

Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt

21 June, 1849 – 12 November, 1926



Pauline is the mother of Nellie Rehfeldt Dahl, the grandmother of Marie Dahl Bender, and the Great Grandmother of Sandy Bender.

Pauline Bruckner was born in Schwarzburg, in the Kingdom of Hanover on the 21st of June in the year 1849. She was the youngest living child of Louisa Rose and William Charles Bruckner. (Schwarzburg is presently located in the province of Thuringia, in what is now known as East Germany (or the Deutsches Demokratic Republic). Schwarzburg is an ancient German city, having once been of major import as a major north-south trade route from Rome leading to northern Gaul. A one time large and bustling trade center, it is now merely a sleepy forgotten town, having nowhere near the relative population it experienced in the Middle Ages.

The Bruckner name originated in Austria and Schlesia and means “one who builds bridges”. This name was also given to those who built paved and wooden streets. In the east this name is spelled “Pruckner”. (The majority of German names originated from the town in which the person was born, but less frequently the name originated from the profession or occupation of that person, as in the case of the Bruckner family name.) The Bruckner family name first surfaced around 1300-1400 in Schlesien and Mahren and was assigned to persons who repaired bridges and paved the streets. Less frequently, the name Bruckner was assigned to those persons who came from the city of Bruckenau in Frankenland.

The Bruckner family had considerable musical and artistic talent in the 1800's. Pauline's cousin, Herman Bruckner, who came from a city called Quedlinberg, which is north of Erfurt and close to Schwarsburg, was an accomplished musician. He had learned his profession under the tutelage of his talented father in his native town of Quedlinberg. Both Herman and his father had performed in orchestras in the neighboring town of Ettersberg, north of Weimar. Herman and his father played many musical instruments, among which were the piano, organ, violin, guitar, and his favorite, the cello. Herman

was music teacher for many years, having had a music studio on the Grand Blvd. Herman Bruckner's notable achievement in his lifetime was when he helped found the Detroit Philharmonic Quartet, a famous musical company before the turn of the century in Detroit. Herman was the cellist in the Detroit Philharmonic for years after he turned the direction of the Quartet over to the famous German composer, Carl Yost. Carl Yost once again returned the direction of the Detroit Philharmonic to Herman Bruckner in 1890. Herman then headed the Philharmonic again for about 10 more years before retiring. Herman Brueckner has been written about in the local history books due to his musical accomplishments in the 19th century.

In his later years Herman Bruckner played the piano in the movie theatre occasionally during the time of the silent movies, probably more as a source of entertainment than as a supplement to his retirement income.

Herman had only one son, who, unfortunately, preceded him in death. It appears as though the son died without having children, thus ending one of the most talented branches of the Bruckner family tree.

We could hope to establish a relationship to a most famous Bruckner, Anton, a most talented composer, who was born in Ansfelden, upper Austria on the 4th of September, 1824 and died in Vienna, Austria on the 11th of October, 1896. He was a monk in the Catholic Church and was famous for both his liturgical and lay compositions. However, our relationship to Anton would be very tenuous and distant, due to the geographical distances and the differences in religion (our Bruckner family were of the Evangelical Lutheran faith in Germany).

We also had a Bruckner relative in Detroit at the turn of the century who packed up all of her belongings in order to display her musical talents in California. She obviously never made it big in California, but our immediate family benefited in that our grandparents purchased her piano which gave our family years and years of enjoyment (that is, until Nellie's sons revolted over moving that piano every time that Nellie changed residences.)

We had one other talented young man in the family, Nellie's brother John Rehfeldt. John was an accomplished painter and painted a number of very large and very fine paintings. His most remembered by the family was "Coxie's army". John passed away in the prime of his youth, having died at 25 years of age from the side effects of a vaccination.

Pauline's oldest living brother was Edward Brueckner, who was born in Schwarzburg, Kingdom of Saxony, in 1840. Edward was a last maker by trade and spent most of his adult working years plying this trade. But Edward also had a few more colorful jobs in his lean years, the most interesting being as a "huckster" for the C.H. market in Detroit. He was also a gardener for one year, and a carpenter. It appears as though he built his own residence at the corner of Dequindre & Georgia (either that or he built this house as a carpenter).

In 1880 Edward (Eduard in German) and his wife Carolina answered the U.S. census questionnaire in the following manner:

Edward stated that he was born in Germany in 1840. He stated that he was a white male and was living at 180 Benton St. in Detroit. He stated that his wife Carolina was born in 1846 and that she was born in Michigan.

He stated that he had the following children:

- A son Charles (named after his brother Charles), born in 1864 in Michigan,
- A daughter Emma, born in 1866 in Michigan,
- A daughter Carolina, born in 1867 in Michigan,
- A daughter Clara, born in 1870 in Michigan,
- A daughter Gusta, born in 1873 in Michigan,
- A daughter Tilly, born in 1875 in Michigan.

Edward would later have another addition to his family, a son William born on the 27th of April, 1884.

This census information can be found in the 1880 U.S. census, volume 30, E.D. 308, sheet 36, line 3.

The 1870 census also had some interesting information concerning Edward Bruckner. It stated that Edward was 30 years old, was a carpenter by trade, that he was born in Prussia, that his real estate value was \$800.00 and that his personal property was worth \$200.00. It stated that his wife Carolina was a housewife, born in Michigan, and could not read or write English. The Edward Bruckner family was residing in Ward 6 in Detroit at the time that this census was taken.

Edward and Carolina had their share of heartaches too. On the 20th of August, 1879 their little daughter, Marie Bruckner passed away. She was only 7 months, 9 days old. She died on 180 Benton St, Detroit. Then 2 short years later they lost another little daughter, Augustine Wilhelmine Brueckner, aged 9 months, 4 days.

The Works Project administration, a FDR invention during the depression era, notes one happy occasion in the Brueckner family household. In their records it is noted that a daughter Clara Bruckner was born on 205 Whitney St. Detroit on July 3, 1869. She is the daughter of Eduard Bruckner, a last maker by trade, and who was born in Saxonia and Caroline ?, born in Saxonia. The family residence in Detroit.

Edward appears in the Polk Detroit City Directory from the year 1871 until 1892. In the earlier years of the Directory, from 1871 until 1879, Edward lived right next door to his younger brother Charles John Bruckner. Edward mostly spelled his name Brueckner through the years, while his brother Charles mostly spelled his name Bruckner. The confusion came due to the umlaut that appeared over the “u” in the German spelling of the Bruckner name (**Bruckner**) in German. There is no umlaut in English, so the family

had to either just drop the umlaut or to place the “e” in the name after the “u” as the umlaut in German is just a shorthand for the “e” after another consonant. Charles dropped the umlaut, while Edward added the “e”. But they were never consistent with their spelling as both brothers spelled their last name with and without the “e” throughout their lifetimes, depending on their mood.

Edward and Charles sister Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt moved in just down the street on Alfred right after she married Charles John Rehfeldt and all of their children played together in those early years of their childhood until 1879 when Edward moved to 180 Benton St. (IN the early years Edward lived at 205 Alfred St. and Charles lived at 206 Alfred. Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt, their sister lived at 200 Alfred.)

Edward and Charles were close in those early years and they named their sons after each other, Edward naming his son Charles, and Charles naming his son Edward. Edward named his second son William after their father, William Charles. Pauline also named her sons Charles and Edward, Edward, unfortunately passed away in infancy, while Charles lived on into his 70’s. Pauline’s son Charles got a job at the MCRR, no doubt due to the influence of one or both of his uncles.

Edward Brueckner was proud of his position as a volunteer fireman for the Detroit City Fire Department. One day Edward answered an alarm in the wee hours of the morning, bravely fought the fire, and when the fire was out he went directly to his job at the MCRR in his wet clothes. Edward’s devotion to duty was his downfall as he had caught a chill from working in wet clothes, contracted pneumonia, a dreaded disease in those days before the advent of antibiotics, and on the 6th day of March, 1892 passed away at the young age of 52 years. Poor Caroline must have been distraught with 8 children to care for and no husband! Caroline shows up in the Polk Directory as living on 501 Willis for years after Edward died, but she shows no occupation. The first child to show as working was Lillie her daughter, shows up as a cigar packer in 1898. In 1900 Emma is listed as a clerk, and William L. shows up as a driver. William was with Caroline his mother, until 1907 when he moved into his own place at 370 Brewster. Caroline moved to 938 Oaklan ave somewhere around the year 1914. Caroline passed away sometime after 1922.

Pauline’s younger brother was Charles John Bruckner. Charles was born in Schwarzburg, Germany on the 1st of October, 1842, the second oldest surviving child of Louisa Rose and William Charles Bruckner. He came to America with his parents and siblings in 1853. He attended the Detroit public schools as a child, and became a patternmaker prior to his service to his country in the Civil War.

On September 6, 1861 Charles Bruckner enlisted in Company K, 5th Michigan Infantry in Detroit, Michigan, and his services are given in the “State Record of the Fifth Michigan Infantry” under the name of “Brickner or Bruckner, John Charles (veteran)”. Charles is mentioned in the military records as “Companion Bruckner”.

Companion Bruckner was mustered in at Saginaw, Michigan on September 28, 1861 and was appointed sergeant December 15, 1863, made 1st sergeant in 1864; mustered out for re-enlistment as a “veteran” in 1864, he was commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant, Company 1 on October 9, 1864 and finally 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
- Fredricksburg, Virginia, December 11-14, 1862;
- Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 1-6, 1863
- Gerrysburg, 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
- Boydton 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 the Second Bull Run, Spottsylvania, 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 nine 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 Appomatox Court House.

After Companion Bruckner was mustered out, he returned to Detroit and 24 days after being out of service he went to the court house in Detroit and on the 29th of July, 1865 he promptly became a citizen of the United States, a country for whom he has so proudly fought during the last 4 years. His citizenship papers state:

State of Michigan, County of Wayne.

Charles Bruckner, an alien, being of the age of about twenty two 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 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 eighteen hundred and fifty four and arrived in the United States in the same year; and that he arrived in the State of Michigan 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 or 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

Charles Bruckner married Miss Catherine Hilsendagen of Detroit in 1861, by whom he had 3 children, Rosa, Edward, and Henrietta. Catherine died February 16, 1894. After the death of Catherine Charles married Theresa who was born in January, 1862 in Michigan, and they had one child, Louisa, born May, 1887, whom Charles had named after his mother Louisa, and also his sister who was also named Louisa. Grandmother Louisa was very pleased that her granddaughter was named after her.

The 1900 census shows that Charles Bruckner was a baggage man and was employed 12 months out of the year. He was able to read and write English and he owned his own home free and clear. Both his wife and daughter could read, write and speak English. His daughter attended school 9 months out of the year.

Charles Bruckner began his working career as a patternmaker prior to the Civil War. After the Civil War Charles worked first as a policeman while living at 184 Lafayette E. In Detroit, then as a brakeman for the MCRR, starting in 1871. He was then living side by side with his brother Edward at 206 Alfred in Detroit. In 1877 Charles became a

baggage man for the MCRR, and in 1888 became a baggage master. His nephew, Charles F, son of Edward, became a watchman for the MCRR about this time. Around 1906 Charles moved to 448 Bagg St. in Detroit and was both a watchman and a policeman for the MCRR. In 1909 he became a special policeman for the MCRR and moved to a house at 369 Chene St. in Detroit. Charles retired from the MCRR around 1913 after having served this company faithfully for about 50 years. Charles briefly came out of retirement to become a chauffeur in 1918. Charles moved in with his ailing sister Louisa Bruckner Schonau Herbertz around 1921, and she died shortly afterwards at the age of 76 years, after having had her last year made considerably more comfortable by her considerate brother Charles.

Charles had one weakness which caused some hardship for his family members in the last years of his life, he was rather fond of alcohol and could imbibe a little too much for the comfort of his family on occasion. Other than that he was a steady worker, and a loving faithful husband and father. His sister Louisa was quite attached to him and was glad to have him in her extremity.

Charles was proud of the fact that his son Edward W. Bruckner was a veteran of the Spanish-American War and that his grandson, Lieutenant Charles Russell Bruckner served in the 120th Machine Gun Battalion during World War 1.

When Charles Bruckner passed away he was also survived by his daughter, Henrietta Ingabrand. His other daughter by this first marriage passed away before him.

Charles Bruckner 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, who died 2-20-1894, his daughter Rose Bruckner who passed away on 5-15-1923. He was later joined in eternal repose by his son Edward W. Bruckner on 7-3-1928 and a great grandchild Lucy Bruckner, on 2-9-1959. Charles Bruckner and his son Edward have headstones.

Charles' family plot is located on Lot No. 810 N3/4 of NE ¼, Section A5 & 809 S1/2 of SE ¼ (180 sq. ft) (12 x 15). This lot was originally purchased by Charles Bruckner on March 5th, 1894, deed No. 3766, later 14489. On November 5, 1923 Mrs. Henrietta Ingabrand and Edward W. Bruckner stated that they are the children and the only living heirs of Charles Bruckner, deceased. Mrs. Henrietta Ingabrand assigned her interest in this lot to Edward W. Bruckner this date.

Pauline had a sister Louisa Bruckner who was born on the 7th of July, 1844 in Schwarzburg, Germany. Louisa was named after her mother, Louisa. Louisa came to America when she was 8 years old, and when she was about 21 years old she married Henry Schoenau around the year 1865. Henry Schoenau died on the 11th of December, 1885 at the young age of 43, leaving Louise a widow for the next 17 years. Unfortunately, Louisa and her first husband had no children. Mr. Schoenau had been successful and had left Louise comfortably set. On the 27th of April, 1901, Louisa married Dr. Frederick Herbertz, and moved into his home at 2001 Antietam in Detroit.

Dr. Herbertz had made a good deal of money in his lifetime, and he afforded Louisa a very comfortable life. Again, Louisa and Dr. Herbertz had no children, so when Dr. Herbertz died he left Louisa a considerable sum of money. Louisa used her inheritance to make her family more comfortable. Louisa and Paulina were close to one another all of their lives, and when Louisa died she left an estate of over \$33, 000 which her brothers and sisters shared. Louisa evidently left her house to her brother Charles as he lived there after her death. Louisa lived to be over 76 years old. Louisa had in her possession over 6 cemetery lots in Mt. Elliott cemetery which were of no use to her as she wasn't Catholic, so when she passed away she left them to her sister Pauline whose daughter Nellie had married a Catholic man. When Pauline died she deeded the graves to Nellie. Nellie never used any of these graves as her husband's family owned a family plot in Mt. Olivet cemetery and that is where Nellie and her daughter Dorothy were buried.

When Louisa and William Charles Bruckner decided to set sail to America their 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 in Schwarzburg was located in the Kingdom of Hanover which had its own port, Hamburg within its borders. So the family had to pay overland passage but no tariffs, which could be rather costly. The Bruckner 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 1853 William Charles Bruckner, his wife Louisa Rose Bruckner and their 6 children packed their few precious possessions, then set out to the port of Hamburg in northern Germany. They had to travel northwest about 70 miles. The Bruckners traveled to America in a large sailboat. While on board ship in the middle of the ocean, one of Louisa and William's daughters, who was probably born between the years 1845 and 1848, fell ill and within a few days succumbed to her illness. Her little body was thrown overboard after a brief religious service, and she now rests at the bottom of the ocean.

Wilhelm Karl Bruckner settled with his wife and 5 remaining children in Detroit in 1854. However we have no record of Wilhelm working in the Detroit area per the Polk Detroit City Directory so I wonder if possibly he may have settled first in a neighboring community, such as Monroe as there is a William Bruckner listed in Monroe in 1860, but it does not appear to be our William. Quite possibly William may have died relatively early as there are no records of him in Detroit. The first person to show up in the records are his sons Edward and Charles in 1867. Most probably his wife Louisa lived longer than he as the grandchildren speak of conversations that their parents had with Louise. One conversation that Louisa Bruckner Schenau Herbertz and Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt had with their mother Louisa and which they repeated frequently to their children concerned one of Louisa's grandchildren. Louisa's son Charles had named his only daughter by his second marriage Louisa after his mother and this had so pleased Louisa to have a grandchild named after her!

While Pauline still lived at home with her parents, her brother Charles John Bruckner, born Karl Johann Bruckner, went off to fight in the Civil War. Charles was mustered into

service on the 6th of September, 1861, the date that would be his niece Nellie Rehfeldt's wedding day some 45 years later. The family had no doubt suffered a loss of income when Charles joined the service as he had been a patternmaker by trade prior to enlisting. Like so many other families in wartime, our family had to learn to tighten their belt a bit to make it through what turned out to be a 4 year long war. (How much more interesting would the battle of Gettysburg have been to me had I known that I had a great uncle Charles Bruckner and a Great Greatgrandfather John Becker in that battle!) Charles fought long and hard throughout the entire war, having served from 1861 right through to after the end of the war in 1865. He had the honor of being present when the Confederate army was beaten back to the Appomatox Courthouse! Charles Bruckner had only one leave of absence from the war, when he returned to Detroit in January, 1864, when he took the opportunity of the 7th of January, 1864 to marry Catherine Hilsendagen, aged 20. They were married in Detroit by Joseph Kuhn, Justice of the Peace. The witnesses to their marriage were John Maertz and Frank Sedenbier, both of whom also resided in Detroit. Immediately after his marriage Charles reenlisted in the Army as a veteran, and was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant, Company 1, on the 9th of October, 1864. Charles Bruckner was finally mustered out of service at Jeffersonville, Indiana on the 5th of July, 1865. The rest of life was anticlimactic for Charles after all the excitement of the Civil War. After being Second Lieutenant, fighting one exciting battle after another, being looked up to by his men, being a virtual hero in a very popular war, his life after 1865 was one of quiet desperation. The only battles left to wage were petty personal ones, having to do with not enough money and petty domestic upsets. I'm sure Charles spent many an hour reminiscing over the much more colorful periods in his life when every day was a new challenge, and every battle brought a fresh chance for glory.

Charles Bruckner was in a very patriotic mood after the end of the Civil War, so he filed for his citizenship papers on the 29th day of July, 1865, just 24 days after he was mustered out of service. No man was more deserving of his citizenship in our family than Charles Bruckner, who had fought so long and so hard for his homeland. On the 29th day of July, 1865, Charles Bruckner said the following words proudly under oath: "I, Charles Bruckner, do swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States, and that I do absolutely and entirely renounce and adjure forever all allegiance to any foreign prince, potentate, state of sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly do absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to the King Of Hanover, country for four years before putting his loyalty into words. Charles had no real pangs about renouncing his loyalty to the King of Hanover as he had been only 7 years old when leaving Germany, so he had no first hand knowledge of the King of Hanover. However, I am sure that there were other men present that day who had a very heavy heart about renouncing their sovereign.

By August, 1865 Charles Bruckner was back home in Detroit with his new bride, safe and settled into a job as a baggageman for the Michigan Central Railroad (MCRR). Charles evidently was satisfied with his job with the MCRR as that was the only employer he had after the war, and he was employed by the railroad for about 50 years.

Charles had three children by Catherine Hilsendagen Bruckner, Rosa, born in 1862, and who died relatively early, a son Edward born in 1871, and who Charles was so proud of, especially his war record as a veteran of the Spanish-American War, and Henrietta, born in 1888, whose married name was Ingabrand. Charles Bruckner was especially proud of the fact that he himself had fought through the entire Civil War, his son Edward had served in the Spanish American War, and his grandson Lieutenant Charles Russell Bruckner, served in the 120th Machine Gun Battalion during the 1st World War, thus making three generations who had so proudly served their country in its time of need.

On the 8th of July, 1867, Pauline Bruckner married John Charles (Johann Karl) Rehfeldt. Pauline was then 19 years old and her Charles was 19 years. Charles was a painter by trade and he had stated on his marriage license that he was born in France. Pauline and Charles Rehfeldt were married by Joseph Kuhn, Justice of the Peace. Charles Bruckner, whom Pauline was quite close to, was a witness to her marriage. The second witness was Matthias Schied.

Charles Rehfeldt was born in a part of Germany that at the time of either his birth or his marriage, was evidently under the control of the French, a common occurrence along the border that separates France from Germany. With every war, and there were a number of them every century in Germany, the towns along the German-French border went to whomever won the war. (In Napoleon's time Germany almost as far as Hamburg belonged to France after one of Napoleon's conquests.)

Charles Rehfeldt never took out citizenship papers, and Wilhelm Charles Bruckner, Pauline's father, was never naturalized, and in those times a woman could not by herself become a citizen of the United States, so Pauline and her husband remained aliens, and died as German citizens. (Both of Pauline's brothers, Edward and Charles did become citizens of the United States).

Pauline and Charles Rehfeldt's first child, John A. Rehfeldt, was born in 1870. John was an extremely young man, and his intelligence and artistic ability shone in his face. He most likely got his artistic ability from the Bruckner side of the family as there were quite a number of musicians in that side of the family. John was a very talented young artist, and is remembered by the family to this day for his paintings of "Coxie's Army" and "Fritz's Last Travel", as well as a beautifully done self portrait. Pauline was very proud of her son's artistic ability, and his paintings hung in her side parlor which was reserved for special company. These paintings hung in her parlor, first on Antietam St, and then on Emily St until the day she died, some 30 years later. After Pauline's death, her son Bill continued to occupy the house on Emily St. Bill was very sentimental over family treasures, so much so that he was upset every time he gazed at these treasures and thought of their original owners, so finally Bill packed up everything belonging to his mother Pauline and her son John, and he lovingly placed these objects in his attic. When the younger generation of Rehfeldts and Bruckners would visit Bill they would persuade him to let them go into the attic and enjoy looking at all these relics from the family's past.

On the 18th of August, 1873, Elisabeth was born. Tragedy struck this young family twice in one year. On the 25th day of July, 1876, little Edwin passed away at the tender age of 6 months, 2 weeks, a victim supposedly of tuberculosis. Then on the 25th of August, 1877, little Lizzie passed away, only 4 years and 7 days old. Both little children rest in stranger's ground, as Pauline and Charles did not at this time in their young marriage possess sufficient funds to bury their two children in a private cemetery. (But it was because the children were buried in a public cemetery that we had such easy access to these records as these records were in the possession of Burton Historical Library in Detroit.)

The next year, on the 19th of October, 1878, Mathilda (Tillie), the longest lived of the Rehfeldt children, was born. Tillie had a very sunny, happy disposition, which is characteristic of so many of the Bruckner family members, and also a very quick wit. Tillie was extraordinarily intelligent, and used her intelligence in helping others out of their dilemmas. Tillie was always there to offer a bit of assistance when needed. Tillie was quick to offer assistance, be it intellectual or financial. Tillie had a heart of gold, a heart that was unbelievably big! And you could always count on Tillie to find the bright side of life. Tillie had a sense of humor that was infectious. One always had a wonderful time when one was with Aunt Tillie, and one never heard an unkind word uttered against another falling from Tillie's lips. She was the kindest and dearest of persons. The one shame in life was that Tillie could not pursue a higher education due to the fact that she was a female in a time when a woman's place was in the home. That was certainly a big waste of an excellent mind.

On the 7th of January, 1881 Hattie was born. Hattie also had a very sunny disposition and was willing to lend a helping hand. Hattie, however, never had the time available to help as Tillie had as Hattie had a big family while Tillie had only one child, Helen.

Charles Rehfeldt Jr. was born in 1883. He was the oldest of the surviving Rehfeldt sons and the only one to have children. Charles had two sons, Charles 111 and John. Only Charles 111 had children. He also had two daughters, Marge and Eleanor. He also had a very pleasant disposition and was a kind, mild mannered man.

William was the brother of Nellie Rehfeldt Dahl. William supported his mother Pauline and his sister Elisabeth, and her two children William and Marie until he was in his 40's. William met and married Margaret, and from then on he lived alone with his wife. Unfortunately they never had any children of their own. They are buried in Forestlawn cemetery.

Tillie was the oldest sister of Nellie Rehfeldt Dahl, and also her favorite. Tillie was very good to Nellie all her life. Tillie made Nellie's wedding dress by hand, gave Nellie her reception, and drove her to the train station for the start of their honeymoon. Years later, when Bill disappeared, Tillie often fed Nellie and her children and gave them carfare money. Tillie was always a light-hearted, good natured, loving person. When Nellie died in March, 1955, Tillie had been sick and could not go to Nellie's funeral, so she sent

her best friend in her place so she could tell Tillie all about Nellie's funeral. Tillie died on the 23 of January, 1965. She was the longest lived of the Rehfeldt children.

Nellie's sister had a hard life after the depression. Her husband Ed lost all his real estate in the depression except their cottage on Elizabeth Lake. So the family moved to the cottage, and ended up staying there for the rest of their lives.

Nellie was born on the 3rd of November, 1885, on the election day! Election day in those times was a very loud, boisterous, exciting day, full of loud talk, campaigning and drinking. It was a day full of hoopla! Nellie had a very fun loving, easy going nature. Nellie always had a smile on her face and a kind word on her lips.

William Rehfeldt was born next, the youngest of the surviving sons. William married later in life to Margaret, as he spent his younger years caring for his mother Pauline and her youngest daughter, Lizzie. William and Margaret, unfortunately, never had any children. They lived in grandmother Rehfeldt's house on Emily St until their deaths in the 1950's.

The last of the surviving Rehfeldt children was Elisabeth, the second child in this family to be named. Elisabeth was born into the toilet, her head having struck the bottom of the outhouse toilet. Elisabeth was rather simple all of her life, and Pauline attributed this to the fact that Elisabeth had suffered a head injury at birth. William Rehfeldt took care of his sister Elisabeth most of her life, and after he married Lizzie moved to an apartment two blocks away from her sister Tillie who then watched over her for the rest of her days, until Tillie became too paralyzed to go to Elisabeth's house. But Tillie continued to send others over to look after Lizzie.

Pauline's husband, Charles Rehfeldt Sr. was an accomplished musician; he could both play several instruments as well as conduct an orchestra. However, in those times one could not ear enough money to support one's family simply by playing an instrument or conducting an orchestra, so Charles painted houses on Grosse Isle in addition to conducting the orchestra. Nellie used to accompany her father many times when he went to Grosse Isle to paint houses, and she would play with the neighborhood kids while her father painted houses. But Nellie would often lend him a helping hand by cleaning brushes, handing him equipment, trim brushes, etc. Nellie and her father would return home hand in hand in the evening, happy and tired from their day's labors. Nellie adored her father Charles, and she so enjoyed these quiet moments in which she had her father all to herself. Nellie was probably Charles' favorite child, and he was very proud of his little tomboy. Sometimes Nellie would have to share her dad with her oldest brother John as he would accompany Nellie and Charles on a painting job, helping his dad out. John also ventured into another line of work, becoming an apprentice tinsmith. But neither of

these lines of work suited John as he was a true artist at heart. It was such a pity that John died in his prime before he could develop his talents.

John had painted a number of pictures in his lifetime, some of which he undoubtedly sold, as he was a very fine artist. It is a pity that John's unsold pictures fell into the hands of non-family members in the 1950's when his Uncle Bill died, leaving no children. These pictures ended up in the possession of his wife's children by her first marriage.

Nellie spoke very fondly of her father Charles all the days of her life, and she often said that she was sure that she was her father's favorite. One of Nellie's favorite stories was the one in which her father was coming home from work one day and he spotted his daughter Nellie in a field beating up on the neighborhood bully, a boy about a year older than Nellie. When Charles got closer, he now observed that Nellie was in the process of beating the bully over the head with a pump handle! (From an outside water well). Charles heartily encouraged his little Nellie with the words, "That's a girl! That's my lolly!" Nellie was a real tomboy in those days and Charles loved every dirty smudge on her adorable little body.

Hattie's favorite story of her father, Charles, was that it was because of her father's penchant for a bucket of beer every Sunday afternoon that she met her husband, Edward Forkel. Everyone had always remarked about how beautiful the Rehfeldt girls were, and beautiful young Hattie, dressed up in her Sunday best, went to the corner tavern to purchase a bucket of beer for 5 cents for her dad, Charles. Edward Forkel's father owned the corner tavern, and Edward happened to be there when Hattie stepped inside to purchase the bucket of beer, and Edward, knowing a beautiful girl when he saw one, made Hattie's acquaintance and the rest is history. Hattie Rehfeldt and Edward Forkel were married in the Windsor Ave Methodist Church in Windsor, Ontario, Canada, on the 19th of October in 1897, On Hattie's sister Tillie's 29th birthday. Hattie's sister, Mathilda (Tillie) Rehfeldt Downch, and her husband Charles Doench, were the matron of honor and the best man.

In 1896 the first tragedy struck the Rehfeldt family. Their beloved oldest son, John, was stricken by a mysterious illness and suddenly died. The doctors listed the official cause of death as tuberculosis, but the family steadfastly maintained that John died of the side effects of a vaccination that he had just received. The vaccination story is the far more plausible story of the two as we have a picture of John taken the year before he died, and he does not appear to be the least bit ill or emaciated, a typical look of one who was slowly dying of consumption. And John had too much vigor in his last year to have had T. B.

The family lived at 692 Beaubien at the time that John died, but the cemetery records listed 355 Erskine as the official residence for John. Possibly John was married and lived with his wife at this address. Theresa Rehfeldt was listed as the one who purchased John's cemetery plot, possibly Theresa was his wife. And being there were 4 graves purchased at that time, I wonder if John might have had children. John's plot was purchased by a Theresa Rehfeldt in section 41Y of Trinity Lutheran several days after

John passed away. Theresa was listed as having worked only one year, in 1896, as a housekeeper for Charles Bruckner, Pauline's brother. Charles Bruckner evidently had a heart of gold, having hired Theresa as his way of helping her pay for the 4 cemetery plots. She used the money that she received from working for Charles Bruckner in order to pay for the 4 cemetery plots for her beloved John. If John was her husband, Charles Bruckner may have also hired her as a maid in order to kindly provide her with a roof over her head until she could get back on her feet again after the untimely death of her husband. Theresa even had a headstone set on John's grave so that he would never be forgotten.

Charles Rehfeldt had one known sibling, Louis (Ludwig) Rehfeldt. Very little is known about Ludwig at this time. It is also not known whether Charles and Ludwig were accompanied on their journey to America by their parents or not, but we would assume that the parents did come with the children, as Charles was only 19 years old when he married Pauline, and he was already in America at this point in time, and teenagers do not usually set sail to America alone, as this is too arduous a journey to undertake for one so young.

In 1920 Theresa Rehfeldt sold the remaining 2 graves of the 4 grave Rehfeldt family plot to a Lambert family in Utica, Michigan. In the interim between 1896 when Theresa purchased the Rehfeldt family plot in Trinity Lutheran cemetery, and 1920 when she sold it, she had married, and her married name was now Bender. William Dahl and Nellie Rehfeldt Dahl purchased their home on Seyburn about 1918 from a Lambert family, and it is wondered whether this could be the same Lambert family, as the two transactions occurred only 2 years apart, and within the same family.

Charles Rehfeldt Sr. conducted a band and played an instrument on what was called "rooftop gardens" in those days. People used to sit on top of multi-story buildings in Detroit, where they would drink beer while listening to live bands play their favorite songs. (Usually good old fashioned German songs sung in their native tongue, the same ones that they themselves had sung as children on their native soil not so many years ago). On May 13, 1898, Charles Rehfeldt, still heavy with grief over losing his oldest son in his prime, was conducting an orchestra, while imbibing in the liquid stuff with the spectators during intermissions. In all probability Charles Rehfeldt had had enough to drink that particular day, as he managed somehow to step right off the roof! He fell to the pavement below, badly shattering his leg bones. The doctor called to treat Charles told him that his leg would have to be amputated if he were to survive. Charles refused to allow his leg to be amputated, which might not have been an unwise decision, considering the crude surgical skills of the day, the lack of antibiotics, and the infancy of anesthesia. Charles lay in his bed at home for the next 2 months, suffering horribly. His wife Pauline went out to work to pay their ever mounting bills, and Charles beloved little Nellie was taken out of school to nurse the daddy that she so adored. Nellie loved her dad very deeply, and cherished every moment of being near to him and being able in some small way to ease his discomfort. Nellie, as well as all of her brothers and sisters, remember well that momentous May 13th when they were told of their father's grievous injuries. Nellie told me in the last year of her life how she remembers her mother coming

to school to take her out in the middle of the day because her father had been injured. Nellie said that little did she realize as she left the classroom that day that she would never again see the inside of a schoolroom in her lifetime. She also had no idea of the serious consequences of her father's leg injury.

Charles' injured leg became badly infected and little could be done as there were no antibiotics in those times. Nellie nursed her father with devotion, religiously doing all the treatments that the doctor had told her to do. But love was not enough to save her father, for on the 13th of July, 1898, delirious with pain and fever that racked his entire body, Charles quietly passed from the face of the earth. Nellie was inconsolable! How hard she fought to save her father! And her best efforts were all in vain! What had she done wrong, or not good enough that he died? Nellie, 12 years old, was without the father she had loved so very dearly. The other Rehfeldt children were equally affected by the loss of their father. Charles had been a very dear father and now he was no more. Pauline grievously missed her husband, both as a person, and for his emotional and financial support in raising their large family. (at the time Charles died, Pauline had born him a baker's dozen of children, most of whom did not survive infancy). In mid July, 1898, Charles Rehfeldt was laid to rest beside his 25 year old son, John, just 2 years, one and half month later. It seemed as though John had called his father to be with him. Charles was the last burial in this Rehfeldt plot as Pauline was buried 28 years later in Elmwood cemetery beside her sister Louisa Bruckner Schonau Herbertz as the remaining graves in the Rehfeldt plot had been sold to the Lambert family. No head stone had been set on Charles' grave as his family was too poor to afford such a luxury at the time.

Pauline was now forced to go outside and work on a daily basis in order to support herself and her family. Pauline was also unable to maintain the family residence at 692 Beaubien, and in addition, this home probably held too many tragic memories for her to want to remain there, so in 1898 she and her children moved to 245 Rowena. For many years Pauline Burckner Rehfeldt worked for many of the wealthiest families in Detroit, the most famous being the Stroh family who is world famous for their brewery on Gratiot ave just outside of downtown Detroit. Pauline said that she would wash, starch, and iron petticoats and pantaloons for the Stroh girls by the hour. Sometimes her daughter Hattie would come along with her to help with all of the housework in the Stroh residence. Pauline's younger daughter Nellie would stay home to take care of the younger children and do the housework at the Rehfeldt residence.

In 1900 Pauline and her children moved to 236 Canfield ave, now located across the street from St. Josaphat Church and one short block from I-75 freeway. (St. Josaphat Church can be plainly seen from I-75 as it sets right on the service drive of the freeway). Pauline watched St. Josaphat's Church being built as she would sit out on her porch on the warm summer evenings. Pauline liked to entertain her neighborhood lady friends on her day off, and she would set out an attractive luncheon for them. Pauline also observed another coming and going as she sat on her porch across from St. Josaphat Church. Pauline would smile a little to herself as she would watch the Catholic priest ride by with a lady friend in his carriage. The priest would so coyly sneak his friend out of the carriage and into the rectory that he never had a clue that the neighbors were sitting in

their parlors enjoying all the comings and goings of the rectory! Pauline finished raising her younger children in this house. Nellie was married from this house on the 6th of September, 1906 and the youngest children William, Charles, and Elizabeth grew up here and went out into the world to earn a living.

Pauline then moved to 252 Alexandrine St. where she resided for only one short year before moving to a delightful home at 109 Antietam St. in Detroit, about 4 blocks away from eastern market. Pauline's sister Louisa Herbertz may have been instrumental in getting Pauline this house as Louisa lived right down the street and she was quite well off financially, her second husband, Dr. Herbertz, being a doctor of medicine, and her first husband, Henry Schonau, having left her a goodly sum of money and a house upon his demise. It is believed that the house at 109 Antietam belonged to Henry Schonau prior to his death, and that Louisa allowed Pauline to move in when she married Dr. Herbertz and moved into his home at 2001 Antietam, which was only a block away from 109 Antietam. Pauline moved into 109 Antietam in 1913, the year her granddaughter, Marie Dahl Bender was born.

Pauline's sons were good to her. In 1899, Charles Rehfeldt Jr, only 15 years old, went to work as a shipping clerk for Snedcor and Hathaway. He worked there for 3 years, and then became a packer. In 1902 he worked as a laborer, and in 1903 he became a painter like his father before him. It was in the year 1903 that William went to work as a clerk for Snedcor and Hathaway. In 1905 Charles became a driver and William became a packer. In 1907 Charles was a shoe treer and William was a clerk. Pauline Rehfeldt continued to work as a domestic in the home of a well-to-do family, and was ironing in the basement during an electrical storm, when her iron was struck by lightning!

In 1906 Pauline's younger daughter Nellie was married to William Frederick Dahl, a young man she had been dating for 5 years. Nellie and Bill had met at age 15 while ballroom dancing, a very popular Sunday afternoon pastime just before the turn of the century. Nellie was married to Bill in Sacred Heart Church, a church that Bill had attended all of his life, which was located at 1000 Eliot St. on the near east side of Detroit, presently located near Mack and the I-75 freeway. (This church can be seen while driving by on I-75). The reception afterwards was held at her sister, Tillie Rehfeldt Doench's house at 686 Baker St. on the near west side of Detroit, a block from Clark Park. (Nellie often enjoyed telling the following story about Clark Park on the near west side of Detroit. Nellie says when she was very young, about 5 years old, she used to live about a block away from Clark Park and used to go there often to play. Nellie said that one day she was in the park, playing by herself, when all of a sudden a man came up behind her, put his arm around her and started to carry her away! Suddenly Nellie's brother Charles came into the park to play, saw the man with his arm around his sister taking her away, and started screaming bloody murder and running toward the man and his sister Nellie. When Charles started raising all that ruckus, the man let go of Nellie and ran away! That sure was a close call for little Nellie!)

Tillie was the best of sisters, warm, loving, kind and generous. Tillie used to make all of Nellie's dresses and used to fix Nellie's hair in a very becoming style every time Nellie

went out on a date with Bill. And now on Nellie's wedding day Tillie had made her wedding gown and again fixed her hair. But Nellie did not look her very best that day. For Nellie was so worried about getting married that she couldn't sleep a wink and had cried half of the night with worry. And unknown to Nellie, Bill was just as worn out from staying up all night worrying too! But Tillie made the day a very memorable one for her little sister. Other than the church arrangements, which were the bailiwick of the Dahl family as they were the Catholics, Tillie had made all of the arrangements for the wedding and had the reception in her house.

When Bill was courting her, Nellie loved to go to the dance halls every Sunday afternoon and dance all day. She loved to dance and her dance card was always full because she was such an attractive young girl. Every Sunday night Nellie swore she would not go to the dance hall again because her legs hurt so badly. But the next Sunday Nellie would always be back out on the dance floor!

Nellie's wedding gown was outstandingly beautiful, with much fine lace detail lovingly worked into it by her sister Tillie. And Nellie was so proud of her small waist line in those days. Tillie dressed Nellie on the wedding day, fixed her hair, and set the headpiece into her hairdo. Tillie was so proud of her little sister that day!

The Rehfeldt family felt strange in the Sacred Heart Catholic Church that day as they were protestants, both in Germany and in their new homeland, and the Catholic Church services seemed rather strange to them. But to Nellie what seemed the most strange that day was the fact that the father who loved her so dearly in her childhood was not here to give her away on this, the most important day of her life. I am sure that Nellie fervently hoped that he would be there with her that day in spirit. (Bill had the same ache in his heart on the wedding day as his father was also deceased, both Nellie and he having lost their fathers within a year and a half of one another.)

Tillie sure was a loving sister that day, but not that night! Bill & Nellie slept at Tillie and Chuck Doench's house on the evening of the 6th of September, 1906, after the wedding reception as they were planning on leaving by the nearby train station for Niagara Falls the next day. So Tillie, who always loved a good laugh, decided to have a little fun at her little sister's expense. It seems that Tillie (not loving Tillie, surely?) snuck into Nellie's and Bill's suitcase while they weren't looking and sewed up the arms and bottoms of Nellie's new nightgowns and Bill's sleeping shirt. Bill and Nellie sat on the edge of the bed in Tillie's guest bedroom and very patiently undid the million fine stitches that Tillie had gleefully put into their sleeping clothes. Nellie and Bill, both bashful on their first night together, blushed scarlet while removing those stitches! I have a strong feeling that Tillie was no longer Nellie's favorite sister, at least not for the remainder of the night! But the night shirt episode turned out not to be the only one that night! Once Nellie and Bill undid all the stitches, bashfully changed their clothes and got into bed, lo and behold, Tillie had another surprise waiting for them. Tillie had filled the bedsheets full of rice!

Tillie was full of the dickens, and I am sure that she giggled and laughed halfway into the night, on that September 6, 1906! But Nellie and Bill dead like a dog from no sleep the night before and all of the festivities of the wedding day, were not in the mirthful mood.

Nellie and Bill left Tillie Rehfeldt Doench's home the next day and traveled by train to Niagara Falls for their honeymoon. (Tillie's house was only a few short blocks from the train station on the near west side of Detroit). After their honeymoon in Niagara Falls they returned to Detroit and lived with Nellie's mother Pauline Rehfeldt for a short time, then moved into a place of their own, returning briefly to stay with Pauline Rehfeldt in 1909 and than again in 1910.

Nellie and Bill's first child Mildred Dahl Stocker was born at 693 Hastings St. in Detroit on the 3rd day of May, 1908. She was a pretty blue eyed, blonde haired child, and full of spirit, a trait that she maintained all of her life. Mildred Dahl Stocker married George Stocker on the 5th of June, 1979(?) in a large wedding ceremony, then living with his parents for about the next 5 years before striking out on their own. Mildred had 4 children, who of whom died in infancy, and a third, Earl George Stocker who died at the age of 6 of acute appendicitis, an affliction common in the Dahl side of the family. A fourth child, Doris survived into adulthood.

Nellie and Bill's second daughter, Dorothy, was born in Pauline Rehfeldt's house on the twenty-seventh of December, 1909 at 236 Canfield. Dorothy was another pretty blue-eyed, blonde daughter. But Bill was a little disappointed as he was hoping for a son.

Nellie and Bill's third child, Elenore Dahl McKinnin was born on Hastings St. on the 12th of February, 1912. Elenore differed from the first two daughters in appearance in that she was brown haired, brown eyed like her mother Nellie. (The first two girls looked like their father Bill in coloring in that he was blondish haired and blue eyed). Elenore resembled her mother Nellie in build, voice and shape of her hands.

Nellie's fourth child, Marie Dahl Bender, was born on the 13th of November, 1913 near what is now Van Dyke and the I-94 freeway. When Marie was born Nellie asked if it was a boy or a girl. When the doctor replied that it was a girl, Nellie said, "Another girl!?!?, take her away!!" But Marie got even with them! Marie was so small when she was born that the doctor feared for her health, so he wrapped her up, placed her in a cigar box and put her in the oven to warm her up! The ten days later Marie caught the whooping cough and Bill, her father, figured that it was the end of her for sure. Bill used to put his finger down her throat to pull up the mucus to keep her from choking to death. The parents had her baptized only 10 days after she was born as they were sure she wouldn't make it. And while they were baptizing Marie, they thought of something else that they had neglected last year, their daughter Elenore had not yet been baptized. So Marie went to the altar in the arms of her godmother Anna Kraft while her sister Elenore walked up the isle.

Nellie and Bill's fifth child was born 1 ½ years later, their boy at last! They named their first son William Frederick Dahl Jr. They spoiled their little Willie to death! William

always seemed to be Nellie's favorite child as she had waited so long for her first boy, but Bill, on the other hand seemed to prefer his little "Weewee" (Marie), maybe because he almost lost her at birth.

Bill and Nellie's sixth and last child was Harold Joseph Dahl, born on the 21st of August, 1917. Harold, no doubt had a rough first year of life as his mother was dreadfully sick before and after he was born. When Nellie was about 3 months pregnant with Harold she suddenly developed a paralysis that involved her entire body. This paralysis lasted until Shorty (Harold) was nearly a year old.

Tragedy struck Pauline's life twice in one year in 1917. First, Pauline's daughter Nellie suffered from a paralysis and needed someone to help with the house and the children as she was unable to rise from her sick bed for over one year. Pauline would go over to Nellie's house several times per week to help with the house, children and Nellie's personal needs. Hattie and Tillie would go over to Nellie's house often although both sisters had small children of their own, especially Hattie who had about 6 children at this time. Then on the 10th of November, 1917, on a day when no one was at Nellie's house, Nellie's daughter Dorothy was sitting on the back steps of her grandma Dahl's porch down below talking to a friend. Her sister Mildred was standing up above on the upper porch, saw her sister Dorothy, and started spitting at her from up above. Dorothy left the porch due to this and walked around to the front of the house. While in the front of the house Dorothy saw a school mate across the street. The school friend called to Dorothy to come across the street. Dorothy darted into the street without looking. A truck barely missed her, then a car struck her and she went flying up into the air like a rag doll, then bounced off the pavement and landed in a heap, like a pile of rags. She was covered with blood from head to foot, and every bone in her little body was broken. Her face was so badly damaged that she was not really too recognizable. The man who hit her lived on that block and was sure he had hit his own daughter. Mr. Zanith, the driver of the car, was then told that the girl he struck was one of the Dahl children. He felt just awful and he never really got over this shock to his nervous system. Bill's mother lived downstairs from Bill and Nellie so she practically saw the accident happen. Little Elenore went running upstairs to her mother shouting "Dorty hurt, Dorty hurt!" Nellie said she was frozen with terror as she feared that something dreadful had happened but she was unable to move a muscle to get out of bed to see what had happened to her child. And at the same time, Dorothy's father Bill was coming home from work in his car and was upset because the traffic was backed up all the way to Mt. Elliott and he had to get out of his car and walk. As Bill was coming down Kercheval when he heard the crowd all murmur "Here comes the father now!" Bill saw his freshly dead daughter in a pool of blood in the drugstore laying on the floor just inside the door, and promptly went into shock. He thought it was his older daughter Mildred who had the same coloring and was about the same size, but Mildred met him on the sidewalk and said "No pa, it wasn't me, it was Dorothy!" Bill then went to Pauline's house a little later after making all the arrangements to have his daughter removed from the drugstore and taken to the funeral parlor, and after having broken the news to his wife Nellie. On the 12th of November, 1917 (9 years to the very day before Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt was to pass away on the 12th of November, 1926) little Dorothy Dahl, Pauline's granddaughter, was laid to rest in

the babyland section of Mt. Olivet cemetery in Detroit. It was a shame that she could not have been buried next to her grandfather, Charles Rehfeldt. Little Dorothy, 8 years old, and gone forever, just because she failed to look both ways before crossing the street. A very high price to pay for one small act of disobedience.

For months after Dorothy's death Nellie was inconsolable, so Pauline and her daughters went frequently to Nellie's to console her and to help her out. Mr. Zanith, the man who struck Dorothy, was also inconsolable. He purchased a new coat for Nellie to attend the funeral, and then he paid for physical therapy sessions for Nellie to regain the use of her limbs. Pauline and her family babysat, and Dodge Main sent a car over for Nellie to be taken to physical therapy. Nellie had to be laid down on the back seat of the car due to her paralysis, and every mile was an agony for Nellie as she suffered from severe muscle spasms when jostled around. But within the year Nellie was able to walk and to function fairly normally again, but her muscles were never quite the same, and she suffered from a Parkinson like tremor and bending forward and pigeon toed walk in the later years due to this undefined paralysis suffered in 1917.

But Dorothy's death was a void that no one could fill, and whenever Pauline would visit Nellie, she couldn't help but look at the big Teddy Bear on the stool in the front parlor and think of the little blue eyed, blonde haired girl who would never again play with her big teddy bear or sit on her little stool.

One of Pauline's favorite pastimes in the evening was to go visit one of her daughters and they would go with Pauline to the silent movies. Pauline and Nellie would sit side by side in the show, watching the jerky movements of the characters on the silent screen, read the lines that appeared on the bottom of the picture screen explaining what was happening to the characters in the movies and what they were saying to one another, and listening to the piano player play the ever increasingly frantic music as the heroine would find herself in ever increasing peril. Pauline could not read the screen by herself so Nellie used to read it to her.

This parlor hung John's painting of "Fritz's last Travel" and also his self portrait. Off the main living room there was a bedroom. Next to the main living room was a dining room, and off the dining room there was a second bedroom. In the back of the house there was a large, airy, well lighted kitchen which extended across the entire back side of the house. This kitchen did not appear to be part of the original architecture of the house and was probably added on some years after the house was built. None of the grandchildren can remember a bathroom in the house, so it probably had an outhouse instead of indoor plumbing. In the backyard of Pauline's house there was a barn-like garage. It was quite large and it was within this barn like garage that all of Louise's possessions were stored after her death in 1921. It was from this barn that the children and grandchildren came and chose what possessions they wished to claim from the estate of their Aunt Louise. Eleanor Forkel Pierce has a chocolate set and a tea pot that belonged to Aunt Louise, and then after Louise's death, to her grandmother Pauline. In the middle of the yard there was a large grape arbor between Pauline's and her son's house. There was no fence separating the two back yards. The house itself was a one

story white wooden house with a lot of fancy scroll work, in the gingerbread fashion that was so popular at that time.

Grandmother Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt was healthy most of her life, and was rather robust in her old age. Her family used to come over to her house for Sunday dinner and she would cook at least 3 kinds of meat and many side dishes for her extended family. She was always an excellent cook, and most enjoyed cooking the kinds of food that pleased her family best. Each grandchild has fond memories of all the special desserts that his or her grandma Rehfeldt made especially for him or her. Ruth Forkel Everitt remembers that whenever she went to her grandmother Rehfeldt's house her grandmother would always fix her favorite dish, vanilla pudding with crushed strawberries.

Grandmother Pauline had three known afflictions in her later years. The first was a fallen uterus due to the number of children she had born (13), and the long hours of standing on her feet while she worked for others. Grandmother Rehfeldt also suffered from a touch of asthma. But Pauline's most serious affliction in her older years was her Bright's disease, which in laymen's terms is kidney failure. (Kidney failure does tend to run in the Bruckner line and has afflicted at least (5) members of the Bruckner family, most in their later years, a few in their middle years). Pauline retained vast amounts of fluid in her system in her last years, and the undertaker told her family that he had removed over 100 lbs. of fluid from her body that had accumulated due to her kidney failure. On the 12th day of November, 1926 our beloved Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt, now 77 years, 4 months and 21 days old, quietly passed away when her kidneys stopped functioning, having failed more as a result of old age than inherent disease.

Thus ended the life of a beautiful, loving, kindly, gentle soul who had been in Schwarzburg/Sonderhausen, in the Kingdom of Hanover, in what was commonly called Saxony in Pauline's youth, came to America on a sailboat from the port of Hamburg, Germany, and settled in America, in the Detroit area with her parents, brothers and sisters. In her lifetime she had seen the invention of the automobile, the phonograph, the silent movies, electricity, indoor plumbing, as well as gas lamps, paved roads, and even the beginnings of the airplane! Pauline was remembered by all as a warm, loving grandma who went out of her way to please her family and to make them feel more than welcome when they came into her home. Her grandchildren's friends were always welcome when they came over to her house. Pauline was blessed with a very happy, pleasing disposition. She proved her love and concern for her family in many ways, but especially by going out to work long, hard hours after her beloved Charles had his accident, and by sharing her inheritance from Louisa with her family while they were still young enough to enormously profit from this money. Pauline's kindness lived on the hearts of her daughters, and we are all richer for having been the children and grandchildren of such beautiful women as Hattie, Tillie and Nellie. Pauline is gone from our midst now, having joined her beloved Charles, and her son John, and her grandchildren Hattie and Dorothy. But as we all well know, our beloved Pauline will not be forgotten by those who knew and loved her oh so well.

In 1921 Pauline Rehfeldt's sister, Louisa Bruckner Schoenau Herbertz, died, leaving no children. Louisa left all her money, over \$33,000 to her sister Pauline and her brother Charles. On the 5th day of June, 1921, Louise was old and very tired, and knew she was not much longer for this earth, so she went to Elmwood cemetery, walked into the office, and declared that she was the rightful owner of the East ½ of lot 81, section 3, but was no longer in possession of the papers to this lot as she had lost her papers in a house fire some years back. She stated that she wanted to be buried next to her first husband, Henry Schoenau, and that her sister Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt was to be buried at her side. On the 27th of December, 1921, on what would have been her grandniece's Dorothy Dahl's 13th birthday, at the age of 77 years, 5 months and 20 days, Louisa Bruckner slipped away, her old and tired heart seeking its final rest. At her instructions, the ashes of her second husband, Dr. Fred Herbertz, which she had preserved for years in a fruit jar, was buried with her. Louisa left all her earthly possessions, including \$33,000 to her two siblings, Charles Bruckner and Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt. Pauline inherited Louisa's house on Antietam that Pauline and her family had been living in for years, and Charles inherited the house that belonged to Dr. Herbertz and was left to Louise upon the death of Dr. Herbertz. All of Louise's possessions were put into a large barn behind Pauline's house, and Pauline told all her children and grandchildren to come and take whatever they so desired out of the barn. Louisa had many pieces of china, and knickknacks that were claimed by her many nieces and grandnieces. The \$33,000 was split equally between Pauline and Charles. Charles died on the 1st of November, 1923, and left his inheritance to his children, Edward Bruckner, Henrietta Bruckner Ingabrand, and his daughter by his second marriage, whom he had named after his mother and his sister, Louisa Bruckner.

In 1923 tragedy again struck the life of Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt. Her old enemy, tuberculosis, claimed another member of her family, her 23 year old grandchild, Hattie, the oldest daughter of her daughter Hattie. Young Hattie contracted tuberculosis and was sent to Texas to hopefully get over this dreaded disease and return home to her young husband and infant son. While in a sanitarium in Texas, the doctor did a needle puncture of her lung to drain the fluid away. Hattie developed a virulent infection from the puncture and died. Hattie I and several of her children were in Texas with young Hattie when she died. Hattie I asked her older daughter Ruth, who had remained behind in Detroit, to ask her grandmother Pauline Rehfeldt if Hattie could borrow \$500 so she could return to Detroit with her family and bury Hattie in the Forkel family plot here in Michigan. Pauline most readily lent Hattie I the money and the family returned to Detroit and buried young Hattie. Hattie I was crushed by the death of her oldest daughter, and was physically and spiritually replete for a time after her beloved young daughter died. Pauline often came over to her daughter Hattie's house and helped her out. One day Hattie told her mother Pauline that she did intend to repay the money that she had borrowed to bury Hattie, and at this point Pauline told her daughter that she had given her inheritance from her sister Louisa a lot of thought since young Hattie had died, and that she had decided that it was much better to share the money with her family while they were young and had a real need for the money rather than to make them wait until she herself died and willed it to them at a time when the children would be older and in a better financial position. She realized that the money wouldn't mean nearly as much to

them later on as it would at this time in their lives. Pauline told Hattie that her life would have been so much better, both for herself and for her children, if Louisa had shared her wealth with Pauline in the very lean years right after Charles had died, rather than wait until Pauline was 72 years old, and well taken care of by her grown children. So Pauline, after much soul searching, decided to give each of her oldest grandchildren the sum of \$500, and with each of her children she would share most of her inheritance now. As Hattie I was the oldest child, her funeral expenses were her inheritance from the grandmother who had loved her. Pauline used her inheritance to purchase for both of her sons, Charles and William, a home at 7592 and 7598 Emily St. in Detroit, near 7 mile off Van Dyke. The rest of the cash she split share and share alike with her daughters. Pauline then sold her little home on Antietam to the coal company whose yard was next to her home, and the coal company razed her house to enlarge their yard. A sad end to a house that had seen first hand so much of our family history. Pauline then moved in with her son William at 7598 Emily. She took all her treasures with her, including her pictures painted years and years ago by her late, beloved son, John. She also took with her a large wooden music box, 2 alabaster vases, and other assorted valuable curios.

The home on Antietam, which was purchased by the Cornillie coal company, is the one that her children and grandchildren seem to remember the best. We have no pictures of the home, only one picture taken of the Rehfeldt and Dahl children on the sidewalk in front of the home. This home on Antietam had a side entrance off a common paved walkway that she shared with her son who lived next door. The side entrance led into a parlor, and of the main parlor was a side parlor, which was reserved for company, and in which hung John's painting of "Fritz's Last Travel" and also his own self portrait hung in this parlor. Off the main living room there was a bedroom. Next to the main living room was a dining room and off the dining room there was a second bedroom. In the back of the house there was a large, airy, well lighted kitchen which extended across the entire back side of the house. This kitchen did not appear to be a part of the original architecture of the house and was probably added on some years later. None of the grandchildren can remember a bathroom being in the house, so the backyard of Pauline's house there was a very large barn-like garage. When Aunt Louise died Pauline put all of Louise's possessions in the barn and told her children and grandchildren to come and get whatever they would like. Eleanor Forkel Pierce has a chocolate set and a tea pot that belonged to Louise, and then later to her grandmother Pauline. In the middle of the yard there was a large grape arbor between Pauline's and her sons' house. There was no fence separating the two backyards. The house itself was a one story white wooden house with a lot of fancy scrollwork, in the gingerbread fashion.

Grandmother Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt was healthy most of her life and was robust in her old age. Her family used to come over to her home for Sunday dinner and she would cook three kinds of meat and many side dishes for her family. She was an excellent cook, and loved to cook foods which pleased her family members the most. Ruth Forkel Everett remembers that whenever she went to her grandmother Rehfeldt's house, her grandmother would always fix her favorite dish, vanilla pudding with crushed strawberries.

Grandmother Rehfeldt had three known afflictions: a fallen uterus due to the number of children she had bore (13), and the long hours of standing on her feet while she worked for others. Grandmother Rehfeldt also had a touch of asthma. Grandmother's most serious affliction in her older years was her Bright's disease, which in laymen's terms is kidney failure. The undertaker had said to the family that he had removed over 100 pounds of fluid from her body that had accumulated as a result of her kidney failure! On the 12th day of November, 1926, our beloved Pauline Bruckner Rehfeldt, now 77 years, 4 months and 21 days old, quietly passed away when her kidneys stopped functioning, stopped more as a result of old age than of disease.

Thus ended the life of a beautiful, loving, kindly, gentle soul who had been born in Heidelberg, Germany, came to America on a boat from the port of Hamburg and settled in America. In her lifetime she had seen the invention of the automobile, the phonograph, the silent movies, electricity, indoor plumbing, as well as the airplane. Pauline was a warm, loving grandmother who went out of her way to please her family and to make them feel more than welcome when they came into her home. Her grandchildren's friends were always welcome when they came into her home. Pauline had a very happy, pleasing disposition. She proved her love and concern for her family by going out to work after her beloved Charles had died, and by so generously sharing her inheritance from Louisa with her children when they were still young enough to enormously profit from this money. Pauline's kindness lived on in the hearts of her daughters, and we are all richer for having been the children and grandchildren of such beautiful women like Hattie, Tillie, and Nellie. Pauline is gone from out midst now, having joined her beloved Charles, and her son John, and grandchildren Hattie and Dorothy. But as we all well know, our beloved Pauline will not be forgotten by those who knew and loved her so well.



PAULINA BRÜCKNER REHFELDT
mother of
NELLIE C. REHFELDT DAHL
1919