Elsie (Schmidt) Noennig Bouchard

2008

One of our most memorable times in confirmation class occurred during the winter of 1936-1937. We met in what originally was the kitchen of the old parsonage. When the old house was torn down, they saved this part and used it for class. Some of us referred to it as the "goat stable." It was located behind the current parsonage near where the car shed is now built.

In the winter Rev. John H. Deye, who was our current pastor, would go to the confirmation building and build a fire in the wood stove. This was a tin stove with a lid on top and an opening near the bottom where you could put wood in and light it. This particular morning we were all in class having our confirmation "instruction" when Rev. Deye went over to the stove to check on it. He had opened the bottom door to put in paper to get the fire burning better. He also poured what looked like some kind of white gas or kerosene. At that moment we heard a very loud "POOF." The lid blew off the top of the stove. Ashes and paper flew out and covered Rev. Deye. At first some of us were frightened by the explosion. But, the moment we saw Rev. Deye, the fear on our faces turned into smiles and laughter. He was such a sight to see covered in all those ashes!

Unfortunately, our laughter didn't last very long. Rev. Deye was not impressed with our reaction. One look at the expression on his face (despite the ashes) told us that silence was expected. As our punishment he told us that the class would be in charge of building the fire for a whole week. I imagine we were all a little hesitant about doing this after what we had just witnessed.

The next morning Wilma (Bangert) Ruppel went down early to the confirmation building to take charge of the stove. When she got there, Rev. Deye was already there. He had a fire going in the stove and was his "jolly ole self" once again. When the rest of the class got there, he told us that instead of punishing us by having us build the fire for a week, he had another idea. He made us repeat to him over and over "Pardon me, pastor, I'm sorry I laughed." Rev. Deye was a strict but sincere man.

Other classmates present that day were Selma (Bruene) Tyler, Laverne (Klaus) Barber, Delmar Pohlman, Hilpert Tuschhoff, Kenneth Klaus, Howard Oehl, and Harold Kester. Our class was confirmed on March 27, 1937.

FIRST JOBS

Cletus Rohde
2008

I was asked to write a story about some things in the past. I remember back in 1946 or 1947 when my dad and mom, Adolph and Gertrude Rohde, were janitors at church. In those days there were wood furnaces in the church, parsonage, and school. Each voting member was supposed to bring a load of wood each winter. It would be unloaded at whatever place needed wood. If I was at school when a member brought wood, I would have them throw it down the steps at the church basement. Then in the evenings after supper, Dad, my sister Elfrieda, and I would go up and stack it in the basement.

After the wood season was over, there was mowing to be done in the cemetery. Dad went to Perryville and bought a new lawn mower--a push mower. The first time mowing was good, but after that the "new" wore off. I didn't care to do the mowing anymore.

The organ in church had to be cranked while the organist played it. I was asked to crank the organ for every service at ten cents a service.

During the school year the teacher asked me to build a fire in a wood furnace in the basement every morning when it was needed. The teacher payed me ten cents each time. I would have to get up at 6:00 am., go up to the school and build the fire, go back home and eat breakfast, and then go back to school.

There was not a lunch program at school then, so I would go home for lunch. We had an hour for lunch. We also had two, fifteen minute recesses, one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

And, people say "Those were the good old days!"

We were driving home from church on KK road when we met a VW tan station wagon. We wondered if it was the new pastor and his family, and it was.

The parsonage was full of life with the Mueller family living there. Dad, being trustee, went to help them dispose of some of the boxes they had used for moving. Dad and Pastor Mueller were in the front yard talking when they were startled by one of the boys who had been playing in one of those boxes.

Mrs. Margaret Mueller would use a whistle to call the children in for supper. Dad was working around church when she blew the whistle and they all came running. Friedheim was a very peaceful and safe place to raise those six children.

The church had a big furnace in the basement with big metal grates in the middle of the aisle. I can remember women with high heels getting them caught in the grates.

On the church post they had what looked like an old part of a phone with the ear piece only hanging on the post. It turned out to be special sound amplifiers for people to use who had hearing problems.

Grandpa Christian Pohlmann talked about how it was hard to get to church whenever they had snow. They would wrap up in blankets and quilts and use heated bricks to keep their feet warm.

The Apple Creek slab bridge near our home was built by Christian Pohlmann, Robert Sewing, and a few other people. This bridge was most likely built to help them get through the creek and make the trip to church easier. As the road was closed at the time the bridge was being built, Dad's family had their membership in Uniontown until the bridge was completed. For this reason he was confirmed in Uniontown.

THE BUILDINGS

Clifford Thomas 2008

This is common knowledge (pamphlets distributed at the 90th and 100th anniversaries). The church, when it was first built, did not have as high a roof peak as it has today. It also did not have a narthex as we know it today. It did have an entrance in back of church. The wood furnaces in the old school and church were installed probably in the 1920's. Basements had to be dug for these furnaces. Each voting member was responsible for one wagon load of wood. It was joked about (at least I hope so) that some members would bring wood that they couldn't split or that was somewhat rotten. When you got to church with this load of wood, you asked pastor where to put it (depending whether it was needed at the church or the school).

had it where the light would come through them. The church door was wood and the color was white. The wind would blow right through it. Most of the time you would wait to go in church. The church had yellow and white milk glass. They have a little in the stained glass windows that are here today. On Christmas Eve the church cedar tree would be lit up. That was the first time you were able to see the tree before Christmas. That fresh cedar smell made the church smell like Christmas. You knew it was near! I remember heaving sweaty palms, saying my parts over and over, hoping I wouldn't forget to say my part "perfectly" and in the correct part of the play. We usually had one part in the beginning and one toward the end of the play. After practicing for so long we would recite the other persons part who was in front of you or in back of you. Sometimes one part might be said twice because of the brain freezes.

END OF SCHOOL PLAYS:

The end of school year was a part I enjoyed. We would have several skits or piano solos for the evening. The proud parents and grandparents would come and watch us. The classroom (where we have Sunday school opening) was the seating. The middle room was our stage. It was an honor to be curtain pullers. Our back stage was the Ladies Aid room. All the props and costumes would be back there for a quick dress up. Those were some really neat plays...mysteries, comedies. We had piano solos and songs. Some were fun, "readin, writin, and rithmitic". One of my favorite for the time was "God be with you till we meet again". We learned the art of teamwork through them and timing. A lot of the students went out for and got parts at Oak Ridge when they had junior and senior plays.

One big advantage of such a small school was you knew everyone and they knew who we were and who our parents were. Sometimes you were related to most of the school! We were not exposed to some of the experiences that you get with a public school. When I went to Oak Ridge I was really surprised by the size of the classes and by the fact that the junior high grades (7th and 8th) were mixed right in with the high school grades (9th through 12th). Another surprise was that you had to move into a different classroom every hour (study period). The lockers had locks on them, and I had a hard time opening and closing it. (You know those—everyone has had one of those lockers at one time or another.)

BITS AND PIECES FROM THE PAST:

My dad, Milton Pohlmann, was a trustee for a long time at church. Many odd jobs and errands were run. At one time they had to help hand dig graves (six feet under ground) for church members. John Riehn had died on January 7, 1963. Dad, Walter Brune, and another man were part of the crew to dig the grave. Later that same year, Walter Brune died on April 18, 1963. While Dad and two other men were digging Walter's grave right next to John's grave, a comment was made by them that it made them wonder who would be next. But, all three men went on to live longer.

FRIEDHEIM -- FIRST MEMORIES

Clifford Bangert, 2008

My first memories of Friedheim began in 1957 or 1958. My dad, Ervin Bangert, drove us from Sedgwickville on what was then known as the old "farm to market road." Except for a small distance on Route K near Sedgwickville, the majority of the road, including the route to Lixville, was gravel until you got to the county line near Clifford Thomas' farm. It then was blacktop to Friedheim.

At that time Sunday school was still held in the old school building which I believe sat between the church and the parsonage on what is now the church parking lot. I attended Sunday school in this building for at least one year before the new brick building was ready. Upon entering the church, the older men would sit on the left, with some of them sitting towards the rear of the church. There was a microphone type speaker hung on the post in the back, and some of the men who could not hear so well would sit back there and hold the speaker to their ear in order to hear the sermon. The women sat on the right side of the church. Some of the younger couples would sit together with their small children. The older Sunday school children would sit upstairs by the organ. It was sort of a segregated congregation seating arrangement that probably lasted up until the mid 1960's. One particular couple would always sit on the front row with their children. When I once questioned him years later about this, his reply was "That's the only way I could keep the kids quiet. If I sat on the front row they didn't have anyone in front of them to pester."

After church we would take our eggs and trade them at Klaus' store. We would pick up something to eat for lunch, and we would also pick up the Sunday St. Louis Post-Dispatch newspaper, my family's only newspaper at the time. On the way home I would read the funnies.

As a family we attended most of the celebrations and social events at the church. Another memory of Trinity was the confirmation services. The entire confirmation class would sit up front. There would be a question and answer session between the pastor and the confirmands during the church service. I had many cousins who were confirmed there so we attended all of them.

I also remember the Christmas Eve services and the program that was put on by the Sunday school children. After the service the elders would hand out bags filled with apples, oranges, and candy to all of the Sunday school children. Klaus' store at one time would donate the goodies. I still remember Milford Klaus handing out the bags. He had a big ole smile on his face the whole time he was doing it. I would look forward to getting that bag of candy so that I could look in it and see what all was in it. Children who were at the service but not in the program would also get a somewhat smaller bag of goodies.

I remember some of the different houses and businesses in town. Across from Klaus' store was, I believe, the Oscar Lohmann home. The Friese's also had a store for a period of time in addition to their feed store. It also seems as if there was another store in Friedheim at some location. Around the corner was a building that housed a tavern that changed names several times over the years. Just past this and to the south was the Nelson Friese home.

FROM GERMANY TO AMERICA

Wilbert and Ursula (Fleischhauer) Grossheider, 2008

Ursula Fleischhauer (Grossheider) grew up in Waldeck, Germany. This is the same area that many of the families who settled in Friedheim were from. The name Fleischhauer means "meat cutter". She came from a family of seven children. She moved away from home and began working two weeks after she got out of school. She was only 14 years old. Ursula had been working near Cologne, Germany before World War II was over. After the war she was unemployed. In June she went back to her home for awhile. In August she went to the unemployment office. They gave her a ticket to go up to the Signal Corp telephone company for an interview. A German man interviewed and hired her. There were many other Germans working there as well. The next day she started working there in the dining room every morning and evening. In time some of the soldier cooks were sent home after their tour of duty was over. Ursula and some of the other dining room staff were then moved to the kitchen.

During World War II, Wilbert Grossheider was a soldier in the army. The name Grossheider (gross) means "tall or big." Sometime before Christmas 1945, Wib and his unit landed in France. From there they were sent to Germany. After the war was over, they took all names D - H and assigned them to to the 3rd Division 225 Signal Corp, an army telephone company located in a castle. Upon their arrival there late in the evening, Ursula and the other kitchen staff were asked to stay to help serve them their first meal there.

Wib served as a cook in the kitchen while at the telephone company. Wib left on September 7, 1946 (on his birthday) to head home to the United States and his hometown of Friedheim, a trip that took nine days. At the time the American servicemen were not permitted to marry German civilians. About two months later President Harry Truman changed this. He said we needed different blood over here in the United States!

Wib sent the papers over to Germany to bring Ursula over. She received the papers before Christmas 1946. Unfortunately, the Consulate in Frankfurt was closed over Christmas and New Year's. On her first trip there they gave her a paper with 192 questions to be answered. Wib also had to fill out papers and send

PLAYDAY:

All the area schools, public and parochial, were able to get together for playday. We had all types of track and field events such as bucket toss, relay races, tug-of-war, etc. We all took turns practicing. They had blue, red, and white ribbons and then awarded trophies. The trophy in the case that has "track" written on it is from this time. One playday sticks out in my mind. Since we had such a small school, we had smaller classes which we had to combine to get a team together for tug-of-war. Since I was the oldest, I was anchor, probably not even weighing 50 pounds. The rest of the team consisted of Alice (Mangels) O'Leary, Mark Friese, Jim Pohlmann (my brother), Doug Zoellner, Tim Klaus, Bernice (Wilke) Meyer, Rodney Oehl, and David Thomas. (I hope I didn't forget anyone.) We were up against Longtown public school. Their team was actually the whole school! Now, they had much larger farm boys and a very large anchor. The whistle blew and it was like a domino effect. One by one the team let go, and I flew across the line.

FILM STRIP-A MOVIE:

It was always a treat to have the film strip projector show us a film since we only had 3 channels on our televisions: 3, 6, and 12. We had black and white televisions, and the filmstrips were really neat. The only movement was a stylist that was in the projector that you could point to make sure you could see what you needed to. Most of the time there was no sound. The teacher read the words for the program. We were really impressed with a reel to reel projector with pictures and sound--maybe color, too? WOW!

FRIDAYS:

Fridays always were fun. We would sweep up the floors, clean erasers. The older boys would burn trash. Yes, we did have some fires get away for us a few times. We would have the grass on fire and would have to help put it out. You had to clean out your desks because the area was also used for Sunday school and you didn't want anything falling out during Sunday school. When Pastor Walter Schmid came we had a special treat. He played the piano, and at the time we probably didn't appreciate it. He taught us hymns, a different one or two each week. It was a contest to see who could memorize the most verses before time ended. That is how I memorized most of the hymns I know by heart to this day, thanks to him.

CHRISTMAS PLAY:

After Thanksgiving it was time to memorize your parts for the Christmas play. It was nice to be able to take time off your studies for the practices. But, after awhile you were ready to study instead of practice. We had to memorize all the hymns and your parts. These were usually all new to you every year. One thing I have to say about that is the fact that to this day I can recite the whole Christmas story by memory. The walk over to church was always a short one. The narthex at the time was heated by a small stove that usually wasn't on for practice. The ceiling was very high. As a matter of fact those front three windows

Sometimes it rained and our paper bags would get wet. Some would spill in a mud puddle. We had flashlights which made it fun. We had light shows in the sky, and it was handy for passing the cemetery, our imaginations going wild.

SPELLING BEE'S AND CIPHERING MATH CONTESTS:

Spelling contests were fun. The whole school would spell to see who would make it to the end and win. We would stand in front of the school and spell. CIPHERING arithmetic (math) was done at the chalkboard. A lot of chalk was sacrificed during this time, and the chalk and dust would fly!

WHERE WERE YOU?:

I had just finished going to the rest room and had started to walk up the stairs when I saw Wilma Bogenpohl running across the gravel parking lot. By the time she reached the door of the school, Mrs. Mouser greeted her, and all three of us were standing there when Wilma said they shot the President! And, he died! John F. Kennedy. We were off school, and we saw all the details on the TV. That was all you saw on television the next few days, and then we watched the funeral. After the funeral we all went back to school.

DRESS CODE:

Girls wore dresses to school. The only time you could wear pants was under your dress, and then when you got to school you had to take them off. When school was done you went back to the bathroom and put them on again.

OUTDOOR/INDOOR PLAY:

We enjoyed recess and couldn't wait to get out to the swing set. We had four swings, and we had to take turns. We also had a set of rings and a bar which rounded out the play equipment. Let's not forget the seesaws and the merry-go-round. Someone was always falling off, and luckily, no one was really hurt. We had basketball goals but could never figure out how to play until we went to Oak Ridge. Then we knew! We also played hide and seek and dodge ball, jumped rope, played red rover and kick the can, once, I believe. The game was in one of our reading books so we all learned how to play. When we played hide and seek, a lot of times the BIG cornerstone was our base. Or, sometimes the old cistern, located where the wheelchair ramp is now, was used as our base. When it rained or snowed, we were allowed to play games in the basement of the school. Some of them were Johnny can't cross my river unless he has?...yellow, etc., green light/red light worked either way, and mother may I.

COOKS:

Trula Sewing cooked for us at Trinity. I can remember we would drink white milk out of those clear, heavy, glass drinking glasses. It always tasted the same. At home we had fresh cow's milk, and you could always tell when the cow would get into the wild onions by the taste of the milk. The fresh cow's milk would have cream on top. Mary Wilke was also a cook for us right before the school closed.

them to Ursula for her to take to the Consulate. In all, Ursula made 13 trips to the Consulate in order to get permission to go to the United States and be married to an American.

Although Wib grew up learning both the German and the English language, the German is spoke differently depending on what part of Germany you are from ("high" German and "low" German as well as the "slang" for the different areas). Wib liked Germany and would have considered staying over there, but he had promised his mom he would come home after his time in the service was up. Wib's mom was concerned about how Ursula would react after leaving her home and coming so far. She would say "What if she gets homesick--then you got her over here."

Ursula came to the United States in 1947. She flew over in a four engine plane. That first trip took 27 hours just to get to New York. Now it only takes 8 hours from here to Chicago to Germany. After living in a big city all her life, her first impression of Friedheim was "I thought I come behind the moon." It must have been meant to be because Wib and Ursula have been married over 60 years.

GROWING UP IN FRIEDHEIM

Erma (Lohmann) Thomas
2008

This is about the town of Friedheim in the late 1930's and 1940's. There were about 65 people living in Friedheim at that time.

We moved to Friedheim in the middle of 1930 from Perryville, Missouri and moved into the house in the middle of town. The town had a blacksmith shop, two stores, tavern and dance hall, feed store, garage, church, school house, and a shop where Mr. Kurre fixed shoes in his garage. Mr. Bruene also had a little shed by his house where he made brooms. He also did concrete work.

In the 30's and 40's the town was very busy. Everyone knew each other and visited often. The town and houses were always kept clean and neat. The stores would stay open until 10 o'clock Monday through Saturday and on Sunday after church until 12 o'clock. On Friday and Saturday people would bring their cream, eggs, and chickens to town to sell at Klaus' store. Then, with the money they would get from their poultry and dairy products, they would buy groceries for the week. When people would come to town, they would either drive wagons or old cars. Children would come to town with their parents, so there was always someone to play with.

When World War II came along, the garage bought old cars from auctions and fixed them up to resell in town.

The town had one switchboard where all the telephone calls came through. It was located in the Gustav and Iva Dickmann home, a two story brick house located across from the church. Each line had three families on it. When it would ring at one house, it might ring twice, another house three times, and so on so you would know whose house was getting the call. It still rang at all three houses, so someone could listen in on your conversation whether you liked it or not. Sometimes when it would storm, Iva (who ran the switchboard) would ask me and my sister, Mildred, to come and stay with her. It would get kind of scary there with all the wires on the switchboard. And, sometimes, the sparks would fly out of the switchboard when it stormed! I don't know how we were of any comfort to Iva--we were just as scared as she was!

Every year the church would have a picnic down in the woods and sell plate lunches. At the picnic there was always a large crowd of people that came. They would charge a dollar a plate, five cents for a soda, ten cents for a hamburger, five cents for a hot dog. There also would be bands playing all afternoon. One of the bands was from St. Louis. He was on the radio and was very well known. When he came down and played for the picnic, it was so crowded that it was hard to walk through the people.

The school at Trinity went from grades first through eighth.

Mr. Renner and his sister lived across the field from us. When he would walk to town, he would give the kids a nickel or dime. When that money hit our hot, little hands, we would buy a soda or candy. If he would give us a nickel, we had to choose between a candy bar or soda. When we received a dime, we would get both. What a treat!

Mr. Renner also had a pond behind his house where we would go ice skating. Afterwards, they would pop us some popcorn. They were very nice people and lived in a little old log house with an old stone fireplace. This was a great place to get warm after skating.

Sometimes my mom would send us out of the house for awhile to visit with Mrs. Welker. I remember she did a lot of quilting while we were at her house.

Back then there were different houses and buildings than there are now. The old houses were torn down, but the old Klaus store burned down. I remember I was eating lunch when I looked out the window and saw smoke coming out of the roof of the store. My mom said "Run over to the store and tell them." So I ran over and said "Norbert, your store is on fire." There were no fire departments then, and everyone came with buckets of water and tried to put it out. But, it was a two story building, and it burned quickly.

in my life, a bible verse always comes back to my mind, giving me comfort and strength. We always had to recite the verse out loud in front of the teacher or the pastor.

THE SCHOOL YEAR:

Apple Creek Catholic Church had its picnic on Saturday night and we had our picnic on Sunday. Then you knew that summer was gone and school was going to start after Labor Day.

FALL LEAVES:

In the fall it was a colorful time. All the maple trees around church and school and all those leaves made an adventure for us. We enjoyed those leaves. They were our houses. All of us girls would bring our baby dolls and we would play house. Every room in the house was accounted for. We would build BIG leaf houses. Sometimes we ran through them. Sometimes we would build leaf forts, and the boys would bring their toy cowboy guns and play "cowboys and Indians". John Wayne was a big hero at the time. Gun smoke and Rawhide were just a few shows that gave us inspiration. I can remember playing cowboys and Indians, and when the boys got shot they would fall "dramatically" on the ground. I enjoyed playing doctor. You could go up to them and just touch them, and they would spring back to life.

BOOK MOBILE:

The Riverside Regional Library had a "book mobile". It was equivalent to a little "RV". It was a wonderland for a child who liked to read. Each grade had a level of books they could read. "E" was Beginners, "J" was More advanced, etc. We were allowed so much time in the RV to pick out books (probably two). It was so neat to be able to pick out books and take them home to read. We had a little library at school. They would switch out the books, and then we would have a new supply until they came again.

WHITE CHRISTMAS:

When I was in first grade we had Pastor Keith Kiihne. It was Christmas Eve, and we children were about to walk over to church for the service. About the time we started to walk over, the most beautiful snowflakes were falling "picture perfect" to the ground. We had a white Christmas.

TRICK OR TREAT:

The town of Friedheim was one of my favorite spots to trick or treat. Everyone knew everyone so you didn't have to worry about the candy. We knew each person who lived in each house. We started off at the pastor's house, and then we would walk from one end of the town to the next. As we grew older, we decided to trade masks and go back through again. Everyone had big bowls full of candy, and they all enjoyed seeing how we were dressed the second time around.

WALKING HOME:

When we got off the bus in the evenings, Jackie, Jim, and I would walk the way back to the house. I think it's about one-half miles. It was not fun at times. I remember we were walking along the road and a BIG black snake was crossing the road. We jumped across it and ran home. Once we were walking home and the neighbor's cows followed us home. We had run most of the way home with the cows following behind us. I remember running in the house not hardly being able to breath, let alone talk. I ran into my Grandpa Christian's bedroom and looked out the front window and saw the cows were walking towards our barn. Grandpa went out and opened the loading chute, and they all went in. We did have fun picking those purple spring flox that pop up around the creek in the spring. Mom always had a bouquet on the table. We would run, hop, skip, jump, giant step, and baby step our way home. We tried to get home before the sun got down too far. It was cold, windy, and sometimes rainy. If we got wet, sometimes Mom or Dad would come and pick us up and take us the rest of the way home.

SCHOOL-THE START OF THE DAY

We would get to school and hang our coats in the basement next to the bathrooms. When we were little, those gold clips helped us to hang up our coats ourselves. When everyone arrived the teacher would ring the bell. If you got to ring the bell it was an honor. To this day when we have vacation bible school, that hand bell still rings and the kids still come a running. We had assigned seats and we would all take our seats. We were all mixed up, the different grades in between one another. If you got caught talking too much, you got moved. This usually caused everyone to move. Our desks had storage underneath for books and supplies, and on top of our desks you had a place to put your pencil. For the opening we said the Lord's Prayer and recited the Pledge of Allegiance. The teacher gave a devotion from her blue book of devotions for Lutheran schools.

THE BIG LONG TABLE:

Everyone was taught from the big table up front next to the chalkboard. This table is still in use for Sunday school preschool. Each class took their time at the table with the teacher and the lessons for the day. We were then sent back to our assigned seats and were to work on our class work or homework. You were always kept busy. If you had a question you could ask the teacher before or after school. Once the teacher was at the big table, you were to be quiet and do your work. It always seemed that you had plenty to do. Sometimes the older kids would help you. It was really nice that some of these helpful students, Verlin Mangels and Nelson Grossheider, later went on to be school teachers. We had coloring books when we were younger and could color pages. But as we got older more work was assigned. We always had some type of religion homework to be memorized. As we went from grade to grade, the memorization always seemed to grow with you. We memorized the Ten Commandments and their meaning, etc., and bible verse upon bible verse. To this day as the pastor starts to say a bible verse in church, I find myself saying it along with him. Also, when things happen

The women around town never worked away from the home, and they stayed home with the family. They put out big gardens and did a lot of canning and butchering. We would butcher around six hogs and a lot of chickens.

In the early 1950's one of the stores was sold to a couple from St. Louis. They put in the first television. So, on Saturday night the store would be full of people watching "I Love Lucy" and other programs. It wasn't the plainest TV, but it was better than nothing at all.

When I got older, I started working as a tester of the cream that farmers would bring in on Saturday afternoons.

Friedheim was a great little town to live in.

HARDSHIPS

Wilbert Grossheider
2008

My great grandfather, Casper Friedrich Grossheider, first arrived in America from Germany in 1838. Although my great grandfather's first name was Casper, he went by his middle name, Friedrich. This was very common back in the 1800's. In those days their middle name was their given name, and their first name was not used.

At that time he had no transportation in Germany. They put his equipment (clothes and belongings) in a hay wagon pulled by a team of horses and hauled them from Dissen to Bremen Harbor, which was probably the distance from Friedheim to St. Louis or further. From there he got on the boat with other families. The trip was probably made by some sort of large sailboat. Because they were on the ocean for a long period of time, they had to deal with sickness and death. To keep disease from spreading, those who perished would be dealt with the only way they knew. They couldn't pull the boats over and give a proper burial as we would be accustomed to. Many had to be buried at sea.

After settling in the Dissen community (later called Friedheim), my great grandfather attended church there. Because of financial difficulties of the congregation, the first church services were held in the Bernhardt Gussenberg log home. Then in 1848 my great grandfather donated land for a church to be built on. In 1949 the first log church with attached classroom and separate parsonage were completed. Friedrich Julius Biltz was called as the congregation's first official pastor and teacher on March 12, 1848.

LAUGHTER–THE BEST MEDICINE

Wilbert and Ursula (Fleischhauer) Grossheider
2008

***Wib–I remember one morning on the way to school. It was a very windy day. Rev. Deye would always walk from the house up to the church. Well, his hat blew off! One of the other students saw this happen and laughed so hard that she couldn't stop. She couldn't get over the idea that this could happen to the pastor. He didn't think it was so funny, though. He made her pick up his hat and put it back on his head!

***Ursula–I remember one particular Easter when Rev. Deye's son, Armen, was there for a visit. Wib and I came out of church and were heading to the car. Armen came there and we talked together. He said, "What is the difference between the American guys and the German guys?" I said "The American guys, well, there's too many bald headed ones, and so many of them have false teeth." He laughed, although some would be offended by our German humor. I told him "If you ask such a dumb question, you're gonna get one, too!"

***Wib–I recall a practical joke that was played on someone many years ago. Friends and neighbors would gather together to butcher. Food and "refreshment" would be shared, which sometimes led to the jokes that followed. On this particular day someone had tied the intestines (left over from the butchering) to the saddle of a local priest's horse. Needless to say, after riding home on his horse and saddle, he was quite a sight upon his arrival!

LIFE AT FRIEDHEIM SCHOOL MEMORY WORK

Harlan William Tuschhoff
2007

My schooling at Friedheim did not begin until seventh grade. After attending the Arnsberg School for grades one through six, I went on to Friedheim for grades seven and eight and attended confirmation classes there under the leadership of Rev. John H. Deye. We were expected to memorize Luther's Small Catechism in its entirety as well as many hymns and prayers, etc. before we would be confirmed in 1947.

There was one particular school day that I remember quite well. We had learned the words to the hymn "Now Thank We All Our God." I felt that I had done well only forgetting a word or two. Unfortunately, Rev. Deye thought I needed to work a little harder on the memorization of the words. He came down at noon to the confirmation building and told me to wait for him there. I waited and waited for him, afraid to leave because this would show disobedience (and

And, you would be told about it. A lot of people must have lost arms like that, or it was a good way to get the kids to listen. Those leather or plastic seats were always hot in the spring and fall which made you stick to them. In the winter they were like a giant ice cube. The heater always seemed to work too much or not enough. I can remember wearing boots to school. When we had snow we didn't get out much. If it snowed the older kids or the kids with the most weight sat in back of the bus for traction. Never ending dust always seemed to follow us as the little bus stopped. One of the older boys usually sat in the co-pilot seat. They were in charge of opening the door and pushing the seat back so you could get in and out. As I got older I even had the chance to do this once or twice myself. It was fun. Always be prepared! We had a pan under the middle seat in case someone had to throw up. That pan was used several times. You can't forget the game of freeze out—all windows open. It was always a cold day when we would play the game.

THE CREEK'S UP AGAIN!:

We were the first ones on the bus in the morning and the last ones off in the evening. We lived close to Wilma so that is how the route started. The little school bus was on the Cape county side. We lived in Perry county across the creek so we had to drive to catch the bus. Sometimes we didn't know that it had rained up the creek. We would get ready to cross it and would have to turn around. Then we would be at Robert Sewings (Wanda and Nelson Sewings' place) until mom or dad could come and get us. When it rained and the Apple Creek flooded, we would lose our ride to school. We would have to go around through "F" road to "B" and then to "KK". My sister, Jackie, and my brother, Jim, and I would have to spend the night with our Great Aunt Edith Ruesler and Great Uncle Clarence. They lived where Helen and Robert Heath now live on "B" road. We sometimes spent the night at Great Aunt Clara and Great Uncle Herman Pohlmann's house. Cousin Pearl also lived there. He helped his mom and dad farm. Sometimes we stayed with other people. Jackie and I spent the night at Erma and Clifford Thomas' house a few times. Their daughter, Janet, was in Jackie's class. It always took several days for the creek to go down. Sometimes we would ride the Oliver tractor through the water to meet the bus. I can remember Dad walking to cross the creek and carrying us across. There always was a way to get to school.

FALL–PEAR TIME:

We had two bus routes, the Friedheim area and our area. It was nice to get to school first. You could play or study for that test. In the evenings it was the same. One of the great memories of riding the bus was in the fall when the pears were ripe. Pastor's yard always had a good crop on the ground. If you talked to the right older boy, they could throw and get a good pear down. What a great sweet treat for a hungry kid as an after school snack.

the back of the livestock truck. In my early years we played in the fields, usually at the Alonzo Kurre farm or the property that Lowell Mangels now owns. Later on most of the playing was done at the Adolph Rohde farm.

The local 4-H club was first started in Friedheim in 1938 or 1939 by Harry Vogt and teacher Peitsch. Around 1942 after World War II had begun, Harry had to go into the service and teacher Peitsch resigned. For a couple of years the 4-H club, as well as the Cape Fair, and "The Institute" (a small fair held in Oak Ridge) were not active. The war put a halt on things as there were other priorities at hand. When the 4-H club reorganized, it was held at Arnsberg and later moved back to Friedheim.

STORIES OF CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

Elaine (Pohlmann) Hoffman 2008

My dad, Milton Pohlmann, was in the U.S. Army stationed at Fort Chaffee army base when I was born. When we came back to Missouri from Arkansas in 1957, they transferred my baptismal records and I became a member of Trinity.

SUNDAY SCHOOL:

When it was time for Sunday school, my parents took me, along with my sister Jackie, who already was in Sunday school. I can remember having Wilma Ruppel as a Sunday school teacher. Milford Klaus was a superintendent of Sunday school.

ONE ROOMED SCHOOL:

As years go by it's time for school (reading, writing, and arithmetic). We had a one-roomed school, as they called it, with grades 1 - 8 all in the same classroom. Our teacher was Trula Mouser. She taught us until the school closed in 1968.

LITTLE ORANGE SCHOOL BUS:

The typical day of school started out from home preparing to meet the bus. It was an orange little school bus with two doors, the drivers door and the passenger door. It had a seat that would push back. Our bus driver was Wilma Bogenpohl. The bus had three seats. The little seat was wooden, and, you guessed it, was full of splinters at times. We liked to sit on the little seat because you got off the bus first. It had a window that you could open (good air flow). The second seat was a leather seat that was "middle" sized (hot in the spring and fall, cold in the winter). The window behind the seat either didn't work or was too hard for us to close. And last but not least was the back leather seat or third seat. It was a great place to be squashed! But, the windows opened on both sides. In the spring and fall those big back windows made your hair blow in the breeze. At one time or another, I think everyone had to stick their arm out of the windows.

maybe a stiffer sentence). After what seemed like forever to a young lad, I walked up to the parsonage and knocked on the door. As Rev. Deye opened the door, he gasped and said an apologetic "I'm sorry, I forgot about you". He then invited me into his home.

Upon entering I noticed that there were many ladies from the congregation including Mrs. Deye. Apparently it was some kind of Ladies Aid meeting or gathering. Without a second thought Rev. Deye told me to recite the words from the hymn "Now Thank We All Our God". As you might expect, with this new audience I was even more nervous, but did as I was told. Needless to say, I forgot more words than I remembered but somehow stumbled through it. Finally, Rev. Deye was disgusted enough with me that he waved me out of sight!

LIFE AT FRIEDHEIM SCHOOL REMEMBERING 1936-1937

Elsie Martha (Schmidt) Noennig Bouchard
2007

Sand Castles! Summer outings at Kester's!

We walked from church to Kester's. There was a creek with a lot of nice sand, which we enjoyed playing with. We also spent time building sand castles. And sometimes, if I remember correctly, we would win a prize (candy bar, maybe) for the best or better ones.

Our teacher was Edwin B. Pietsch whose home was in Saginaw, Michigan. He was my teacher at the Lutheran school in Friedheim for first grade and second grade. My parents boarded me at the parsonage where Rev. and Mrs. John H. Deye lived. They were very nice to live with. Mrs. Meta Deye helped me a lot with religion memory.

Then for third, fourth, and fifth grades I walked with two other girls, Jessie and Hazel Barr to Buckeye School. This was about 1 ½ miles one way. Sometimes I didn't get an early enough start in the morning so my momma would take the shortcut through the woods so that I could get to school on time. When she got close to the school, momma would stay back so that the others wouldn't see that she had walked (or sometimes ran) with me to school.

Then for sixth grade my parents boarded and roomed me for one school year, which was eight months. I again stayed with Rev. and Mrs. Deye and attended school at Friedheim. My parents hoped that I could be confirmed at the end of sixth grade. Rev. Deye agreed on one condition. Anyone that wanted to be confirmed that year would have to memorize every verse in Luther's Small

Catechism with the exception of the two longest verses. As I said before, Mrs. Deye helped me a lot with my religion memory. She required me to recite Bible verses every morning before school. With her help I was able to be confirmed March 27, 1937 at Trinity Lutheran Church in Friedheim, Missouri at the age of twelve.

After this it was back to Buckeye School for seventh and eighth grade. Buckeye School burned down several years ago.

I graduated from eighth grade in 1939. A photo was taken on the steps of the Jackson Courthouse.

LIFE IN GERMANY

Ursula (Fleischhauer) Grossheider
2008

Schooling in Germany was totally different when I went than what was seen in the United States in the same time period. You went to school for eight years, and then you learned your trade or job, whether it be a carpenter, electrician, cook, hairdresser, etc. If you wanted to go on to high school and college, you started planning for this in fifth grade, at which time you would go on to some type of middle school. For example, a hairdresser went to school for three years to learn and another three years to be a helper or apprentice. At that point you took your test. If you passed, then you could hang your shingle out. If you wanted to work in a house for people, you had to take off twice a week in the afternoon to go to their school. You had to cook, wash dishes, wash clothes, etc., and the boss had to pay for the schooling.

In Germany you can't get a driver's license until you are 18 years of age. After living in the United States as German exchange students, some thought the laws should be changed after they got back home. The German government said "NO" to this.

Growing up during the war years, you always felt the presence of soldiers. Most were honest and trustworthy when in your home; some were not. Growing up during the war years also meant listening to the sound of the bombs in the background. After the war, there was an adjustment period. I remember one particular day when my sister and I were getting ready to leave the house. She asked me to make the beds before we left. As I leaned over, because of the bombs, I would often fall forward into the bed. She found me later and had to get me back up. We both laughed about the incident. A good sense of humor is a common thing to us Germans. We easily joke around with each other without the fear of offending anyone.

***Associating with our good Catholic neighbors was not specifically forbidden but was frowned upon.

***Marrying a Catholic, or for that matter anyone not Lutheran, was not specifically forbidden, but every effort was made not to let it happen. Times have proven this approach to be wrong, as some of the strongest marriages I know of have been between people of different faiths.

SPIES IN FRIEDHEIM

Nelson Sewing 2008

During the time of World War II, one night during church services, someone drove a car around the church several times. I don't remember if it was Christmas Eve, New Year's Eve, or Lenten services. It was thought by some that it may be a spy. There were several air vents on the south and north side of the church. Thinking this was a spy driving around the church, it was also thought they were going to place a bomb or bombs in these air vents. My dad was an elder of the church at this time. He and another member of the church plastered these vents shut with brick and mud, which you can still see today. But the "spies" turned out to be boyfriends of two girls that were members of our church at that time.

I went to Trinity Lutheran School for three years. Teacher Peitsch was my teacher for two years, and teacher Schmandt was my teacher for one year. The first two years I rode to school with teacher Peitsch in his Model A Ford. It had a rumble seat in the back. I had to walk about a mile to meet him. Religion was taught by Rev. Deye in a one room building that was left from an old house. He required you to know your lesson word for word or you would have to come to his house over noon to recite it, which I did quite often. During instruction we learned many hymns, bible verses, etc. We still know most of them today and enjoy singing them. At Christmas there was a stage. All children faced to the back of church. Pastor stood in the back of church. He had to understand what you were saying.

When I belonged to the Young Peoples' Society, we played games after each meeting. We also went to Highland Park in St. Louis. It was similar then to what Six Flags is today. There were at least 15 of us youth who went. We rode in the back of a livestock truck owned and operated by one of the members of the church. It was a good time for all!

The younger people played a lot of ball. We had the "Big" team which played a lot at Old Appleton and the "Little" team which played in many of the neighboring towns of New Wells, Pocahontas, Frohna, Altenburg, Farrar, Longtown, and Uniontown. Once again the means of travel was often in

The railroad became less profitable. Model T's and trucks took its business. Ford cars were fitted with flanged wheels and hauled passengers. If you went to the track and waved at this bus, it would stop and pick you up and take you to Perryville and return you the same way.

This railroad was discontinued before 1930. We had 3 pieces of the track on our farm during 1930 - 1940. We have only one piece left. It is being used as a support for a floodgate at the end of our lane. There is, today, a concrete structure located on Bobby Meyer's property that was a water tank. I do not yet know how water was pumped out of Apple Creek into this tank.

PRACTICAL JOKES

Clyde "Bill" Brune 2008

Back around 1946 or 1947 I recall a couple incidents that I will never forget. The first took place while I was in second grade at Friedheim. We were having class in the old building behind the current parsonage (sometimes referred to as the "sheep stable"). There was a boy sitting in front of me who had his shoes on the wrong feet. He also had his shoes untied. Unable to ignore this, I and another boy thought we should do something about those "loose" shoestrings. Working as a team, we tied his shoestrings together. Apparently, he never noticed that we had done this and started to get up out of his chair. As soon as he tried to walk, he lost his balance and started to fall down. Although we considered this to be pretty funny, Rev. Deye did not. Both of us got a "whippin" out of the deal!

The second incident took place after it had snowed. Rev. Deye announced that he was going to snowball the whole school (with the older boys as the target). One of the boys thought he would be a little bit smarter about this and set out with his own plan to defend his classmates. He wrapped a rock inside his snowball before aiming and firing. As you might expect, the snowball hit Rev. Deye. Although he said a word in German that we didn't understand, he never knew who threw the "rock" snowball.

RULES OF THE DAY

Clifford Thomas 2008

***The pastors that I am familiar with were all good conciseness men. They were rather strict, though. Their wives were all kind and nice. Discipline was administered with a paddle or a swat across the hands with a ruler. Children at that time were more or less afraid of pastors. This changed from about 1946 on.

***Dancing with a lady that was not your wife was strictly forbidden.

The cemeteries in Germany look like parks. Everything is well kept. But because of a lack of space, many people are choosing to be cremated upon their death. The grave is marked by a small, flat stone that can be mowed over. The ashes are placed in a small box and buried at this site. The grave sites that are still used are only kept for 25 - 30 years. After this time the remains are removed. During my last visit to Germany, I noticed that the grave sites of several family members had been removed.

Before the war the population of my home town was 7,500. After the war the population was 27,000. Many had fled from the east and headed to the west. The houses were built up, not flat like here in our area.

Before being confirmed we had a questioning or "examination" as we called it. The girls were allowed to wear colored dresses for this. When we were confirmed we wore black dresses. My dress was the only one with a white collar. My sister was my seamstress, and she decided the black, alone, did not look right to her. That's why I had a white collar on my black dress. In 1984 I traveled back to Germany for our 50th anniversary. I traveled the farthest distance for the confirmation reunion.

PICNICS AT TRINITY

Diane (Rohde) Mangels
2008

Beginning with my childhood years, the church picnic was always held on the Sunday before Labor Day. This was a weekend you prayed for NO RAIN. Whether or not my parents, Adolph and Gertrude Rohde, were on the picnic committee, planning started months in advance. The committee had to pick chair people, cooks, table waiters, etc. The picnic shed and equipment were cleaned and organized and an inventory of supplies was made. At church the committee would hand out little slips of paper with the job you were to do the day of the picnic. My mom, Lorene Friese, Aunt Wilma Bogenpohl, and numerous other individuals would get together at school for several days and roll out dumplings. Setup for the picnic and cleanup after took several days as well.

The menu consisted of kettle cooked beef, fried chicken, chicken and dumplings, ham, potatoes, corn, green beans, slaw, peaches, pickles, tomatoes, and cakes of many kinds. Two beefs were usually donated by Clarence Hoppe. My dad, Bill Kester, and others would cook the cubed up beef in big black kettles behind the school. The chickens were purchased from Bollinger Poultry. My mom and several others would start frying the chicken in big fryers shortly after noon so enough would be ready when serving began around 3:30 pm. Bollinger Poultry would leave one of their refrigerator trucks for us to use to keep the chickens cold.

Much of the food served was donated by the church members. If I remember correctly, families were to bring three old hens (already cooked to be used for the dumplings), four cakes, two quarts or four tin cans of green beans, corn, and pickles as well as whatever cabbage, tomatoes, and peppers that had been raised in their gardens. Whoever was able worked at the picnic. If a couple had small children, some of the other relatives would watch the children so they could work. I started waiting on tables around fourth and fifth grade. I was filling bowls, cleaning off tables, pouring drinks, or whatever needed to be done. The tables were set up (outside) on the west side of school. You didn't just work one hour shifts. You started when serving started and quit when the serving was done. If you quit before that, it was because someone was able to relieve you.

The stands were set up around the church and school. The toy stand had novelty items such as necklaces and bracelets, candy, gum, and of course you couldn't forget the boxes of Cracker Jack caramel popcorn. You always had to take several boxes home for the week. There were wooden bowling lanes set up under the trees on the south side of the parsonage. There was a hamburger stand, ice cream stand, toy stand, and fishing pond. The Ladies Aid had a stand with all types of embroidered items, baked goods, and canned items for sale. You could buy soda and beer. Board planks were put on top of sawhorses and used as seating so people could visit with each other.

With the picnic being held on a holiday weekend, a lot of people from out of town were in to see friends and family whom they had not seen for some time. A lot of people would attend the Apple Creek picnic which was held the evening before and then attend the Trinity Friedheim picnic on Sunday.

The last year we had the picnic was September 1973. If I remember correctly, we served around 1500 people. Each year the day after the picnic had a correct name, Labor Day—a day to clean up the premises and store everything back in its proper place for the next year.

PLAYING TAG

Wilma (Bangert) Ruppel
2008

While attending school and confirmation class at Friedheim in the 1930's, I stayed with Norbert and Lorraine Klaus. At this same time Elsie (Schmidt) Noennig Bouchard was boarding with the pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. John H. Deye. I recall one particular day after school when Elsie and I were playing together outside near the parsonage. Rev. Deye decided to join in the fun with us. We started playing a game of tag. At one point in the game, Rev. Deye decided to go into the parsonage. For whatever reason we went inside, too, thinking we could find him.

On one occasion an uncle of mine was laid out in our house. I was 12 years old. That night before I went to sleep, I remember being terrified with the thought that our cats would get in the house and mutilate Uncle Moritz's face.

HOUCH RAILROAD

Clifford Thomas 2008

This railroad was built in 1904 and 1905 by Louis Houch. It ran from the Fruitland-Jackson area in Cape Girardeau county to Lithium in northern Perry county where it connected with the Frisco railroad. The Frisco railroad ran to St. Louis and Cape Girardeau, Missouri. Mr. Houch was lawyer and an historian (about southeast Missouri). He also built 500 miles of railroad in southeast Missouri, besides this particular track. The Houch railroad, as it was known, ran from Fruitland through Oak Ridge, Daisy, Hildebrand, Biehle, Highland, and Perryville to Lithium. There were stations at each of these places. This railroad was built rather cheaply. The track was about 5 inches high, and the ties were farther apart than they are today. This allowed tracks to move allowing the train to derail. This, however, did not happen very often, but it did happen. The engineer of a train (Houch's) was killed in a derailment just north of Scott Kirn's residence. The cuts in the hills can still be seen, along with indentations of the railroad ties. Today, the tracks are 8 to 9 inches high.

This railroad hauled livestock such as cattle, hogs, etc. It also hauled railroad ties, barrel staves, and farm produce such as wheat. The railroad also carried passengers.

The building of the railroad was a boom for wherever it passed by. The pay was \$2.00 per day for a man and \$3.00 for a man and a team.

A farm family in this area usually owned about 140 to 160 acres. Land in the 1890's sold for \$7.00 to \$10.00 per acre. If the family had bought their farm between 1800 and 1900, they probably had a debt of about \$1000.00 or less. So, when 2 members of a family worked and brought home approximately \$20.00 to \$25.00 per week, it meant a farm could be paid off rather quickly. There were no restrictions on the age a worker had to be at that time. It was up to the family to determine if a young boy was able to work. Also, families at that time were usually rather large, making it possible to have more than just the father working.

As the trestles at Biehle became less safe, the engineer and fireman would stop the train before trestles. Both would get out of the train. One would walk across, and the other one would start the train slowly. The first man would then stop the train allowing the second man to walk across and re-board the train. This trestle was located where Jo Ann's Greenhouse is located today.

canning. They made jams and jellies for the Altenheim, a Lutheran home for the elderly located in St. Louis. Later, they turned to quilting as a way to earn money to do projects for the church.

Through the years they accomplished many things. Their largest project was completing the kitchen for the new school: cabinets, stoves, and refrigerators which enabled the school children to have a hot lunch. They had many goals which they met. They took care of the parsonage carpeting. They purchased the paraments which are so beautiful for the church.

As the years went by, more of the church ladies went to work. Because of this the membership became smaller and smaller. Today, there are only a few left.

But we still try.

FUNERALS

Clifford Thomas 2008

Before 1940 the deceased person was laid out for viewing at the home. A gentleman in the community was hired to prepare the body. Mr. Ed Young was called to embalm the body. The Klaus store in Friedheim sold caskets. There were no vaults used then. Vaults became available about 1960. The lack of vaults caused much work in the cemetery as the wood box that the casket was placed in would rot in the ground. This would cause the ground to settle for years.

The graves were dug by hand. It was a full days work for two men. The ladies and men wore black or dark clothes to the funeral. There was much crying and sobbing done. In dry, hot weather, during the wagon or buggy ride to church, their clothes would become very dusty. Their faces would become wet and damp from crying, and you could see tear tracks on their faces. In my case, my grandmother's husband died in 1926. She lived with us for 15 years after that. Very often we could hear her sobbing in her room. In good weather she and I would go to the barn. She would sit on the feeding room step. I didn't realize until years later that this was her way of connecting with her husband. This is not to say that other people's grandmothers did not have the same feelings as my grandmother had.

During the time that the body was in the home, neighbors, friends, and relatives would sit up with the body all night. Most of the time drinks were provided, which caused arguments and sometimes laughter.

When we did locate him, he had went into the bathroom and locked the door. Thinking that was the end of the game, we busied ourselves in the study. Next thing we knew, Rev. Deye came through the front door into the study and surprised us! We were really stumped at how he got out of the house. He finally admitted that after locking himself in the bathroom, he had proceeded to crawl through the bathroom window. Once he was outside, he ran around the house to the front porch and came into the study through the front door. Imagine our surprise! And, imagine what a sight that must have been for him to crawl through that window, Rev. Deye being the tall man that he was. Although strict as he was, he did have a sense of humor!

REVENUE DAYS

Clifford Bangert
2008

Christian and Louise Moeller were married in 1858 in St. Louis, Missouri. My great grandmother and three of her sisters were born in the St. Louis area and baptized at Immanuel Lutheran Church on Markus Street, which was located in the western central part of St. Louis. Christian was in the Missouri militia during the Civil War. Since his unit was never mustered out, he did not receive a pension from the Union army. After the Civil War he and his brother ran a mercantile store in the St. Louis area. During the recession of 1873 they lost everything they had. It was at this time that the family moved back to the Friedheim area, which was still called Dissen. My great grandmother recalled "floating down the Mississippi." We don't know if this meant they were on a raft or if they came down on a river boat. She was in her late 90's when she told this to my mother. She remembered as a young girl of 12 or 13, "floating down the Mississippi" to Wittenberg. What an interesting ride that must have been! At that time Wittenberg was a thriving community with a river boat station, brewery, railroad station, and church.

A family member once shared this story with me about Christian Friedrich Moeller. He, too, went by the nickname Fritz. After moving back to the Friedheim area, one of the things he did to earn a living was to become a revenue collector. This was sometime during the late 1800's. He would start out from Friedheim and ride his horse to the Lixville area and spend a day in that area collecting the revenues that were owed to the government by the people who had whiskey stills. He would stay overnight in the Lixville area. The next day he would ride over to the Sedgewickville area, collect the revenues, and stay there overnight. On the third day he would ride over to the Daisy area, collect the revenues, and spend the night. On the fourth day he would ride back to Friedheim. From the stories we have heard about the revenue collectors in Tennessee, Kentucky, and West Virginia, I recall that a lot of them got shot. You never heard from them again.

Regardless of how long a period of time he did this, he had to ride this route for the government about four times a year or so to collect the revenues, or alcohol tax, that was due to them from the stills.

We don't realize how simple it is for us to pay our taxes. He had to figure out how many gallons of whiskey was made or sold, and he had to make some kind of calculation based on this. I imagine there was a lot of "dickering" or "bargaining" before agreeing on a revenue or tax fee. Whiskey still owners may have been hard to locate at revenue time, possibly even hiding out at times until the revenue collector was gone.

I have a picture of Christian and Louise Moeller on their 50th wedding anniversary. They were the great grandparents of my Aunt Wilma Ruppel and my great-great grandparents. The photo was taken of them in Friedheim near the Nelson and Betty Friese home. They are sitting in chairs with their six daughters and one son standing behind them. I took a copy of the photo with me when I went to visit Clarence Ruesler who was 85 or 86 at the time and living in the Lutheran Home nursing home. I said "Can you tell me who any of these people are in this picture?" He took a good look at it, and his eyes began to water. He said "Why, yeah! I know all those people. That one there was my momma. I've got a little secret to tell you. I'm in that picture, too." That dated the picture for me since he was born in April 1909. This would have been his grandparents who were married in 1858 in St. Louis county. He recognized everyone in the photo: his uncle, Fritz Moeller, his aunts of which one married a Bingenheimer, two married Klaus', one married a Thomas, one married a Bangert, and of course his mother who married a Ruesler. All seven of the children were confirmed at Trinity.

TAKING A CHANCE

Clifford Bangert
2008

In an effort to seek religious freedom, an emigration of about 734 families began from Saxony, Germany to America. This voyage was made by ship and began around 1838 or 1839. Four of the five ships arrived safely at New Orleans, Louisiana. After waiting four weeks, it was discovered that the fifth ship, The Amelia, was lost at sea, along with 74 families on board. From New Orleans they traveled to St. Louis first. Martin Stephan was their pastoral leader and encouraged the families to collectively pool their monies in order to purchase land. Together they had an equivalent of \$80,000 which was kept in a chest, which is now displayed in the old log cabin Concordia Seminary in Altenburg, Missouri. After about a year, the decision was made to send Stephan away. The majority of the Saxony group settled in Perry County.

DIVORCE

Clifford Thomas 2008

As we all know, this church was organized in 1848. The first divorce happened in 1898. The lady in this case was my grandmother's sister. When she was mentioned at our house, grandma said, "She's a hot head." Needless to say, they never did get along. They were both residents of Lutheran Altenheim in St. Louis in their later years. They still did not talk.

The next divorce was in the late 1930's. It was almost impossible for a lady to leave her husband at the time for several reasons. First of all, in most cases, the land deeds at that time did not have the wife's name on the deeds. This meant that she would probably have had to go to court to get anything. Even if she would have gotten a favorable judgment, the husband had no money to settle with. To sell the farm would have made a bad situation even worse. The children would have suffered (due to a lack of a place to stay and a lack of food). Second of all, divorce was frowned upon. This meant that the lady was probably no longer welcome in her parent's house. They could not afford to be burdened with part of another family. The third reason was because the lady could not drive an automobile even after they became fairly wide spread in this area. Last of all, the lady had no way to earn a livelihood to provide for herself or her family.

Today, our church still has a much lower rate of divorce than the country at large. To the best of my knowledge, there were 3 divorces from 1848 - 1950. Since then there have been 19.

FRIEDHEIM LUTHERAN LADIES AID

Wilma (Bangert) Ruppel 2008

The Ladies Aid was probably organized in the early 1930's during the period when Rev. John Deye was pastor. Some of the first members were:

Mrs. John Deye	Mrs. Norbert Sewing
Mrs. Robert Sewing	Mrs. Norbert Klaus
Mrs. William Kester	Mrs. Ernst Bruene
Mrs. Walter Ruppel	Mrs. Henry Oehl

The ladies' first meetings were held in the parsonage. Later, they were held in the basement of the old school. When the new school was built they were graced with a room in the new building.

Here are some of the things the ladies did. During the time the orphanage was in St. Louis, the ladies sewed dresses and shirts for the children of the orphanage. This would have been during the 1930's and 1940's. They also did

Confirmation was also a great day to remember. We had white robes when I was confirmed and possibly a few years before, also. We sang a confirmation hymn, and pastor said a special bible verse for each person of the class. During the times when the rest of the family was confirmed, the mothers or other ladies of the church made crepe paper roses. It was an art to be able to do this.

There also were some biblical movies, etc. shown at times during the year. There were no TV's, and there was hardly a radio available.

School was quite different when you went from 6 pupils to maybe 35 - 40. Later, high school in Perryville was even more different, about 375 - 400 pupils. The school at Friedheim was a one room building with a basement. On rainy days we played a little in the basement. When outside, we played softball most of the time, after choosing up sides. I remember one particular day playing softball. There was a boy on first base, and he stole second base. The player on second base argued that the runner was out because "Thou shalt not steal." Our food for lunch was brought from home—a lot of apple butter bread, cookies, etc.—no chips at that time yet. The school was heated by a wood furnace and had a grate about three feet square where all of the heat came up. It was always pretty cool in the winter. The confirmation students stood on the grate to keep warm while they would study their religion class. We all wanted to know our religion studies. If we didn't, we had to go to the pastor's study every noon during our lunch time for as long as Pastor gave us to learn the religion. After Rev. Deye left in 1947 until somewhere around 1951 or so we had 10 different vacancy pastors as instructors for confirmation between the different pastoral vacancies.

We learned a lot of things from listening to the older age groups when they did their time with the teachers. Friday was a special day. In the afternoon we had spelling bees or "cipher" matches (which was all types of arithmetic). The two oldest classes would choose so that all the kids were playing, even the first graders. The teachers gave the word to spell or the problem to solve.

Friedheim purchased its first school bus in 1946. School started in September and was out in April—no spring breaks—just Christmas time. We went several times in August to study for a play and music which we did for our yearly picnic. This was fun. After the play was over, we helped serve the supper down in the woods. This I always enjoyed even if it was a lot of hard work. People would come home just to see their friends and family. A lot was lost when this event in time ended. Now their families are mostly gone.

In the years of high school we had Y.P.S. (Young Peoples Society). After that we joined the youth group which was called Walther League. It consisted of youth groups from the other Lutheran churches. That was quite a bit of some good, Christian leadership, which was good for all!

In time, the sixth group made their way to Paitzdorf, which was later called Uniontown. The German emigrants living in Disen, which was changed to Friedheim in the late 1880's, were ministered to in the early years by the pastor from the Old Lutheran Church of Paitzdorf. Some of our early members here at the church at Disen were also baptized by the Paitzdorf pastor when he was serving the Disen church once a month. About five years later many of the families from the Borgholzhausen group sailed over and settled with them.

The church at Disen was named after the town of Disen in Hanover, which hundreds of years ago was a kingdom, the Kingdom of Hanover (one of many kingdoms in Germany). When the Prussians began to consolidate their hold on northern Germany, they became states in Prussia. When our ancestors were coming to America in the early 1800's most of the northern part of Germany had already been conquered by the Prussians, and it was all known as Prussia. Hanover was part of Prussia, but some of the areas further south that were not conquered remained kingdoms and duchies. Many of the families who settled in Friedheim were from the area called Waldeck. It was a principality, not a kingdom. It was located just north of what is called the Black Forest which is in southern Hessen and northern Baden. Families who came from Waldeck in the 1850's include the names Wilke, Bangert, Pohlman(n), Ruesler, Kiepe, Oehl, Emde, Eisenberg, and Isenberg. This group came after the Borgholzhausen group which included the names Sewing, Koch, Klaus, Grossheider, Dickman(n), and Wehmüller. The Brune family was part of this group but came somewhat later. This early group settled between Old Appleton and Friedheim. By the time the Waldeck group came, there was not much land left so they settled between Friedheim and Lixville, along what we know as Route KK. The old timers said this was known as the Indian Trail. If the Borgholzhausen group was the "founder of the church," then the Waldeck group was the "glue that held it together." Many of the current members at Friedheim are probably related to a majority of the congregation, as I myself am. A majority of the original families are still there.

The town of Sudheim, later called Curryville included families named Maintz, Curry, Suhr, and Haupt. They attended an old church there which the current pastor from Friedheim would serve once a month or so during the mid to late 1800's.

Prior to World War II, German was still the language used in the Friedheim and Biehle church and school. I was told that during World War II threats were made concerning the preaching and teaching of the German language in the churches and schools. That's when the language began to change. Between World War I and World War II, two weeks a month German sermons were given and two weeks a month English sermons were given. After World War II German was no longer used as the main language.

TRANSLATING GERMAN RECORDS

Wilbert and Ursula (Fleischhauer) Grossheider
2008

In 1991 a committee was organized to translate and record the church records from the years 1848 - 1992. This was done under the leadership of Rev. Adam Mueller, elder Harlan Tuschhoff, and chairman Gilbert Kester. Committee members helping with this were Letha Moore and Bettye Kester. Two other committee members, Wilbert and Ursula Grossheider, took on the task of translating the German parts to English.

Ursula read the German church records, interpreting the English meaning. Wib put the meaning in order and wrote it out in longhand in English. Sometimes things that are said in German come at the beginning of the sentence, but when said in English come at the end of the sentence. The Bible verses had to be looked up and interpreted in English. For example, Mateus, Markus, Lucas, and Johannes in German are Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John in English. Wib first wrote everything out in pencil. After we had a couple pages translated, he took another book and wrote in out in ink. This ink copy is kept at the church. We probably spent a year or more on this project. We worked on it many evenings a week at the kitchen table. Wib was still working at Kiefner Lumber Company at this time.

One of the difficulties in translating and working with the original records was dealing with the condition of them. The paper was yellowed with age. The pages were fragile and parched, especially the front of the books. The ink was faded and hard to read. The handwriting had a style dependent on the pastor at the time. Every attempt was made to translate the records correctly, but sometimes a little guesswork was involved. Photo copies have been made of the original church records so as to avoid handling them any more than necessary.

Although the job was challenging, we never questioned ourselves as to whether or not we would finish. Some parts of the books told of some things from the past that might, today, be considered "gossip." This was not dwelt on. We "interpreted" as best we could. Some discussion was made as to whether or not we should reword some of the information, but the decision was made to keep the translation as close to the original records as possible.

Here is a sampling of some German words and their meanings that you might encounter when dealing with the old records or even the old tombstones in our cemetery: "geboren" (born), "geburt" (birth), "tot" (dead), "tod" (death), "taufe" (baptism), "heiraten" (marry), "ehe" (marriage), and "hochzeit" (wedding).

The day of the voting meeting to vote to close school was a sad day. At the time the school had 12 to 14 pupils. State laws telling schools what they needed to offer as a curriculum had a lot to do with this. No one wanted to make a motion to close school. The council then recommended closing school. This was voted upon and it passed.

CONNECTING WITH THE PAST

Wanda Sewing 2008

I do remember early years of going to church with my dad and mother. There were six of us, and we went in a Ford car. When we went into the church, mom and the women went to the right. Dad and the men went to the left. In the second pew on each side post were hearing aides attached on the post. I believe there were a couple or more benches on each side which were removed when the church was redone in 1948. To the left front setting east and west was a bench which the three elders would sit in. All they needed to do was "give you the look". The boys sat in the left, second pew, and the girls sat in the right, second pew. "Quiet" was the order of church. We had a small black hymn book with no music notes, but we all sang. Pastor would ask you to tell something about his sermon if you were a school child.

Christmas was exciting! A lady by the name of Delma Grossheider played the organ, and we would practice most everyday. She would come to help us with the music. A children's program was given. The story is the greatest-never does it get old! Everyone was up front and always faced the congregation. We were on a platform so everyone could see us. Pastor stood in back. You spoke loud and clear and knew your story or parts by heart. No reading was permitted. Everyone was proud and usually had a new suit, shirt, etc. The girls had new dresses and pretty hairdos. The church was filled with people upstairs, downstairs, and in chairs. On Christmas Day and New Years Eve it was also filled. We also went to church on New Years Day.

Soon after Christmas came Lent. At that time the services were held on Friday evenings. Sometimes when we were in school we would go home with a friend. After the service was over we went home with our parents. Dad would often bring my aunt and her granddaughter along to the service. They didn't have any way to go, otherwise. The choir or school children sang every night. At that time we had a pump organ. One of the teenage guys would turn the wheel, and he always sang his heart out. He still loves to sing. Maundy Thursday was a very good service. The church was packed, and holy communion was celebrated. You had to be early to get a seat. Good Friday was a morning service then. Easter was "Great News" also. Ascension finished Jesus victory. Also during Lent there were no weddings, dances, etc. held in this time period.

Each voting member's name was called in alphabetical order. He was asked (in public) what he wanted to give for next year. In many cases, he was berated to give more. Many excuses were given such as "you have been blessed by having a rather large farm", "your children are married and gone", "you have good health". At times, this created uproar in the meeting. It also did not help to create "peace" in the church.

The pastor that was called in the mid twenties received a salary of \$900.00. During the depression he was asked to take a \$100.00 cut, which he did.

In the mid 1970's a resolution was passed to limit the length of service to all boards. I thought that in Mr. Wilke's place, this was uncalled for. I think he enjoyed doing the work, and he was very good at it. For many years the church ran a deficit as to operating expenses. This was picked up by bequests, picnic fund, and some farm income. Today, this has changed because of social security, many retirement funds coming on line, and the discontinuation of publicly reporting member's church contributions.

Several years ago a resolution was passed to discontinue printing a list of what each communicant member contributed for home purposes and missions. I was personally against this. I thought that people would now give less. I was badly mistaken. I can honestly say that I am more comfortable with other people not knowing what I give.

Meetings today are much, much more amiable than they were 45 - 55 years ago. Much discussion and arguing went on back then.

This brings to mind the issue of allowing ladies to become voting members. I don't think the men had the right or the power to not let ladies vote. This discussion went on for years. I remember some of the ridiculous reasons for not letting ladies vote. They bring laughter to me now. One member said that if we allow ladies to vote, as they are more talkative than men, the men soon wouldn't have anything to say about anything.

The rental house was built in 1956 or 1957. The hall was built in 1958 for \$44,000. This money was gathered, thus a building committee was formed. This committee contacted each communicant member to ask for a pledge as to how much they would like to give. A two-year period was allotted to pay this money. Some of these pledges are still outstanding. Mr. Theo Lorenz from Farrar was the carpenter (no blueprint). Mr Blaylock from Sedgewickville was the brick layer.

In the time before the decision to build was decided upon, much discussion took place. In one meeting I remember an uncle of mine standing up and saying, "Just look around here. People are not having as many children anymore. In a few years we won't have enough to keep this school going." It took ten years for that to become a reality.

UNCLE FRITZ'S 100TH BIRTHDAY

Clifford Bangert
2008

When my uncle, Christian Friedrich Bangert, turned 100 years old, there was a big party at Trinity Lutheran Church in his honor. I believe this was in 1981. Rev. Adam Mueller, who was pastor at that time, had something special to share with the congregation. It was a birthday card from President Ronald Reagan and was addressed to my uncle. Rev. Mueller stood up in front of the congregation and read the card which said "Happy Birthday, Mr. Bangert" along with another line or two about the occasion. Rev. Mueller asked Uncle Fritz, "Do you know who this is from?" Uncle Fritz just kind of shook his head. Rev. Mueller said "This is from Ronald Reagan. You know who he is?" Uncle Fritz just kind of nodded his head a little bit. Rev. Mueller said "He's our president, isn't he?" And Uncle Fritz nodded his head again. Rev. Mueller said "I bet you voted for him, didn't you?" And the whole congregation laughed because Uncle Fritz was one person who even at the age of 100 still kept up with his politics. He didn't have very far to travel to vote because the polling place was in Lixville. His son, Carl Bangert, would read out of the newspaper, and Uncle Fritz would listen to the radio. He was pretty much what we, today, would call a conservative Republican. My uncle was very humble about the attention he received that day in church. He lived to be 104 years old.

In retrospect, he was probably one of the oldest members in 1973 during the 125th anniversary of the congregation. Ironically, his parents, Ferdinand and Mathilde Bangert, were probably some of the oldest members in 1948 during the 100th anniversary of the congregation.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Clifford Bangert
2008

***The German names with the vowels "a, o, and u" have an umlaut over them (the two dots above the vowel, um meaning "about" and laut meaning "sound"). The "e" vowel does not have the umlaut over it, and the "i" vowel already has the umlaut over it. For example, the names Moeller and Mueller, in Germany, had the umlaut over them (oe and ue vowels used together). Another example would be Muench and Miinch.

***Almost all German spellings changed after World War I. There was a big push in the United States to get away from being German because of the war with Germany and also again World War II. People who were named Friedrich, Wilhelm, and Heinrich became Fred, Bill, and Henry as the English spellings came into use. When all of these people had to apply for social security in the 1930's

and 1940's, they had to produce a birth certificate. Most of them went to the church and got a copy of their baptismal certificate, took this to the county office, and signed this in as proof of who they were. The social security administration would send this off and get a birth certificate which would usually be in English. If someone was born prior to 1920 and were of German descent, you can be sure that, originally, their name was spelled the German way. After World War I, this began to change. The original spellings of names has also changed over the years. The Frese name was later changed to Friese. Names ending in "man" such as Pohlman and Pohlmann were all originally spelled ending in "mann".

***Many of the German names after the year 1500 had an occupational meaning that was associated with what they did or were known for. For example, Pohlmann, (pronounced "poolman") was known as someone who took care of the pool or watering hole. Bangert meant "orchard dweller" or someone who took care of the orchard. Wald meant "forest" and Waldeck meant "forest deck". Oehl and Oehlert meant "oil lamp" or someone who worked with oil. Bauer meant "farmer".

***The Germans were known to reuse first names for their children but change the middle names. It was common, for example, for John Bangert to name his children John William Bangert, John Fredrich Bangert, John Henry Bangert, and John Karl Bangert. Then John William got married and named his William Karl and William Henry and so forth. The Germans also used the last name as the given name. My ancestor who came here was Friedrich Edward Ludwig Wilhelm Bangert. He went by William F. E. in some cases. He went by William Friedrich a lot. We have not discovered the Ludwig in any records here, although that is the way he was baptized and written in the German records.

***Christian Friedrich (Fritz) Bangert was married to Martha. She was a Bangert before she was married. These two Bangert families came from two different towns in Germany approximately two miles apart. In tracking the genealogy, I've been able to trace the families back to 1520 and 1525 to two brothers. As a result, eight or nine generations later, we realize that they were not closely related despite having the same last name.

***Sudheim was later known as Curryville.

***Bollinger county, originally a part of Cape Girardeau county, was formed in 1851. Their first courthouse was built in Dallas, Missouri, which was later called Marble Hill.

***Some simple German words to learn might be "vater" (father), "mutter" (mother), "sohn" (son), "tochter" (daughter), "bruder" (brother), "schwester" (sister), and "witwe" (widow). Some others of interest might be "heim" (town), "kirche" (church), and "kirchganger" with the umlaut over the "a" (church goer).

BILL BOGENPOHL'S MEMORIES

William "Bill" Bogenpohl 2008

I remember going to church in a Ford Model T. The women all sat on one side and the men sat on the other side of the aisle in church. I also remember when the preacher's salary was \$800.00 a year. People would contribute \$10.00 - \$15.00 a year towards the church expenses.

The preacher had a milk cow, and he churned his own butter. He also had corn planted. He would chop off the corn. I and others helped to shuck the corn and put it in his shed for feed.

I remember Henry Brune who had six sons. Mr. Brune's wish was that his six boys would be his pallbearers at his funeral...and they were.

Wood was burned for heat in the school, church, and pastor's house. Every family was to contribute a load of wood. Eugene Leine, Ernst Bruene, and I were on a board (committee) whose job it was to approach people, who did not bring wood, and collect \$5.00 from them. It was not a problem collecting this money.

I recall Ernst Bruene built concrete boxes on the cemetery graves. Women of the church planted flowers in these boxes. Later, it was decided that the concrete boxes had to go to make for easier mowing of the cemetery. Robert Sewing and I, along with others, brought splitting hammers, etc. from home to remove these boxes. This was quite a job.

I was born in Illinois in 1910 and moved to Missouri as a young boy. I moved to the Friedheim area around 1940. Later, I met and married Wilma Oehl and have been a member at Trinity ever since.

CHURCH BUSINESS

Clifford Thomas 2008

Before the board of trustees was created, the elders took care of the mechanical needs of the church. Before the finance boards were created, I think the treasurer took care of their jobs as they are today. Mr. Arthur Wilke was our treasurer for many years. He did an outstanding job. Two other people and I were directed to audit his books. I helped do this audit several times. I always came away with the feeling that there was no call to do this audit as his books were meticulous.

As to raising the money necessary to operate church business, the last meeting of the year had on its agenda salary signing. This happened as follows.