

Old Broad Bay Bund und Blatt

A Newsletter about the German Colony
Established at Broad Bay, Maine 1742 - 1753

Volume 6

July - August - September 1997

Number 3

HARD WORK AND TOTAL DEDICATION MAKE Broad Bay Reunion a Great Success!! A STAFF OF INTERESTED OFFICERS, LED BY OUR PRESIDENT, MARK A. BENNER, WORKED ESPECIALLY HARD TO COVER ALL THE DETAILS AND MADE THE 1997 BROAD BAY REUNION RESOUNDING FUN.

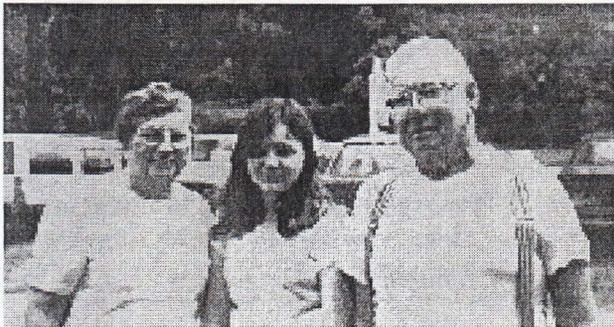


Figure 2. Nicholas and Natalie Groton with their granddaughter Brianna Ruse take a moment for the camera during their busy times at the Reunion. Our officers arranged to have a copy machine and many individuals set up their family history displays on tables and the copy machine was kept busy all the time we were there. Thanks again.

young people, could get them even more interested in their fore fathers and mothers and help to make Family History 'come alive' for them. Now is the time!

KLAUS PETRI, Our Researcher and 'Relative' comes all the way from Germany to attend this year's Reunion. We all enjoyed getting to know him and enjoyed his wry humor. Thanks, Klaus, for bringing a bit of our German heritage to us.



Figure 1. Mr. and Mrs. Shunaman and their grand daughter emerge from the *Waldoboro Historical Society* building after partaking of a delicious luncheon sponsored by the *Society*. Featuring different salads and shrimp and ham and other savory dishes, it was a complete success. Thank you, everyone who was involved, and to our officers, a special thank you for lining this up.

It was gratifying to see so many of our younger generations there. It would be exciting if we, the parents and grandparents of these bright and capable

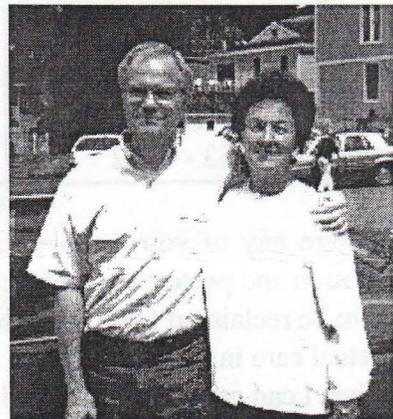


Figure 3. Klaus Petri & Marné Whitaker Tuttle at 1997 Old Broad Bay Reunion. Our Breitsheid reseacher enjoyed himself

Old Broad Bay Bund und Blatt

Subscription Notice

Please look at your mailing label. If you have a -95 or a -96 after your name, your subscription is **now way past due**. If you have a -97 after your name, your subscription is paid up until Jan 1997. If a -98, then you're all paid up! (Unless I made a mistake! If so, please let me know. I'm amenable.

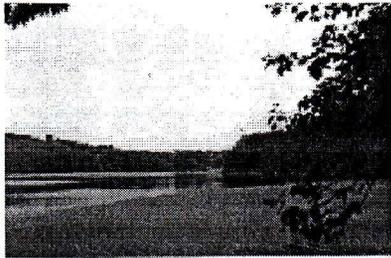


Figure 5. Broad Bay, looking up-river, towards Waldoboro, from the Leicht's Ferry landing at the Sand Ground Lot, on the east side of Madomac River. -1997.

I need to know if you want me to continue. Please contact me.

Subscriptions to *Bund und Blatt*

Subscription \$15 per year

OBBFHA membership . . \$5 per year

Send Checks payable to our treasurer, Renee Seiders

P. O. Box 1221, Damariscotta, ME 04543

Contributions in General

There were many of you who paid their subscriptions at the Reunion and many others who have sent their subscriptions to me. **I take this opportunity to thank each and every one of you. If you haven't heard from me, please accept my thanks at this time. Each is greatly appreciated.** Your enthusiasm has buoyed me up and if you wish me to, I'd like to continue publishing *Bund und Blatt* for another year. New material is coming in frequently and I have boxes of material to print about these Broad Bay Germans and their families. Thank you for all who have paid their subscriptions and those who additionally sent extra contributions. Because of you, I have been able to meet expenses this year.

I would again appeal to those who have an interest in these Broad Bay German ancestors. Send a contribution of what you can afford, that is a good way to express your interest and willingness to help in this project. If you can't afford the cash, send some research, stories, anecdotes, pictures, anything that will shed a little more light on the personal lives of our German ancestors.

W. W. "Will" Whitaker 6094 Glenoaks Murray, UT 84107 - 7661 Home: 801 263 - 0432	Please send subscriptions, dues, and contributions to our hard-working treasurer, Renee Seiders.	Renee Seiders P.O. Box 1221 Damariscotta, ME 04543 207 563-3210
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Are there any of you readers out there who would be willing in becoming involved with the restoration and preservation of a cemetery or two in Waldoboro. There are many cemeteries which need to be reclaimed from the wild and restoration work done on them. And then they need almost perpetual care in preserving them from returning to their 'wild' state. If you are, please let me know and then I can get you together with others who are interested in the same cemeteries. Remember, 'many hands make light work.' It was that work ethic that enabled these pioneer families to succeed as they pitched in to help each other. We could make it work again by working together and pooling our resources. My *HYLER* family left Broad Bay in 1760 so I am interested in two cemeteries in Cushing, in restoring and reclaiming, restoring and repairing fallen and broken tombstones, etc.

Congratulations and Thanks to Mark Benner and Officers of **The Old Broad Bay Family History Ass'n.**

Mark Benner, President of the Old Broad Bay Family History Association, Inc.

An Update from the President:

Our next Old Broad Bay Family History Association Meeting is set for 11:00 a.m. Sunday, 21 Sept. at Bullwinkle's Restaurant.

Richard Castner hopes to be in his house in Waldoboro by that time and may pop in to attend our meeting.

We will discuss the past Reunion and how we will be able to improve on it. We will discuss next year's Reunion and should come up with some exciting ideas.

I enjoyed this year's Reunion very much. Though very busy, I was able to meet and talk to many of you who were there.

We missed those of you who didn't come and hope that you will make plans early for next year's Reunion. This is serving notice that we will have the Reunion, in Waldoboro, the first weekend in August, 1998!

Keep up the good work. We have appreciated all those who paid their dues and subscriptions and the extra contributions were especially appreciated. Thank you all very much!

Note from Wilford:

We cannot say too much about our officers this year. Each took their position seriously and worked hard to make the Association and the 1997 Reunion a success. I was hoping someone would write and tell me who did what so we could give each of you a resounding round of applause. But, certainly, each of you who worked so hard, deserves our thanks and appreciation. From the time we received a friendly 'Hello' at the front door of the grange hall, and Renee's careful handling of the registration, and the greeters at the door, who told us where we could go and what would be awaiting us, to the wonderful displays downstairs, with excited participants on each side of the tables, to the overworked copy machine, that was available to all, to all those who worked in the kitchen with drinks, sweets and tid-bits, everyone was so friendly and so helpful that I became quite emotional. with it all. It was a beautiful sight to behold!

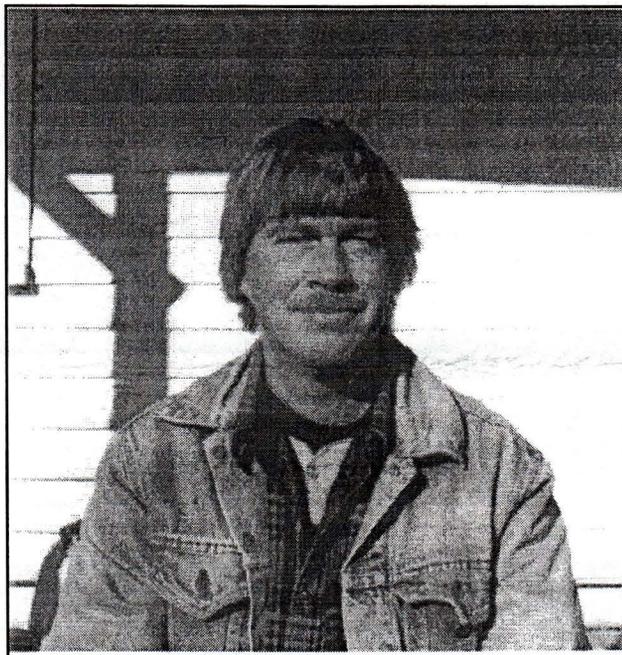


Figure 5. Mark Benner, President of the Old Broad Bay Family History Association, Inc. A direct descendant of one of the early German settlers of Broad Bay.

1997 OBBFHA REUNION

About 130 members met the first Sunday in August and re-elected the following: President: Mark Benner (207) 833-5390; V.P.: Joyce Ball Brown (207) 563-8693; Rec. Sec & Treas: Renee Seiders (207) 563-3210, Registrar: Douglass Prescott; Editor: W. W. Whitaker. Planning Committee (Board of Trustees): All the above plus Randy Gross, Esther Wallace, and Arlene Stetson.



Figure 8. Wilford & John discussing family outside of German Church. A. '97



Figure 9. The Waldoboro Lutheran Church in fairly good condition today, but always needs work. Built in 1777 by a group of dissidents on the east side, it was moved about 1795 to its present site on the west side of the river. Over the years, as numbers dwindled, it once again appealed to all. A standing memorial to our pioneer heritage.



Figure 6. The Rev. Murphy in his vestments just before the annual services. He & choir did well.

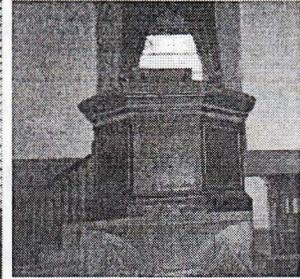


Figure 7. In the style of the old Lutheran churches, the Waldoboro Church has a unique and striking raised pulpit, but I have never seen it used as the modern pastor stands on the floor to preach.



Figure 10. Goshen Cem. East Waldoboro. Parrish Manson w/Henneteaus.



Figure 13. Stuck in the mud? Hey, where's the mud? Hill too steep for ditch



Figure 12. Exploring the top section of the Central Cemetery. (New Annex). We are "ancestor hunting."

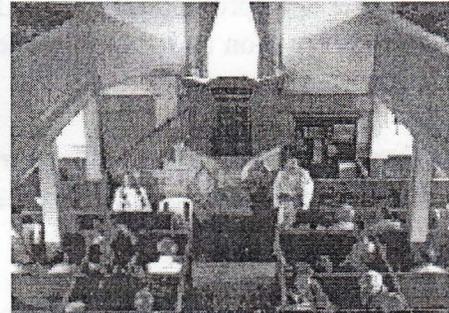


Figure 11. Upper balcony view of German Church Ceremony, Aug. '97 - Notice the small, square, uncomfortable pews. Does anyone know who owns any of them? Let me know.



Figure 14. Officers, Committee Members & Helpers. FRONT ROW: Esther Wallace, Renee Seiders, Pamela (Jarman) Haley, Nathan Brown, Diana (Overlock) Sewell. BACK: Joyce Ball Brown, Randy Gross, Mark Benner. not present: Douglas Prescott. Central Cemetery, Downtown Waldoboro. A hearty THANK YOU to all of you from all of us. GREAT REUNION

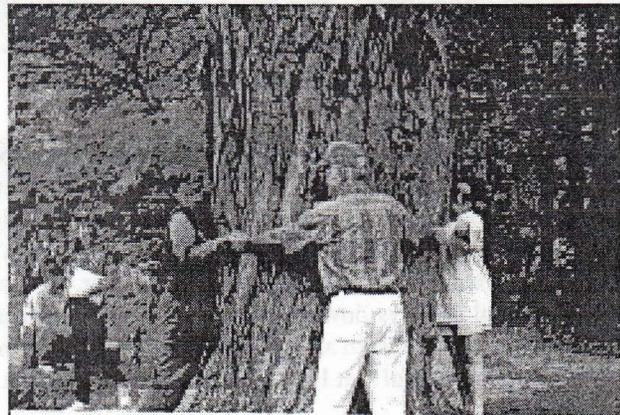


Figure 15. A LARGE tree at Central Cemetery. Nathan Brown on far left, Diana (Overlock) Sewell to his right, Joyce Ball Brown hugging tree with two out-of-town guests.

**TRIP TO WALDOBORO, MAINE
WITH MY BROTHER, WILL.**

28 July - 4 Aug. 1997

Marne' Whitaker Tuttle

When my brother Wilford Whitaker asked if I would like to accompany him to Maine for a reunion of the Old Broad Bay Family Association, I was intrigued by the prospects of my first visit to an historic and scenic area on the East coast; and I also desired to see firsthand the results of six years or so of tireless research, hours of travel, effort and prayer on the part of Will and Gary Horlacher.



Figure 17. Marné Whitaker Tuttle looking at a bark-covered hut of the Indians at Plimoth Plantation, MA. Notice that the sides of the hut are covered by tree bark, stripped from the trees and used to make the sides and roof. There are indications that the first "homes" built at Broad Bay were also sided and roofed by bark.

Flying into Boston from Salt Lake City, Utah, we rented a car and drove south, visiting the replica of the Mayflower (we have a Mayflower ancestor), — Plymouth Rock, the colorful Plimoth Plantation and on to Cape Cod, where I saw an oil painting class of 'impressionist painters' near Province Town and a beautiful view of marsh and sea.



Figure 16. A re-enactment of a Colonial Family at Plimoth Plantation, MA. July 1997.

Our visit to Salem and the tourist attractions, the Witch House showing how the accused were jailed and punished, and a bus tour were of interest to us, since our mother's ancestor Joseph Boyce settled in 1638 at Salem.

After three nights at the Adams Best Western Motel in Quincy, Massachusetts, we headed north, toward Maine, we thought. (Will, without checking the map, said we should take highway 93 to Portland.) After about two hours of driving, Will said, "I don't remember mountains this high." and when we saw a sign that read, "50 Miles to Canada"! he finally consulted the map and found we were on the wrong (inner freeway in New Hampshire, and got into Vermont. Asking directions in Bethlehem, NH, we finally cut across to Fryeburg and Portland, Maine and on up the coast to Bath and Waldoboro. However, it was a scenic drive all the way. (Marne' was a good sport about it. ww)

We were comfortably housed at *Le VaTout*, (anything goes), a bed and breakfast, in an older home with attached barn that had been converted to an artists' gallery, and run by Eliza Sweet, who has a large beautiful garden and yard.

Not until I saw a map of the area did I realize why we kept going in opposite directions to reach certain towns. The bays and inlets made it impossible to cross unless we found a bridge. The weather was delightful for us, but they said they were in a period of drouth and wished for more rain.

I learned skunks eat bees and live in or under many of the old buildings. The bees become excited and only after being moved to a new place and the old bees die off, do they begin to settle down and produce honey again.



Figure 18. Eliza & son at *Le Vatout*, Bed & Breakfast in Waldoboro. A large beautiful yard & orchard & a flourishing garden made our stay more enjoyable.

We drove thru many towns going in different directions from Waldoboro, such as Friendship, Warren, Cushing and later



Figure 19. Robert Fales was helpful in pointing out cemeteries in the area. Behind his store is this Korean Pot-bellied pig that was a singular attraction.

thru Thomaston, Rockland and Camden (settled in 1780-90). We went to Cushing again (trying to find Brad Beckett but he wasn't home. ww). We then stopped at Fales store where we paused for refreshments and information where I took a picture of a Vietnamese pot-bellied pig.

Many forests of oak, maple, alder, birch and pine, similar to lodgepole pine, were everywhere we looked. There were wild flowers and blueberries and little dirt roads leading to homes nestled among the trees, out from Pleasant Point, Hawthorne Point and other towns.

Thomaston, at one time a wealthy sea captain's town, is where Henry Knox, a general under General Washington, built a beautiful home on a hill, visible from many points. Thomaston marble is used in many buildings in Washington, D. C and Montpellier, etc.

Description of a sea captain: The tradition was to dress as a dandy, with the high stock(?), and broad velvet cravat, a blue broadcloth coat with flat pearl buttons and tight fitting grey pants. He would carry an ebony stick with gold stock and wore a tall beaver "Knox" hat.



Figure 20. Although an earlier time, this shows a wealthy and somewhat self-satisfied captain of the East India Company. Certainly a "dandy" in every sense. (1690)

Rockland is a larger town, a seaport, where the annual Maine Lobster Festival was taking place. Rockland is where our LDS chapel is located. I understand that several OBBFHA members have used its good Family History library. We saw a sign *Tuttle's Barn*, an outlet store. The Penobscot or Picton Press in Rockland is where the German Old Broad Bay book is being published, finished date scheduled in January, 1998.

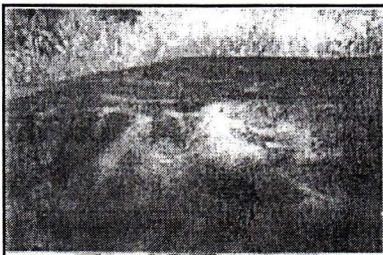


Figure 21. The "anchor" rock at the old Leicht Ferry, on the east side of the river. Imagine an iron peg driven in at the top.

Near Broad Bay we visited an old cemetery on the Charlotte Davenhill /Lang property, the Sand Ground lot. The original German Lutheran Church was built near the river here in 1742 and 1743, near the old Leicht Ferry, and was burned in the French and Indian war against the English and Indians, and rebuilt in 1748 and 1749 and served their needs until a new church was built to replace it in 1777. This church was then moved across Broad Bay, some people say on the ice, and some say it was torn down in sections and numbered and rebuilt at its present location. Some say it was moved whole across the bay and up the hill.

We saw an iron peg pounded into a huge boulder at the edge of the wide river where Leicht's ferry once operated.

There were more cemetery visits, one in the early evening where we fought off voracious mosquitoes continually. This was the Old Settlers' Cemetery in Warren where we took pictures of the monument to Dr. Moses Robinson and other early settlers.

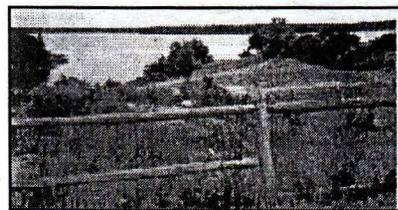


Figure 23. Broad Cove, Cushing, where Capt. John Robinson sold his property to the Millers & then emigrated West. Notice the old fence & its construction.

We were near the river (St. Georges) and now know why they periodically built farther and farther away from the water.

In Cushing, we visited two cemeteries near Hyler's Cove, an old cemetery with Jamieson and Hyler and another newer one with Hylers. The names



Figure 22. Monument to old Settlers in the Old Settlers Cemetery, Warren. Dr. Moses Robinson is Marné's ancestor.

were very hard to read on them. We did some gravestone rubbings and I spent some time on my knees and on my back trying to read names on tombstones that had nearly tipped over. Always it was a thrill to find names that are in our family tree!

MEENAGHA GRANGE IN WALDOBORO, MAINE

Saturday, August 2, 1997



Figure 24. Effie Conery, Eva Burns, Irene A. Haws Burns enjoying lunch at the Historical Society noon Luncheon.

At this meeting Saturday morning we met people from as far away as Germany, and from Florida, Michigan, California, Washington State, and New York, as well as friendly "locals". I was impressed by such a diversified group of people, but felt the unifying spirit of genealogy working with them as they shared information, names, pictures, pedigrees, and stories with enthusiasm. There were long tables covered with all kinds of genealogical information, including family histories and ideas to be copied, if desired.

Klaus Petry from Breitsheid in Germany has ancestors who left that beautiful area because of extreme poverty. Some petitions (manumissions) to immigrate have survived. His ancestors sold all and landed at New York in 1709 and moved to the Mohawk Valley. Klaus gave a good talk about Germany and his pleasant personality was enjoyed by all. He had to leave by noon to drive to Buffalo, NY to catch a plane to New York City and then back home to Germany. He had friends in Buffalo. I noticed several people copying his research notes, which he generously shared.

A lot of thought and planning went into the various activities and there was active participation by everyone. A delicious luncheon was provided by the Waldoboro Historical Society. The artifacts there were carefully preserved, displaying ancient fire trucks, pots, dishes, clothing, etc. and took me back to almost the time when my great, great grandmother and father lived there. (Though the Hylers came in 1742, there is little mention of them until 1760 when Jacob Hyler appears in Cushing or Lower Town.)



Figure 25. Randall Gross proudly showing a deed for a pew in the old Lutheran Church, Broad Bay.

In Cushing, Captain John Robinson and his wife Abigail Parsons were the parents of Eveline Parsons Robinson, who married George Whitaker, my great grandfather, a convert to the Mormon faith, from Worcestershire, England. Captain John Robinson, a sea captain, and his wife Abigail were early converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and soon after their baptisms, they travelled to Nauvoo, Illinois, and eventually to the west, traveling with the Mormon Pioneers to the Great Salt Lake Valley in 1847. Wilford and his family visited the re-enactment of the Mormon



Figure 27. Abigail Parsons, Cushing, came West with most of her children. Thomas stayed in Maine and had children. We found him.



Figure 26. Captain John Robinson, of Cushing, ME. We have no picture but a composite by Marné W. T.

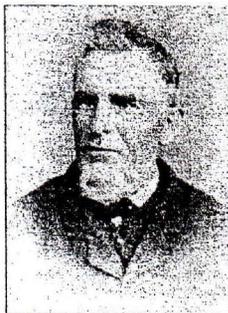


Figure 28. George Whitaker, immigrant from Enland, 1844.



Figure 29. Eveline Parsons Robinson, md G. Whitaker on plains of Iowa, 1846.

Trail exodus on July 22, when they were camped on a knoll, a couple of days out of Salt Lake. There he met his cousin Tom Whitaker and his wife Linda and several sons, who had made the trek in a wagon from Nauvoo to Winter Quarters (Omaha, Nebraska) in 1996 and then all the way from Winter Quarters to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake in 1997, trying to imagine what it was like for the original pioneers. He noticed his horses were growing gaunt and had quite a few sores (Wilford noticed

several horses like that) so Tom decided to ship his horses ahead to Heber, Utah (where they lived) and bought a team of big mules to complete the journey from Wyoming. I stood with 50,000 other spectators, at "This is the Place" monument, on July 24 and we gave the entire train a standing ovation until they had all passed. It was an emotional moment for all of us and Tom and Linda said it was well worth the trouble and expense and they felt repaid as they drove down Emigration Canyon in front of all those people. "For George!", Tom said as he and Wilford were parting, thumbs up. "For George!", Will replied, responding with his thumbs up.



Figure 32. Jean Pierre Henneteau & wife Marilyn Mink worked hard while at the Reunion.

I was fascinated by the care and preservation of historical buildings and artifacts, especially in the Old School House, maintained by the Waldoboro Historical Society. In the afternoon, we drove to Nobleboro to the Nobleboro Historical Society. The lecture and tour of the displays by Dr. George Dow in the Museum were extremely interesting. He is an amazing man, 92 years of age and looks and moves like one much younger. There was a model of a two-masted schooner, used around 1856. The Old Glory flag over 200 years old was hung where it could be admired - all hand stitched in 1778-1779. I learned what a flail was (to thresh

out wheat and dried beans), and saw how a cabbage cutter was used. (See Luthera Burton Dawson's article on Sauerkraut, this issue). A "knitty-knotty" for winding yarn was a useful device. There was displayed an old German Bible, with wooden covers protected with leather and published in the year 1756.



Figure 33. Virginia (Ulmer) Haywood & Louisa (Ulmer) Toli ready to go back to copying and working on the records.

There was a calamity in 1816 in Nobleboro and Waldoboro, when, due to climatic changes, on June 9th sixty-eight people froze to death and on July 4th ice formed as thick as glass; sheep had just been sheared, many died and many trees were killed and apples knocked out.

There were eighty-two burial grounds in Nobleboro; now there are twenty cemeteries with stones. There must be over 100 cemeteries in Waldoboro, many in disuse and overgrown. How we need to preserve those ancient burying grounds and how precious they should be to all descendants of these noble Germans (and others).



Figure 34. Joyce Ball Brown & Doug Prescott, 2 of our hard working and ever-present officers. Many Thanx

Sunday afternoon, following a business meeting held outside the Old German Lutheran Meeting House Church in Waldoboro (built 1777, moved 1795), we enjoyed a service in that historic old building that is opened once each year for a special Lutheran service in both German and English. The choral group performed beautifully in German and English. I felt I might be sitting in one of the enclosed, square, and very uncomfortable pews occupied years ago by some of our ancestors. (In days gone by you had to sit erect and there was someone alert to tap you on the head if you dozed off.) We followed a written script and enjoyed singing and the Responses. There is a large cemetery connected to the grounds where burials from the middle 1700's 'til now are located, with many German names quite prominently displayed.

We were the last to leave the Old Church, as many people wanted



Figure 31. Albert Stewart, wife Patricia, d. Martha, sis. Carol Almeida. Nothing like a good lunch to get us going again.

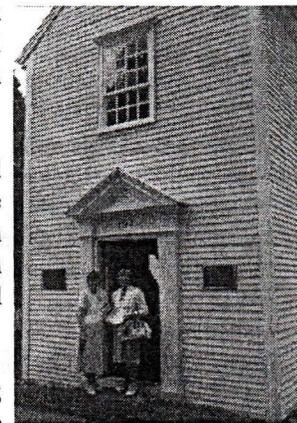


Figure 30. The old Waldoboro Lutheran Church, 1777, with computer 'enhanced' design.

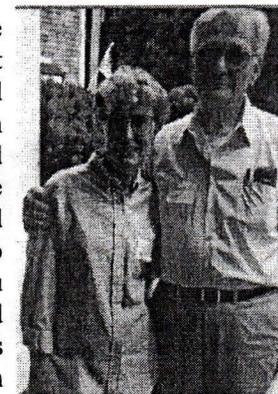


Figure 35. Dr. Kenneth and wife Betty Light (Leicht), one of our great supporters from the very beginning.



Figure 37. Interested members at the Sunday meeting of OBBFHA. Officers voted in for another year by acclamation! A great job. Diane Sewel, Parrish Manson, Tom Snell w/others.

to talk to and visit with Will. They showed him names they had discovered from information the *Bund und Blatt*, published quarterly. Dr. Light asked Will what *Bund und Blatt* meant. Will asked Klaus Petry what it meant in German and he said he didn't know. Everyone had a good laugh. Will said he "liked the alliteration"!



Figure 36. Virginia Sides (Seitz), Tom Snell, Briane Rous & Pierre Hennetau at Sunday's meeting.

I was interested to see what lobster traps looked like and took pictures of various kinds: square, oblong, and rounding tops, made of wooden slats or of wire mesh or webbing. We

met with the family of Peter and Siri Aiken and their five children. Peter Travis, age 10, was a great help to his father as they went out lobstering. I learned that they went out in July, August, and September, which were the best months for lobster fishing, since there is more moon, and there are more runs as the tide increases. Peter Aiken's mother Ruth Aikens (now deceased) had moved the original Captain John Robinson home on Broad Cove in Cushing, up to its present location where Peter and family now live.

I doubt that I will ever return to that part of the United States, but my impressions of kind people, beautiful scenery and ancient "roots" along Old Broad Bay will ever be imprinted on my memory.

THE STORY OF THE GERMAN SPY

As told to Eleanor Sargent Beverage by her parents
Wellington Linwood & Laura Edrie (Hardison) Sargent

During WWI, Dad was stationed at the Naval Radio Station at Otter Cliffs on Mt. Desert, ME. Lt. Alexandro Fabre, who had sold the land to the Government for one dollar, had a house near the gates of the Station which he was not using at the time and when he learned that Dad was married and had three small children who lived just across Frenchman's Bay, in Sorrento, he insisted that Dad move them Sorrento, to the house near the gates. Since he refused to take rent for the house, Mom used to invite the wives or girl friends of some of the other men to visit from time to time.

One very stormy night another lady, Mrs. Blaisdell, a friend who lived a short distance from the station, found a strange woman climbing through a bedroom window of her house. When she was then questioned as to why, the stranger said she was just seeking shelter from the rain. Thinking quickly, Mrs. Blaisdell told her that she had no extra room, but she knew a woman who took in guests. She then took the stranger to Mom. While the woman was eating her supper, Mrs. Blaisdell got Mom into the hall and told her of her suspicions, and went to the station to report the incident.

Mom was in the dark hall talking to my older sister, who supposed to be in bed upstairs, when an officer and some men from the Radio Station came to question the stranger. Mom did not know they had arrived until the officer, who had slipped into the hall, touched her shoulder, scaring her half-to-death, so she claimed. The woman was very cooperative until one of the sailors reached for her bag, which she had kept close to her, and the she fought like a wildcat!

Feeling sure she was a German Spy, and not having the proper facilities to hold her at the base, she was taken to Bar Harbor and placed in a hotel room under heavy guard. But somehow, sometime during the night she managed to escape and was never seen or heard from again, as far as those at

the Navy Radio Station at Otter Cliffs ever knew. I believe the papers found in her bag was incriminating, though.

Thus ends the saga of the German Spy who was in the home of my parents for a short time during WWI. How she managed to escape is still one of those *UNSOLVED MYSTERIES!*

[Eleanor's mother Laura Edrie (Hardison) Sargent (1889-1972) was a seventh generation ULMER descendant, d/o Sabin Otis Hardison and Josephine⁶, Martin⁵, George, Jr.⁴, George³, John, Jr.², John¹ (The Schoolmaster).]

A STORY FROM WALDOBORO'S PAST

NOTE FROM MaryLu EUGLEY:

When Jenness and I were doing research for the Eugley Genealogy, we spent many hours walking through cemeteries. The Comery cemetery in Waldoboro is one of them. I found the two graves of John and Catherine in the rear of the yard and always imagined who they might have been, what their life had been like and where we should place them in the ancestral line. We found the original ledger of George Smouse's General store and, listed were purchases of thread and cloth by Catherine Eugley and tools by John Eugley. This led to further speculation and finally to this little story which was published in the book *The Mountains I Raise* and with permission from the Editor I can share with all of you.

Ah, nature! Spring in New England, when and if it arrives, can be startling. The sky is so very blue, with tufts of cotton floating in its midst; the brown peat beds produce hedges and vibrant colored flowers. The bees and wasps build hives and sip the nectar from these flowers; puppies, kittens, calves, foals and babies can be found in barns, bushes, shelters and baby carriages. Birds build nests in bird houses, over doors, in bushes, trees and near the water, filling them with speckled white and blue eggs. Snakes reappear and eat the turtle eggs which are buried in the ground. Life and death seem to be constants in the scheme of the Universe.

Memorial Day in Maine is an example of this repetition. We go to cemeteries and decorate the graves of our friends and loved ones. In some of the older cemeteries, ground phlox of soft purple, pink and white cover the graves. The stones are pearly white, having been cleaned for the holiday for the simple reason that since the parade will be coming by, the

cemetery must look cared for. Every one is aware of the eeriness of a neglected graveyard. A poem will be read; the Color Guard will present arms, and three volleys will be shot over the resting place of the silent veterans.

In the rear of the cemetery, there are two tall stones, set apart from the rest. There was no small America Flag waving on the man's grave and there were no small mounds where children might have been buried. The man and woman had both died the same year - a year when many families were wiped out by disease.

Who were these people? Had John and Catherine eloped? What had they looked like?

Through the mist that enveloped the back of the cemetery, the outline of a simple log cabin appeared and the outlines of a man and woman could be seen on the sidelines.

Catherine was winding a skein of yarn as she

looked anxiously out of the small window, watching for the return of her husband, John, who worked on the village roads. He and the children would be coming home soon now.

She was a small woman with bright blue eyes set in a round face. She knit and sewed a lot, not only for their children, Zenas, Lucy and Matt, but for other families living in the Broad Bay Plantation.

Now that there was a General store in town, it was possible to buy the thread, needles and material to make sheets, clothes and suits - so much easier! It helped put food on the table - Heaven knows that John was not lazy, but there were always the unexpected expenses. No problem - she loved to sew.

She had met John at a Husking Bee. His dar, rugged good looks had intrigued her more than any man there. Catherine proudly produced John at the family's Thanksgiving feast, and was hurt to discover that none of her relatives were enthusiastic about their courtship.

"Why, Mother, why?" she had asked.

"He has no future, Catherine. He is not welcome here." Catherine paced back and forth as she remembered this conversation.

She and John had eloped the next month and were married by the clerk in a neighboring town. They built the little cabin on the edge of the woods and filled it with some of the

basic necessities and a lot of love. There were three children in the next three years. John was gentle and helpful with the children and Catherine was very happy, although anxious when she was by herself.

The Indian, tomahawk in hand, peeked in the small window. He saw Catherine pacing up and down the cabin floor. The tomahawk went whizzing through the room and buried itself in Catherine's back. She let out one scream and then fell down on the floor, silent forever.

The Indian climbed in the window, grunting as he sorted through the few possessions in the cabin. Soon he heard voices coming from the woods. Grabbing his bow and arrow, he waited until the footsteps came closer. He pointed the arrow in the bow and aimed. The arrow punctured John's chest.

"Run, my children, to Grammie's house," he gasped before he fell down dead.

And that's how it all happened - Catherine's parents buried Catherine and John next to each other. They took the children into their hearts as well as their home. Lucy was deaf and dumb; Zenas and Matt were timid and sickly. They never spoke about the horrible events which had occurred at the little cabin, nor did they admit to anyone what everyone had known, that Catherine and John were first cousins. Ah, nature! Animal, Vegetable and Human. Birth - Death - all part of the days of our lives.

Sidelinger descendant runs Iditarod

(From the *Good Neighbors* Newspaper, serving
Appleton, Hope, Union, Warren, & Washington, Maine. May 1997.)

A descendant of Martin and Mary Seitlinger of Langensteinbach, Germany, through their

son Peter Sidelinger and Mary of Broad Bay took part in the famous dog sled race through

the heart of Alaska on 15 Mar 1997. Shawn Sidelinger lectured and spoke about his involvement with this race.

On Friday, 30 May 1997, Shawn Sidelinger, 1997 Iditarod musher, gave a talk and presented slides of his recent accomplishment at the Gibbs Library in Washington, Maine.

The 28 year old Maine native completed his first Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race on 15 Mar at 2:30 p.m. He realized his goal in 13 days, 3 hours and 30 minutes, putting him in 34th position of the 44 mushers who finished the 1,100 mile trek across the wilderness, through the heart of Alaska. 53 mushers had started in Anchorage with a restart in Wasilla. Nine mushers dropped out before the finish.

A SECTION OF CURRENT EVENTS?

Would you find interesting a section in the *Bund und Blatt* devoted to our German descendants who have made a name for themselves in various endeavors?

Are there individuals in our families who have received publicity or recognition for their accomplishments? Do you know of any worthy to be noticed for their achievements in various fields?

Have some called attention to themselves by being a little bit 'above and beyond' their peers? Are there any who should have their accomplishments lauded?

If so, please send in an article that could be published in the *Bund und Blatt*. The better the picture(s) you send, the better will be the reproduction of it. My system still leaves a lot to be desired, but it is beginning to shape up. Isn't the above interesting?

During his vacation in Maine, Shawn will be talking with young people in the school in Pittsfield, Maine, his alma mater and visiting with his dad.

Shawn is the grandson of Evelyn Sidelinger, who will be present at this program, and the late Harlan Sidelinger of Washington. His mother, formerly of Union, will be coming up from Florida to join Shawn.

Only a few days after the 1997run, Shawn was planning on how he would improve for the '98 race.

(Sent by June Lufkin, a Sidelinger researcher, of 5 Nelson Place, N. Grafton, MA 01536.)



Figure 38. Iditarod Dog Sled Race musher Shawn Sidelinger is shown at the start of the 1997 race in Anchorage, Alaska. The banner is from Vickery School (his alma mater) in his hometown of Pittsfield, Maine. (May 1997 *Good Neighbors*)

Old Broad Bay Family History Association Fine Arts Contest Winners Announced!

Although we did not receive as many entries as we had hoped, we do have three winners in different

categories of this first annual CONTEST. We wish to thank everyone who submitted work and encourage all of you to submit your work for next year. There were three winners, one in poetry, one in essay writing and one in Family History writing. The winners were, respectively: Faye Granims, Brad Beckett and Luthera Burton Dawson. They each received a check for \$50 for their efforts, courtesy of our President Mark Benner who came up with the prize money. This is an effort that we should encourage and we ask for your help.

First Prize, **Adult Poetry**. \$50.00

German Pride

We may be *Crouse* or *Overlock*,
Or *Hylar* from the past;
Or maybe *Mank* or *Ulmer*,
From which our lives were cast.
We could have been a *Winchenbach*,
Or a *Creamer* to be sure.
A *Sidelinger*, a *Benner*,
Or many, many more.

It doesn't really matter,
From which the name has sprung.
What matters is we're *Germans*,
Each and every one.
We are proud of where we came from,
And will be proud of where we go;
Our strength from those before us,
Planted the seeds for us to sow.

We may not carry *German* names,
For we have travelled wide.
But, *German* blood pumps in our veins,
And this becomes our guide.
We reap the harvests of our genes,
The strength of those long past;
In human flesh they may be gone,
But their gift of origin lasts.

So, as we gather here this day,
Stop, and look around.
And see all those enduring traits,
From which we have been ground.
And see the strength of those long past,

Right before your eyes,
And thank those long lost ancestors,
From which we fuse our pride.
Faye Granims

First prize, **Essay Writing**, \$50.00

LIFELINES OF OUR GERMAN HERITAGE

Once upon a time (in 1742) a small band of German-speaking immigrants migrated from the Rhineland, sailing to America in the good ship *Lydia*. In the Broad Bay wilderness they made their homes on a new Rhineland - the Medomac River in what is now Waldoboro, Maine. During the next eleven years, more German families arrived to settle permanently.

So, in short, reads the concrete historical record: the Germans came.

Now, two and a half centuries later, what became of those German settlers and their descendants? The German language has disappeared. Very little remains of our German heritage - or does it?

Suddenly artifactual tales and newly researched information have come bubbling forth from the once obscure local historical past. We begin to rethink it all, and slowly emerges a vast personal inter-knitted web of German connections.

Examples abound: My boyhood years were spent on Wadsworth Street, Thomaston, Maine. My parents happened to purchase a chunk of land off the old Haunce Hyler homestead; the original (then) extant homestead stood two houses down the street. In front of that homestead was a giant oak tree where a girl named Noreen Young and I used to play. She lived on Hyler Street perpendicular to and intersecting with Wadsworth Street. Her parents had purchased land from the original Haunce Hyler homestead and built their 1950's dream house, as had my parents.

Years later it was discovered that Haunce R.¹ Hyler was the third generation German-American whose grandfather hailed from Waldoboro and had emigrated from Germany.² Captain Haunce Hyler died in 1832, leaving a family of five sons, four daughters (ages thirteen through one) and a

¹. The middle initial "R" is for Robinson, original settlers of Cushing and Warren. WW

². The Hylers originally were from Odenhof, two kilometers east of Neftenbach, a small town about 30 kilometers north of Zurich, Switzerland. During the 1690's they migrated to *Ober und Unter* (Over and Under) Wossingen, in Wuerttemberg, Germany. From there, two brothers *Conrad* and *Bernhard Hyler*, with their large families came to Broad Bay in 1742. Conrad and his descendants stayed, but by 1760 had moved to Cushing. Bernhard evidently left Broad Bay quite early and moved his family to Dutch Fork, South Carolina, prob. by 1750.

widow³ to raise them all. Widow Hyler seemed to have performed her challenging task well, as all five sons became Thomaston sea captains and all four daughters became wives of sea Captains.

As for my childhood friend Noreen Young: Years later it was discovered that her great-great-great-great-great grandfather was William Young, also of German descent from Broad Bay. William and his (probable) brother George Young (spelled in German, *Wilhelm und Georg Jung*) served with a company of *Dutch Rangers*, along with Jacob Hyler (great-uncle to Haunce R. Hyler) between Broad Bay and the Saint George's River to protect the colonists from Indian attacks in 1754. It was perhaps through their "ranging" that the three men eventually settled on the Saint George's River in Cushing.⁴

Coincidentally in 1979, I purchased a one-acre lot of land in Cushing with a cellar hole, upon which my home was built eight years later. That cellar hole in all likelihood was the site of William Young's homestead.

As I grew up I was encouraged to take foreign languages in high school and college by Miss Fannie Crute of Cushing. She was a retired graduate of Colby college whom everybody in town called "Aunt Fannie". From 1909 through 1951, Aunt Fannie had taught foreign languages mostly in Winstead, Connecticut, where one of her students was Ralph Nader. Not surprisingly, Aunt Fannie's favorite language was German, much of which she had learned from her grandmother Margaret (Walter⁵) Miller, who died in 1918 at age 97.

Aunt Fannie's granparents, William and Margaret Miller, both of German descent, had moved to Cushing from Waldoboro as a newly-wedded couple in 1844. During this time the Mormons migrated to Utah. Legend has it that the Millers purchased 100 acres of land with a farmhouse on it from Captain John Robinson. (Coincidentally the Robinsons were direct descendants of Dr. Moses Robinson through his son Haunce Robinson⁶ and Priscilla Hyler and through Haunce's son Simeon Robinson and his wife Hannah Hyler and are the direct ancestors of Will Whitaker.⁷) The price of the purchase was one yoke of oxen and a wagon, as the Robinsons were in a rush to head West with the Mormon migration.

³. His widow was Mary Shibles. ww

⁴. Jacob Hyler, in 1760, purchased land in Cushing and gave his name to *Hyler's Cove*, still shown on the maps by that name. ww

⁵. Walter is also an early German name. (Walther). ww

⁶. Haunce Hyler also descends through this couple. ww

⁷. Will's great-grandfather George Whitaker, recently arrived from England, married, 1846, Eveline Parsons Robinson (the daughter of Captain John Robinson and Abigail Parsons) during the "Mormon Trek" to Utah Territory at "Winter Quarters, (Omaha), Nebraska. Their first child, a son, (George Robinson Whitaker) was born at Independence Rock, (now Wyoming), in 1847 as they struggled West. ww

As the years went on I researched my lineage and discovered an ancestor, Hannah Ulmer. Stahl's *History*⁸ gives detail of (Schoolmaster) Johann Ulmer (who arrived in Broad Bay in 1742), along with his sons (Captain Johann, Jr., and Johann Jacob. For years, I had tried to find a record showing Hannah as a daughter of Johann Jacob Ulmer. In recent years, Parrish Manson⁹, a distant Ulmer cousin, discovered through his meticulous research that Hannah was a daughter of yet another son of Johann Ulmer, Sr.: Johann Hans Ulmer.

My ancestor Johann Ulmer, Sr. (Schoolmaster), (later anglicized to John Ulmer) was the original schoolmaster of the Broad Bay settlement as early as 1743. One day, over 250 years later, in my fifth grade Thomaston classroom, I looked at my fourteen reading students. An insight mysteriously came forth. First it dawned on me that the name of one of my students was Ludwig, another Hahn. Two more students no longer carried the German surname, but both were descended from Storers, Foglers, Vannahs, and Hoffeses. For a moment, I felt my class and I were almost the reincarnation of Johann Ulmer's school from the 1740's Broad Bay.

Since the Old Broad Bay Association has become established more interconnections with our common German past have resulted as folks have enthusiastically re-discovered their associated Broad Bay families. For example, to some extent sauerkraut-making has remained a local folk tradition over the past two and a half centuries with some families¹⁰. Then a couple of decades ago, it was discovered that a few old timers of Waldoboro tended to call the earthworms that emerged from the soil following a rain by the name of *rainworms*. Linguistics experts found that the German name for the crawly creatures is *regenwurm*, which means and was subsequently anglicized to *rainworm*.

There are other Broad Bay folklore and hand-me-down tales, such as the old Waldoboro gentleman of German descent who outlived one wife and married a second. The German used to tell everyone proudly that he went through both marriage ceremonies "wearing the same pair of tin boots." This statement would always perplex the listener unless he, too, was of German background. The gentleman meant to say "thin" boots, but since the German language has no provision for the 'Th' sound, he substituted the hard 'T' sound. Other stories have emerged from the once obscure historical past: A few years ago Howard Kimball (born 1906), who lived on the Waldoboro-Bremen town line, pointed to the corner in his kitchen next to his stove. He stated that that particular place was where his grandfather's mother-in-law always sat in an age long ago, but the only words she

⁸. Stahl, Jasper Jacob. *History of Old Broad Bay and Waldoboro*. Bond Wheelwright Company. Portland, Maine. 1956. In Two Volumes. ISBN #0-87027 169-5. This is a fine, well-researched history of this area. Anyone having ancestors should read this. ww

⁹. Parrish is well on his way to completing a fine history of the early Ulmers. It is well-researched and documented. ww

¹⁰. The Hilt and Eugley families, for example. See the following article by Luthera Burton Dawson, a noted Thomaston author, descended from the Hilts. See also *Bund und Blatt*, Vol. 4, Apr-May-June, No. 2, p. 47, *The Story of Eugley's Kraut*.

knew and spoke were German.

A short time ago, Jim Skoglund of Saint George (a Fish and Hilt and Robinson descendant) telephoned me with a personal discovery. He told me to dig out Stahl's *History* and turn to page 194. There an 18th-century portrait of Margaretha Hilt, wife of Captain Jacob Ludwig, stared me in the face.

"Look at those eyes, the broad face, and the elevated cheek bones?" he pointed out. The staunch, wholesome traits of a German Waldoboro settler emerged before my eyes. "Doesn't she look like Ed Hilt?" Jim asked.

The appearance was unmistakable, as I compared it to a photo I had. Ed Hilt of Saint George today carried those same physical features, and associated with those physical traits are strength, direction, resolve - archetypal Broad Bay German traits. Today at age 90, Ed Hilt symbolizes our Germanic ancestors, an artifactual example - alive and in the flesh.

Lastly, artifactual evidence can be found by anyone living in Lincoln-Knox County areas by leafing through any phone book, where our Broad Bay ancestral heritage is evidenced. The NYNEX Mid-Coast Maine telephone book lists the following households with the associated surnames: Sukeforth, 16; Overlock, 44; Benner, 78; and lastly Winchenbaugh/Wincapaw, 80!

Those interconnections with our German genealogical and cultural backgrounds are becoming more evident as descendants continue private and collaborative searches. Our common bonds become more firmly established and elaborately interwoven. As more discoveries are being made through research, descendants of early Broad Bay will continue to be interwoven within the human fabrics of our German heritage.

Brad Beckett

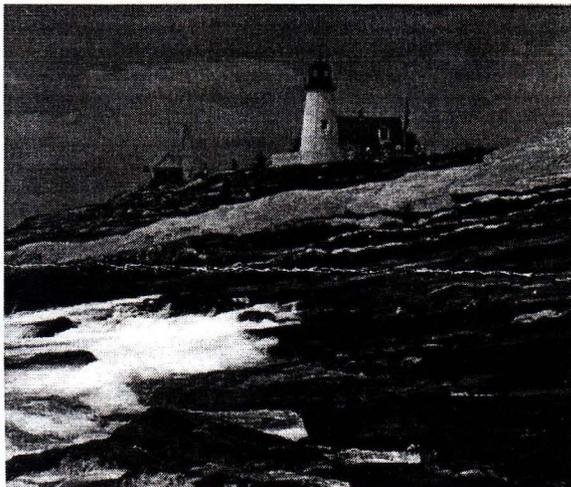


Figure 40. Our early ancestors would not have seen this light as they prepared to sail up the Medomac River, but this high eminence could be seen for miles. A good look at the "rock bound shores" of Maine.

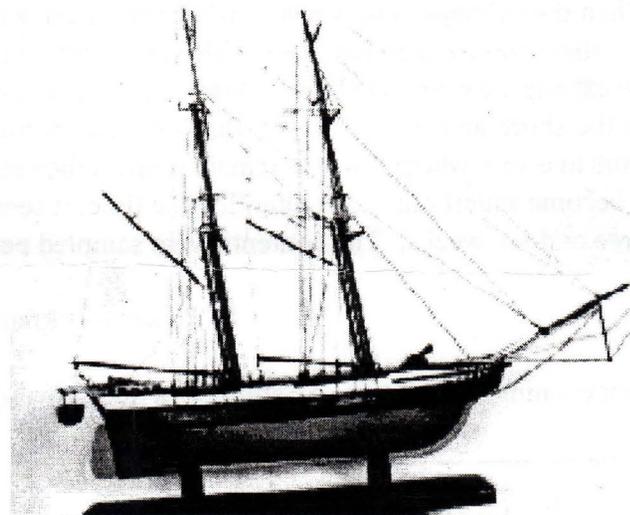


Figure 39. This ship's captain would have been quite familiar with the approaches to Pemaquid. The ship *Prince of Orange*, was part of the Colonial Navy. It ranged the coast of Maine 1774. (Smalley ph.)

MADE YOUR KRAUT YET?

Six¹¹ generations ago a group of Germans came to what is now Waldoboro, enticed by promises of free land in a new country with a river "like the Rhine" flowing through it. Houses would be waiting for them, a church, a "long building" or community building. We know what they found here - the beautiful river, yes, but no houses, no church, nothing but wilderness and a cruel winter. Those immigrants who survived sowed the seed of their German heritage along that beautiful river.

My grandmother, Luthera Hilt passed this heritage down to me. Her name, of course. Blonde hair. German expressions heard in her childhood. But the legacy I remember most clearly is that of the German dish, *sauerkraut*.

Every year our garden produced round green heads of cabbages to be stored in the cellar until the time came in the fall to make *kraut*. The kraut knife¹² was brought down from the storage room, washed, and set up in the kitchen on two facing chairs. The knife consisted of three or four sharp blades set at an angle in a wooden trough. The heads of cabbage, pushed over the blades, dropped in shreds into a dishpan below. The filled pan was then emptied into a small barrel standing nearby.

It takes a lot of cabbage shreds to fill even a small barrel.

"Wouldn't you say that's enough?" my father asked, pausing with a cabbage in either hand. "Well, we want to make plenty," my mother replied.

A long winter lay ahead!

When the cabbage shreds nearly filled the barrel, a brine was prepared and added - water and salt: was there some sugar, too? A wooden cover fitting neatly within the barrel was pressed down over the cabbage, causing the brine to rise. On the cover was set a large flat rock, picked up years earlier on the shore and saved for this purpose. The barrel was now edged step by step down the cellar stairs to a spot where it would remain until all the kraut was eaten. How long did it take the cabbage to become sauerkraut? An interminable time, it seemed to a child. I now estimate it was between three and six weeks. The contents were sampled periodically until finally a verdict was reached,

"I'd say this kraut is ready!"

That evening - it had to be a Saturday - a huge bowl of kraut flanked another of baked beans on the

¹¹. For some of us, it may be more or less than this. For example, Wilford is 8 generations removed.

¹². There is a good example of the '*Kraut knife*' in the Nobleboro Historical Society. Dr. Dow showed one to us as he gave his most interesting tour of the Society during the 1997 OBBFHA Reunion. ww

supper table. The pungent pieces of cabbage offered an ideal counter part to the tasty hot beans. The bowl emptied quickly as the family passed judgement on it.

"Good flavor this year." "Well, I wasn't sure how it would be." "Maybe we used a *dite* too much salt."

Sometimes I was sent to the cellar to bring up the kraut for a meal. The brine was icy cold, and the spoon never large enough to hold much cabbage. Some one had told me jokingly that the brine rose and fell with tides in the river bordering our farm. I always fervently hoped that the tide¹³ would be low when I was sent down cellar to reach into that cold brine for the sauerkraut.

Generally we ate the sauerkraut uncooked, crisp and cold. Occasionally there would be a pan of baked sauerkraut, brown, limp, and odiferous. And I have known of cakes made with sauerkraut, the vitality of the cabbage shreds reduced to tasteless strings.

It was a long time - six generations - from those early German huts to our comfortable homes in the area they had settled. Much as been forgotten or lost that they brought to this country, their customs, language, household goods. But in the area around that early settlement people still make a yearly barrel of sauerkraut and mark the coming of winter by a greeting to the neighbors,

"Made your kraut yet?"

Luthera Burton Dawson

A GREAT JOB FROM THESE THREE WINNERS AND MUCH APPRECIATED.

Robert Skoglund is not one who lets any grass grow under his feet. He likes to be on top of things. By the way, he has been very helpful and generous with his Gilchrest, Robinson and Hilt information. I received the following notice from him through the mail 9 Aug 1997:

Gilchrest - Robinson (1998) Reunion

Yes, he is already announcing next year's Reunion of the Gilchrest & Robinson families, to be held at the **St. George Grange Hall on Sunday, August 16, 1998**. If you have a connection to these to pioneer families, put that date down on your calendar. If based on this year's Reunion, it sounds like a lot of fun. The Hall is five miles south of Thomaston, on Rte. 131.

¹³. Luthera grew up on the Captain Benjamin Burton homestead, where the stone block house was, in Cushing, on the St. Georges River. She has also written a delightful reminiscence, *Salt Water Farm*, Impatiens Press. Westford, MA. 1993. about growing up on the farm.. I enjoyed her hay-making tales.

A PERSONAL NOTE FROM WILL:



Figure 42. Wilford Whitaker & Gary Horlacher with their book ready to mail into Penobscot Press. Will is supposed to be looking happy on this occasion.

Many of you expressed concern over the state of my health while at the Reunion. I must admit I was getting tired. But of a more personal nature: You may have noticed that I have included several pictures of myself in this issue. I wouldn't ordinarily do that, but I wanted to have a reminder of the **BEFORE** pictures of my obese self! I had just started a diet before I left, that I was and AM determined to make work this time. At this point, after ten and one-half weeks on this diet, I have lost 51 pounds. After I lose another 50 pounds, people may begin to notice that I am losing. So, I am happy to report that I am feeling

much better and have more energy. It seemed to be a losing proposition which ever way I went. As I ate more and became heavier, I had less energy to exercise like I should have and it became a vicious cycle. The big thing about what I am doing now, is to change my eating habits, my way of thinking about food, (it is no longer a reward) and the amount of food I intake. I'm ashamed to admit it but for supper (when I was growing up, it was Breakfast, Dinner and Supper) I would have 2 large potatoes, a large steak, vegetable, side dishes, salad, Jello, etc., plus bread and jam, and then I'd want dessert. My stomach would be full, but I would get up from the table and want more! And that doesn't even take into account evening snacks. Well, that has all changed! Now, I have ½ glass of tomato juice & a slice of toast for breakfast, a glass of *Slimfast* (with banana) for dinner, and for supper, a small salad, 1/4 to ½ of a potato, less than 4 ounces of meat, (and more chicken, etc. now) and a glass of water. No desserts! No snacks, anytime! I decided that I am an "alcoholic" and can't even think about that first "snack". Anyway, it's working! This has been a good opportunity for me to think about food and my relationship to it. Growing up, I was a charter member of the "**Clean Plate Club**". My mother had a rule about eating, it was "**Eat it now or eat it later!**" Also, I did my best to help "**those poor, starving children in China**" by eating everything from my plate, although, in the back of my mind, I always wondered how that would help! ww



Figure 41. Wilford Whitaker valiantly bringing up the rear. The mosquitoes were bad so Marné pushed on ahead. He is slow but sure!

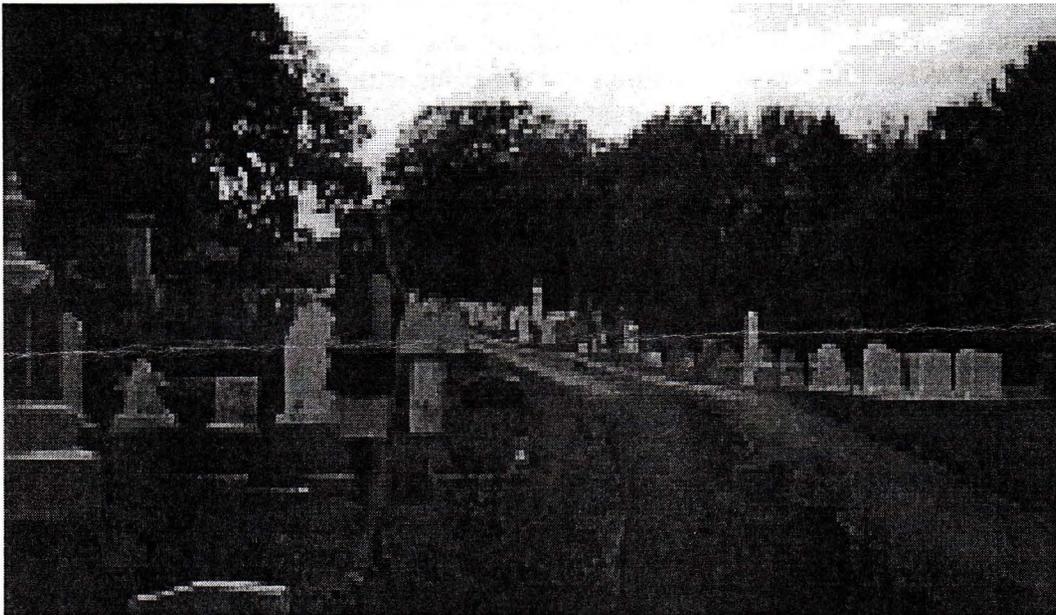


Figure 43. Old Broad Bay Cemetery at the Waldoboro Old German Lutheran Church. This cemetery is well-maintained and kept up and decorated with flowers on holidays, etc. It's a possibility that some of your ancestors are buried here. This pretty young girl found some of her ancestors' graves, but I neglected to get her name. Please write and help me make up for my negligence.