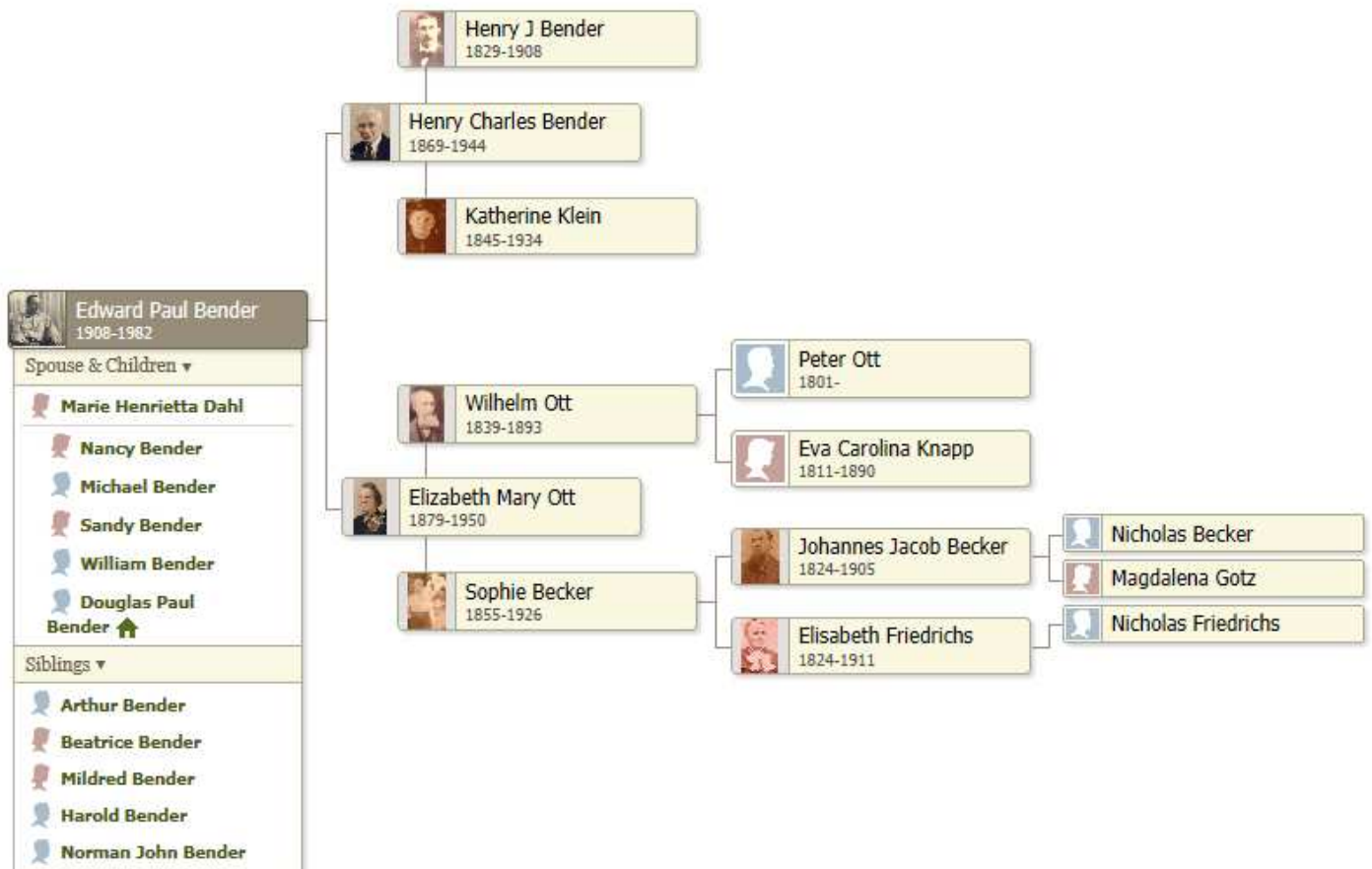


Bender Family History

Edward Bender Family Tree



Marie Dahl Bender Family Tree

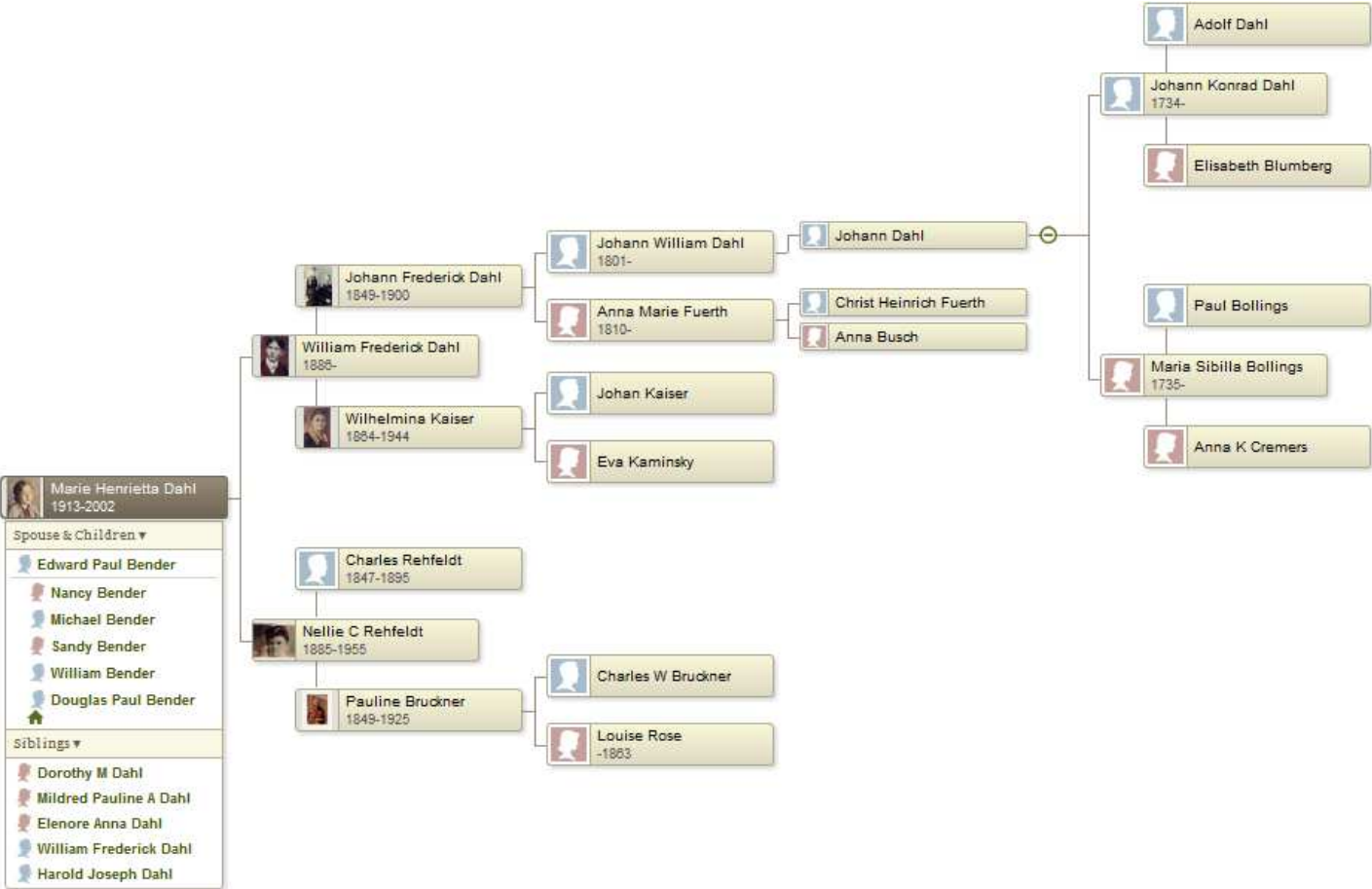


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My name is Edward Paul Bender.

I was born on the 23rd of June, 1908 at 1:30 am on Hendrie St in Detroit, Michigan.

My parents were Elisabeth Mary Ott Bender and Henry Charles Bender. I was the 5th living child. My brothers and sisters are:

Arthur Francis Bender, born October 10, 1896 in Detroit on Moran St.
Beatrice Bender Gamache, born November 16, 1899 in Detroit
Mildred Agnes Pauline Bender Neff, born September 21, 1901 in Detroit
Henry Harold Bender born on May 25, 1904 in Detroit
Norman John Bender born on December 5, 1913 in Detroit

5 children died before I was born, all from the Rh factor. 5 more children died after I was born, again all from the Rh factor. The only reason that I and my brother Norman lived is because we both had Rh negative blood like our mother, so her immune system did not attack our blood. I passed on my Rh negative blood to only one of my children, Nancy. She almost lost her last son, Craig Stephens due to the Rh factor. We cherished Craig especially because after having buried so many infants in our family he was the first child in our family to escape death.

I married Marie Dahl Bender on the 25th of August, 1934. I loved her at first sight, and all the days of my life as well. My last words to her were, I love you, Marie. She was a good and faithful wife to me all the days of my life and we were very happy together. I always did my best to make her happy too. It was a very good marriage. We had 5 children:

Nancy Marie Bender Stephens, born the 22 of August, 1935
Michael Edward Bender, born the 16th of May, 1938
Sandy J Bender Wilhelm, born on December 5, 1944
William (Bill) Henry Bender, born on the 2nd of January, 1948
Douglas Paul Bender, born on the 20th of June, 1952

As a teenager I set up pins in a bowling alley. Later I worked for Kotcher Tool and Die as an apprentice tool and die man. Then I worked for Bohn Aluminum. Later I worked for Good housekeeping as a delivery man. Jobs were hard to get or keep in those days for I started out my working career in the middle of the depression. Once I was married I supplemented my income by repairing old wringer washers and then having Marie sell them through our house by saying each washer was her mothers. I also built and installed car radios when they first came into existence.

Cars would line up all down the alley on weekends and I would spend all day Saturday and Sunday laying under the dashboards of cars installing them. I also built and sold crystal radio sets. One day I decided to go into business for myself so I rented a store on Gratiot Ave and began selling washers and radios. When I lost that lease I moved first to 9110 Mack Ave and then to 9100 Mack Ave. I was there during the world war II years and did very well in business. I bought the house at 4651 Alter Rd and paid it off in only 4 years. I later moved to 16389 Warren Ave in Detroit. In 1958 the recession hit and remained for over 3 years. As a result of those lean years I sold my store and then went into partnership with Thern Baxter for 3 years. Just before I retired I worked a number of years with Krazy Kellys Furniture. I retired at age 67 after I had had my major heart attack.

I had always been an excellent athlete, both in my youth and throughout my entire lifetime, only giving up playing sports after my major heart attack at age 64 which left me with a damaged heart and an irregular heart beat. In my 50s and 60s I was still hitting the ball clear out of the ball park, outplaying my son's 6 ft friends in their 20s.

I always loved my dogs, and at the end of my life our family got a 16 lb dog named Taffy. I walked that little doggy 3 to 5 miles every day once I retired. My first dog was named brown Sport. I loved him so much! He went with me everywhere, even to school. I always had to tell him he had to go home once we got there, though.

My life ended when my son Bill went into a coma for 30 days and then died. I was so distraught over losing my son that I had a severe heart attack that destroyed over 75% of my heart. I died 2 weeks to the day after my son died, on the 29th of June, 1982. I was laid out in Sullivan's like Bill was and was laid to rest in St. Lawrence cemetery beside my beloved son on the 2nd of July, 1982. The inscription on my tomb stone reads "A good and just man."

My name is Marie Henrietta Dahl Bender.

I am the 4th daughter of Nellie C. Rehfeldt Dahl and William Frederick Dahl Sr. I was born on November 13, 1913 at 1608 Holcomb St in Detroit, Michigan.

I had an awful reception into this world. My parents had so hoped for a boy after having 3 daughters. So when the doctor said to my mother, "Mrs. Dahl, you have a beautiful little daughter!" To this my mother replied, "Another girl!? Take her away!"

I always thought my name was Marie Anna Dahl Bender until I was in my 40s because that is what my mother told me my name was. But when I sent away for my birth certificate I was shocked to see that Henrietta was listed as my middle name. I guess my Grandmother Minna must have told the doctor that my middle name was Henrietta because that was her middle name and my having that name was a surprise to everyone.

I was very small at birth, weighing just over 4 lbs. The doctor was so concerned about how frail I was that he put me in a cigar box and stuck me in the warming section of mom's oven! Then when I was just a few weeks old I caught whooping cough and they were afraid I was going to choke to death! Dad used to put his finger down my throat to bring up the mucus.

I have always been small, my adult height is only 4' 11". In every generation of the Dahl branch of the family there is always a small, dainty one and I was the one in our generation. The nuns used to feed me graham crackers and milk every morning in school due to how thin and small I was.

I was the 4th of 6 children, I had 5 brothers and sisters:

Mildred Pauline Agnes Dahl Stocker, born 3 May, 1908 on 693 Hastings St in Detroit and died the 12 of March, 1984. She is the mother of Doris Mae Stocker, born 11/17/32. She lost 2 sons, George Jr born and died on the 9th of August, 1930, and Earl George (Mickey) Stocker, born in 1931, and died in July, 1938.

Dorothy Dahl, born December 27, 1910 on 236 Canfield in Detroit and died on the 10 of November, 1917 as a result of being struck down by an automobile on Kercheval Ave in Detroit in front of her home while her mother Nellie lay paralyzed in bed due to the flu of 1917-18. Her father parked his car 8 blocks from home and started walking as the traffic stopped dead. As Bill Dahl Sr approached all the people on the street stared at him and murmured, "Here comes the father now!"

Bill then came upon the broken bleeding body of his little 8 year old laying in a rag doll appearing heap on the pavement. He cradled her in his arms, as he walked into the drugstore and held her close until she died. He walked home crying, "My Mildred, my Mildred!" Mildred met him on the street, saying, "It weren't me, Pa, it was Dorothy!" Both girls looked very much alike and he had confused one for the other. The driver who struck Dorothy thought at first he had killed his own daughter who was the same size and lived in the same block. Mr. Zanith bought Nellie a new coat for the funeral and then paid for physical therapy to restore her ability to move and walk again.

Elenore Dahl Mc Kinin, born on 12 of February, 1912 on Hastings St in Detroit. She is presently 88 years of age. She had 2 children, John Dahl Dale, born Dec 24, 1923 and Marianne Mc Kinin De Maria, born August 9, 1930 and died in March, 1999.

William Frederick Dahl Jr, born February 22, 1915 on 1608 Holcomb St in Detroit and died Oct, 1999. He had 2 daughters, Sharon Dahl Smith, born Dec 13, 1945 and Debra Dahl Tymczak born May, 1951.

Harold Joseph Dahl, born August 21, 1917 at 365 Kercheval in Detroit and died on the 26 of August, 1984 in William Beaumont Hospital in Royal Oak, Michigan. He was the father of Patricia Dahl Nowicki, born March 11, 1941 and Thomas Joseph Dahl, born November 28, 1944.

When I was 15 years old my father disappeared and the League of Catholic Women found me a position as a nanny with well to do families. I also briefly worked in a factory before marrying Ed. Once married I spent the rest of my life as a home maker.

I met Edward Bender on February 7, 1934 at my mom's house on my day off. He had run upstairs to my mom's to show his brother Norman his new car. He laid eyes on me and said it was love at first sight. Norman never did see Ed's car. Ed and I had our first date on February 14, 1934 and Ed proposed to me 6 weeks after we met. 6 months later, on the 25 of August, 1934 we were married in Our Lady of Sorrows Belgium Catholic Church in Detroit.

I am the mother of :

Nancy Marie Bender Stephens, born august 22, 1935
Michael Edward Bender, born May 16, 1938
Sandy J Bender Wilhelm, born December 5, 1944
William Henry (Bill) Bender, born January 2, 1948 and died June 15, 1982
Douglas Paul Bender, born June 20, 1952

I have been very healthy all of my life until having a series of strokes beginning in August, 1990.

My name is Henry Charles Bender.

I was born on December 19, 1869 in Ohio.

I was the son of Katherine Klein Bender and Henry Joseph Bender.

I was one of the younger children. My parents had quite a number of children, not all of whom are known to us at this time. The Benders come from the Bonn-Cologne area of Germany and at least one of their children were born there. They came to America on a sail boat and while they were crossing the Atlantic ocean their baby passed away. The captain of the ship tried to keep the baby aboard ship till they landed in New York so the parents could bury their child in the new world but a few days after his death sharks started surrounding the sail boat as they smelled the dead baby. The captain was forced to throw the baby overboard to the sharks in order to protect the ship. What a sad beginning to their life in the new world. The children we know are:

Peter Bender, born May 16, 1868, died at age 53 of a heart attack

Ann Fox Bender, born about 1870

Elizabeth Bender Whittenberg, born about 1871

Joseph Bender, born about 1867

My parents always told me that they thought I was born on May 18, 1872 but they weren't sure of either the month or the year. When my birth certificate was found after my death it showed that I was born December 19, 1869. I guess they must have got me confused with my brother Pete.

Henry married Elizabeth Mary Ott on 2 August, 1898. They had 15 children in all. Ten of these children died in infancy due to the Rh factor. The following were the living children:

Beatrice Bender Gamache, born 11-16-1899, died 9-10-1968 of diabetes.

Mildred Bender Neff, born 9-21-1901, died 1-3-1982 of circulatory collapse.

Harold Henry Bender, born 5-25-1904, died 6-30-1977 of aspiration pneumonia.

Wilfred Bender, born and died around 1907.

Edward Bender, born 6-23-1908 at 937 Sylvester St., Detroit, died 6-29-1982.

Elisabeth gave birth to 2 stillborn babies at the beginning and end of 1912.

Norman John Bender, born 12-05-1913, died 12-09-1970 of a stroke.

George Bender, born and died around 1915 of Rh factor.

Robert Bender, born and died around 1917 of Rh factor.

Mary Anne Bender, born and died around 1918 of Rh factor.

I had always been severely dyslexic - I never could learn to read or write anything at all, not even my name. Many people tried to teach me as a child and later as an adult. My family would often ask me how I could always get on the right streetcar when many different lines would stop at the same stop. I don't know how, I replied, I just know. It's my guess that it would be like us reading Chinese characters - we don't know what they mean, but we could discern that we were looking for a certain formation.

I was also a sleep walker, which worried my wife. They would find me out of the house and down the street, sound asleep.

I was terrified of factories and moving machinery. I never could get myself to work in those conditions. I liked working outdoors. My main profession was a sod cutter and sod layer. I would cut the straightest sod of all the workers and I took pride in my work. I also could handle Huntz's 2 horses, Nancy and Jim very well. Once I borrowed those horses to dig out my daughter Mildred's basement with a big scoop attached to the horses.

My best job was my last one. During the days of the works project Administration under President FDR I got a city of Detroit job sweeping the city streets. I was out there in all sorts of weather, but I loved the job. It was hard getting going every morning as I had serious congestive heart failure so I was dead tired all the time. Every morning I would sit on the side of the bed and when I tried to put my boots on I would always say, "I'm bushed!" People were all so nice to me and I always got into lots of wonderful conversations with the regulars on my route. I was assigned to Gratiot Ave, a nice wide street. "How ya doing, Hank?" They'd all ask me. Fine, was always my answer. Fine, that is, until one day a drunk drove into me, injuring me quite badly. There was no workmen's comp in those days. I was unable to work due to my injuries, so they let me go. In bed, badly injured, no money, no health insurance. That was the way it was in those days.

One horrible thing that happened to me when I was a young man is that my brother Joe and I went hunting together, not too far from home, fortunately. Suddenly I had an animal in my sights and just as I squeezed the trigger my brother also had a bead on the animal and just as I shot my brother lunged upwards and right into the path of the bullet from my rifle. I had shot my brother Joe in the head. I dragged him, bleeding profusely, back to our house and got the doctor. He managed to recover, but he was never quite right after that.

My son Edward used to like to meet me when I got off work on pay day. I used to let him go to the local beer garden with me and I'd order a big stein of beer and a small shot glass for my son.

I liked dogs and usually had one. I had a dog called black Sport when my little Eddie was born. My wife would leave the baby carriage outside the meat shop and tell black Sport to guard the baby and not let anyone close. Sport took his job seriously, and believe me, no one got close to that baby carriage.

I loved my wife Lizzie very much and I tried my best to provide for my family, but believe me, in those days jobs were hard to find or keep and sometimes after you worked all week you didn't get paid or were cheated. Boy, could my Lizzie ever fight for our money when that happened! I was always proud of her - she was intelligent, and a very hard worker. I felt so bad when she went to work scrubbing other people's houses to help pay the bills and she got pneumonia standing sweaty in cold weather waiting for the streetcar. We almost lost her that time. Another time she lost the tip of her finger when she ran a sewing needle through it making clothes for others. It got badly infected and had to be amputated. She would wave her amputated finger at us and say "I might be a cripple, but oh me, oh my, I can keep you all in line".

I really felt bad when one time there was no money and no food for several days and things were desperate. When our backs were against the wall Lizzie would walk to her cousin, Judge Louis Ott's house on Meldrum and work him over until he gave her what she needed and he would give it to her just to get her out of his hair. Eddie went with her one time and tried to get in the house to watch his mom in action, but she made him sit on the curb outside. By her early 50s my Lizzie was totally worn out and defeated from wrestling with the whole world.

Due to my dyslexia I would butcher proper names, which was a source of endearment to my close family. I called my daughter in law Marie Mee ree. And Evelyn I would call Ebel ling. I called the street Van Dyke Wan Dick.

The day I died, my son Edward came running up stairs to see me. I was standing in the upper hallway with my arms stretched over my head, leaning against the wall. Ed asked me why I was standing like that and I told him that was the only way I could breathe as my lungs were full of water. I then looked and my son and said to him, "Son, I don't have material possessions. All I have to give you is my good will". And Ed thought that that was far more valuable than money.

I died on the 9th of November, 1944 late in the evening with my entire family gathered around my bedside and my beloved Lizzie standing right over me. My daughter in law Marie was 9 months pregnant with her daughter Sandy.

My name is Elisabeth Mary Ott Bender.

I was born on the 19th of August, 1879, the oldest daughter of Wilhelm Ott and Sophia Becker Ott.

My father had been married before, and he and his deceased wife Elisabeth Braun Ott (Born January 18, 1834 in Baden, Germany, died November 9, 1877 in Detroit, Michigan) had 3 children:

Pauline Ott, born 1865 in Baden Germany

Adolph Ott, born 1869 also in Baden, Germany

William Otto Ott, who was born and died in 1878 in Detroit

I also had 2 full sisters:

Anna K. Ott born 17 February, 1888 in Detroit. Anne had a daughter in November, 1904. The child sickened and died on January 28, 1905. The doctor who attended the dead child was vicious in his completion of the death certificate. He listed the cause of death as "failure to call a doctor". Shortly after the child died Anna got sick, and by 1909 the family realized it was serious. Anne was bedfast for months and her family took turns nursing her, including her mother Sophie and our grandmother Elizabeth. Aunt Mildred Neff was 8 years old at the time so when Grandma Elizabeth Bender had to go home and she saw the end was near she left Mildred at Anne's house as there were no telephones in those days. One day Mildred came running into her mom Elizabeth's house, totally out of breath, and collapsing, said, Grandma Sophie says, come quick Anne is almost gone. Elizabeth ran over to her sister's house and was there when Anne passed away of ovarian cancer on 26th of April, 1909 at the tender age of 21 years, 2 months and 9 days.

Agnes Ott, born the 19 of December, 1885 in Detroit and died the 29th of March, 1928. Agnes and her 2 children by her second marriage having been murdered by her second husband, Henry Mc Dermott. Henry was a heavy drinker and was in a crisis state, having many bouts of delirious tremens from his drinking. Agnes made secret arrangements to have him committed to dry out. He found out about her plans, bought a new car and then took her and their 2 children for a car ride to the Detroit river where he deliberately drove his car backwards into 14 feet of water. Agnes' screams could be heard by a fireman who tried to save her life, in vain. When they pulled the car out of the water they found Henry's arm firmly holding the passenger door shut so his family could not escape. In their Christian charity Agnes' family buried Henry with his family. It was one of the biggest funerals Detroit had seen at the time. The 4 caskets were placed in a semi circle and the city of Detroit was lined up for over a block and streamed through the

funeral parlor to view this spectacle. Agnes' children by her first marriage to William Koch Sr survived and had to fend for themselves. The tragedy was too much for the youngest, Jackie Koch to endure, and the following year he killed himself.

My father Wilhelm Ott was a stone cutter for his cousins, Charles and Julius Knapp, who built many large commercial buildings in downtown Detroit in the 1800s. As a result of cutting stone he got a condition known as "stone lung" which means the lungs were plugged up with stone dust and he could no longer breathe. (Most of his Knapp cousins also died of the same condition.) He passed away on the 8th of December, 1893 in Detroit at the age of 54 in his home at 460 Moran in Detroit.

Sophie was distraught over her husband's long illness which kept him in bed for months and which made him very angry and upset over dying at such a young age with such a distressful condition. He was more than a handful in the last year of his life, calling Sophie names, writing filthy things about her on his bedroom wall and comparing her to his first wife, who he loved very deeply. So after his death she went to live for awhile with her parents, Johannes and Elizabeth Becker on Gratiot Ave in Detroit. While the family was living there Sophie's brother John Becker took advantage of our young teenage Grandma Elizabeth and as a result Elizabeth gave birth to her first son, Arthur Francis Bender, born October 10, 1896 on 460 Moran St in Detroit.

Elizabeth then met and married Henry Charles Bender, the steady love of her life, on 2 August, 1898. She loved her Hank with a love that was more than a love all the days of their lives. He was her all and everything. She lived and breathed for him. They had 15 children in all. Ten of these children died in infancy due to the Rh factor. The following are the living children:

Beatrice Bender Gamache, born 11-16-1899, died 9-10-1968 of diabetes.
Mildred Bender Neff, born 9-21-1901, died 1-3-1982 of circulatory collapse.
Harold Henry Bender, born 5-25-1904, died 6-30-1977 of aspiration pneumonia.
Wilfred Bender, born and died around 1907.
Edward Bender, born 6-23-1908 at 937 Sylvester St., Detroit, died 6-29-1982.
Elisabeth gave birth to 2 stillborn babies at the beginning and end of 1912.
Norman John Bender, born 12-05-1913, died 12-09-1970 of a stroke.
George Bender, born and died around 1915 of Rh factor.
Robert Bender, born and died around 1917 of Rh factor.
Mary Anne Bender, born and died around 1918 of Rh factor.

I had a very hard life. Jobs were hard to get in those days and even harder to keep. My husband was deathly afraid of factories, so that excluded better paying jobs. He preferred working outdoors so he cut and laid sod for a number of years for Huntz Manzel. Huntz would often cheat Henry out of some of his pay and some weeks he wouldn't pay him at all, so in order to feed my family and pay our bills I would have to walk several miles to Huntz's home and demand Hank's pay. At times a real verbal hassle would ensue, but I would never leave without at least getting a bag full of groceries right out of his cupboard to feed my family.

We often moved as we didn't have enough money to pay the rent. One time we were in a house for 5 months before the landlord knew we were there. The longest we stayed at one place was the house we rented at Maxwell and Lambert. That is the house we were in for a greater part of Ed's childhood. Sometimes we had to stay with friends when we had no place to go. That was very embarrassing and most distressing. That was the only time I got into a big shouting match with poor Hank.

I loved Hank dearly. I remember being so jealous when he would dance with other women at our 50th anniversary party. He looked so handsome that I didn't want to share him. That was the last good time we had together. Right after that Hank went down hill with congestive heart failure. I remember standing over Hank for hours and hours on November 9, 1944 as he took his last labored breaths. In the evening of the 9th my beloved Hank departed from this earth. Once I lost Hank my life was over. I totally withdrew into myself for the next 6 years. Like so many other grieving widows I contracted cancer 5 years later, and on the 24th of September, 1950 I breathed my last after suffering horribly from a complete bowel obstruction.

My name is William Frederick Dahl, Sr.

Actually on my birth certificate I was named "Willie" and my parents' birthplace was listed as Holland. The reason for this mixup was that my parents spoke only German in those days and my delivering doctor spoke English so when he asked them where they were born they responded "Deutschland". Dutchland? Thought the doctor, I guess that means Holland. He had no idea Deutschland is the German name for Germany.

I was born on the 5th of April, 1886 at 46 Benton St in Detroit, Michigan. My dad was busy building our new house on 851 Russell St in Detroit but it wasn't ready yet by the time I was born. My dad was a bricklayer by profession so when our house on 851 Russell St was completed it was the only brick home on the street. Our neighbors thought we were rich because we had a brick house, but in truth if they could have heard the conversation inside at the dinner table they would have had a chuckle - "Potatoes, why do we always have to eat so many potatoes!" My brother George Sr would repeatedly moan. "Because we have 8 children and 2 adults to feed!" would be my mama Minna's reply.

The day after I was born Detroit had the biggest snowstorm in its history - it snowed 3 feet on a level with 7 foot snow drifts! Boy, was my mama and dad ever a nervous wreck until Detroit was shoveled out which took over 4 days. Not even the streetcars moved for those 4 days.

I was the oldest of 8 children born to Minna and Fred Dahl, and 1 brother Robert Henkel Jr born to my mom and her 2nd husband Robert Henkel after my dad died. My brothers and sisters are:

Bertha Dahl, born October 1887 on 46 Benton St, died on 9 July, 1888.

Frank Dahl, born August, 1888 on 727 Russell St, died 21 November, 1958.

Anthony Dahl, born January, 1890, died November 12, 1918 as an American soldier in France. In 1920 our mama repeatedly demanded the return of his body so he could be buried in our new family cemetery plot in Mt. Olivet cemetery in Detroit. The government got weary of her demands so they told us that our brother's body would arrive in a wooden casket at the port of New York. My brother George and I drove there, unloaded the wood casket and put it in the back seat of my car. When we got on a back road we stopped, and pried open the lid of the casket as we were very curious to see what was within. What we found in there was far too many arms and legs. Mom had been duped by our government.

We never told mama what was in the casket. She thought she was reburying her beloved son, intact.

George Charles Dahl, born 18 September, 1891 on 851 Russell St in Detroit.

Frederick Dahl, born in September, 1893 and died in New York on his way to France in 1918. He had joined the army and was on his way to the port to ship by boat to France. He had hopped the side of a freight car and as it rounded a curve there was a fence leaning right up against the passing train. Frederick, called Fritz by his family, was smashed and killed. He lies buried in New York. Mama got \$20,000 from the government, \$10,000 for each son lost in the war.

Anne Dahl, born 24 March, 1896 & died around 1980 in Warren, Michigan.

Annie lived in my mom's house on 8144 Cadillac in Warren from mom's death in August 25, 1944 until her death around 1980. She was married to Paul Galvin and they had 9 children.

Clara Dahl, born 29 October, 1898 on 851 Russell and died 30 June, 1968 on 222 Savannah in Highland Park. She was married to Ray Fredrick. She had no children by choice.

Robert Henkel Jr. was my half brother, born about 1904. Grace was his wife.

I was a very intelligent child and did well in school. I was 15 years old when tragedy struck my otherwise happy life. My dad Fred suddenly got abdominal pain which rapidly worsened and in 2 short weeks dad was dead! Unbelievable! From well to dead in 2 weeks! The immediate cause of death was listed as "pain". My hair turned from childhood blond white to dark overnight due to the shock of my father dying. I went to work to help support my mom and her 8 kids and then attended night school. My first job was sooo boring! I spent 8 hours a day, every day, cracking eggs into batter.

Later I joined Dodge Main and became an engineer. I retained this job until the factory closed down due to the depression in 1929. I then went to New York to take a job as an engineer in another automotive factory.

I disappeared into thin air in July, 1929 and to this very day I have never been found and my family has no idea what happened to me.

Marriage License.
Wayne County, Michigan.

1906

To any Person legally authorized to solemnize marriage,

Greeting:

Marriage May be Solemnized Between
William T. Dahl and Nellie C. Rehfeldt
affidavit having been filed in this office, as provided by Public Act No. 129, Laws of
1897, as amended, by which it appears that said
William T. Dahl is 21 years of age,
color is White, residence is Detroit, Mich., and birthplace was
Michigan, occupation is machinist, father's name
Fred L. , and mother's maiden name was Minnie Kaise
has been previously married No time ; and that said Nellie C. Rehfeldt
is 20 years of age, color is White, residence is Detroit, Mich., and
birthplace was Michigan, occupation is , father's
name Charles L. , and mother's maiden name was Pauline
Brickner, and who has been previously married No time , and whose
maiden name was , and whose consent,
in case she has not attained the age of eighteen years, has been filed in my office.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto attached
my hand and the seal of Wayne County,
Michigan, this 25 day of August
A. D. 1906

L.S.

Louis A. Hume
COUNTY CLERK

By Harry C. Andrews

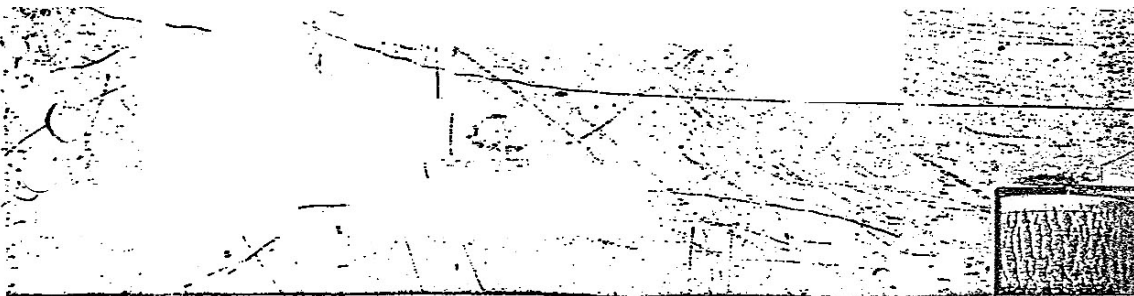
Certificate of Marriage.

Between Mr. Wm T Dahl and M Nellie C. Rehfeldt

I hereby Certify that, in accordance with the above license, the persons
herein mentioned were joined in marriage by me, at Detroit
County of Wayne, Michigan, on the 6 day of September
A. D. 1906, in the presence of George Rose, of Detroit
and the Rev. J. H. Anderson, of Detroit,
as witnesses.

Leo Hume
NAME OF MINISTER OR CLERGYMAN
Pastor Sacred Heart Church
OFFICIAL TITLE

AS THIS ORIGINAL must be returned to the County Clerk who issued the same WITHIN TEN DAYS AFTER THE MARRIAGE,
under severe penalty. This provision must be complied with to insure a PROPER LEGAL RECORD of the marriage.



County Wayne
Township
Village or City Detroit

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH
MICHIGAN DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH
Office of Vital and Health Statistics

State Office No.
7-15

Date of Birth <u>April 5, 1885</u> <small>(Month) (Day) (Year)</small>		Name of Child <u>Willie Dahl</u>	
Male or Female <u>male</u>	Race or Color <u>white</u>	Stillborn, Twins, etc.	
FATHER		MOTHER	
Full Name <u>Fred Dahl</u>		Full Name <u>Minnie Dahl</u>	
Residence <u>Detroit</u>		Residence <u>Detroit</u>	
Place of Birth <u>Germany</u>		Place of Birth <u>Germany</u>	
Occupation of Father <u>Mason</u>		Occupation of Mother	
Date of Filing <u>April 17, 1886</u>			

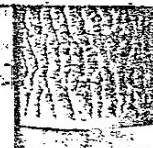
I hereby certify that the above is a true and correct transcript of the record of birth on file in the Michigan Department of Public Health.

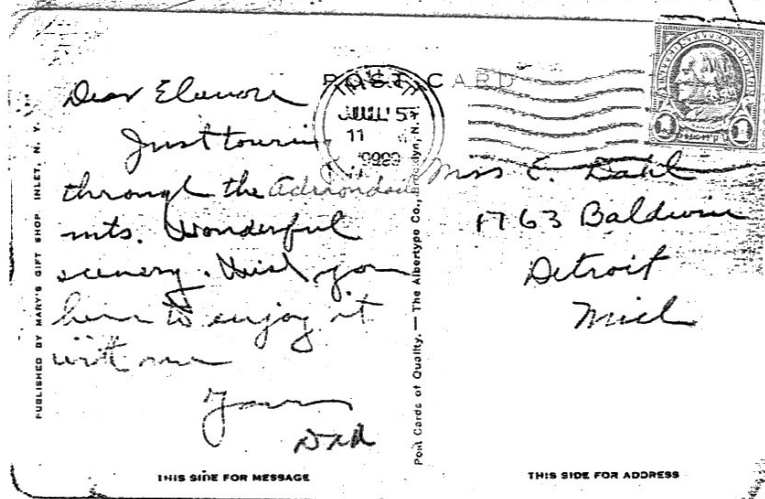
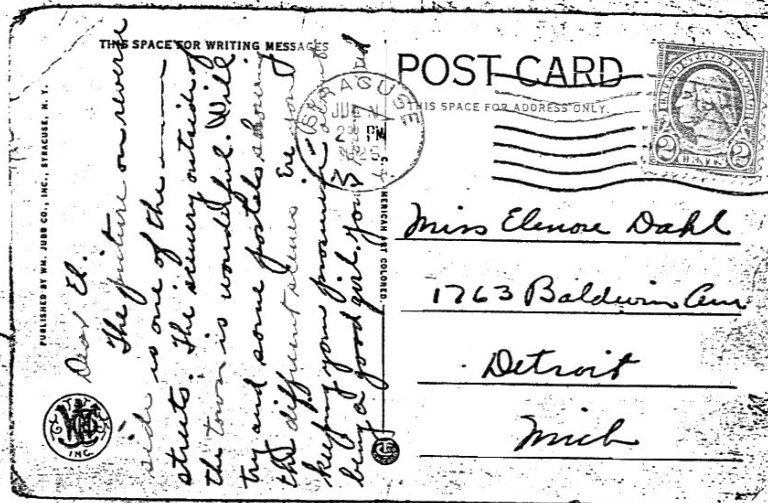
George Van Amburg
State Registrar

W. S. Reizen, M.D.
Director of Public Health
OCT 31 1980

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Lansing, Michigan19.....





From William F. Dahl
To Eleanor Dahl Naughton

My name is Nellie C. Rehfeldt Dahl.

I was born on election day on the 3rd of November, 1885 on 220 Alfred St in Detroit, Michigan. There was a lot of hoopla in my neighborhood that day, with parades through the streets and marching bands playing patriotic songs to get one in the mood to vote.

I was the 7th of 9 children of Charles John Rehfeldt and Pauline Brueckner Rehfeldt. My brothers and sisters were:

John A Rehfeldt, born in Detroit in 1870
Elizabeth Rehfeldt, born 18 August, 1873
Edwin Rehfeldt, born 11 January, 1876
Mathilda Rehfeldt, born 1878
Hattie Rehfeldt, born 7 January, 1881
Charles Rehfeldt, born 1883
William Rehfeldt
Elizabeth Rehfeldt II.

I was a tomboy as a child and I always felt that I was my father's favorite. When I was 5 years old as I was playing in Clark Park in Detroit a man started to kidnap me and I was powerless to get away from him. Just then my older brother came along and saved me!

My life fell apart suddenly one fine late spring day, on May 13, 1898. I was in school when my mother walked over to my classroom and told me that my dad had had a serious accident and I was needed at home. My dad was a band conductor and while he was conducting on the roof of a beer garden (a common thing in those days) he had accidentally stepped off the roof and had fractured his leg in many places. There were no antibiotics in those days so over the course of the next 2 months his leg festered and then gangrene set in. The doctors wanted to amputate but Charles refused to let them. Pauline begged her husband to let them amputate, but he refused. So on the 13 of July, 1898 he succumbed. Pauline never forgave him for not letting them amputate and leaving her all alone to raise all those children by herself.

I met my husband, William Frederick Dahl Sr. at a dance hall when I was 15 years old. We went steady for 5 years and then married on 6 September, 1906. My Bill and I had both recently lost our dads when we met, Bill that same year and I 2 years earlier. We had both loved our wonderful fathers with all our hearts so we were both very saddened in those years.

I remember well my first meeting with Bill's family. I was invited to dinner and when I walked into the kitchen I was taken aback by the really long dining room table and all those big kids sitting around it. I didn't want to get married just then as I didn't want all the responsibility of children, but Bill gave me an ultimatum - either marry him or he was going to move on. I loved him so we got married, and boy did those kids every come fast and furious after that! We had no knowledge of birth control in those days, and in fact it was against the law for a doctor to discuss any form of birth control with a woman - only a man was allowed to have that information, and then only the well to do learned those techniques in their exclusive clubs.

I had 6 children:

Mildred Pauline Agnes Dahl Stocker, born 3 May, 1908
Dorothy Dahl, born 27 December, 1910
Elenore Dahl Mc Kinin, born February 12, 1912
Marie Henrietta Dahl, born 13 November, 1913
William Frederick Dahl Jr, born 17 February, 1915 and
Harold Joseph Dahl, born 21 August, 1917.

I was so overwhelmed with all those children, and to make matters totally impossible when I was 4 months pregnant with Harold I contracted the flu of 1917-18 and became paralyzed. I was totally unable to get out of bed and whenever I tried to move in any way I was in excruciating pain. My mother Pauline Rehfeldt and my mother in law Minna Dahl would take turns taking care of my children for me. While totally paralyzed my daughter Dorothy ran out into Kercheval and was struck and killed by a car driven by Mr. Zanith. He was so good to me. He felt so bad that he bought me a winter coat and paid for physical therapy so that in 9 months time I was able to get out of bed and walk again. But I was never fully recovered. Even though I was just in my early 30s I could never again climb stairs and I had rheumatic pain in all my joints. But I was luckier than most who caught this flu, which in reality was more like a plague. My neighbor came over to visit me with her 4 month old son early one afternoon. We traded holding each other's babies as she thought Harold looked so much prettier than her own. Around 3 pm she said she was going home as she didn't feel well. As I was preparing dinner Bill told me to go next door to that neighbor's house as the funeral wagon was in front of her house. I ran over. My neighbor friend who just visited me was dead! That fast! Later that evening the funeral wagon returned to the same house. I went over again. The baby was now dead!

So anyway, with so many children and me being paralyzed I had more children than I could ever handle so I named my son "Harold quit" and I meant it. We had no more children after that.

My husband Bill disappeared into thin air in July, 1929. We never found any trace of him after that to this very day. Life was very hard for me and my children after that. We lost our house at 1763 Baldwin where we had lived since 1917. We only owed less than \$2000.00 when the house was repossessed. My sons supported me as soon as they were old enough and after they married I lived with all my children except Shorty for 4 months at a time, traveling from house to house. I saw very little of my son Shorty (Harold) from 1947 when the blow up occurred until my death in March of 1955. Shorty's wife did not want to take me in as they were newly married and wanted to be alone.

I had a Parkinson like disease the last 10 years of my life. I shook all over and my head jerked sideways, I walked bent over and pigeon towed. And unbeknownst to me I also had diabetes for at least 10 years. In February of 1955 I contracted the flu which shot my blood sugar levels up to very high levels. By March 10th I lapsed into a diabetic coma. Elenore sent me to the hospital by ambulance. The doctor brought me quickly out of the coma but he warned Elenore that my heart was weak and might give out. I had considerable congestive heart failure at that point in my life, and just like the doctor warned, on March 25, 1955 at 4:30 in the morning my heart gently stopped beating and I passed away peacefully in my sleep at the age of 69 years and 4 1/2 months. I was a very happy, friendly, fun loving soul.

My name is Henry Joseph Bender.

I was born on October 12, 1929 in Cologne, Germany.

I came over to America in about 1863 on a sailing vessel. While on our way over our baby became ill and passed away. The Captain of the ship tried to keep the baby's body in storage till we arrived in New York and could bury it in the new world, but after several days the sharks started circling the vessel and he was nervous that the sharks would cause havoc with the boat, so to spare the boat and live passengers he bundled the baby up and threw its small body overboard as food to the sharks. They ate the body and then surfeited, swam away, leaving our sailing vessel alone.

Once I landed on the American shore and settled in to a small farming community in Ohio. Almost immediately I was drafted into the Civil War. We were living in Ohio at the time on a farm near Cleveland. I hated to leave my wife Katherine alone, especially in light of the fact that we were living in a brand new country with a foreign language to deal with and the fact that we had just lost our infant. However, fortunately, she was able to stay with my relatives close by, the Benders and the Dittmans and the Sangers.

We have a picture of me dressed in my Civil War uniform, holding my rifle. I managed to fight through the remainder of the civil War without getting seriously hurt and I was mustered out of service in 1865. I returned home and we then had more children. We had 9 children in all, but only 5 lived.

Our children were:

Peter Bender was born on May 16, 1868 in Detroit. Peter became a DSR streetcar conductor. He was an ambitious man and had many clever inventive ideas. Once he built a roller coaster of sorts in his front yard on 5241 Garland in Detroit for his kids. Boy, was that ever a big hit in the neighborhood! Pete was also a conscientious man who looked after the welfare of others. One day he was driving his streetcar when he felt a big heart attack coming on, even though he was only 53 years old at the time. He immediately radioed the car barn and asked for and received permission to drive his streetcar onto a side rail to get it out of traffic and to bring it to a full safe stop. As soon as Pete safely stopped the streetcar he started to keel over. The conductor, a slight man of about 130 lbs ran up to Pete to ask him what was the matter. Pete, a huge man over 6 feet tall keeled over right on top of the conductor and the poor little conductor was unable to get out from under the almost dead Pete. The DSR investigators quickly arrived on the scene and found the street car brought to a safe stop by a

conscientious but almost dead Pete, who was suffocating the skinny little conductor. They removed Pete off the conductor and after removing the body, sadly informed Pete's wife Elizabeth Preba, of the demise of her beloved husband. He died on the way to Receiving Hospital on May 6, 1922. He is buried in Mt. Olivet cemetery in Detroit. Peter was married twice. By his first wife Mary he had 3 children, William, born June 1889, Peter, born August 1891 and Mamie, born March, 1896. He later divorced Mary and married Elizabeth Preba.

Henry Charles Bender on December 19, 1869. I always got confused on Henry's birth date and told him I thought he was born on May 18, 1872 but I was never sure of the date or year. It turns out I was really off on that one! When the family got Henry's birth certificate after his death we found out he was really born on December 19, 1869. Henry was 6' 1" tall and a very fair skinned blue eyed blonde. Like all the Benders, he had wavy or curly hair.

Joseph Bender was born November, 1874 in Ohio. Henry has horrible guilt feelings when it comes to his brother Joe. Henry and Joe were out in the field hunting when Henry spotted game up ahead, took aim and shot and just as he pulled the trigger Joe sprung up right into the path of the bullet. Joe took the bullet in his head. Henry dragged his brother Joe out of the field and got medical help for him. Joe lived but was impaired. Joe had a terrible life after that. He worked in a foundry and the work was so hard that he ended up with a double hernia. There was no workmen's comp in those days so Joe never received medical treatment or recompense for his injuries. Elizabeth Bender Whittenberg said her brother Joe was a fine, intelligent man before the hunting accident.

Joe loved candy, and on pay day he wanted a sack full. But Joe was shy about going into a candy store to ask for candy so he would heave a kid go in for him. Ed said Joe handed him the money and looking in the store window he pointed out to Edward Bender just what kind of candy he wanted and in what amount. Ed would go in, get the candy, and bring Joe the sack full. And every time Joe would munch on that candy like it was a gift from heaven, but he never ever gave little Eddie even one piece of it!

Joe lived with Henry Joseph and Katherine Klein in their house on Grandy St in Detroit. When Henry Joseph died Joe continued to live there with his mother Katherine. When Katherine was in her 80s and getting senile her daughter Elizabeth Whittenberg sold the house on Grandy St and took Katherine to live with her in the Whittenberg house on Wayburn in Grosse Pointe City. Joe was turned out in the street at that point to fend for himself. Joe didn't do to well after that. Ed Bender told me that one day he was riding on his brother Art's DSR bus going down Gratiot Ave when he spotted Joe on a bitter cold winter day walking along, severely buffeted by the wind, coat in tatters and his feet sticking out of his shoes where the sole was coming loose from the shoe and flapping back and forth as he walked. Ed wanted to hop off the bus and run after his Uncle Joe, but Art

said no, don't embarrass Joe by acknowledging him. Ed carried that pathetic image of his Uncle Joe with him to his dying day.

Ann Bender Fox. Ann was a thin, small, blue eyed blond woman. A quiet unassuming soul. She died quite young, in 1900. She is buried in Mt. Olivet cemetery in Detroit. Her funeral mass was celebrated in St. Joseph's Church.

Henry Joseph and Katherine adopted a boy named Henry who was born in March, 1893. Henry was born in Michigan as were his father and mother.

In my early years in Detroit until about 1884 I was a farmer, working on other people's land. By 1885 I was a cobbler or shoemaker and lived at 589 Grandy St in Detroit. In my later years I did house painting for a living.

In 1906 I suddenly lost feeling on one side of my body and rapidly a paralysis set in. I was then confined to bed for the last two years of my life. My wife Katherine tended to me as best she was able, but we were very poor and had no excess money to buy anything. When winter set in it got bitter cold in our house so Katherine scoured all around the house for covers to keep me warm as I lay there cold and paralyzed. When Mildred Bender Neff & her parents came to visit us that winter they were horrified to discover that I was covered up with old coats and rags. But no one in my family had excess funds to buy proper bed coverings of me either.

On January 7, 1908, the same year that my grandson Edward Paul Bender was about to be born, I slipped away and returned to my maker. I was buried on January 10th, 1908 right on my wife's 63rd birthday. I was living at 100 St. Joseph and died in my bedroom in that house. I was buried in Mt Olivet cemetery.

My name is Katherine Klein Bender.

I was born in Berlin, Germany on January 10, 1845.

Henry, I and his family had come to America around 1862 on a large sailing vessel. On the way across the ocean our infant sickened and then died. The captain of the ship tried to keep the body of the infant on board until they landed in New York, but after several days on the ship the sharks caught the scent of the decaying flesh and they began circling the vessel. The captain of the vessel was alarmed that the sharks might harm the ship so he was forced to toss the body of the baby overboard and let the sharks feast on it so that they would leave the ship alone. What heartache for these young parents - tragedy striking before they even set foot in the new world!

As soon as Henry got settled into his new home in Ohio he was promptly inducted into the Union Army. We have a picture of him in his Civil War Uniform holding his rifle. I was quite nervous about being left alone while Henry went off to fight in the Civil War, but I did have his family with me as a number of Benders came over together at the same time. I was also worried about Henry's safety, hoping and praying that he would come home again safe, sound and uninjured. God did hear my prayers. In 1865 Henry was mustered out in Ohio and came back home safe.

Not too long after he came home some of the Benders decided to leave the Cleveland Ohio area and come to Detroit, Michigan. Some of the Benders as well as the Dittmans and the Sangers remained behind in Ohio.

Once in Michigan I gave birth to 9 children, 5 of whom lived. My living children were:

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Elizabeth Bender Whittenberg was my intelligent, dynamic daughter. She went to work in the Whittenberg's family factory when she was only 15 as we were extremely poor and we were all desperate as we had no money, no food, no coal and no oil for our kerosene lamps. The first day on the job Elizabeth passed out cold and couldn't be revived for a long time. John Whittenberg, the 20 year old son was there when they finally brought her to and he asked her why she had gone into such a deep faint. She replied that it was because she and her entire family had had nothing to eat for over 3 days. John bought her food, and then went grocery shopping for the whole family and even carried it home to them. Once in the house he saw they were freezing to death on this bitter January day as they had no coal and it was pitch black in the house as they had no kerosene for their lamps. So John went out again, bought coal and hauled it home and also brought kerosene and filled the lamps. When he got the lamps lit he saw they had no chimneys which was a carbon monoxide danger, so he got chimneys for the lamps. It was within a short period of time that John realized he was deeply in love with their daughter Elizabeth Bender. They were married shortly afterwards in the Catholic Church and John and Elizabeth, being warm, compassionate people, continued to support both the Bender and Whittenberg families as well as themselves. On each pay day their pay was divided into 3 piles - one for the Benders, one for the Whittenbergs and one for themselves.

Katherine Klein had a hard life. She was dirt poor all of her life. Her husband Henry used to be a shoemaker in his earlier days, then a house painter at the end of his working days. He would come home full of paint and Katherine would take his painting clothes and soak them clean in a large pan full of turpentine. One day her daughter Elizabeth was horrified to find Katherine baking bread in the same pan she had used to wash out the overalls in turpentine! Mom, what are you doing! You're gonna poison dad!

Katherine spoke very little English all of her life, preferring to use her native German language. Once her husband Henry died and she moved in with her daughter Elizabeth Whittenberg she was forced to speak English as that was the language of that household. Prior to that all of her family spoke German almost exclusively.

Katherine was a happy soul and easy to get along with, just like her son Henry Charles Bender. She was no trouble at all to her daughter Elizabeth until a few years before her death when she started getting a bit senile. Elizabeth noticed for sure her mom was getting senile when she discovered that Katherine had put John Whittenberg's boots in the refrigerator downstairs.

A real cute Grandma Katherine Klein story happened a few years before she died when she was living with her daughter Elizabeth. Grandma was sitting on Elizabeth's front porch one fine summer day with her daughter, conversing. Then Elizabeth noticed the time and told Katherine she was going to go in the house and fix lunch as it was approaching the noon hour. Elizabeth got lunch ready then walked back out to the porch to call her mom in for lunch. No mom. No one was on the porch. Elizabeth looked all around inside and outside of the house. No mother. An hour passed by, still no mother. Elizabeth called her husband who was the police Chief for Grosse Pointe Park. She was frantic. Mom is senile and she is lost! Well, John Whittenberg thought for a few minutes, then he remembered that his mother in law loved funerals - she tried to attend everyone she could. So John called St. Ambrose church, which is just around the corner from their house. "Did you have a funeral this morning?" John asked the priest. "Yes, we did", the priest answered. "Which cemetery did you take the body to", John asked. "To Mt. Olivet" the priest replied. John then dispatched a couple to police cars to the Mt. Olivet cemetery. Much to Elizabeth's relief they soon found Katherine blissfully wandering the cemetery trying to find her husband's grave. She had attended the funeral and afterwards as they were loading up the cars to go to the cemetery a strange man asked her if she needed a ride to the cemetery and she replied yes, so he drove her there. Once there she did not remain with the funeral she came with, but wandered off instead. The Grosse Pointe cruiser picked her up and drove her home for a late lunch to be shared by a very upset, fuming but relieved daughter.

John Wittenberg is Elizabeth Wittenberg's husband. Elizabeth was 18 when she married him and he was 21. He is the son of Henry Wittenberg, who owned a factory and C. Kaufman. One day John was shining his shoes getting ready to go to work as the police Chief for Grosse Pointe Park. Suddenly Elizabeth, his wife, heard a strange noise coming from the bathroom so she went in to see what was

happening. She found her husband crying his heart out while polishing his shoes, something he never did. What's wrong!?!? She asked him. John's reply was, "Oh Lizzie I'm going to die tonight and I don't want to leave you!" If you don't feel well, don't go to work, Lizzie said. I don't feel sick, I just know I'm going to die tonight, he said to her. She begged him to stay home. He said no, that he always wanted to die on the job. He went to work. His wife called in and told them to keep an eye on him as something just wasn't right. 1/2 hour after the start of John's shift Elizabeth got a call - John is dead. He started roll call at the start of the shift, then said, Oooh, I feel dizzy, then he dropped to the floor and was immediately dead.

Right on her birthday, on January 10th, 1934 Katherine Klein Bender suffered a cerebral hemorrhage and one day later, on January 11, 1934 she gently slipped away at the grand old age of 88 years, 1 day old.

My name is Wilhelm Ott.

I was born on the 24th of July, 1839 in Baden, Germany.

I was the son of Peter Ott and Eva Caroline Knapp Ott. My dad died in Baden but my mother came over to Detroit Michigan from Baden with me in 1869. My mother was the sister of Charles Knapp and the aunt of Charles son Julius. They were a well to do family and built many of the buildings in downtown Detroit, including the Farmer St library in the late 1800s. The Knapps came over in about 1848 and talked Wilhelm Ott into coming over and working in the Knapp family business. So I came to America with my wife, children and my mom and settled in Detroit.

Going to work for the Knapp family was a big mistake and cost me my health and years and years of my life. Cutting stone raised huge amounts of stone dust into the air which all of us breathed constantly, day in and day out. All that dust settled into our lungs and in time completely plugged up our airways. One by one we couldn't breathe and became seriously ill. The Knapp children dropped like flies. One younger Knapp who was severely ill and saw how his brothers and cousins hemorrhaged to death couldn't take it anymore and slit his own throat. The Catholic Church understood his plight and buried him with the full rites of the Roman Catholic faith and allowed him to be buried in a Catholic cemetery.

When I came over to the New World it was a great adventure. I was going to live in this new world, have a good job with my cousins and earn a good wage and begin a whole new wonderful way of life. It didn't work out that way. I was 31 years old and my wife was 33 when we arrived in Detroit. My daughter Pauline was 4 and my son Adolph, born December 6, 1868, an infant a few months old.

When my wife was 40 years old she bore us another son, Wilhelm Ott Jr. We were very happy with our new son, but our joy was very short lived. Within one day the child sickened and died, on New Year's day, 1877. What a dreadful way to start what turned out to be a very black year for me. As the year wore on my beloved Elizabeth got weaker and weaker and to my utter dismay on the 9th of November, 1877 my dear Elizabeth passed away at only 43 years of age. I never got over her loss. She was everything to me.

But life does go on and I soon realized that I needed someone to help me take care of my two half grown children, Pauline and Adolph. I met Sophie Becker and we seemed to be able to get along well and she came from a good family, so in 1879, 2

years after the death of my beloved Elizabeth, Sophie and I were married. Sophie and I had 3 children:

Elisabeth Ott, born 19 August, 1879

Agnes Ott, born 19 December, 1885

Anne K. Ott, born the 17 February, 1888.

We lived at 460 Moran St in Detroit all of our married life. I had lived in this house with my first wife beforehand. My son in law William Koch had built a 3 car garage at the back of my house in order to store some of his Gold Medal Trucking Company vehicles.

My wife Sophie spoke fluent German as her parents were born in Germany, but she was born in Flint, Michigan.

When I saw all my Knapp cousins weakening and dying from the stone lung I knew my days were numbered. I wanted to be remembered so with my last days of strength I carved my own tombstone. It was a fine marker with a nice big cross on top.

I was a very stern, no nonsense, I had to be in control at all times sort of man. And as I sickened over the years due to stone lung I'm afraid I became quite impossible to live with. Sophie must have been a saint to have patiently put up with me. I became very angry and embittered as my strength and my health gave out. I hollered and screamed at my family day and night, especially at my wife Sophie. And when I became so weak I had to remain in bed day and night I was beside myself with anger and took it out mainly on Sophie. I would fly off the handle at the slightest provocation. In my last days I took to writing nasty things about Sophie on my bedroom wall. And worse of all one day I became so out of control I dragged myself out of bed and beat Sophie so bad that she had to stay in bed for days. The doctor was called to treat Sophie's injuries, and when he saw how badly Sophie was beaten he told me in a very angry tone that if I wasn't so close to dying he would have called the police and had me arrested for assault. She endured it all, and when I passed away at the age of 54 on the 11th of December, 1893 Sophie truly grieved my loss. My self carved tombstone was placed over my grave where it remained from 1893 till my wife's death in 1926. When she died my wife's brother John stole my tombstone, had my engravings erased and put my stone on my father in law's grave.

My name is Sophie Becker Ott.

I am the daughter of Johannes Becker and Elisabeth Friedrichs Becker.

I was born on the 25 of February, 1856 in the Flint-Saginaw Michigan area. I had 2 brothers and 2 sisters:

Nicolas John Becker
John H. Becker and
Mary E. Becker Cavanaugh Pomeroy
Elizabeth Becker Booms

My brother Nicholas died suddenly around age 38 of a heart attack. He went over to our parents house for dinner and said he didn't feel so well. So mother told him to lie down in her bedroom and she would call him when dinner was ready. He laid down and later they heard a loud thump and went to investigate. Nicholas had fallen between the bed and the wall and was dead. Our family buried him in our Becker family plot against his young wife's wishes. So after dad died Nicholas' wife had him disinterred and moved to her family's plot.

My brother John was very intelligent and very industrious. He owned his own plumbing shop and did very well for himself in business. My grandson Edward Bender worked for him for a while but quit when the only job he got was cleaning out stuffed up toilets.

My sister Mary got married and had a number of children. She later remarried when her first husband died.

My sister Elizabeth also married and had 5 children. She died giving birth to her 5th child and our mother Elisabeth Friedrichs Becker raised all but her 14 year old boy herself. That was a lot of responsibility for my mother to take on as she was 70 years old at the time. My mom lived until the baby turned 17.

I married Wilhelm Ott in 1879. It was my first marriage and his second. He was still grieving over the death of his first wife Elizabeth who died of cancer at the age of 43. He loved her better and all of our married life he was always comparing me unfavorably to her. Wilhelm brought two children to our marriage, Paulina, age 14

and Adolph, age 10. Due to the fact that they were so much older than the children I bore there wasn't too much interaction between the two families although my daughter Elizabeth was fond of her older sister and did visit with her half brother. Both Pauline and Adolph were born in Baden, Germany and came here as young children. Wilhelm and his first wife Elizabeth also had a son, Wilhelm Ott who was born on the 31 December, 1876 and died on the 1st of January, 1877. Surprisingly baby Wilhelm's mother also died the same year, on November 9, 1877 of cancer.

Wilhelm and I had 3 daughters:

Elizabeth Mary Ott Bender, born 19 August, 1879 and died 24 September, 1950.

Agnes Ott Koch Mc Dermitt, born 19 December, 1885, died 29 March, 1928

Anna K. Ott, born 17 February, 1888, died the 26 April, 1909.

I had a very hard, sorrowful life. I married Wilhelm in 1879 when I was 23 years old and he was 39. Wilhelm was much older and still grieving over the death of his first wife and the recent loss of his son Wilhelm Jr. He had 2 older children, I was only 9 years older than his daughter. He was already beginning to suffer from the effects of all that stone dust in his lungs, which got progressively worse with each passing year. And he was a very stern, stubborn, opinionated man who was very hard to get along with. He was very German and loved his homeland and its customs. He would speak only German and he refused to allow English to be spoken in his home. My daughter Elizabeth spoke exclusively in German to her new husband Hank as that was the language they were both brought up with in the home, although both Lizzie and Hank were bilingual. We lived in an all German neighborhood so language was seldom a problem for my husband.

I had heartfelt sorrow with each of my 3 daughters through the years as well. My oldest daughter Elizabeth was taken advantage of by my brother John and my oldest grandchild Arthur was born as a result. Art was later adopted by Lizzie's husband Henry Bender.

My middle daughter had her first son William out of wedlock, but he was adopted later by her first husband, William Koch. My grandson William's natural father was a very fine, intelligent man as was my grandson. Then tragedy struck when my daughter Agnes' very successful husband caught pneumonia and died, leaving behind a wife and 5 small children, as well as a very successful Gold Medal trucking company. My daughter Agnes was frantic as to how to keep the business running so she solved that problem by marrying Henry Mc Dermitt, her husband's

business manager. What a mistake that turned out to be! The man was a very heavy drinker and started going into DT's, scaring the family half to death. 2 years to the month after I died, Henry bought a new car and used it to drown his family in the Detroit River off of Parker Ave in Detroit. What a tragic end to a nice little family. Agnes' knuckles were bruised when they brought the body out of the water from fighting him, trying to get the door open and save herself and her 6 year old boy Harry and her 3 year old daughter Joann.

My youngest daughter had a baby out of wedlock by Peter Sebastien. Now that was a fine kettle of fish when I found out. Mr. Sebastien had been godfather to my first daughter, had dated my second daughter and now had a daughter by my third daughter in 1904. Anne's baby was named Helen. When Helen was 4 months old she sickened. We doctored her as best we could and when she worsened we called the doctor. Helen was dead by the time the doctor got there. He said we should have called him earlier. But we were very poor, did not realize she was that sick and had no money to call a doctor every time someone got sick.

Helen passed away on January 28, 1905 and a little over 4 years later I started to realize that something was not right with my daughter Anne. She was in pain and bloating. I called in Dr. Caughen. He gave me the horrible news that my 21 year old daughter had carcinoma of the uterus. We nursed her in my home from the 1st of March to her death on April 26, 1909. My other daughters and I were at her bedside when she died.

When I was in my 60s I boarded a DSR streetcar, dropped my fare in the box and then proceeded to a seat on the bus. The bus driver made a fast, lurching start while I was still standing. I fell to the floor of the bus and broke my hip. I never was able to walk right after that.

On the 27 of February, 1926 I contracted bronchial pneumonia and was under the care of Dr. Mc Mahon. This was in the days before antibiotics so over the next several days my condition worsened and on 1st of March, 1926 I passed away.

The undertaker refused to take my body until his bill was paid so my children went to my brother John H. Becker to borrow the money from him. He gave them the money, but then he did something I thought was just awful. When my husband knew he was dying he carved his own tombstone, a beautiful upright large stone with a cross on the top. When Wilhelm died we placed this stone on his grave. When I died my brother told the cemetery he was having the stone removed to put my name on it under my husband's name. He took the stone, had it carved and

brought it back to the cemetery. But it was not placed on my and my husband's grave. It turns out the John had my husband's inscription erased and had his dad's placed on the stone instead and then he had the stone placed on his dad's grave, that of my dad, Johannes Becker, who lies in the same cemetery. My great grand child Sandy calls it "The case of the traveling tombstone".

My name is Friedrich Johann Dahl.

I was born on the 23rd of November, 1849 in Oberboinghausen, near Gummersbach, Rhine Prussia Germany. I was the son of Wilhelm Dahl and Anna Marie Josepha Fuerth. Gummersbach is located roughly between Dortmund and Cologne in the northwestern area of Germany.

I was married to Wilhelmina (Minna or Minnie) Henrietta Kaiser on the 28th of November, 1885 in Sacred Heart Church on Russell St in Detroit.

Wilhelmina and I had 8 children:

William Frederick Dahl Sr., born on the 5th of April, 1886 on 46 Benton St in Detroit. We had moved into this house just a short time before Willie was born. Before that Fred boarded with the Weikel family in Detroit.

Bertha Dahl, born September 22, 1887 in Detroit and died on the 9th of July, 1888.

Frank Dahl, born August 28, 1888 on 727 Russell St, Detroit, married Celia Chapp, and died on 21 November, 1958. He ran a tavern and a gas station.

Herman Anthony Dahl, called Tony by our family, born January 28, 1890 on 851 Russell St in Detroit, and died in World War I in France on the 12 of October, 1918. Tony never married. He was buried in France.

George Charles Dahl Sr, born September 18, 1891 on 851 Russell St in Detroit. He married Amelia Posanski and ran a tavern on Chene St.

Frederick Dahl, whom we nicknamed Fritz, was born on September 14, 1893 at 851 Russell St in Detroit, and died in 1918 killed going to war. He hopped a box car and was ripped off the side of the boxcar and killed when a fence leaned against the fast moving box car. He lies buried in New York. He was single.

Anna Dahl, born on March 24, 1896 at 851 Russell St. She was baptized on her brother Willie's 10th birthday. She married Paul Galvin and they had 9 children.

Clara Helena Dahl, born on October 29, 1898 on 851 Russell St in Detroit. She was baptized on November 13, 1898. Her brother William's daughter would later be born on this date in 1913, 15 years later. Clara married Ray Fredrick. They had no children by her choice. She stated that having been brought up in a household with so many children, she'd had enough of kids to last a lifetime. Clara died of pancreatic cancer on 30 June, 1968.

The Dahl family were all staunchly Catholic all through the centuries. We originally came from Sweden. All Dahls originated from one rural family in Sweden. Only the eldest son in the Dahl family inherited the farm and all the younger children had to strike out on their own. In the 1590's Protestantism took firm hold in Sweden. All Dahls except one branch of the family felt it was easier to convert than fight or flee. But our branch of the Dahl family remained true to their faith and actually fled from their Swedish homeland rather than give up their faith. They traveled to and settled in what is now called Dahl, Germany. They built themselves a large home in this town. The house had two sections, one half of the house was for human habitation and the other half housed the animals, all under the same roof, mind you. I'm sure you could smell the Dahls coming a block away! For many generations our family lived in this house, before our branch of the family moved to Oberboinghausen. Many Dahls related to us now live in Gummersbach, Gimborn, Marienheide and the surrounding countryside. The Dahl house in Dahl Germany is now a national German historical museum.

The church in Gummersbach was originally Catholic and many of our ancestors who later married Dahls were baptized and buried there. However, in the Protestant reformation this church also turned Protestant and so now the Catholics in the Dahl family have to travel to Marienheide to attend mass.

The Dahl family house in Oberboinghausen where Fred Dahl was born is way up on a hill. Way under the hill is another village they call Unterboinghausen. Each village only contains 1 or two families. Right around the corner is another small village, Gimborn. Gimborn has a church and a castle. The present Duke who lives there is from Austria. Originally a local duke lived there with his family. Then one day the Austrian duke was riding through, saw the castle, was very impressed by it so he broke into it, slaughtered the family who lived there and moved in. His descendents have lived there every since. Unlike Bischofswerde, these towns are very modern in appearance, but have retained their Germanic flavor for the most part. The one exception is the Catholic Church which had tumbled into ruin and was unsafe to enter, so they tore the old structure down and rebuilt it, leaving only part of the front façade as a reminder of the old Germanic flavor. There exist there a number of descendants of my Dahl relatives who never left the area. When Sandy, my great grandchild approached 2 of my brother's descendants, they told her she appeared to have come out of the heavens and that they had no knowledge that any of the Dahls had gone to America. So they went over to their 90 year old Uncle Jake and asked him and he said he remembered that 2 brothers, one of whom had red hair, had wandered out of Germany and had gone to America. Sandy then asked her Canadian Dahl cousins if Wilhelm Dahl, their Progenitor,

had red hair and they laughed and said yes, flaming red hair on his head and his beard. How soon we forget one another on our journey through time.

I was inducted into the German army around 1867 and was soon stationed in Potsdam as a harness maker for the Kaiser's horses. The problem with the German army in those days is that it was very hard to get back out of the military, especially if you were a single man. I met my wife, Wilhelmine Kaiser while stationed in Potsdam. She and her family had moved to Potsdam from Bischofswerde, West Prussia shortly before I met her. Her father Johann was deceased, so she was living with her mother Eva Kaminsky Kaiser and her brothers Adolph and Julius Kaiser. Her brothers had a far better chance of making a decent living in Potsdam, which was a much more modern, bustling, up and coming city than in the backwater town of Bischofswerde. Minna loved it in Potsdam. She fondly recalls the family outings and picnics that they had along the lovely, curving Wannsee River that flows gently through the city of Potsdam. Minna said over and over again that her happiest days were in Potsdam and that she wished she could return there. I had to cope with Minna's unhappiness in having come to America often. Long after I was dead she reminisced about Potsdam, being very unhappy about being in America. She was also so very unhappy about her sons having to go and fight against her mother country. And to lose 2 of her sons in that "war to end all wars" as they naively called it in those days was heartbreaking. Minna was considerably younger than I, 14 1/2 years younger. I felt like I was robbing the cradle when I married her as she had just come into womanhood a few years before.

When my mother died in Oberboinghausen my brother Wilhelm and I got passes from the military to attend her funeral and then to return to active duty. Wilhelm and I took the train from Potsdam to Gummersbach and then by horse to Oberboinghausen. We buried mother in the churchyard in Gimborn and then set to work selling her house, 10 acre farm and possessions. This having been accomplished Wilhelm and I decided to abandon our whole way of life here in Germany and follow our dream of starting a new life in America like our Uncle Francis Fuerth did before us in 1870. But we had one big obstacle - we were due back at our military posts. We couldn't ride the train west as our passes were good only to Gimborn and then back east to Potsdam. They were very strict about checking papers in those days so we knew there was only one safe way out of Germany, walk. So walk they did. They walked all the way to Antwerp, Belgium and there boarded a sailing ship to America. The Kaisers arrived in America before the Dahls, by about 2 years.

We sailed to New York then traveled to Woodlsee, Ontario Canada to meet our Uncle Francis Fuerth who had a 100 acre farm there. His harvest was way past due. After studying the soaking wet fields we decided the only way to get the corn out of the fields was to pull it out with chains. It was back breaking work, but we managed it. After the harvest I felt that farming really wasn't for me, so I moved to Detroit and boarded with Louis Weikel on 282 Gratiot Ave in Detroit. My brother Wilhelm decided he would like farming so he remained in Woodslee and got 100 acres free like his Uncle Francis did. We remained close all through the years despite the distance, as did our children and grandchildren. Our families became even closer after my death when the Prohibition came in in America because Canada was still wet. So the American cousins would drive to Windsor, stop at a liquor store in Windsor and load up on their favorite brew, then drive out to the farm in Woodslee. The Model T and Model A Fords came into use by our families after my death cutting down considerably on the traveling time between Detroit and Woodslee. But one funny story told by our Canadian cousins - when they came to Detroit over the Ambassador Bridge they would have to turn the car around and drive up the bridge backwards as the reverse gear had considerably more power than the forward gears, and when they would get to the top of the bridge they would then turn the car around facing forwards to complete the trip downwards over the bridge.

I rented my first home on Benton St in Detroit and then got to work building my own home at 851 Russell St. I was a bricklayer by profession so I built the only brick home on Russell St. My family lived in this house from 1889 until 1912, long after my death. I provided well for my large family but there never was much surplus - we needed to spend what I made to make ends meet. I made good money but there were often far too much time between jobs so I had to stretch my pay to last between jobs.

We used to socialize with Minna's brothers, Adolph and Julius Kaiser who lived only a few blocks away, but in truth we were much closer to my Dahl relatives in Woodslee.

The end of my life came much too soon and very suddenly. One week I was well, then the next week I was in pain and the next week I was dead. Such a shock that was to my family! Two things could have contributed to my demise. First people who imbibe too much are predisposed to intestinal obstruction. And secondly colon cancer tends to run in my side of the family, but normally not at that young age. I was only 49 when I died on the 23rd of October, 1900. I left behind a very

large, young family. My children ranged in age from 2 to 15. My widow was only 36 years of age.

My name is Wilhelmina Henrietta Kaiser Dahl Henkel.

I was born in Bischofswerde, West Prussia, on the 2nd of April, 1864, the daughter of Johann Kaiser and Eva Kaminsky Kaiser. At the time of my birth Bischofswerde was in West Prussia, Germany but after the war this land has now reverted to Poland and the town is called Biskupiec (pronounced Bis-kew-peck). The town itself is unchanged over the past 140 years and is in fact just the same appearing as the day I left home. It is only about 3 blocks long in size and has only 1 main street. After you walk down main street you are out of town. The only substantial buildings in town are the railroad station, which the government forbids you to photograph and the Post Office across the street. There is one farm house and out buildings of substantial size and construction, but little else.

I have two brothers, Adolph and Julius Kaiser.

My brother Julius had 7 children, Adolph, Olive, Olga, Theodore, Otto, Edward and Anna.

My brother Julius had 4 children, Otto, Ernst, George and Martha.

When I was a child my family left Bischofswerde and moved to Potsdam, just outside of Berlin, Germany. I loved living in Potsdam, it was the best time of my life living there. I especially loved having picnics with my family on the Wannsee, a lovely river that flows through Potsdam.

I met and married my first husband, Friedrich Johann Dahl in Potsdam. Fred, as we later called him, was a harness maker for the Kaiser's horses. At the age of 35 he was still in the army and no prospect of getting out, and he was longing for a better way of life, so when his mother died he and his brother Wilhelm received a funeral leave pass from the government to go home to attend his mother, Anna Marie Fuerth's funeral in Oberboinghausen, Rhine Prussia. They buried their mother, sold her beautiful home and 10 surrounding acres of land, and then the pull to America became too strong and they decided to sail to America and meet up with their Uncle on the Fuerth side of the family who had moved to America in 1870. Their Uncle on the Fuerth side of the family had received 100 acres of free land by Buffalo, New Buffalo, New York, farmed that for over 10 years and then sold that land and got another free 100 acres of farm land in Woodslee, Ontario, just outside of Windsor and not far from Detroit. But Fred and his brother had one major obstacle in going – they were still in the army and could not receive a

discharge that easily. So they decided that the men could walk to Antwerp, Belgium and then board a sail boat for America. They were unable to take a train as they did not have the proper papers to be riding in the wrong direction from Potsdam, so they walked. Wilhelmina, her mother and her two brothers Adolph and Julius likewise set sail for America. The Kaisers arrived in Detroit in 1882 or 1883 and set up residence within blocks of one another. Johann and Wilhelmina (Minna as she was later called) arrived in Detroit a little later and moved in with the Louis Weikel family until they could afford a place of their own.

When Minna became pregnant with our grandfather William Frederick she and Fred panicked - was their German marriage valid in America or not? No one knew for sure, so Minna and Fred decided that to be on the safe side, they had better get married again in America. So they went to the Sacred Heart Church on Russell St just off what is now the I-75 freeway in Detroit, Michigan and got married once again by the Reverend P. Martin Bauer, O.S.F., just to be sure. Their witnesses were Ben Kreucher and Barbara Kreucher.

Fred and I had 8 children:

William Frederick Dahl Sr., born on the 5th of April, 1886 on 46 Benton St in Detroit. We had moved into this house just a short time before Willie was born. Before that Fred boarded with the Weikel family in Detroit.

Bertha Dahl, born September 22, 1887 in Detroit and died on the 9th of July, 1888.

Frank Dahl, born August 28, 1888 on 727 Russell St, Detroit, married Celia Chapp, and died on 21 November, 1958. He ran a tavern and a gas station.

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Fred and his brother landed first in Woodslee Ontario Canada just in time to help their Uncle Fuerth bring in a late harvest. It had rained continuously up to that point and the fields were so wet machinery could not get into the fields, so the 3 men harvested the corn by dragging it out of the fields with chains.

Wilhelm stayed in Woodslee and with his Uncle's help he got a 100 acres of land for free. He built a farm house there and three generations of Dahls farmed there. About 1960 the government came through and told the Dahls that they were putting the 401 freeway right through the middle of their farm, so they offered to buy the farm as there would be no access to the other side. The Canadian Dahls sold the farm to the Canadian highway department so that was the end of almost a century of Canadian-American Dahl family reunions there.

As a young bride Fred and I went there very often for a wonderful outing. We would stay there all day, or all weekend, eating and socializing. In the beginning there were no cars, so we got there by horse and buggy, which we continued to do at the time of Fred's untimely death in November, 1900. I enjoyed my visits there and all of our and their children grew up together, having many a fun time on that farm. My farm visits came to an abrupt end in 1901 after I had lost my Fred and Fred's brother William lost his wife to cancer in 1898. William proposed to me and told me he and I would get married right after he returned from his trip back to his hometown in Germany. He went to Germany and when he returned he had a new German bride with him, someone he had met in his hometown during his trip back there. I was so devastated that I refused to ever set foot on his farm again, which I never did from 1901 till my death in 1944.

Bill Dahl Sr decided to become a farmer again and so he got his free 100 acres of land in Woodslee close to his Uncle Fuerth and he started farming on land that was to remain in his family through 3 generations for almost 100 years. First Bill Dahl Sr farmed it, then Bill Dahl Jr and then his son Walter.

My Fred decided that he didn't want to farm, so he went to Detroit, Michigan and took up temporary residence boarding with Louis Weikel at 282 Gratiot until he got a home of his own at 46 Benton St in Detroit shortly before our first child, William was born. Fred immediately started out his working career in the new

world as a bricklayer in Detroit.

Fred and I had to watch our pennies, especially when all those children were coming into our lives so quickly. I was a prudent shopper and learned to fill those ever growing stomachs with potatoes, which were cheap and plentiful. This way we could have a normal serving of meat and vegetables and mounds of potatoes to keep the kids from being hungry. My son George would grumble repeatedly, "Potatoes, all we ever get around here is potatoes!"

Fred was a diligent worker but we often had to wait awhile between brick laying jobs, so we had to stretch our dollars. Fred's only weakness was his fondness for drinking. It did not interfere with his ability to work, but it was more than I wished and it did worry me at times.

The horrendous shock of our lives came in November of 1900 when Fred was just 49 years old. He suddenly had tremendous pain in his intestines which worsened day by day. The doctor was called but could do nothing for him. 2 weeks later my beloved Fred passed away. Unbelievable - well to dead in 2 weeks!

I buried my Fred in Mt. Olivet cemetery in a single grave in November, 1900. But when I later lost my two sons in World War I I received \$10,000 for the loss of each son, so I took this money and bought a large family plot in the same Cemetery. I had my Fred exhumed and put in the new plot. He is now buried in a much smaller box as all they got up out of the ground were pieces of bones.

Fred's death affected my eldest son, Willie the worst. His hair went from blond to black overnight. His whole life was turned upside down. He was no longer a child who attended school and let his dad handle all the grown up problems. Now he had to go to work to support the family and to help his mother make all the tough decisions for the family. He shouldered this burden from 1900 to 1904 when Minna married her second husband Robert Henkel. This carrying an adult burden on his shoulders since age 15 is probably the reason why William was willing to get married so early. He felt he had been an adult for years.

I met and married Robert Henkel in 1904. We were married in upstate New York, a quiet little ceremony with just the 2 of us and some witnesses present. Much to my amazement I got pregnant the same year and gave birth to another boy, Robert Henkel, Jr. Our was not a happy marriage and I often lamented to my children that I had no idea why I had every gotten married the second time. My husband Robert died about 7 years after we were married. The main contributing factor to his early

demise was alcohol.

From 1906 on my children started growing up and getting married. My son William was the first to marry. He married Nellie C. Rehfeldt on the 6th of September, 1906 in Sacred Heart Church, the same church I was married in. My husband had been dead for almost 6 years and my 2nd husband attended the ceremony with me. It was a nice marriage and the reception took place at Nellie's sister Tillie's house on Baker St in Detroit. After the wedding they went to the main train station on the near west side and boarded a train to Niagara Falls. They honeymooned there in the Brock hotel on the water for a week. When they returned home they set up housekeeping on their own and thus I had lost my precious William who had done everything for me up to this point. But Bill came over on a regular basis and helped me with all my paperwork, bills, etc. He helped me make wise decisions in tough situations. Bill was so affected by his dad's death from an intestinal obstruction that for years and years he made all his children take a dose of castor oil every Sunday to prevent a bowel obstruction from happening again. After they took their castor oil, he would reward them with ice cream.

After my 2nd husband Robert died, I was on my own until my death in 1944 and the age of 80. I lived well for most of my widowhood mostly due to the \$20,000 I received from the government for losing my 2 sons in World War I. I bought a home in Centerline on Helen St. My kids now had to take a streetcar to visit me, and they had to change streetcars at 8 Mile Rd as it was a different line that ran outside of the city. One time my son Bill was standing there on Van Dyke waiting for the streetcar when a man came up and robbed him at gun point. That sure shook up poor Bill!

Bill opened a post office box in Centerline and started receiving mail there under the name of William F. Black. It saddened me to see that Bill and Nellie's marriage was not going well even though I never really liked Nellie. Nellie would get so mad at Bill and me because we would sit and talk for hours in German and being she did not understand much German she had no idea what we were saying. Once in awhile she would hear "Die Nellie" and then she would get furious thinking we were talking about her, which we were. I and all of my children and first husband were fluent in German. I came to America when I was 19 years old so I always had a heavy German accent and I spoke a broken English and often butchered the language. So it was much easier to speak German which we did whenever the other person was conversant in that language.

My great grand daughter Sandy has said that I was a person of many faces because

every 5 years or so my facial features would change so much that I would hardly be recognizable. My mannerisms were gruff and no nonsense, like so many German men and women. I would often easily upset my children, grandchildren and in laws with my direct speech. Nellie would have died when I was walking between her house and the neighbors and I saw a safety pin on the neighbor kid's shirt where a button should have been and I grabbed the front of the shirt, shook it up and down and said, "Na nu, the clobber pin! Die Ma too lazy to sew the button on?" And the usher in church rocked back on his heels when I put a nickel in the seat offering basket as that was all we had at the time, and so when he said to me, "Lady, the seat offering is a dime!" I turned and said back to him, "Na nu, this must be a show! I thought it was a church!" and walked back out without hearing mass. Or the time my granddaughter Elenore came unexpected with her girlfriend to spend the weekend at my house. While we were eating supper I said to Elenore, "Who's idea was this to come and visit me? I know it wasn't yours!"

In July, 1929 my most beloved son William disappeared into thin air and we never heard or saw him again. What a sad blow that was to all of us. I depended on Bill for everything and now he wasn't there for me anymore. I tried to find him. I hired a private detective to look for him with no luck. When social security came in in 1935 I searched their records with no success. When World War II broke out I contacted Selective Service to see if he registered for the draft. No luck.

My son George took over to help me out after that. He would get so mad at me because I couldn't help talking about my Bill every time he came, telling him all the wonderful things Bill had done for me. George would go home to his family in a foul mood, saying "Bill, Bill, Bill! All I ever hear is Bill! Why don't I ever hear about George!"

I used to sew dresses and things for my grandchildren. I sewed a coat for Marie that was a real bane for her 1st grade teacher because I made it out of car seat material which was so stiff Marie couldn't button or unbutton it so she had to go up to the teacher twice a day for help. I never did see the dress on Marie that I made for her. When I would ask her about it, Marie would fib and say she was saving it for Sunday!

I took in Annie and her children and helped raise that family. So when my Bill disappeared and Nellie was losing their house on 1763 Baldwin I seriously considered taking in that family too but my daughter Clara became very upset and told me under no uncertain terms was I to take in another family. But I felt so guilty leaving them without food and clothing and shelter, out on the street to fend

for themselves. I felt somewhat mollified when Norrie Day, a cousin of George Stocker, took them in for awhile.

I started suffering from sever congestive heart failure in about 1943. My daughter Annie took care of me in our house. She got a hospital bed for me and set it up in her front room on 8144 Cadillac in Warren. There I laid while her growing family bustled around me. Once in awhile my other daughter Clara would come to visit me, all dressed up in her Sunday finest. She would pull up a chair near my bed and talk to me for awhile. Looking back on that time I would be ashamed to say that we would often spend time running poor dear Annie down, while she would be in her scrub clothes cleaning up after me.

In August, 1944 my heart and lungs became very congested with fluid, and by mid August I had to sit up in my bed as I was drowning in my own fluids. On the 25th of August, 1944, my granddaughter Marie's 10th wedding anniversary, I passed away at the age of 80. I had a marvelous funeral, the best that the family has ever seen as it was in the heat of World and I was a Gold Star Mother (that means I had lost 2 sons in the war. You were a silver star mother if you lost one son, and a gold star mother if you lost two sons. I had a full military funeral with all the fanfare that goes with it. My casket was born on a flat horse drawn wagon with a flag draped over my casket. I had a full bevy of soldiers marching alongside. They played lots of patriotic songs and then I was laid to rest at the side of my beloved Fritz in the Dahl family monument plot that I had purchased for my family 24 years prior.

I am without a doubt the most remembered, most talked about grandparent in the entire extended family. Everyone is very willing and able to regale you with a Grandma Henkel story. From my parrot with the sailor language to "the pickles she shrink!", to the story about the bricks blowing off the pump house and blowing up the people next door with it, to the stories about how I abused my poor grandson Eddie making him carry stuff and fetch the groceries, walking for miles and miles with laden arms. Talk to anyone who either knew me or heard of me after my death, and you'll get an earful of colorful stories.

My name is John Charles Rehfeldt.

I was born in 1847 in what was then France, but on and off was part of Germany, depending on who won or lost in a long series of wars. Nothing is known of my early life.

On the 8 of July 1867, at age 19 I married Pauline Brueckner. At the time I was a painter by trade and listed my birthplace as France. Pauline was 18 when we got married. We were married in Detroit by Joseph Kuhn, Justice of the Peace. Our witnesses were Charles Bruckner, Pauline's brother and Matthias Schied. My bride spoke English perfectly as she came to America when she was only 3 years old.

I was a house painter for most of my adult life as my main occupation but I was also a musician and a band conductor. Both Pauline and I came from a talented musical background. I was also a policeman for one year in 1881, but gave it up to be a house painter. I conducted bands on the weekends on the roofs of beer gardens, which was quite common in those days.

Pauline and I had 9 children:

John A. Rehfeldt, born in 1870 in Detroit, died on March 11, 1896 from the side effects of a vaccination which were just coming into vogue. It was also rumored that he was suffering from tuberculosis. John was an unbelievably handsome young man who had great promise before fate cut him down in his prime. John was just recently married to Theresa Lambert.

John was a tinsmith by trade, but for several years he joined his father as a house painter. John was also an unbelievably accomplished landscape painter. He painted many landscapes and action paintings. His 2 most famous were Coxie's army and a covered wagon picture. These were very large oil paintings. After his death they remained in his mother Pauline's house.

Elizabeth Rehfeldt, born on the 18 August, 1873 and died on the 25 August, 1877.

Edwin Rehfeldt, born 11 January, 1876, died the 25 July, 1876.

Mathilda (our beloved, generous, kind hearted Tillie), born 1878 in Detroit, married Charles Doench and had one child by him, Helen Doench Fontaine. After Charles died of pneumonia she married Fred Meinke. When he died she married Earl Vandervoort. All Mathilda's husbands were good men and treated her well. But on the other hand Tillie was the kindness, most generous and thoughtful person in our family in that generation, so in my opinion she was most deserving of good treatment. When Grandmother Nellie, Tillie's little sister, lost her husband in

1929 it was to Tillie that Nellie turned for food, and Tillie always opened her larder wide for Nellie, then gave her carfare so she wouldn't have to walk those heavy grocery laden bags all the way home. And when her other sister Lizzie was alone and lonely it was to Tillie she turned and Tillie baked often for her sister and gave her armfuls of goodies. At the end of her life Tillie felt so very sorry that she couldn't bake any more for her sister Lizzie as Tillie had had a number of strokes and was confined to her wooden rocker in the kitchen.

Tillie gave Nellie her wedding in Tillie's house. And a grand affair that was, that is until young newly wed Nellie and Bill tried to get into bed in Tillie's home that first night and found out that mischievous, fun loving Tillie had sewed the arms and bottoms of their night shirts closed! A very embarrassed young Bill and Nellie sat on the edge of their bed patiently pulling out Tillie's fine stitches.

Tillie died in January, 1965, the oldest and longest lived of the surviving Rehfeldt children. She left behind one daughter, Helen and one grandson, Guy Fontaine. Tillie desperately wanted more children, but none ever came. Once she had a false pregnancy. She was so happy she was pregnant. She went to the doctor with her sister Hattie. The doctor gave her very sad news. Tillie, you are not pregnant, but your sister Hattie is again.

Hattie Rehfeldt was born in 1878 in Detroit. She met her husband Edward Forkel quite by accident. Her father used to give her a bucket and told her to take it to the neighborhood bar and get it filled with beer. Which she did every Sunday afternoon. It turns out that Ed's father owned this beer garden and thus Edward saw Hattie come into the tavern week after week and soon his interest was peaked, so he asked her out for a date, and soon realized that she was the one for him. Many of the neighbors used to remark about how beautiful all those Rehfeldt girls were. Ed Forkel and Tillie Rehfeldt were married about 1901 in Detroit in a Protestant ceremony as they were Lutherans and Episcopalians.

Ed had money and he owned a house in Detroit and a cottage on Elizabeth Lake near Pontiac. However when the Depression hit and deepened he was unable to pay the taxes on the house on Candler in Detroit and he lost that house. The family packed up all their possessions and moved to the cottage on Elizabeth Lake, where Hattie and Ed lived for the rest of their lives. Hattie died on the 1 November, 1963. Her husband Ed predeceased her.

Charles (nicknamed Bud) Rehfeldt was born in 1883. He was born in Detroit Michigan. He married Anna Kraft and had the following children: Marge Rehfeldt Moran, Eleanor Rehfeldt Gabrish who moved to California shortly after her marriage. She had one son, Gilbert Gabrish; and John Rehfeldt. Nellie was very close to Charles wife Anna and they visited frequently back and forth prior to 1950. Marie Dahl Bender, Nellie's daughter was close to Marge Rehfeldt Moran and they visited often right up until shortly before Margie's death. Charles had a hard time finding a job and there were a number of years in which he didn't work. In

the early days of his marriage he lived with his mother, Pauline Rehfeldt in her house at 7598 Emily in Detroit in the 7 Mile and Van Dyke area. His wife Anna got fed up with his not having a job, having no money and living with his mom so in desperation she took him to court and the judge ordered him to go to work. Charles found a job and once employed worked every day of his life after that. We have one picture of Charles taken at his grandson Arnold's wedding in 1958. Shortly thereafter, on 4 January, 1959 Charles passed away from cancer and was buried next to his wife Anna.

Nellie Rehfeldt, mother of Marie Dahl Bender, was born on election day, November 3, 1885, married William Frederick Dahl on 6 September, 1906 and died in Plymouth General hospital as the result of being in a diabetic coma on the 25 March, 1955. She lies buried in Mt Olivet cemetery next to her mother and father in law in the Dahl family plot in section 48. See the section on her life earlier in this book.

William Rehfeldt was born around 1887 in Detroit. He married Martha and died in Detroit around 1960. . William I lived with Pauline and Lizzie and supported both of them until he got married later in life and moved out on his own with his wife Margaret. They had no children, having been married later in life. In 1903 William I went to work for Snedcor & Hathaway. He held positions as a packer and a clerk

Elizabeth, nicknamed Lizzie, was the last child born to Charles and Pauline. It was a difficult birth, with no doctor in attendance and Lizzie was born into the outhouse toilet. Her head exploded from Pauline's uterus and she landed forcefully into the toilet. The family thinks this may be the reason that Lizzie was always kind of simple. Lizzie used to hang & swing on the gate at her parents' home and watch the boys go by. She attracted the attention of Henricuffsky and bore two children by him. They were never married and afterwards he left and Pauline was left to raise the children, Marie and William II. Lizzie died the October before her eldest sister Mathilda did, in 1964.

Conducting the bands on the rooftops of the taverns was one of the joys of my life, but also proved to be my downfall. On May 13, 1898 I was conducting a band on the top of a roof and during intromission I was enjoying a pitcher of beer and socializing with my friends when I didn't watch where I was stepping and walked right off the roof, crashing to the ground and badly fracturing my leg. I was sent to the hospital and they did what they could but they were very limited in their medical knowledge in those days, so despite the best of nursing care that I had received from my wife Pauline and my young daughter Nellie my leg worsened and by July it had turned to gangrene. Pauline begged me to save my life by having my leg amputated, but I refused. So on the 13th of July, 1898 at 5 pm I succumbed to my injuries and passed away in my home on 692 Beaubien in

Detroit, Michigan. I was also suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis at the time of my death. I was buried along side my young, 25 year old son John in Trinity Lutheran cemetery on Mt. Elliott St in Detroit.

My name is Pauline Brueckner.

I was born in Germany. One of my brothers said we were born in Prussia, another said Nassau, and another stated that I was born in Hanover in the Kingdom Of Hanover. My death notice says I was born in Saxon. Charles Bruckner states in his Declaration of Intention to become an American citizen that he was born in Schwarzburg, in Hanover Germany, and that he had allegiance to the King of Hanover.

I came over to Detroit from Germany when I was only 3 years old, in 1853. I was born on 21 June, 1849, the daughter of Louise Rose & Charles William Brueckner.

My cousin was a famous musician. His name was Herman Bruckner. He stated that he was born in Quedlinburg, north of Erfurt, Germany.

There is some confusion over the spelling of my maiden name; Charles spells it Bruckner and Edward spells it Brueckner. The reason for this difference is that in Germany the Bruckner name is spelled with two dots over the u like this: Bruckner. We don't have the 2 dots over the vowels in America and if you don't have the 2 dots then you are supposed to place an "e" after the vowel in question, which is what Edward did and Charles did not do, deciding to just drop the umlaut.

Pauline had the following brothers and sisters:

Edward Brueckner who married Caroline, who was born in Michigan in 1846, but who could not read and write English. They had the following children:

Charles, born 1864
Emma, born 1866,
Carolina, born 1867
Clara, born 1870
Gusta, born 1873 and
Tilly, born 1875 in Michigan and
Anna, born 1878.
William, born 27th of April, 1884.

Edward's records says he was born in Saxonia. Edward was a carpenter by trade most of his adult life. He was also a last maker and one year he had the colorful job of being a "huckster" for the C.H. market in Detroit. He was also a gardener for one year when he was a younger man.

For a number of the earlier years of their young married life Edward and Charles Bruckner lived right next door to one another on Alfred St in Detroit, Edward at

205 Alfred St and Charles at 206 Alfred. Their sister Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt moved in right down the street at 200 Alfred. Their children played together in those early years.

Edward and Charles were very close in those days; Edward named his son Charles and Charles named his son Edward. Edward named his second son William after his father, William Charles Bruckner. Pauline also named her sons Charles and Edward after her brothers.

Edward was also a volunteer fireman for a number of years for the Detroit City Fire Department. It was in his unselfish service to others that he lost his own life at the early age of 52 on the 6th of March, 1892, leaving behind a wife and 6 children, the youngest of whom was only 6 years old. Edward had answered an alarm in the wee hours of the morning, bravely fought the fire, and then went directly to his job at the Michigan Central Railroad in his wet clothes. He caught pneumonia, which he succumbed to in those days before antibiotics were discovered. He lived at 180 Benton St in Detroit. He apparently owned this home. Poor Caroline must have been distraught to have lost her husband and having to raise all those children with no father!

Charles (Charlie) John Bruckner is Pauline's famous brother who fought through the entire Civil War, even having been shot in the eye at the Battle of Manassas.

Charles was born in Schwarzburg, Germany, in the Kingdom of Hanover, on October 1, 1842. He was the second oldest surviving child of Louisa Rose and William Charles Brueckner. He came to America with his parents in 1853 and attended Detroit Public school. Prior to his fighting in the civil war he was a pattern maker and then just before joining up for the civil war he was hired by the Michigan Central Railroad.

On September 6, 1861 Charles Bruckner enlisted in Company K, 5th Michigan Infantry at Detroit, Michigan and his service record is given in the "State Record of the Fifth Michigan Infantry" under the name of "Brickner or Bruchner, John Charles, veteran". Charles is mentioned in the military records as "Companion Bruckner". In a General Affidavit Charles Bruckner stated that his full name is Charles (Carl) Louis Wilhelm Bruckner.

Charles Bruckner was mustered in at Saginaw, Michigan on September 28, 1861 and was appointed Sergeant on December 15, 1863, then made 1st Sergeant in 1864; he was then mustered out for re enlistment as a "veteran" in 1864, and he was then commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant, Company I on October 9, 1864 and finally was honorably discharged (mustered out) of service at Jeffersonville, Indiana on July 5, 1865.

John Charles Bruckner participated in the following battles of the Civil War: the siege of Corktown, Virginia, April 4 to May 4, 1862; Williamsburg, Virginia,

May 5, 1862; Fair Oaks, Virginia May 31, 1862; 7 days before Richmond, Virginia, March 1, 1864; Manassas, Virginia and Fredericksburg, Virginia December 11-14, 1862; Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 1-6, 1863; Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 1-4, 1863; Kelly's Ford, Virginia, September 13, 1863, June 9, 1863, November 7, 1863; Locust Grove, Virginia November 27, 1863; The Battle of the Wilderness May 5-7, 1864 in which Charles was wounded in the eye; Deep Bottom, Virginia, July 27-28, 1864; Petersburg, Virginia, including the siege of from June 17, 1864 to April 3, 1865; the capture of Petersburg, Virginia, April 3, 1865; Boynton Plank Rd, Virginia, October 8-27, 1864; and Boydton Plank Rd, Virginia, April 2, 1865. He also served in other engagements with the Army of the Potomac, such as Auburn Heights, Peach Orchard, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Battle of Second Bull Run, Spotsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor and Hatcher Run.

Charles' Company, Company K is the Saginaw City Light Infantry. Company K was part of the 5th Michigan Infantry in the Civil War. The 5th Michigan Infantry was scarcely ever out of the range of enemy fire before Petersburg for 9 months, and when that city fell it was one of the first regiments to plant its battle flag on the Confederate's breastworks. The 5th Infantry then followed the retreating army to the Appomattox Courthouse.

In 1861 Charles wrote a handwritten letter to his commander stating that his mother Louisa Rose Bruckner had died and that he had to have leave to go home and find someone to care for his 10 year old little sister, Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt, our great grandmother. Leave was granted and Charles returned to Michigan. On January 7, 1864 Charles was home on leave again and he married Miss Catherine Hilsendagen of Detroit. They were married by Joseph Kuhn, Justice of the Peace.

Charles and Catherine had 3 children, Rosa, Edward and Henrietta. Catherine died in February 16, 1894. After Caroline's death Charles married Theresa who was born in January, 1862 in Michigan. They had one child, Louisa, born in May, 1887, who Charles named after his mother and sister. The mother was very pleased that a grandchild had been named after her.

Before the Civil War Charles worked as a patternmaker, then as a policeman. He then became a brake man for the MCRR.

Charlie worked for the Michigan Central Railroad for 54 years, sometimes as a baggageman, sometimes as a detective. He retired in 1913, the year his grandniece Marie Dahl Bender was born. He then worked briefly after his retirement as a chauffeur until 1918.

Shortly after the end of the Civil War Charlie was feeling very patriotic so 24 days after being mustered out of service Charles went to the court house in Detroit and on the 29th of July, 1865 he promptly became a citizen of the United States of

America, a country for whom he had so valiantly fought during those last 4 hard years. His citizenship papers state:

Stat of Michigan, County of Wayne.

Charles Bruckner, an alien, being of the age of about 22 years, desirous of becoming a citizen of the United States of America, in conformity to the laws of the United States relative to the naturalization of aliens, comes into the court aforesaid, now in session, and makes the following declaration, to viz:

That he was born in the Schwarzburg in Hanover, Germany, in allegiance to the King of Hanover, that he emigrated from Germany, sailing from the port of Hamburg, in the year 1854 and arrived in the United States in the same year; and that he intends to settle and remain in the County of Wayne, in said State, and that for the past 3 years it has been his bonafide intention to become a citizen of the United States.

Done at Detroit this 29th
day of July, A.D. 1865

(signed) Charles Bruckner

I, Charles Bruckner, above named, do solemnly swear that the facts set forth in the above declaration are true, and that it is bona-fide my intention to become a Citizen of the United States, and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to each and every foreign Prince, Potentate, State of Sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly the King of Hanover of whom I have been a subject.

Sworn and Subscribed in Open Court before
me this 29th day of July,
A.D. 1865

Henry Chucking
Deputy Clerk

(signed) Charles Bruckner

Charlie was able to read and write English and he owned his own home free and clear. Charles moved in with his ailing sister Louisa Bruckner Schonau Herbertz in 1921, about 2 years before her death. Charles was a quiet, considerate fellow with one major fault - he liked to imbibe just a little too much. But he made his sister Louise's last years much more comfortable, for which she was very grateful.

Charles passed away on the 1st of November, 1923 in Detroit, Michigan. He was buried in Woodmere cemetery on the near west side of Detroit next to his first wife Catherine Hilsendagen, who had died on the 20th of February, 1894, and his daughter by his first marriage, Rose Bruckner who also passed away in 1923, on May 15th. He was buried in a Bruckner family plot and was later joined by his son Edward W. Bruckner who died on July 3, 1928, and a great grandchild, Lucy

Bruckner on February 9, 1959. Charles was survived by his daughter Henrietta Ingabrand.

Louise Bruckner Schonau Herbertz who was born on the 7th of July, 1844 in Schwarzburg, Germany. Louisa was named after her mother Louise. Louise came to America when she was 8 years old, and when she was about 21 years old she married Henry Schonau about the year 1865. Henry Schonau died on the 11th of December, 1885 at the young age of 43 leaving Louisa a widow for the next 17 years. Louisa and her 1st husband had no children but Mr. Schonau had been quite successful and had left his young widow comfortably set. On the 27th of April, 1901 Louise married Dr Frederick Herbertz and moved to his home at 2001 Antietam in Detroit, which was located just down the street from her sister Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt. Dr. Herbertz made a good deal of money in his lifetime and he afforded Louise a very comfortable living standard. Dr Herbertz and Louise had no children so when he passed away he left Louise a considerable amount of money.

Pauline and Louise were very close to one another all of their lives. Pauline's grandchild Mildred Dahl Stocker remembers the wonderful spreads Pauline used to put on when she invited her family over for Sunday dinner. She would bake and cook steadily for 2 to 3 days when she had the family over. Mildred remembers the side board filled with all manner of luscious desserts. And there was an over abundance of meats, vegetables and potatoes. But what always aggravated Mildred was the fact that Pauline used to buy her sister Louise a small bag full of her favorite candy which she enjoyed after dinner as they were all sitting in the parlor conversing. And never at any time did Louise share any piece of that candy with Mildred or the other kids. Of all the food they shared together on those wonderful Sunday afternoon feasts only Louise's little bag of candy was off limits. Charlie was a quiet soul on those Sundays, becoming more mellow with alcohol as the day wore on. All of the rest of his life was but an anticlimax after the exciting civil war years.

On the 5th day of June, 1921 just 6 months before Louise died she started to worry about where her sister Pauline would be buried so one fine June day Louise went to the cemetery and made a declaration that she was the sole owner of the cemetery lots in Elmwood, that she had lost the deeds to those lots in a house fire and that she was hereby declaring that she wanted her sister Pauline buried next to her in the Herbertz family plot.

Louise died on December 27, 1921 at the age of 77 years, 5 months and 20 days. She left the use of her house to her brother Charles Bruckner and \$33,000 which she left share and share alike to her brothers and sisters. Louise also had in her possession title to over 6 cemetery lots in Mt. Elliott cemetery which were of no use to her as she wasn't Catholic (all of the Bruckners and Rehfeldts were Protestants), so she gave them to Nellie as Nellie was married to Catholic Bill

Dahl. Nellie must have sold the lots to raise cash when she was hard up as they were no longer in her possession when she died.

Louise had her second husband cremated and she had had his ashes on her mantel in a fruit jar all through the years so when she died she directed that Mr Herbertz's ashes be placed in her casket, which they were.

Pauline had the following children:

John A. Rehfeldt, born 1870, died March 11, 1896 in Detroit. He was married to Theresa Rehfeldt Lambert.

Elizabeth Rehfeldt, born August 18, 1873 and died August 25, 1877

Edwin Rehfeldt, born January 11, 1876, died July 25, 1876

Mathilda Rehfeldt, born October 19, 1878, married Charles Doench, Fred Meinke and Earl Vandervoort. She died in January, 1965 on Helen St in Detroit. She had one daughter Helen Doench Fontaine and one grandchild, Guy Fontaine.

Hattie Rehfeldt Forkel, born January 7, 1881, married Edward Forkel on October 19, 1897 and died on the 1st of November, 1963 at her home on Elizabeth Lake near Pontiac Michigan. She and Edward had the following children:

Edward Forkel

Hattie Forkel II who contracted tuberculosis in her teens, went to a sanitarium in Texas and died there of an experimental treatment.

Ruth Forkel _____

Eleanor Forkel Pierce.

Life became very difficult for Pauline after her husband Charles died. She was forced to go out to work to support her young family. Her boys also found gainful employment and helped her out as best they could. Nellie dropped out of school at the end of the 5th grade to nurse her father in his final illness but after his death on July 13, 1897 she never returned to school. That was the total extent of her education. Pauline worked for the famous Stroh brewery company family in their home in Detroit. She did the daily washing and ironing for the family and she said you'd never believe all the petticoats she had to iron everyday! The irons in the 1920s were not electric, they were a big hunk of metal. You had 2 irons - one was placed on the stove to get hot and you used the other one that you just uled off the stove until it got luke warm. You would then put the luke warm one on the stove and remove the hot one. One day while Pauline was ironing, there was a fierce

electrical storm and the lightening came in right through the window and struck Pauline's iron!

Pauline had Tuesdays off and her main source of entertainment in the summer months was to sit on her front porch and watch the priest's carriage pull up with his girlfriend inside. In those days she lived on Canfield right across the street from St. Josaphat Church.

One of Pauline's fondest past times was to go over to one of her daughter's homes and then they would go together to the silent movies and watch the Perils of Pauline, a long running serial silent movie. Pauline could not read English so when they went to the show together Nellie, her daughter, would read the screen to her.

For years Pauline lived on Antietam St just outside of downtown Detroit. She used to walk to the Eastern market to buy her groceries. That was often a social outing for the extended family. The family used to talk in hushed tones about how Louise Herbertz used to fish overripe bananas out of the garbage bins and take them home. No one could figure out how someone with all that money would garbage pick for her food. Pauline's house was right next door to the Cornillie coal company and one day they finally convinced her to let them buy her home so they could expand. This home on Antietam St is the one her grandchildren remember the best as this is the home where they went to visit her as they were growing up.

Great grandmother Pauline suffered from 3 ailments in her later years. The first was a fallen uterus due to having born 13 children, and having to spend hours and hours on her feet in the service of others. The second was that she suffered from a touch of asthma. But the worst was that she suffered from progressively worsening kidney disease, till in 1926 she lost all function in both of her kidneys. Pauline started filling up with water in 1925, which became very acute in 1926. She died of kidney failure on November 12, 1926, one day before her grandchild Marie Dahl Bender's 13 the birthday. The undertaker said he drained over 100 lbs of fluid out of her when he prepared the body for burial. Kidney problems and kidney failure run quite heavily in the Bruckner family.

My name is Peter Ott.

I was born in 1801 in Wurtemberg, Germany.

I married Eva Carolina Knapp around 1833 in Wurtemberg.

In the 1840s we moved to Baden-Baden where my youngest child Angeline was born.

Eva Carolina and I had the following children:

- Justina
- Xavier
- Gottlieb
- Ludwig (Louis)
- Fred
- Wilhelm
- Jacob
- George
- John
- Johann George
- Angeline

Eva Carolina was the sister of Charles Knapp Sr. who was born in 1815 in Baden, Germany. Charles was a master stone cutter and builder. Charles immigrated to the United States and settled in Detroit, Michigan in about 1850. He built up his business tremendously between 1850 and 1870. He had a stone yard at 371 Atwater between Russell and Riopelle Sts right on the Detroit River in downtown Detroit. He built many of the buildings in downtown Detroit, including the Farmer St Detroit library. His son David Knapp was in the business with him and they were most successful. The bigger their business got the more dependable help they needed, so Charles kept enticing me and my family to come to America and work in their stone cutting business. I was up in years and had no desire at my age to cross the ocean and start all over again in a strange new country.

However, when I died in about 1869 there was nothing holding back my family from following their dream to go to the new world to seek their fortune, so in 1870 many of my family packed up their earthly belongings and set sail to America. They settled in Detroit Michigan to begin working for my wife's family in a land far away from my homeland and final resting place.

My name is Eva Carolina Knapp Ott

I was born January 20, 1811 in Baden Baden, Germany.

I was married to Peter Ott, who also lived in Baden-Baden, Germany, but who apparently was born in Wurtemberg, Germany. Peter and I were married in Baden - Baden Germany, had our children in Germany, then in about 1869 when my husband Peter passed away, most of my children and I moved to Detroit Michigan.

The reason we moved to Detroit Michigan was due to the fact that my brother, Charles Knapp Sr had moved there about 1849 and had started his own stone cutting enterprise, building huge buildings in downtown Detroit. He needed ever increasing workers as his business expanded many fold over the ensuing years. He kept enticing us to come to America and work for him. We were tempted to go to the new world and start a new life but my husband Peter would have none of it - he was old and worn and he was very content to remain where he was and live out his last days in peace. But when Peter passed away, my family got new world fever - they wanted to go and see where David had lived and worked over these past 20 years. So we set sail to America about 1869-70. I was rather old myself to be making such an arduous journey, but my son Wilhelm was looking after me in my old age and being he was going I had to go too. We arrived in Detroit in 1870 and settled in at 514 Alfred Street. Alfred Street seemed to be a settling place for old world Germans - the Bruckner family also settled there in 1853 as did the Rehfeldt family somewhat later. My son Wilhelm immediately went to work for his Uncle Charles Knapp and Uncle David Knapp.

Wilhelm worked as a stone cutter for the Knapps for almost 23 years, from 1870 to 1893. Working for the Knapp enterprise cost my son Wilhelm his health and years off his life. Wilhelm died just 3 short years after me from stone lung from breathing in all that dust for 23 years. It was an unbelievably sad time for me and all my family. All the Knapps and the Otts who worked for Charles and David couldn't breathe from all that stone dust and one by one they were dying, often hemorrhaging to death from their lungs and exsanguinating on the spot. Charles was the first to die at the age of 63 years on September 14, 1879. Not long afterwards, on February 3, 1883 Adolph Knapp died at the young age of 34 years, and 6 months. My son Wilhelm was very close to him so Wilhelm buried him in our Ott family plot, 248M in Mt. Elliott cemetery. Wilhelm also placed a grave marker on his friend's resting place. Adolph Knapp was the son of Louis Knapp

and Charlotte of 420 Chene St in Detroit. Soon after that Julius Knapp, most beloved son of David Knapp, who had worked side by side with his father and his Uncle Charles since turning 18, was suffering so acutely from the stone lung disease, and having seen others in his family succumb to this disease could not take the suffering any longer, so on July 12, 1887 he slit his own throat and violently passed away at the tender age of 37 years.

This was a tragedy of enormous proportions for David Knapp. He had no idea what was about to happen to his family when he set about on his stone cutting business in 1850, nor did our brother Charles. We were all devastated by this ongoing loss of health and life. David thought it very ironic that those members of his family who were faithful to him and to his enterprise which had earned so much money for his family never lived to see the fruits of their labors as they died in their prime, whereas those children who had no interest in the business and went on to pursue college degrees were the ones who lived to inherit the fruits of the labors of their deceased siblings. David Knapp gave up the business in 1892 and moved to Pasadena, California to convalesce in his last days.

We had the following children:

Justina Ott

Xavier Ott

Angeline Ott, who lived with me.

Ludwig (Louis) Ott, was born February 15, 1841 in Wurtemberg, Germany, married Louisa Schlechter and died on August 15, 1883. They had 3 children:

Fred Ott

Caroline Ott, born June, 1882, died April 23, 1883

Judge Louis Ott, born October 15, 1876, died April 12, 1943. Judge Louis Ott employed his brother Fred Ott as his clerk in his court for many years. When our grandmother Elizabeth Ott Bender would be desperate for food or money she would turn to her cousin Judge Louis Ott. She got what she asked for but not without a big tussle as he was not inclined to be a generous man. But Lizzie knew how to wear him down when she desperately needed what she knew he was able to give.

Fred Ott

Jacob Ott

George Ott who was born in Wurtemberg, Germany

John, born also in Wurtemberg, Germany

Johann George Ott, born 1838 in Wurtemberg. Germany

Johann George Ott was a shoemaker by trade, both in Baden-Baden, Germany where we moved after his birth, and in Detroit. The Ott and Bender family love to retell this one story about the amazing strength Johann had in his hands and arms. In his native Baden-Baden he was walking in the woods when suddenly he was attacked by a wolf. Normally that would have been the end of his life story, but in this case Johann grabbed that wolf around the neck with his bare hands and managed to choke him to death! No doubt it was an adrenaline induced strength to help prepare him for a life and death struggle.

When he was 29 years old he married Wilhelmina Witt, age 20, of Detroit. Wilhelmina Witt was also German, having been born in Chinow, Germany in 1848. They were married on March 12, 1868 by Charles Haas, Pastor of the German St. John's Church in Detroit.

Wilhelm Ott, born July 24, 1839 in Baden-Baden, Germany, married Elisabeth Braun in Baden-Baden, Germany and had three children by her:

Adolph Ott, born 8 December, 1864 in Baden-Baden, Germany. Married Lena, and had two children:

Adolph Ott Jr, born Feb. 1897 at 572 23rd St, Detroit, Michigan

Harold Ott, born May 1900 at 64 Glaster in Detroit, Michigan

Pauline Ott, was born in 1869 in Baden-Baden, Germany. She immigrated to Detroit, Michigan in 1870 with her family, Eva Caroline Knapp Ott, her grandmother, Wilhelm Ott and Elisabeth Braun Ott, her parents.

William Otto Ott, born August 24, 1886 at 624 Chene St in Detroit, died on October 4, 1886 of "cramps". He was buried from St. Elizabeth Church and lies buried in Mt. Elliott Cemetery, in plot 248M.

Our son Wilhelm lost his first wife Elisabeth Braun Ott to cancer at the age of 43 on November 6, 1877. She lies buried in Mt. Elliott cemetery in Detroit, He then married his 2nd wife, Sophie Becker Ott in 1879 and they had 3 children:

Elizabeth Mary Ott Bender, born August 19, 1879

Agnes Ott Koch Mc Dermott, born December 19, 1885

Anne K. Ott, born February 17, 1888

I came to America with my son Wilhelm and his first wife Elisabeth Braun Ott in 1870. My husband Peter Ott had passed away in Baden-Baden Germany, leaving

me a widow in the care of my son Wilhelm. My daughter Angeline Ott, born September, 1848 in Baden-Baden, who remained single, also came with us and lived with us both in our house in Baden-Baden and in our house at 514 Alfred St in Detroit. Angeline just loved to eat, and believe it or not, despite the large amount of food she consumed she always managed to maintain a normal weight. The younger people in the family used to call her Aunt "Unchling" and they loved to tell of her culinary habit at the dinner table. She would eat and eat and eat and eat! Then she would declare that she was totally full and couldn't get another bite in. She would then rise from the dinner table, go out in the back yard and jump up and down repeatedly, to settle the food in she used to say, then she would return to the dinner table and eat some more!

I also lived with them in their home at 514 Alfred in Detroit for quite a number of years when he was married to his first wife Elisabeth Braun Ott. I helped take care of her in her final illness, as did my daughter Angeline.

Once Wilhelm married Sophie Becker Ott and they had their first daughter Elisabeth Ott Bender, in 1883 Wilhelm moved out of his house on 514 Alfred and moved into a separate residence at 622 Chene St in Detroit. Angeline Ott and I remained in the house at 514 Alfred St in Detroit. Angeline took care of me in my last days. I suffered from "degeneration of the heart and arteries" in my last days. As I became weaker and less able to do for myself, my son Wilhelm moved me into the upper flat of his house. He lived downstairs at 622 Chene St, Angeline and I lived upstairs at 624 Chene St in Detroit. I died on March 3, 1890 at the age of 79 years. I was laid out by the undertaker Delor Hess, my funeral mass was celebrated in St. Elizabeth Church, Detroit and I lie buried in the Ott family plot, 248M, new ground, in the Mt. Elliott cemetery at Mt. Elliott and Kercheval in Detroit.

My name is Johannes Becker.

I was born the 22nd of May, 1824 in Oberlein (or Coberlein) Westphalia, Prussia, Germany. My home town was also listed elsewhere as being Copershofen, Rheine Prussia, Germany. I am the son of Magdalene and Nicholas Becker. It appears as though Johannes had at 3 brothers, Antony, Frederic and Theodor Becker. The relationship to these three men who as adults lived very close by Johannes and who were almost the same age and who attended the same church has not yet been proven.

I came to America about 1850. In 1900 when I was 76 years old I told the U.S. census taker that I came over in 1854 but I was definitely mistaken as I had made a number of real estate transactions between the years 1850 and 1856 in which I was purchasing land to build my cooper shop on Gratiot Ave in what is now just outside of downtown Detroit but in 1855 was called Hamtramck.

I married Elizabeth Friedrichs on 21 May, in St. Mary's Church in Detroit, Michigan. I was 31, Elisabeth was 27. We were married by the Reverend A. Schaeffler. We both gave our place of residence as being Mackinaw, but this is not the Mackinaw at the tip of the mitt in Michigan, but rather the small township of Mackinaw that existed at that time on the near west side of Detroit in the 1850's but is now a part of the near west side of Detroit.

My wife came with a dowry of sorts when I married her as her father deeded over to me property next to the property I had just purchased in order to construct my cooper shop, which incidentally, once built I worked in for over 50 years.

Johannes and Elizabeth had 5 children:

Sophie Becker Ott, born on the 25th of February, 1856,
Nicholas John Becker, born 1858,
John H. Becker, born May, 1865,
Mary E. Becker Pomeroy Cavanaugh
Elizabeth Becker Booms.

Sophie married Wilhelm Ott about 1878 and had 3 children:

Elizabeth Ott Bender, mother of Edward Paul Bender,

Agnes Ott Koch Mc Dermott who was drowned on March 29, 1928 by her 2nd husband Henry Mc Dermott

Anne K. Ott who died at age 21 of uterine cancer.

Nicholas John Becker married and had several children, then passed away on the 29th of January, 1897 at the age of 39 years. Nicholas had strep throat, and because there were no antibiotics in 1897, the strep throat turned into rheumatic fever. His heart valves were badly damaged by the rheumatic fever and he then succumbed to heart failure at 39 years of age.

John H. Becker married Mary Haldorfer and they had 4 children:

Richard S. Becker
Estella Becker
Rhea S. Becker and
Adelaide Becker

Richard S. Becker passed away on 27 March, 1922 at only 31 years of age. He also had heart problems, a problem that runs rife in the Becker line.

Estella Becker married Milton Rheiman. Their son, Father John (Jack) Rheiman OSM became a priest in the order of the Servants of Mary and has been a missionary in Africa for over 40 years, coming home only for occasional visits to his family. He works among the blacks in very primitive conditions. Every Friday at 4 pm he and his black altar boys leave their village on foot carrying a cross in front of them and they make the rounds of surrounding villages from Friday afternoon to Sunday night saying mass in each village. Every weekend they travel over 40 miles on foot visiting villages and saying mass. When Father Rheiman came here to visit his sister Mildred Rheiman McGee on Lakewood St in Detroit he was very upset over the attitude and conduct of the blacks in the St. John Berchman parish. He said in Africa the blacks dress well and act polite. The ones here in his sister's parish have behavior bordering on the criminal.

Fr. Rheiman was very devoted to his mother Estella, called Stella by her family. He loved her very much and was very distraught when his mother first became ill then passed away. When he came home to attend her funeral he cried and told the family that his mother was in God's care now.

Stella was very close to our grandmother Elizabeth Ott Bender and they visited back and forth very often and attended church functions together, especially the Legion of Mary prayer meetings. Both Elizabeth Bender and Stella Rheima were very devout Catholics.

Rhea Becker married Charles Buehler and they had children. Rhea caused quite a stir in her family when she was born as her skin was very dark. John Becker was screaming at his wife and accusing her of being unfaithful with a black man, but in truth later it was discovered that John Becker was the one carrying the dark skinned gene as he was the father of Arthur Bender I who also was born with very dark skin. All while Arthur was growing up his brothers and sisters used to taunt him and call him a black man when they would get mad at him.

Adelaide Becker was John H Becker's child but not with his wife. She was the result of an affair he had with a married woman. When the baby was born the woman's husband took one look at Adelaide and said she was not his child and "get that bastard out of my house". The married woman took the baby to John, who brought it home to his wife, who accepted the child and raised it as her own. Adelaide married, moved to Ohio and had 9 children. She died of a lung disorder from smoking.

Mary Becker Pomeroy Cavanaugh married, had a number of children by Pomeroy. After he died she married Cavanaugh. Her family was not happy with her second marriage.

Elizabeth Becker married Otto Booms and had 6 children:

Henry, John, Elizabeth, Mary, Mamie and Frances.

Elizabeth died in childbirth and her mother Elizabeth Friedrichs Becker so graciously took in her children and husband. The oldest son moved in with a relative a block or so away.

Johannes Becker was an ambitious man, and soon after he married Elizabeth Friedrichs, he set about building his cooper shop in Detroit at 483 - 487 Gratiot Ave, just outside of downtown Detroit. His cooper shop was torn down to make way for the end of the Chrysler freeway and in fact where the freeway dead ends

into Gratiot Ave is exactly where his cooper shop stood. Not even the land that the cooper shop stood on still exists as it was excavated to create the X -way.

On the 26th of March, 1850 Johannes Becker purchased from Joseph Grones, John A and Mary Ann Damm of Detroit, lot 5, subdivision of the rear part of the Louis Moran farm in Detroit, reserving right of way described in volume 35, pages 484-484. The witnesses to this transaction were Joseph Keusch and Henry Campau. This was recorded on the 17th of September, 1851 in volume 42, page 676. Johannes Becker's second land purchase occurred in January, 1855. August Keratz and Johannes Becker , of Detroit, received from Peter Ebertz and wife Margretha of Detroit, on the 4th of January, 1855 quit claim to lot 29 of F.J.B. Crane's subdivision of out lot 16, Witherall farm, north of Gratiot Rd, in Hamtramck. The witnesses to this transaction wre Joseph Kuhn and Julius Stoll, The registrar at the time was H.R. Nowland. This transaction was received on the 4th of January, 1856 and was recoded in volume 62, page 127.

Johannes next land acquisition was in 1856 when August Keratz and Johannes Becker of Detroit, received from Elizabeth Becker of Wayne County on the 4th of January, 1856, a quit claim to lot 29 of F.B. Crane's subdivision of out lot 16, Witherall farm, north of Fort Gratiot Rd, in Hamtramck. The witnesses to this transaction were G.M. Rich and George Miller. The registrar was H.R. Nowland. The transaction was received on the 4th of January, 1856, and was recorded in volume 82, page 129.

In 1859 Johannes Becker of Detroit purchased from Xavier Hildebrand of St. Joseph, Berrien County, on the 24th of August, 1859, the east 1/2 of lot25, S. B. Morse's subdivision of lot 3, Mullett Farm, north of the Gratiot Rd in Detroit. The witnesses to this transaction were Julius Stoll and Johann Stair. The registrar was H.S. Roberts. The transaction was received on the 26th of August, 1859 and was recorded in volume 79, page 319.

Johannes Becker's next purchase was in 1861 when he purchased from George Gruber and his wife Elizabeth of Detroit, on the 10th of December, 1861, the west 10 feet of lot 24, S.B. Morse's subdivision of lot 3 Mullett farm, north of Gratiot St. The witnesses to this transaction were S B Morse and Julius Stoll. The registrar was Henry M. Whitteley. This transaction was received on the 12th of December, 1861 and was recorded in volume 90, page 217.

Johannes Becker's last purchase was in 1864 when he purchased from Louis Graulich and his wife Barbara of Detroit, on the 10th of March, 1864, the west one

half of lot 3, Mullett Farm, north of Gratiot St in Detroit. The witnesses to this transaction were Julius Stoll and Richard Koellmar. The registrar was E N Lacroix. This transaction was received on the 10th of March, 1864, and was recorded on volume 102, page 302.

Johannes Becker was also a receiver of an inheritance from Germany, but it is not clear from the document just what Johannes' relationship was to that of the people mentioned in the document. In volume 21, page 10 of the probate court records it states, "John Becker of Detroit, was granted power of attorney for Henry Becker I and wife Margretha of Grunberg, Germany, on the 18th of October, 1855 re: to receive and take possession of the inheritance of John Becker, son deceased. " The witnesses to this document was Welcher, Judge for the District of Grunberg, Germany.

Johannes Becker lived in much more uncertain times than we do today, and he certainly suffered through some very anxious moments. For instance while John Becker was purchasing land to construct his cooper shop in 1854 a pestilence visited the city of Detroit and the papers in Detroit made daily appeals to the citizens of Detroit to sprinkle lime in an effort to reduce the severity and incidence of pestilence. Cholera made its appearance in the latter part of May, 1854.

In June, the deaths from the pestilence averaged 2 to 3 a day in Detroit. In July the number of all deaths in the city of Detroit was 259, with the majority of these deaths being caused by cholera. During the month of August, 1854 the scourge finally disappeared. That death toll was very high when you consider how small Detroit was in those days, in that it did not extend beyond what is now downtown Detroit. In 1861 the Civil War broke out. Men in Detroit were very patriotic and were solidly behind the Union Army. Frequent rallies were held in Detroit and all the men attended. The men formed a drill team and drilled every Monday and Wednesday on the city green. Johannes Becker was one of these men who drilled, and then out of a sense of obligation to his adopted country, he joined the union Army in 1862. Johannes Becker fought many battles in the Civil War, including the Battle of Gettysburg, where he was seriously wounded and was forced to join the wounded corps.

John Becker's service record reads as follows: John Becker, of Detroit, enlisted in Company G, 5th infantry, as Sergeant on the 21st of August, 1862, at Detroit for 3 years at the age of 43. He was mustered in on the 14th of September, 1862. He was wounded in action at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania on July 2, 1863. He was

transferred to the Invalid Corps on the 15th of January, 1864. Johannes was discharge at Columbus, Ohio on the 1st of July, 1865.

The following is a first hand account from General De Trobriand, commanding brigade, of the battle on July 2, 1863 in which Johannes Becker was injured" "The battle was then raging on my left, right and to the rear, on both sides, in consequence of my advanced position, as already explained, and soon the two attacks came converging on the angle of which I formed the summit, with the 5th Michigan Infantry, Lieutenant Colonel Pulford commanding. Fortunately my position was then the strong one, in a wood commanding a narrow ravine, which the enemy attempted in vain to cross under our fire. The unflinching bravery of the 5th Michigan which sustained a loss of more than 1/2 of its numbers without yielding a foot of ground, deserves to be especially mentioned here with due commendation.

There were light moments in the 5th Infantry as well, which no doubt Johannes shared in its mirth as well as its agony. One of the favorite stories of the 5th Infantry is the following: During the terrible days of fighting and hardship in the Wilderness, and frequently afterwards on the Grant's flank movement to the James, the ambulance corps being unable to take care of all the wounded, mule teams with common army wagons were often ordered to the front to assist with conveying the disabled to the rear. Captain Blackman, quartermaster of the 5th Michigan, had an Irishman as a teamster, in his train, who was somewhat inclined to avoid this kind of duty. One morning, in anticipation of a hard fight, Blackman had an order to send two wagons to the front, and detailed this man with another for this purpose. The fighting having been brisk, the Irishman tried to avoid detail, stating that the mules were all lame, and he did not feel very well himself, but finally he had to go. He was absent the entire day, returning to the rear about 10 o'clock that evening. Blackman said to him on his return, "Well, Mike, how did you get along?" "Purty well, sir; only they kept me fooling about, dodging balls all day, without doing a half penny's worth, until I almost despaired of getting anything to put in my wagon; but as luck would have it, be the hokey, about sundown the rebels went to work in dead earnest, and shot me down a load in about 15 minutes", seaming perfectly elated and feeling big over his success.

On the 8th of May, 1856 Johannes Becker made a declaration to become a citizen of the United States of America. He renounced forever his allegiance to the King of Prussia of whom he was a subject. He actually completed his paperwork and became a citizen of the United States of America on October 26, 1891. He was now 67 years old, his handwriting had deteriorated over that space of time and one

can see some shakiness in his signature. At this time he renounced all allegiance to William II, Emperor of Germany.

Johannes returned to his cooper shop at 483 Gratiot Ave and he remained a cooper until his death in 1905. John built barrels and casks in his cooper shop from 1856 until shortly before his death in 1905. John supplied the Union Army with barrels and casks throughout the Civil War from 1861 to 1865. Only one year did John Sr try his hand at plumbing, then decided to return to being a cooper. John's son John H. became a plumber and for years he had his own plumbing shop and his own crew of men. Johannes' father Nicholas Sr was also a cooper and worked in his son's cooper shop until his death in about 1881. Johannes' son Nicholas was also a cooper and worked in Johannes' shop until his untimely death on 2 February, 1897. Johannes was crushed by his son's death and did not work in his cooper shop for close to a year after his son's death.

The Beckers were devout Catholics. Johannes and Elizabeth attended St. Mary's Church for years, and later went to St. Joseph's Church on Gratiot and Jay Sts across the street from their cooper shop. Both Johannes and Elizabeth were buried from Holy Rosary Church as that is where their daughter Mary Cavanaugh attended Church, and she was the one who ministered to both of her parents in their last days upon the earth.

After Johannes' death in December 20, 1905 his wife Elizabeth continued to live in their home which was built on the second floor right over the cooper shop until shortly before her death in 1911.

After Elizabeth Becker's death, the cooper shop and the house over it were sold to a Mr. Ott, who was a relative of Johannes and Elizabeth Becker's daughter, Sophie Becker Ott.

Today Elizabeth and Johannes' bodies lie in Mt. Elliott cemetery, in subdivision 2, section L, near the front fence. The 5 foot high Becker monument stone is very visible from Mt. Elliott St. One does not have to enter the cemetery to quietly visit the Becker family plot. This can be accomplished by parking one's car next to the fence on Mt. Elliott St just south of Kercheval St. When one enters the front of the cemetery, their graves can be reached by taking a right turn and they are not far from the main road on the first road closest to the fence.

But more important than where their mortal bodies repose in rest, it is a comfort to us to know that their immortal souls surely repose in heaven, for Johannes Becker

was a just and hard working man who was quite family oriented. He worked long and hard and shared with his family the fruits of his labor. His family never wanted for the necessities of life. He in fact was one of the best providers among our forefathers. He was a brave man, coming to America at a time when Indians were still attacking the white settlers, and he did not hesitate to join the Union Army and fight for his newly adopted country. John Becker came to America to make a better life for his future family, married and provided well for his wife, Elizabeth, and for his children, Sophia, Nicholas, John H, Mary and Elizabeth. He taught his children the worth of hard work, and when his daughter Elizabeth died in childbirth he so generously raised her children. When his daughter Sophia's husband died at 54 years of age due to stone dust in his lungs, Johannes so generously took his daughter and her 3 children under his roof until she regained her emotional strength and could return to her own home. Johannes and Elizabeth were truly God fearing people and Our Lord has surely rewarded them richly for their life long struggle to give those of us who follow after them a better way of life than they themselves had. We are all truly grateful to Johannes and Elizabeth for the example they set for us with their devotion to their God, to their family, and their willingness to work hard for their God, country and family and thus provide all of us with a solid foundation on which to build our own lives. We hope that Johannes and Elizabeth will watch over us, their descendants, and guide us in our efforts to live as good a life as they have. May we give them reason to be as proud of us as we are of them.

My name is Elisabeth Friedrichs Becker.

I am the daughter of Nicholas Friedrichs. I was born in Germany on August 15, 1824. I immigrated to America with my parents around the end of the 1840s. It is probable that I had 2 brothers, Thomas and Charles. although this has not yet been proven. Thomas was a cooper like my husband, Johannes and Charles was a glass stainer by trade and had his business at 100 Jefferson in Detroit.

I married Johannes Becker on May 21, 1855 in Detroit, Michigan. We had 6 children:

Sophia Becker Ott, born on the 25 February, 1856 in Detroit, married Wilhelm Ott in 1878, died in Detroit on March 1, 1926.

Nicholas John Becker, born in 1858, died on 29 January, 1897.

Mary Becker Pomeroy Cavanaugh, born around 1863 in Detroit, married twice, died in Detroit.

Elizabeth Becker Booms, married Otto Booms, died in childbirth.

I brought a piece of property as my dowry when we were married in 1855. John bought other pieces of property surrounding it and built us a cooper shop on the ground level and living space over the cooper shop. We lived there from 1856 until shortly before my husband died in 1905. We were comfortable there and even had enough room so that Sophie could come home to visit us for a year or so when her husband died, and we were able to take in our son in law and his children when my Elizabeth died such an untimely death as a result of childbirth. When my Elizabeth died we sent her oldest son Henry to live down the street a bit with relatives and I took in the rest. I was quite apprehensive about raising the children my self as I was already 70 years old when Elizabeth died. But sometimes I just felt that it was the pressure of being there for the children that made me live until just after my 87th birthday.

Seven years after we were married my husband Johannes came home one day and told me he had enlisted in the Union Army. I was so worried about his safety and his health as he was already 43 years old. They made him a Sergeant. He fought for almost a year till he fought at the Battle of Gettysburg in Pennsylvania. He was badly injured in that battle. but hearing that over half of the men were killed I felt grateful just to get my husband back alive. We continued supplying the Union Army with barrels and casks throughout the Civil War.

I lived before the advent of cars, which came on the scene in Detroit just as I lay dying. Most of the time we took the streetcar to get anywhere. Gratiot was the main line on the east side of Detroit so I could hop a streetcar to almost anywhere in Detroit. We mostly shopped in downtown Detroit as that was the biggest selection for clothing or shoes. Detroit ended just beyond our shop in the 1850s so we were almost in the fields on the edge of town.

My husband and I were bi lingual, speaking both German and English, but naturally we much preferred to speak German, our native tongue. Most of our neighbors were recent German immigrants so we had plenty of people to socialize with and to speak to in our native tongue.

When my children were grown they used to drop regularly and visit with me. I was generous with my children and helped them out financially when necessary. I remember my daughters and daughter in laws coming to visit and bringing their small children with them. I would take a look at some very well worn shoes on their feet and thinking that that would never do, so I would say to my children, "Kinder brauchen Schue" which means in English, "the children need shoes". I would then take them all down to a shoe store downtown and buy them each a pair of shoes. My oldest daughter Sophie married a man quite a bit older than her. Not too long after she got married we all noticed that he coughed a lot, which seemed to worsen as time went on. We knew things were very serious when he couldn't get his breath and he started coughing up blood. Then the funerals started among his fellow workers, young men who were his Ott and Knapp cousins. They had all worked together in David and Charles Knapp's stone cutting enterprise on Atwater St in downtown Detroit. Charles and David had built many buildings in downtown Detroit including the Farmer St library. Young Knapp and Ott men in their 30s and 40s could no longer get their breath and they were coughing themselves inside out. Then the hemorrhaging started. One by one these men would suddenly hemorrhage to death. The death notices would state that they were found dead in a puddle of blood on the living room floor. One of the last Knapp young men to die had seen all those cousins and brothers die a slow agonizing death, coughing and suffocating and now he was just as ill. He couldn't bear to carry on to the very end of this disease so one day he slit his own throat in order to get it over with. He was buried with the full rites of the Roman Catholic Church because the priest had witnessed many of these deaths first hand and knew that the young man was beyond his endurance and was no longer in his right mind.

Elizabeth watched her son in law Wilhelm deteriorate before her eyes. And the more he deteriorated, the angrier she became. Elizabeth felt so sorry for her oldest daughter, watching what she had to endure at her husband's hands. And Elizabeth watched Sophie's children suffer a great deal at the hands of their father's anger. The last 9 months of Wilhelm's dying was pure torture for all involved. Wilhelm cursed his wife, hurling foul insults and language at her, making wild, totally false allegations against her. He wrote filthy things about her on his bedroom wall as he lay there day after day, suffering greatly. His family suffered almost as much right along with him. They felt so bad about their father dying, but they felt almost as bad at what his anger was doing to them and to their family life. By the time their father finally passed away the children were badly emotionally scarred by what they had endured over the past year. Once they buried Wilhelm on December 11, 1893 they were so traumatized by what they had been through that they could not bear to go back into that house where so many horrible memories faced them, so they decided to come and live with Johannes and Elizabeth for awhile.

I welcomed my daughter and her 3 daughters into my home at 483 Gratiot Ave over the cooper shop. They stayed with me for about 2 years and much to our horror we found out in January 1896 that little Elizabeth Ott, my grand daughter, was pregnant. As if that was not bad enough we were shocked beyond belief to discover that the baby's father was my son and Elizabeth's blood uncle, John H. Becker! John had such a reputation, having fathered Adelaide by a married woman and also many whispers of various affairs, but to violate his own blood niece made us all sick. Sophie went home at that point and on the 8th of October, 1896 Elizabeth gave birth to her first child, Arthur Bender I. Two years later I felt much better when Elizabeth met and married Henry Charles Bender and he took full responsibility for this child and treated him the same as his own. But it made my heart very heavy to see that Bea and Mildred did not treat him as well - every time they got angry at him they threw his status in his face, calling him a bastard.

Then in 1904 we had another heartache when Sophie's youngest daughter Anne gave birth to an illegitimate daughter, Helen. Helen was rather sickly and when she was only 4 months old she suddenly took a turn for the worse and died. Then 5 years after that tragedy when I was very elderly and not doing too well health wise I received another shock to my system. First Sophie was telling me that Anne had abdominal pain and she was wondering what it was. And then in January when the doctor examined her more closely the bomb dropped - little 20 year old Anne had uterine cancer! Then on April 26, 1909 Anne passed away at the tender age of 21 years.

God spared me the biggest shock of all when he took me home before I could witness the drowning of Sophie's 3rd daughter Agnes and her 2 youngest children by her 2nd husband. Sophie's whole life was truly star crossed. If something bad could happen to her, it did.

My son Nicholas John Becker contracted strep throat when he was in his 30s. There were no antibiotics in those days so his strep throat became systemic and the infection attacked his heart and gummed up the valves. When he was only 39 years old his heart had been so badly damaged that it could no longer beat, so on the 26th of January, 1897 I lost my beloved oldest son. He lies buried in our family plot at Mt. Elliott cemetery in Detroit.

My son John H. Becker started a plumbing shop in Detroit. My husband Johannes helped him get started and worked with him for one year. John was very successful in his plumbing business until the depression struck in 1929, in effect decimating his business as people had no money to by plumbing when they had no food on the table.

I and my husband Johannes were staunch Catholics and attended mass daily. In the beginning we belonged to St. Mary's Church but then attended St. Joseph's right across from our cooper business on Gratiot once it was erected. We were buried from Holy Rosary church because our daughter attended that parish.

I was close with all of my children and grandchildren and we frequently visited back and forth and helped each other out in times of need.

I died on the 15th of October, 1911 at 87 years of age. My daughter Elizabeth Booms' baby, the one with whom she died in childbirth, was now 17 years old. I had fulfilled my obligation to those children. I had lived long enough to raise them the age of majority.

My name is Johann Wilhelm Dahl.

I was born in Oberboinghausen, Germany near Gimborn and Gummersbach in 1801.

I was the son of Johann Dahl, born in 1770 in Wipperfuerth, Germany.

I am the brother of Peter Dahl, born 1804 in Wipperfuerth, Germany.

I married Anna Marie Fuerth about 1830 in Erlinghagen, Germany. Anna Marie and I had the following children:

Wilhelm Dahl, born in 1844, died 1925 in Woodslee, Canada

Peter Josef Dahl, born 1845 in Oberboinghausen, Germany

Marie Dahl

Johann Friedrich Dahl, born November 8, 1849 in Oberboinghausen, Germany Married Minna Kaiser the 24th of November, 1885 for the second time in Sacred Heart Church in Detroit, Michigan and died the 23rd of October, 1900 in Detroit, Michigan of an intestinal obstruction.

I died prior to 1879 in Oberboinghausen, Germany and was laid to rest in the Church cemetery in Gimborn.

My name is Anna Marie Fuerth.

I was born on December 8, 1810 in Erlinghagen, in the neighborhood of Gummersbach and Marienheide, Germany.

I am the daughter of Anna Marie Elisabeth Busch and Christ Heinrich Fuerth, also from Erlinghagen near Gimborn and Gummersbach. The witnesses to my birth were the school teacher Pfeiffer from Gimborn and Nicolaus Bellingrodt from Niedergete.

I married Johann Wilhelm Dahl around 1830 in Gimborn, Germany. We had the following children:

Johann Friedrich Dahl, born November 7, 1849 in Oberboinghausen, Germany, married Minna Kaiser around 1880 in Potsdam, immigrated to America around 1880 and died in Detroit Michigan of an intestinal obstruction on the 27th of November, 1900.

Wilhelm Dahl, born in 1844 in Oberboinghsuasen, Germany, married Wilhelmine in Germany, immigrated to America about 1880, and had the following children:

Charles Dahl, born 1872 in Oberboinghausen, Germany and died in Woodslee Canada.

William Dahl, born 1884 in Woodeslee, Ontario Canada and died in Woodlsee, Ontario Canada.

Peter Josef Dahl, born 1845 in Oberboinghausen, died in Germany,

Marie Dahl, born and died in Oberboinghausen, Germany.

My husband and I owned a beautiful house in Oberboinghausen and 10 acres of surrounding farm land. We farmed this land all of our married lives until my death in about 1880.

We were strong Catholics and attended church in Gimborn, the surrounding near by town.

Our sons Freidrich and Wilhelm were inducted into the service of our country as young men and as of the time I died they were still in the service, which was not their choice, the government never allowed them to leave. When I passed away in

about 1880 both of my sons came home for my funeral and afterwards they sold my house and farm. They then walked from Oberboinghausen, Germany to Antwerp, Belgium and boarded a boat to America.

I lie buried in the churchyard in Gimborn.

My name is Johann Kaiser.

I was born in Bischofswerde, West Prussia, which is located about 50 miles southeast of Danzig, Germany.

Bischofswerde in an unbelievably small town, housing only a train station, the Post Office and a farm house with out buildings. The only opportunities for employment is if one worked in the Post Office, the train depot or on the surrounding farm land.

Bischofswerde, West Preussen is in modern day Poland, but at the time I met my future wife the town was under German control. Previously this entire area belonged to Poland until the Germans over ran the land, killed off over 10,000 of the Poles and paid Germans to settle there and have children.

But my future wife descended from a family of Poles that had survived that slaughter. Her name is Eva Kaminsky.

Eva and I had the following children:

Wilhelmina (Minna) Henrietta Kaiser Dahl Henkel, born on 2 April, 1864 in
Bischofswerde, West Prussia.
Adolph Kaiser
Julius Kaiser

Sometime in the 1870s we left Bischofswerde, West Prussia and settled in Potsdam, just outside of Berlin. The job opportunities and standard of living was much better in this region. This was cosmopolitan Germany in those days whereas Bischofswerde was in those days and still is the most primitive of backwaters.

My daughter Minna Kaiser met and married Friedrich Johann Dahl while in Potsdam when she was just 18 years old and he was 14 1/2 years her senior. He was a nice enough fellow, came from a good family who owned property and farm land. He was a soldier in the service of the Kaiser at the time of their marriage.

At about the same time as the marriage Friedrich, called Fritz by our family, was told that his mother had passed away in Oberboinghausen, Rhine Prussia, in the western part of Germany closer to the French border. He went to his mother's funeral, having obtained a funeral leave from the army, sold his mother's farm and land and then proposed an outrageous idea to our family - let's all go to America!

Fritz had an Uncle Francis Fuerth in Canada, right over the border from Detroit, Michigan. Every body got excited over the prospect of going to the new world and Fritz was tired of spending his entire lifetime in the German Army with no discharge in sight, so we decided to go!

We arrived in Detroit, Michigan somewhere around 1882 and we settled in 2 houses side by side at 27th St, 2 south of Myrtle and 3 south of Myrtle. I and my sons were brick layers by trade so we soon found work in our field as there was much building going on in Detroit in those days. I did not work in America as I was quite advanced in years. In 1884 my sons bought 2 houses side by side, at 192 and 194 Kentucky St in Detroit.

My new son in law, Friedrich Johann Dahl also learned our trade and he was a bricklayer working side by side with my sons Adolph and Julius on some jobs. My sons helped him brick the new house he built at 850 Russell St in Detroit in 1887.

My wife Eva and I lived with our son Julius until our deaths.

I passed away in 1890, after having seen my children well established in their new homeland.

My name is Eva Kaminsky Kaiser.

I was born in Bischofswerde, West Prussia, about 50 miles south east of Danzig in about 1844. It is now part of Poland, but when I was born it was part of Germany. The Germans had invaded that part of Poland earlier, killed off over 10,000 Poles and settled the area with 10,000 German families from the west, giving them money and other incentives to populate the area so that it would now overnight have a German flavor. My father was one of the Poles who descended from some of the Poles who had not been slaughtered. But we were Germanicized, so to speak in that we spoke the German language, lived and worked along side the Germans and thought of ourselves as being German.

In about 1863 I married Johann Kaiser in Bischofswerde, West Preussen.

We had the following children in Bischofswerde:

Wilhelmine Kaiser Dahl Henkel, born April 2, 1864

Julius Kaiser born about 1865, retired in 1915 in Detroit

Adolph Kaiser, born about 1867.

Bischofswerde is a very primitive, very small village even to this very day, so Johann decided to move to Potsdam to have a better standard of living for ourselves and our family.

My husband and my two sons Adolph and Julius were bricklayers in Potsdam and earned a decent living there. Potsdam was a beautiful city in those days and my daughter Minna just loved it there. She loved especially the picnics we all had as a family on the banks of the Wannsee River that meanders through the city, lending such beauty to its grassy and flower laden banks. When the family decided to move to America Minna was visibly upset. For the rest of her life she was never happy about living in America and longed to return to the idyllic days of living in Potsdam. America was just too crass and commercial for my daughter. She longed for the quieter, gentler times of the 1870s in pre war Potsdam. But to be truthful, my daughter Minna was never content or happy with any situation for very long. Her children spent their entire lives bending over backwards trying to please her, to no avail.

We settled into my son Julius's house on 27th St 3 houses south of Myrtle in Detroit, Michigan. We lived in this house for a few years until Julius bought a house at 192 Kentucky in 1885.

That same year we got really exciting news, my daughter Minna was going to have a baby in April of 1886! But she had one major worry - being she got married in Potsdam, was she really married in America or not? So she and Fred, just to make sure, got married again in November, 1885 in Sacred Heart Church in Detroit.

And then on the 5th of April, 1886 her little Willie was born! What a thrill that was to all of us! Of course, we didn't get to see him for a few days because the day after he was born there occurred the biggest snowstorm Detroit has ever seen - 2 feet on a level and up to 5 foot drifts in spots! And none of the street cars ran for several days due to the snow. But in time we all managed to dig out and once again Detroit was back to normal, with the warm April sun soon melting it all away.

Of course there was no lack of children in our lives, that is for sure! Julius had Adolph J.G., Olive, Olga, Theodore, Otto M.W., Edward and Anna C.. Adolph had Otto A, Ernst, George, and Martha. So Johann and I were blessed with a plethora of descendents in our old age. We had a good life, my husband Johann and I. Especially in our old age. Our son Julius took us in and cared well for us. We were surrounded by grandchildren who loved us. Our other son Adolph was right next door and visited with us regularly. Yes, there is no greater blessing than to live and die in the arms of our loved ones. I passed away in my son Julius' home around 1890.

My name is Charles William Brueckner.

I was born in Hanover, the Kingdom of Hanover, Schwarzburg, Germany. My name in Germany was Wilhelm Karl Brueckner. I later married Louise Rose and we had the following children:

Edward Bruckner, born in 1840 in Schwarzburg, Kingdom of Hanover

Charles Bruckner, born October 1, 1842 in the Kingdom of Hanover

Louise Bruckner Schonau Herbertz, born July 7, 1844

Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt, born June 21, 1849 in the Kingdom of Hanover.

When Louise and I decided to set sail to America out of the port of Hamburg, Germany our passage out of the country was easier than it was for most German families. In Germany when one traveled overland to get to a port, one had to pay a duty at every border crossing. For many Germans this would involve 4 or 5 tariffs as one passed through Dukedoms, Kingdoms, Duchies, etc. Fortunately for the Bruckner family Schwarzburg was located in the Kingdom of Hanover which had its own port, Hamburg, within its borders. So the family had to pay for overland passage but no tariffs, which could be rather costly. The Brueckner family probably traveled to Hamburg by train as a train line was first set into operation in the Schwarzburg-Hamburg line around the year 1845.

In the year 1853 I and my wife Louise Rose Bruckner and our 6 children packed our few prize possessions and set out to the port of Hamburg in northern Germany. We had to travel about 70 miles in a northwest direction. We traveled to America in a large sailing vessel. While we were on board sailing to America our little daughter, about 7 years old, fell ill and a few days later passed away. A brief religious service was conducted and then her little body was placed on a board and slid into the sea, and now she rests on the bottom of the Atlantic ocean.

After disembarking from the sail boat in New York, we arrived in Michigan in 1854 with our remaining 5 children. I settled somewhere other than Detroit because I and my wife and children do not show up in the Detroit records until 1867. I had most probably died prior to 1867.

My name is Louise Rose Brueckner.

I was born around the year 1818 in the Kingdom of Hanover. I was the wife of William Charles Brueckner. I met and married him in Schwarzburg, the Kingdom of Hanover, Germany around the late 1830s. We had the following children:

Edward Bruckner, born in 1840 in Schwarzburg, Kingdom of Hanover

Charles Bruckner, born October 1, 1842 in the Kingdom of Hanover

Louise Bruckner Schonau Herbertz, born July 7, 1844

Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt, born June 21, 1849 in the Kingdom of Hanover.

I set sail to America on a large sailing vessel in 1854 from the port of Hamburg. One of my daughters died on the way over and the Captain said a few prayers over her tragic little body and then commended her to the deep, to lie forever in a vast, watery grave.

I arrived in America in 1854 at the port of New York. We traveled to Michigan but it was about 1867 that we first showed up in Detroit city records.

My sons, Edward and Charles took care of me and my minor children. I was very fearful for his safety when my younger son, Charles John joined the Union Army and went off to fight in the Civil War. I had depended upon him financially and emotionally, so it left a big void in my life when he marched off to war.

While Charles was off fighting in the myriad of Civil War battles I silently slipped out of this world and into the next on September 14, 1863 about the very young age of 45, leaving behind minor children due to which my son Charles had to leave the battlefield in order to go back to Detroit, Michigan to find suitable foster parents to care for my minor children, especially for my youngest daughter Pauline who was only 13 when I died.

My name is Nicholas Becker.

I was born in Copershofen, Rhine Prussia around 1799. Some records give my birthplace as Coberlein or Oberlein, Rhine Prussia.

I married Magdalene Gertrude in 1823 in Copershofen.

I immigrated to America around the end of the 1840's. I settled into Detroit sometime around 1849.

Magdalene and I had the following children:

Johannes Becker, born 21 May, 1824 in Copershofen, Rhine Prussia. He married Elizabeth Friedrichs in Detroit on his birthday, the 21st of May, 1855 in St. Mary's Church in Detroit.

Antony Becker, born in 1843 in Copershofen, Rhine Prussia. He came to America with our family around the end of the 1840s.

Frederic Becker, born 1830 in Copershofen, Rhine Prussia. He also came to America with our family around 1848.

Theodor Becker, born February, 1832 in Copershofen, Rhine Prussia. He also came to America with our family around 1848.

I moved to Detroit around 1848 and established a cooper shop with my son Johannes at 487 Gratiot in Detroit. I worked with him there until my death in 1881.

My name is Magdalene Gotz Becker.

I was born in the area of Copershofen, Rhine Prussia in 1801. (Ancestry.com lists her birth in 1799 at Liepen, Bad Doberan, Mecklenburg-Vorpommern, Germany).

In 1823 I married Nicholas Becker I in Copershofen, Rhine Prussia. We had 4 children:

Johannes Becker, born 21 May, 1824 in Copershofen, Rhine Prussia. He married Elizabeth Friedrichs in Detroit on his birthday, the 21st of May, 1855 in St. Mary's Church in Detroit.

Antony Becker, born in 1843 in Copershofen, Rhine Prussia. He came to America with our family around the end of the 1840s.

Frederic Becker, born 1830 in Copershofen, Rhine Prussia. He also came to America with our family around 1848.

Theodor Becker, born February, 1832 in Copershofen, Rhine Prussia. He also came to America with our family around 1848.

We came to America around 1848 and settled in Detroit, Michigan. My husband built a cooper shop and a home for us at 487 Gratiot. My son Johannes learned the cooper trade from my husband and then worked along side him until his death in 1881.

In 1854 cholera hit the city of Detroit and we were so worried we might catch this dreaded often fatal disease. We sprinkled lime around the outside of our building as recommended by the Detroit City Health Department to keep the infection away. We were fortunate enough to have escaped infection.

In 1855 my son Johannes married Elizabeth Friedrichs on the 21 May, 1855 in St. Mary's church in Detroit. Her family had land, property and money and gave her a piece of land adjacent to our land for Johannes to build his cooper shop and residence on.

My son Johannes and his wife Elizabeth had 5 children:

Sophie Becker Ott, born on the 25th of February, 1856

Nicholas John Becker, born 1858

John H. Becker, born May, 1865

Mary E. Becker Pomeroy Cavanaugh
Elizabeth Becker Booms.

These children grew up in our home as we lived side by side over the cooper shops from 1856 to my death in 1884. They brought much happiness to my life in those days.

My son Johannes joined the Union Army in 1862 and served in active duty in the army fighting many battles for almost one year. He was seriously wounded at the battle of Gettysburg in July 1863 and was transferred to the Invalid Corps to the end of the war. I was so worried all the while he was gone as we saw new casualty lists arrived in Detroit almost daily.

My husband and I were staunch Catholics and we attended Church at St. Mary's regularly. My children and grandchildren also worshipped in this faith which gave me and my husband great happiness.

I died on September 24, 1884 in Detroit on Gratiot Ave and I was buried in 146P in Mt. Elliott Catholic cemetery, on September 26, 1884.

My name is Johann Dahl.

I was born in 1770 in Wipperfuerth, Germany near Gummersbach.

I was the son of Johann Konrad Dahl, who was born February 3, 1735 in Gimborn, Germany and Maria Sibilla Bollings, who was born May 7, 1735 in Wipperfuerth, Germany.

I am the father of Johann Wilhelm Dahl who was born in 1801 in Oberboinghausen.

My family originally all came from one farm in Sweden. The eldest son of every generation inherited the farm and all other children had to leave the homestead and strike out on their own. The Dahl children stayed in Sweden for the most part through the years.

When the Protestant Reformation came in the 1590s Sweden became Protestant and were quite intolerant of Catholics. Other branches of the Dahl family converted to Protestantism but our branch of the family remained faithful to the Catholic faith and thus we were forced to leave Sweden, so we settled in Rhine Prussia, Germany in a town that is now named after our family, it is called Dahl, Germany.

The house where our family lived is now a museum and is called the Dahl house. It is open to the public. It was an ordinary type of house in those days but would be very bizarre by today's standards. On one side of the house the family resided and on the other side under the same roof the animals resided. I bet you could smell us Dahls coming a mile away!

Sometime prior to 1700 our family moved to the Gummersbach-Gimborn - Marienheide area where we have resided to the present day. In 1880 2 members of our family moved to America, the rest remained in this area.

My name is Christ Heinrich Fuerth.

I was born around 1785 in Erlinghagen, Germany, near Gummersbach.

Around 1808 I married Anna Marie Elisabeth Busch who was born around 1790 in Gimborn, Germany, near Gummersbach. We had the following children:

Anna Marie Josepha Fuerth, born December 7, 1810 in Erlinghagen, Germany near Gummersbach.

Francis Fuerth, born around 1811 in Erlinghagen, Germany near Gummersbach.

Francis emigrated from Germany prior to 1870 and first settled near the Port Colbourne, Niagara Falls area on 100 acres that he received free from the American government. He built a home on this land and farmed it for over 10 years. He repeatedly wrote letters to his two nephews, Friedrich and Wilhelm, who were the sons of his sister Anna Marie Josepha Fuerth Dahl, telling them of the great opportunities awaiting them in America and urging them to immigrate there and receive each 100 acres of free land from the American government.

While waiting for the Dahl boys to make up their mind to come to America Francis found out that Canada was offering 100 free acres for people to settle in Woodslee, Ontario, Canada, not too far from Detroit. That lure was too great to resist so Francis sold his farm near Buffalo and traveled to Woodslee in 1872 where he received 100 acres of prime farm land for free. Many other families besides the Fuerths came to Woodslee from the Port Colbourne, Niagara Falls area at the same time. Some of these families were the Cronmillers, who married into the Dahl family, and the Wintemutes, Heils, Angers, Clickners, and Markerts. So from his new farm Francis redoubled his efforts to write to his 2 nephews and entice them to come to this new land. Francis Fuerth and his nephew Wilhelm Dahl were among the first to begin homesteading on the Renaud line. Soon after the other above mentioned families started homesteading almost the entire Renaud line was populated by families of the German descent. The families on the German line, as it was called, did everything together. They played cards together, harvested crops together, and quite naturally they got married to their neighbors. They played euchre and they square danced in the living room together. They rolled up the rugs to square dance. The neighbors would play the piano and the violin and you'd think the roof was coming down. For cards they used to divide the road and the whole lower road used to play the upper end for the price of oysters. That

happened once a week. The neighbors would all come to one place and they would butcher the pigs. Then they used to take the livers and cook them and make liverwurst and sausage, gallons of it. They used to have baseball games between the "ragged 9" and the "barnyard savages". They would play at the school or in a neighbor's field. Yes, my children and grandchildren used to have wonderful times in their new home in America.

The boys were old enough to immigrate in 1870, but would not do so while their mother was still alive. However when their mother passed away and the estate was settled the lure of a new land with free land was too much to resist, so around 1880 they set sail to America and arrived at their Uncle Francis Fuerth's farm just in time to help him salvage his wet, soggy, over ripe harvest. The corn was way overdue to be harvested, however it had rained so hard and so long that fall that they couldn't get it out of the field. In desperation Francis decided to use chains to drag the corn out of the fields. It was long, hard backbreaking work but they got that corn harvested.

Wilhelm Dahl applied for and purchased 100 acres close to his Uncle Francis Fuerth in Canada, from the Cameron Land Company of Toronto, Canada who owned large stands of quality Maidstone lumber. But Fred did not want to farm so he crossed the border into Detroit and boarded with the Weikel family and became a brick layer, a profession he did all of his life until his untimely death at age 49.

My son Francis Fuerth married Christina Vickard and they settled on a farm in Woodslee, Canada. They are considered one of the original settlers and are written about in the Maidstone Township account of the German Settlement.

Francis and Christina had the following Children:

- Francis Fuerth Jr who married Elizabeth Geist
- William Fuerth
- Henry Fuerth who married Barbara Geist
- Monsignor Augustine Fuerth

I was very proud to have my grandson, Augustine become a priest and our whole family was extremely proud of him when he became a Monsignor.

I never went to America, but shared vicariously in my children's and grandchildren's exciting new life in America.

I died in Erlinghagen, Germany sometime around 1855.

My name is Anna Marie Busch.

I was born about 1790 in Gimborn in the vicinity of Gummersbach, Rhein Preussen, Germany.

Around 1808 I married Christ Heinrich Fuerth, who was born in 1785 in Erlinghagen, Germany, near Gummersbach. We had the following children:

Anna Marie Josepha Fuerth, born December 7, 1810 in Erlinghagen, Germany near Gummersbach.

Francis Fuerth, born around 1811 in Erlinghagen, Germany near Gummersbach.
He married Christine Vickerd.
They had the following children:

Francis Fuerth
William Fuerth
Henry Fuerth
Monsignor Augustine Fuerth

I was so proud to have a grandson who first became a Catholic priest then a Monsignor. It was a proud day for our family. We also had several of my granddaughters become nuns too. Ours was a very devout Catholic family.

Anna Marie Josepha Fuerth married Johann Wilhelm Dahl about 1840 in Gimborn, Germany by Gummersbach. They had the following children:

Wilhelm Dahl, born 1844 in Oberboinghausen, Westphalia, Germany
Johann Friedrich Dahl, born November 8, 1949 in Oberboinghausen, Germany

Francis Fuerth immigrated to Port Colbourne, New York by Niagara Falls most probably in the 1860s due to the lure of 100 acres of free land. He lived there until 1872 when he and a number of other families moved to Woodslee, Ontario Canada, where they were lured by large stands of quality Maidstone Timber. Much of the land in this area was owned by the Cameron Land Company of Toronto which sold 100 acre lots for \$1,000 to \$1,200 a piece. The Fuerths were among the first to begin homesteading on the Renaud Line in the 3rd Concession in Woodslee Canada. The Dahls followed soon afterwards. This area became so populated by Germans that it was soon called the German line.

I never left Germany. My daughter also lived all her life and was buried in Germany. My son Francis lies buried in Ontario, Canada near his farm.

My name is Johann Konrad Dahl.

I am the son of Johann Adolf Dahl and Elisabeth Blumberg.

I was born in Gimborn, Germany on February 3, 1735.

I married Maria Sibilla Bollings on September 29, 1766 in Wipperfurth, Germany.
I am the father of :

Johann Dahl, born in Wipperfurth in 1770

Peter Dahl, born August 18, 1767 in Wipperfurth.

Like my forefathers I am a devout Catholic, as is the rest of my family.

My name is Maria Sibilla Bollings.

I was born May 7, 1735 in Wipperfurth, Germany.

I am the daughter of Anna Katherina Cremers and Paul Bollings of Wipperfurth, Germany.

I married Johann Konrad Dahl who was born on the 3rd of February, 1735 in Gimborn.

We were married September 29, 1766 in Wipperfurth, Germany.

I am the mother of :

Peter Dahl, born 18th of August, 1767 in Wipperfurth, Germany

Johann Dahl born 1770 in Wipperfurth, Germany.

My name is Johann Adolf Dahl.

I was born around 1700 in Gimborn, Germany, near Gummersbach.

I was married to Elisaberh Blumberg around 1734.

I am the father of Johann Konrad Dahl, born February 3, 1735 in Gimborn, Germany.

My name is Elisabeth Blumberg.

I was born about 1710 in Gimborn, germany.

I am the wife of Johann Adolf Dahl.

We were married about 1734 in Gimborn, Germany.

I am the mother of Johann Konrad Dahl, born February 3, 1735 in Gimborn.

My name is Paul Bollings.

I was born about 1705 in Wipperfurth, Germany.

I married Anna Katherina Cremers about 1734 in Wipperfurth, Germany

I am the father of Maria Sibilla Bollings, born the 5th of July, 1735 in Wipperfurth, Germany.

My name is Anna Katherina Cremers.

I was born about 1710 in Wipperfurth, Germany.

I am the wife of Paul Bollings.

We were married about 1734 in Wipperfurth, Germany.

I am the mother of Maria Sibilla Bollings, born the 7th of May, 1735 in Wipperfurth, Germany.