Descendants

of

Johann Greffenius

EDITED BY

STEVEN F. GREFFENIUS

Puzzle Mountain Digital

Boston, Massachusetts

May 2022

For siblings Laura, David, and Brian,

For offspring Emily, Rob, Anna, and Will,

For lifelong mate Leslie,

For parents Adriana and Albert

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Preface

"We tend to appreciate ourselves for what we are, others for what we would like them to be."

"One dreamed of becoming somebody. Another remained awake and became."

These epigraphs might explain both the high hopes and mild apprehension many people have when they set out to learn more about their ancestors. Take your typical genealogist, who wants to discover something about his ancestors. Names are important of course. Where they lived and when they lived may add the most we ever learn about them. If we do learn more about them, we would like to know *who they were*.

That question can easily transmute into, "Were they somebody, or were they nobody? Did they do something noteworthy?" I would say that every living soul creates a noteworthy life, especially for their descendants. Your descendants are as curious about you as you are about your ancestors. If they are not curious now, they will be after you depart. From that point of view, nobody is a nobody. Everybody is a somebody.

That means you should create a record of your life for your descendants. They want to know what you did, what you thought, what motivated you while you had the capacity to act. Other people can create this record; only you can create a record in the first person. Others, including your descendants, will use it to write their own family histories, and their personal histories.

Moreover, we have tools now to create these records, tools that did not exist in the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. We can compile and publish more data, and distribute it more widely, than we could thirty years ago, let alone three hundred years ago. To take a simple example, we have a baptismal record for August Ferdinand Greffenius that dates from 1798, stored in the archive of a German Lutheran church in Arnswalde. The record contains the names of the infant's relatives who attended the service. That is about all we know of the Greffenius family at the end of the eighteenth century.

As we approach the middle of the twenty-first century, we owe a debt of gratitude to Melvin Graffenius, who compiled extensive notes about our family. He worked on this project in the 1960s, as *he* approached middle age. Today he lives west of Milwaukee in south central Wisconsin, where many of our forebears settled when they arrived from Germany. He is in his nineties, still in good health for his age. I talked with him on the phone in 2021, as I worked on this book.

Melvin's notes bear the title, *Descendants of Johann Greffenius*, same as the volume you have in front of you. His work comprehends every branch of the family tree – for surnames Graffenius and Greffenius. My aim for this volume has been to extract data for the branch with surname *Greffenius*, which through ten generations leads to my grandson William, and granddaughter Anna. *Points of Origin*, the first section to follow this preface, lists these generations.

After *Points of Origin*, you can read about the Greffenius branch of the family as it develops through nearly three centuries, from 1730 to 2022. I am afraid the information does not have a comprehensive story to tell, as it does not contain a single narrative thread. It does contain a pivotal event: immigration of the Greffenii from Germany to Wisconsin in the mid-nineteenth century. This event spanned thirty years or more, from the 1850s to the 1880s.

The trans-Atlantic trip that directly affects the family story told here occurs in 1867, shortly after the Civil War. As with most American stories, immigration to North American shores constitutes a key transition, and the point at which we feel closer kinship with family members who made the long trip. In our case, August Ferdinand, born in 1838, came over with his family, including his eight-year-old son, Hermann Julius, born in 1859.

I had originally thought, based on family lore, that the overseas trip took place in 1862, during the war, when Hermann Julius was only two or three. I revised the timeline, however, to accord with the date in Melvin's notes. In any case, our family's first arrival in New York City, after a long trip from Arnswalde, took place during the 1860s. They continued on to Wisconsin.

Hermann Julius was my great-grandfather. He lived only twenty-nine years. When he died in 1888, his second son and my grandfather, Albert Frank, was only one year old. So Albert Frank knew only his step-father, William Lieske, not the father who bore his last name. We do not know why Hermann Julius died young.

The family record gradually becomes richer after the 1880s. Albert Frank left a lot of letters that I have in folders on a shelf in my study. I have read only a small portion of them. If I can digest these and related papers before I go, they may form the foundation for the next volume of records. I am eager to learn more about my grandfather. He died in May, 1954, six months before my birth. Let's see what happens.

Meanwhile, this volume gives me plenty of practice with one of my favorite pastimes, procrastination. I cannot tell you how often I aim to work on this

book, and distract myself with other things instead. The other things I do involve reading and writing, which makes the activities seem justifiable. I want to edit this volume, however, and at some point my excuses wear thin. I cannot even point to my inoperative printer, as I doubt I would focus sufficiently on the tasks before me, even if I had a paper copy of the manuscript in front of me. So we make do with what we have.

Points of Origin

A couple of nights ago, I brought out a package of notes on family history that a distant relative, Melvin Graffenius, wrote and assembled. The copy I have made its way from Melvin in Milwaukee to my father Albert in Des Moines, from my father to my sister Laura in Anchorage, and from my sister to me in Boston.

The notes contain a lot of information, I will say. The document's title is *Descendants of Johann Friedrick Greffenius*. Here is the line of descent for the men who passed down the family's surname:

> Johann Friedrick, born circa 1730, was my great-great-great-great-great grandfather.
>
> He begat Johann Tobias, born 1757, who was my great-great-great-great grandfather.
>
> He begat August Ferdinand, born 1798, who was my great-great-great grandfather.
>
> He begat August Ferdinand, born 1838, who was my great-great grandfather.
>
> He begat Hermann Julius, born 1859, who was my great-grandfather.
>
> He begat Albert Frank, born 1887, who was my grandfather.
>
> He begat Albert Julius, born 1924, who was my father.
>
> He begat Steven Frank, born 1954, who is me.
>
> He begat Robert Olin, born 1982, who is my son.
>
> He begat William Ethan, born 2013, who is my grandson.

That is ten generations, from 1730 until the present. From 1730 until 2022 is 291 years! That is an average of just over twenty-nine years per generation. Actually, we have nine intervals for births from 1730 until 2013, which spans 283 years. 283 divided by nine is just over thirty-one years per generation. As you look down the list, you see that three birth years occur in each century.

Also note, if William Ethan does not have a son, the male line from Johann to William ends. The tenth generation would be the last. So let's hope William Ethan has several children!

Historical Background

Eighteenth Century

Johann Friedrick Greffenius was born about 1730. His grandson, August Ferdinand, was born in 1798. Earliest family records indicate that Johann and his wife Maria attended their grandson's christening on August 5, 1798. Also present at the christening were August's maternal grandparents, Michael and Elizabeth Hyn.

Johann Friedrick, and other direct descendants in the male line listed above, spelled their last name *Greffenius*. Other branches of the extended family, including those who emigrated from Germany to Wisconsin, spelled their last name *Graffenius*. We do not know the origin of this name. *Graf* means *count* in German, but no one in the family ever held that title.

As for location, records show that Greffenius families at the time resided in or near two small, adjoining towns, Schlagenthin and Stolzenfelde, in Arnswalde county of Brandenburg, a central province of Prussia. We will have more to say about geography later.

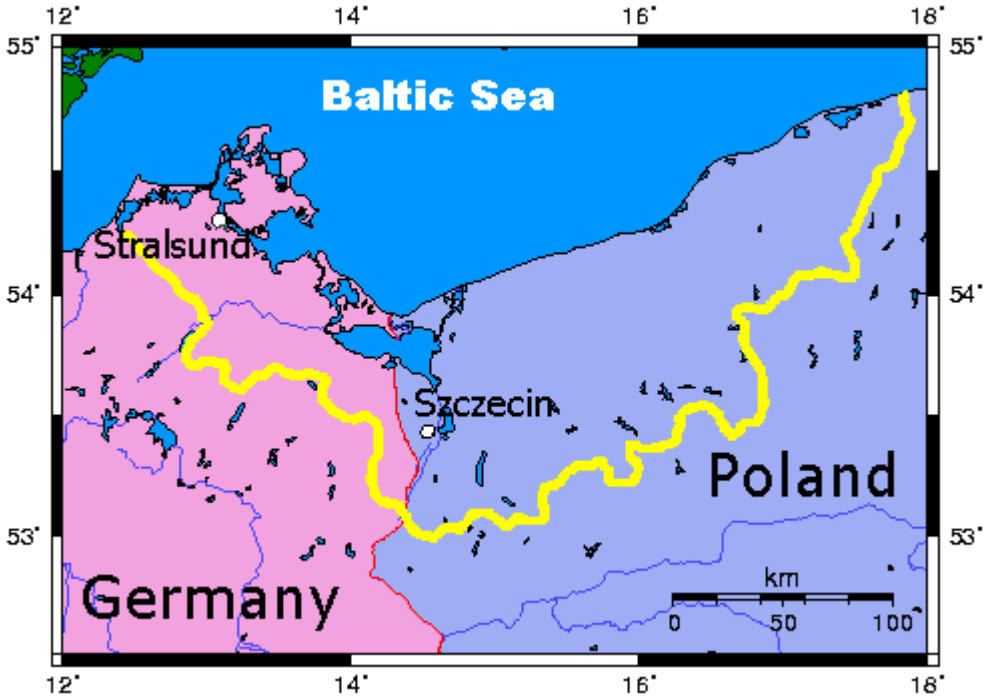
Germany has an interesting history. One hundred years before the Common Era, people recognized a distinct Germanic people in North Central Europe. Nearly two thousand years later, in 1871 under Otto von Bismarck's leadership, German provinces united in a single nation state, the German Empire. It was the last major European country to do so.

Johann Friedrick, the first of our ten generations, was born about ten years before Frederick the Great ascended to Prussia's throne in 1740. Frederick the Great ruled until 1786. Like Alexander of Macedonia, he inherited an excellent army. He made good use of it, to enhance Prussia's power and prestige. We don't know whether Johann served in the Prussian army during the mid-eighteenth century. Given Johann's age, and the number of wars Prussia fought, he might well have been a soldier for part of his life.

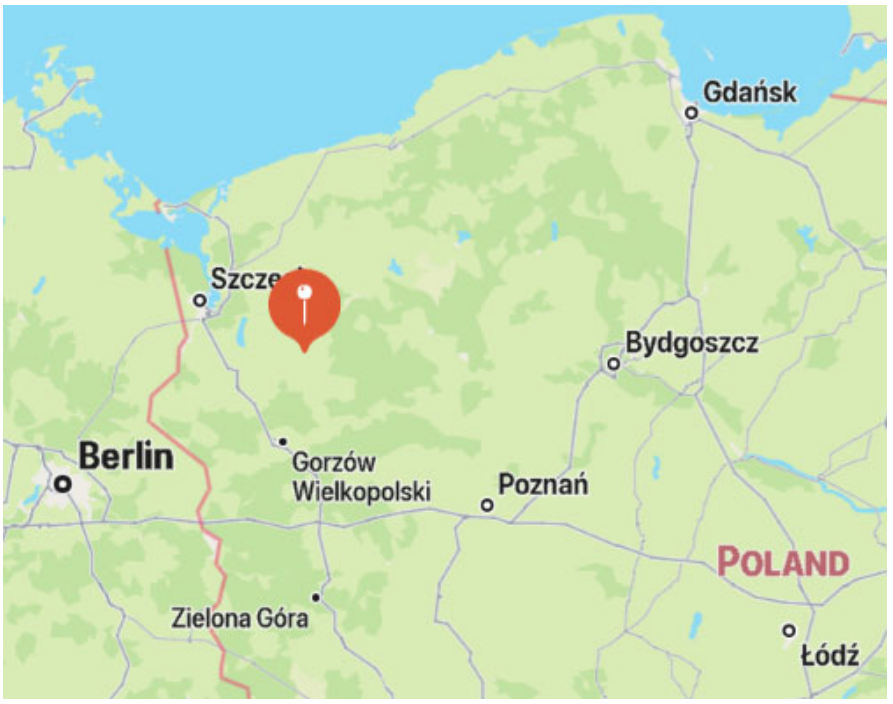
"Several years later, in a country which had known little but decades of warfare and political upheaval, a Greffenius, Johann Tobias, son of Johann Frederick, was laid to rest in the small town of Schlagenthin, Arnswalde, Brandenburg, Prussia." So say the notes described on the previous page. Johann Tobias is second in the list of ten generations above. He was born in 1757, and died on May 10, 1826, at sixty-nine years of age. Like his father, he probably served in the Prussian army at some point in his life.

Arnswalde is now called Choszczno, located in Poland after World War II. County and town have the same name for both German and Polish versions. In both cases, the town is the county seat. For geographic and historical

details, see *Wikipedia*'s entry for *Choszczno*. You will learn there that Schlagenthin is a small town north of Arnswalde.



The map below shows roughly the same area. The red marker indicates Choszczno's location:



Nineteenth Century: Transitition from Germany to Wisconsin

Let's jump ahead to the first August Ferdinand Greffenius, born in Schlagenthin in 1798, died at age forty-seven in 1845, in the same town. With August Ferdinand, we draw closer to our current family line, as he was Albert Frank's great-grandfather. Add two more *greats*, for a total of three, to desingate his relationship to me.

Fredericka, August's widow, was born in 1809, and died in 1896. She emigrated to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1871, when she was sixty-two years old, after at least four of her five sons, and three daughters, had emigrated to the Milwaukee area. One of her sons, August Ferdinand II, was my great-great grandfather. We'll learn more about his life in a moment.

How did Fredericka provide for her family after her husband's death? She had seven children, ages 1 to 18, with an eighth on the way when her husband died in 1845. She did not remarry, and her husband did not leave her a great deal of wealth. Some evidence indicates that August Ferdinand was an educated man, perhaps a teacher. August and Fredericka lived in an agricultural area, so we may guess that Fredericka lived on a farm large enough to give her and her children the sustenance they needed.

All eight of August's children, their spouses, and their families emigrated to Wisconsin between 1864 and 1882. According to my father's research, their sixth child, also named August Ferdinand, emigrated during the Civil War. That means he may have been among the first to arrive, in 1864. Since he was born July 13, 1838, he would have been twenty-five or twenty-six when he made the trip. (Other sources indicate August II arrived in the U.S. in 1867, and that he was the second of the eight siblings to reach Wisconsin.)

What a long trip that would be, to travel from Arnswalde to Milwaukee! What a large number of emigres in total, when you count all eight siblings, their spouses if they were married, and their children! You find yourself wondering about the route they took, and the means of transportation. What was the embarkation port in Europe? History of emigration from northern Germany to the U.S. indicates that almost all mid-nineteenth travelers boarded a steamship in either Hamburg or Bremen.

My dad seemed pretty confident, based on passenger manifests, that August Ferdinand debarked with his family in New York City. The most common way to travel long distances overland at the time was by train, but we actually do not know how the new arrivals reached Milwaukee. We also do not know when they left the Milwaukee area for north central Wisconsin.

We can speculate pretty accurately about the reasons the Greffeniuses left Prussia to come to the United States. The main reasons were political,

religious, economic, and of course familial. After a few members of a clan begin to move away, the family's center of gravity begins to shift. Soon those left behind begin to follow. Still, eighteen years is a short time for so many people to move such a long distance. Were the Greffeniuses just restless, or driven?

Interesting note buried in Melvin's notes: August Ferdinand Greffenius II was married four times! *(On another pass, decide which notes to incorporate into the main text, and which notes to convert into endnotes.)*

August Ferdinand II married four times. One of his sons by his first marriage, Hermann Julius, was my great-grandfather. See *MG Notes*, pages 15 and forward, for details about August Ferdinand and his family. *(Citations to MG Notes should appear in the endnotes.)*

I want to draw what I can from Melvin Graffenius's notes, especially about the history of our family during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The notes contain information about the birth and death of the second August Ferdinand, but information about his children is harder to come by. August Ferdinand II was born on July 13, 1838, in Schlagenthin, Arnswalde, Brandenburg, Prussia.

As I read the maps, Arnswalde was part of Brandenburg before 1850, not West Pomerania. A century later, maps indicate that the small city of Choszczno lies directly to the east of Brandenburg. The county of Arnswalde shares a border with Brandenburg to the west.

[I don't believe this paragraph is entirely accurate. Maps I used to locate Choszczno, such as the two on the previous page, do not give a clear picture of the boundaries for Brandenburg. Perhaps just forget Brandenburg, and go with what you see in the page 11 maps.]

We focus on August Ferdinand II in these notes because he, together with his siblings, were the first generation of Greffeniuses to emigrate from Germany to the United States. August Ferdinand, as the second family group to make the trip, arrived in the United States about two years after the Civil War ended.

August Ferdinand was the activist patriarch, for our branch, the one who said to his spouse and children, "We're going." As the second family to go, only three years after his younger brother Johann Wilhelm Graffenius decided to emigrate, you could say he made the dam break, as six more siblings followed in the next decade and a half. *(Integrate with paragraph above, and paragraph below.)*

August Ferdinand II was the second of eight siblings to emigrate to America, when he followed his brother Johann Wilhelm three years after Johann

moved to Wisconsin. I expect each family member who made this move followed the same route. On the first leg, they would have taken the train from Arnswalde to Hamburg. Since Arnswalde is a small city, they may have had to change trains somewhere, perhaps in Berlin.

In Hamburg, they would have boarded a trans-Atlantic steamship, destined for New York City. After processing at Ellis Island, they would have boarded a train destined for Chicago, and from Chicago continued to Milwaukee. Who met them when they got off the train? Family members would have greeted them, unless they had already continued north to central Wisconsin!

Life onboard the weatherdeck of a trans-Atlantic steamship. The ship could complete the voyage in a predictable fifteen days. Note the use of wind power as well as steam.

People say life is unpredictable. I don't think they mean, "Life is unpredictable in quaint or trivial ways," such as, "They cancelled the ball game today due to rain, so I have to make other plans," or, "The strangest thing happened today: I ran across a bunch of old photographs of the town where I grew up, so I hopped on a train to have a look for myself." Rather I think they mean, "Today I met the person I think I'm going to marry," or, "My mother died suddenly today when her heart stopped."

Yet we do have expectations, if not predictions, about the future. Yet many would say, "I've lived here my entire life. I don't have any reason to think I'll live anywhere else." Another expectation would be, "We've had peace and some degree of prosperity around here for a long time. Look around you.

War doesn't seem so likely, does it?" Yet in the space of a few decades in the mid-nineteenth century, several hundred thousand Germans migrated to the United States due to war, and declining prospects for prosperity.

Children did not have a say in these family decisions. Instead, they might sit down to dinner with their parents, say grace, then hear their father say something like, "Remember Uncle Wilhelm and his family, who moved to Wisconsin last year? Mother and I thought we might head over there to say hello."

"Say hello?"

"Well with you along with us, we could make the visit as long or as short as we like."

"Who will take care of our livestock while we're gone?"

"Well we would sell our animals, dear, or give them to family."

"It sounds to me like we're planning to move."

"That could happen, because it's a long, long trip."

"When do we leave?"

"Next week. We want to arrive in Milwaukee well before winter sets in."

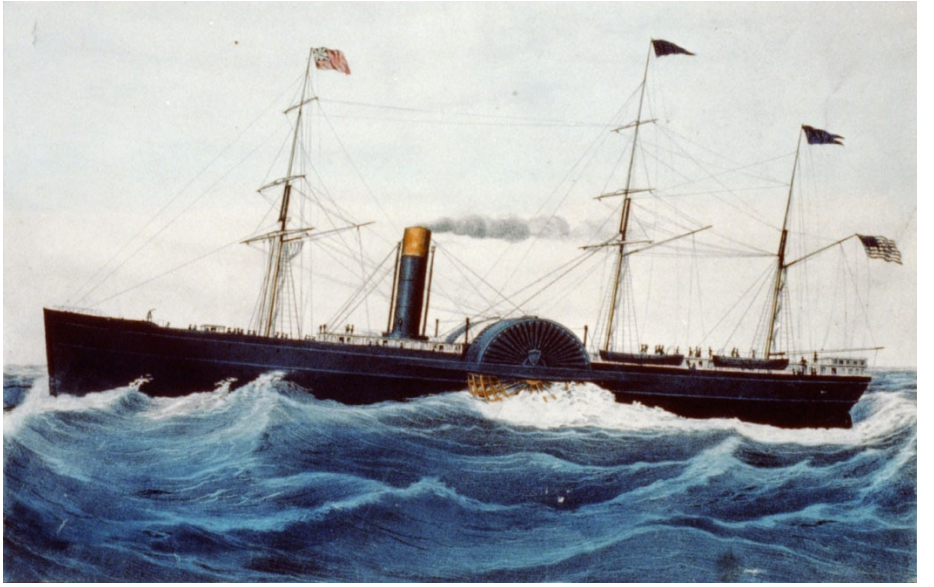
"So that means we'll miss summer here."

"Most of it. We've already had some pretty warm days."

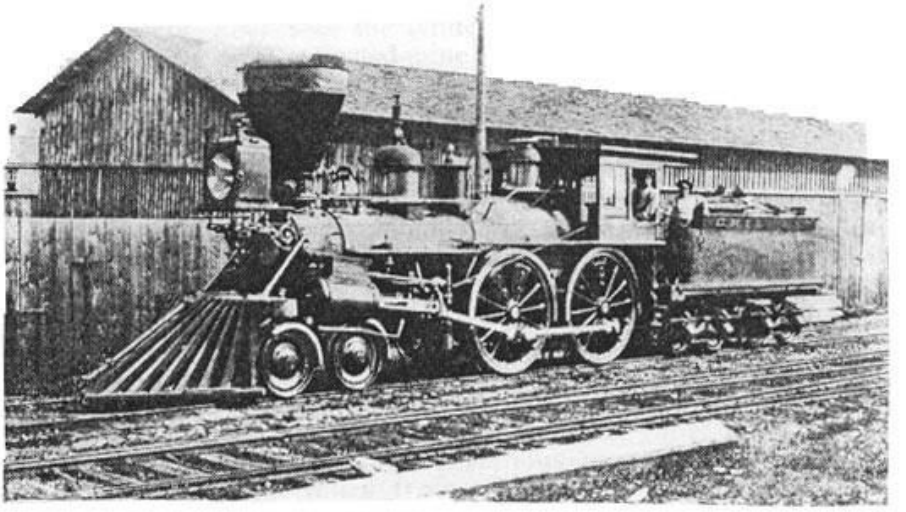
"Well let's go then. If you've made up your minds."

"We have. And we're happy you want to go, too!"

That's what we mean by the unpredictability of life. You sit down to say grace. Ten minutes later, your mind is filled with visions of a new world.[i]



Ocean going steamship, SS Baltic in 1850.



Rock Island locomotive, 1840 – 1860. The train trip from New York City to Chicago required a couple of days.

August Ferdinand was the only sibling of eight to maintain the German spelling of his last name, Greffenius, after arrival in the States. Other members of his extended family became part of the Graffenius clan.[ii]

Hermann Julius Greffenius, born in 1859, died shortly after Albert Frank's birth in 1887. He was the first of three children August Ferdinand had with his first wife, Dorothea Valeske. The family moved to the States during the

Civil War. One record, perhaps a passenger ship's manifest, indicates August Ferdinand and his family arrived in 1864. That would make Hermann Julius five years old when he arrived in his new home in the Upper Midwest.[iii]

Some time in the early 1880s, Hermann Julius married Amalia Dahlmann, also from the Ripon area. The American version of her name was Amelia Dahlman. Amelia was the family matriarch until she died at an advanced age in the 1930s. Hermann Julius, the fifth generation listed in *MG Notes*, died in Rush Lake, some miles north of Ripon in Winnebago County, Wisconsin. The date was April 1, 1888 or 1889, just short of his thirtieth birthday.[iv]

The next generation brings us to William and Franz Albert Greffenius, one generation before my father's birth in 1924. William was the older of the two brothers, born in 1884. His younger brother was christened Franz Albert, we believe, in 1887, the year of his birth. If indeed his parents named him Franz, he - with his family's endorsement - later changed his name to Albert Frank.

August Ferdinand lived in Plover, Wisconsin, for a long time. He died there in 1916.[v] Plover is east of Wasau and Highway 51, near Steven's Point and well north of the Ripon area. Steven's Point was my jumping off point for camping in the north woods with Rob when we lived in Madison in the 1980s.

I used to travel that highway north from Madison whenever I could. The north woods of Wisconsin are an undiscovered treasure, especially when you find out-of-the-way lakes and campgrounds. Lake Superior hangs over the region, even though the south shoreline of that Great Lake is pretty inaccessible – not many towns or roads up there.

Altogether, August Ferdinand had nine children: three by his first wife Dorothea, two by his second wife Sophia, one by his third wife Hannah, and three by his fourth wife Wilhelmina.

The first August Ferdinand - born of Johann Tobias, born of Johann Friedrick - had eight children who emigrated to Wisconsin. The first three siblings to emigrate - Johann Wilhelm, August Ferdinand II, and Frederick Wilhelm - arrive in the States in that order. Our interest, of course, is in August Ferdinand the younger, as he founded the line that leads from his son, Hermann Julius, to William Ethan, born in 2013.

Hermann Julius Greffenius, my great-grandfather, is the fifth generation down from Johann Frederick, Johann Tobias, August Ferdinand, and August Ferdinand.[vi] Hermann Julius is the fifth generation in the line of descent, after two Johann's and two August's. The next five generations, from Albert Frank to William Ethan, has me in the middle, at position eight. You have memorized all ten generations, which was not the case before you started

working on these notes: Johann Friederick, Johann Tobias, August Ferdinand I, August Ferdinand II, Hermann Julius, Albert Frank, Albert Julius, Steven Frank, Robert Olin, and William Ethan.

Hermann Julius, sometimes known as Julius, was born January 16, 1859, in Schlagenthin, and died April 1, 1889, in Rush Lake, Wisconsin. He married Amelia Fredericka Dahlman, daughter of Herman Dahlmann and Wilhelmine Krause. Amelia was born December 16, 1861 in Arnswalde, Prussia, and died January 5, 1943, in Ripon, Wisconsin. At 82 years, her life stretched from the year of Fort Sumter, to more than a year after Pearl Harbor. Note also the difference in spelling between Amelia's last name, and her father's last name. In family records, the second *n* dropped from her surname in the States.

In any case, Amelia was the Greffenius family matriarch in Ripon, by virtue of her long life. My father did not use the word *matriarch* to describe her role, but he did say she had considerable influence in the Ripon branch of the family, as she lived there for so long. She was my great-grandmother. I wish I could identify her in one of the snapshots Laura has in Anchorage. *[Bring in the Anchorage photos that you do have at the end of this manuscript. Add captions. Distribute, or keep them in a separate section, a you have them now?]*

Here are a few additional notes about each member of this couple. Julius emigrated from Bremen, south of Bremerhaven. He completed his journey on June 28, 1867, in New York City, on the steamship *Northern Light*. He was eight years old in 1867.[vii]

After the death of her first husband, Julius, Amelia married William Lieske on May 16, 1884. *MG Notes* are in error about the year of Julius's death, 1883, and the year of Amelia's remarriage, 1884. We do not have other, verifiable data to correct the error. We just know his year of death had to be after the year his second son, Albert Franz, was born. My father estimates that his grandfather, Julius, must have died in 1889, not long after the birth of Albert Franz in 1887. We do not know the year Amelia remarried. *[Make entire paragraph an endnote? Delete it? Modify it?]*

Amelia arrived in the States in 1868, one year after Julius. She would have been seven years old. She is buried in Hillside Cemetery in Ripon, Wisconsin. I do wish we could learn the year she married William Lieske. Both Amelia and William had two children at the time they married. She and William Lieske did not have any children together. I am curious what William Lieske did for a living. His son, Frank, owned a hardware store in eastern South Dakota. My dad visited there sometimes in the summer, with his parents, as his father and Frank Lieske were step-brothers.

Julius Greffenius and Amelia Dahlman had two children together. The eldest, William Edward, was born January 18, 1884, in Rush Lake, Wisconsin. He died on June 19, 1968. Their second son, Albert Franz, was born January 23, 1887, in Rush Lake. *[See next paragraph. Integrate.]* He died on May 30, 1954, just under six months before I was born in November. He would have known my mom was pregnant, but I don't believe he could have made the trip to Minneapolis to see me when I was born in November. Travel in those parts is not easy, once the season changes and it gets cold at night.[viii]

Albert Franz Greffenius was born on January 23, 1887, in Rush Lake, Wisconsin. Rush Lake is five and a half miles north of Ripon. The town is really just the intersection of two county highways, E and V, which is to say, Greffenius family members from Rush Lake hail from farmland north of Ripon. The town takes its name from Rush Lake, a lake roughly the size of Madison's Lake Monona to the east of town.

Nineteenth to Twentieth Century: Roots in Central Wisconsin

Albert Franz was confirmed in 1900 at the Lutheran Church in Fairwater, in Fond du Lac County, Wisconsin. He worked as an attorney. *Refer to preface of* Letters Home *for a more detailed account of his life before he married Lora Lang in 1922. Endnote?*

Albert Franz married Lora Hannah Lang on July 16, 1922, in Antigo, Wisconsin. Lora's father was Charles Ferdinand Lang, her mother Augusta Smith. Lora was born April 21, 1897, in Ripon, Wisconsin, and died in spring of 1985. I attended graduate school in political science at the University of Iowa at the time. My son Rob was only three years old. The trip from Iowa City to Valley City for Grandma's funeral was the only major trip Leslie, Rob, and I took during that time.

Albert and Lora had one child, Albert Julius Greffenius. He was born July 21, 1924, in Valley City, North Dakota. When he started elementary school six years later, he would have gone to either Lincoln Elementary, or Ritchie Elementary. I think Lincoln is the older of the two, and likely the one he attended. See the picture postcard on the next page.

The page that follows page 46 in Melvin's notes contains a good photograph of William Edward Greffenius, and his wife Amalia Reimann. William, my great-uncle, was born in 1884, and lived until 1968, or eighty-four years. His wife Amalia was born in 1883, and lived until 1952.

The next page of the notes shows a street scene from Fairwater, Wisconsin, in the upper half of the page, and Fairwater's German Lutheran Church in the bottom half. Both William Edward and Albert Franz Greffenius were confirmed in the German Lutheran Church. Fairwater is well south and a little west of Ripon. The Greffenius clan covered the rural areas and farmland around Ripon in several directions.[ix] Even today, the farmland around Ripon is green, beautiful, and thinly settled.

The name of the church in the second photograph of Fairwater is significant: German Lutheran Church. It would have welcomed parishioners from other backgrounds, but the liturgy would have been in German. Virtually all members of the German Lutheran Church would have been from German families. Many members of the congregation would have immigrated from Germany to central Wisconsin not so long before. That was true of the Greffenius's.

I was curious when the church was founded, so I went online to learn its history. As I guessed, the church started not long after the after the wave of German immigration that occurred mid-century. The church would have served as a center of German community life. Today the church is named Zion Lutheran Church of Fairwater. See a history of the church here. German immigrants founded the church in 1872.

Let's return to August Ferdinand's descendants, after he arrived in Wisconsin. His great-grandson, Ruben Greffenius, was the first son of William Edward Greffenius.[x] Ruben was born August 1, 1910, six years before August Ferdinand died in 1916. He married Ruth Hendricks on November 7, 1936. Ruth was born January 27, 1916. Thus Ruben was twenty-six on his wedding day. Ruth was twenty.

Ruben and Ruth had two children: Richard Greffenius, born August 5, 1939, and Susan Greffenius, born August 24, 1943. Richard Greffenius, we will learn later, was the father of Sherry Greffenius, born in 1957 in Colorado. Her name is now Sherri Hunt. She lives in Grand Junction, Colorado. I have corresponded with her about our family trees.

I wonder who Susan Greffenius married. I believe she married a Butruille, so her married name was Susan Butruille. She now lives in Leavenworth, Washington. She has also lived in Portland, Oregon. See her date of birth and residence here. The birth date listed on this page matches the birth date in *MG Notes*: August 24, 1943. That makes her 78 years old in 2021.

Visit this link for a notice of Susan's better known books, *Women's Voices from the Oregon Trail*. I'd like to write to her. Write her a note that she must respond to! She has written a lot of books. Order one from Amazon. Susan Butruille would be the person who wrote the obituary for Ruth Hendricks, Susan's mother and Ruben's wife. *[Shorten this paragraph, and send it to endnotes.]*

See an obituary for Ruth Hendricks Greffenius here. Ruth died in 2003, when she was eighty-seven years old. This obituary mentions her husband Ruben, and reminds us that he taught natural resources at California Polytechnic Institute for ten years, after a career with the U. S. Forest Service. Ruth wrote a book titled *I Hope I Get to Dance*. I purchased this book at Amazon.

Rino Greffenius was born September 8, 1911, in Hosmer, South Dakota, a little over a year after his brother Ruben was born.[xi] He died on January 30, 1996, in Fort Collins, Colorado, at age eighty-four. He married Francis Cornelius on July 18, 1937. Francis was born November 30, 1915. She died October 24, 2009. Rino and Frances had three children, Bonnie Lue, Kay Marlene, and James Lynn Greffenius. I do not know if Rino's offspring are still alive. They were born in 1939, 1943, and 1944 respectively.

Reports had it that Rino worked for the State Department, but no one ever knew what he did. One wonders whether he worked for the CIA, or in some other intelligence capacity. There are other possibilities, including that he just did not care to talk a lot about his work. We also do not know a lot about Rino's life.

Gravestones do give you information you might not otherwise have. Photograph below shows that Kaye Marlene, their second child, lived only six days.

Kaye Marlene Greffenius lived only six days. This memorial marks her grave in Grandview Cemetery, Fort Collins, Colorado.

We arrive at last at a record of our own family, beginning with our father, Albert Julius.[xii] You know the basics here, but a few items are worth recording.

Albert Julius Greffenius was born July 21, 1924, in Valley City, North Dakota. He liked to tell a story, where he would recall that his mother would occasionally tell people that her wedding day was in late 1923. He would tell her, "Why mother, if that were true, you're telling people that I'm a bastard!" She would smile rather sheepishly, and correct her memory. In the 1920s, you expected that a couple's first child would be born at least nine months and a day after your wedding day.

Albert Julius married Adriana Wilhelmina Heyboer in Valley City, North Dakota, on June 6, 1953. He was a month and a half shy of his twenty-ninth birthday. Adriana Wilhelmina was born September 3, 1925, in Schiedam, the Netherlands. Schiedam lies west of Rotterdam, and is part of the Rotterdam metropolitan area. Adriana's parents were Marinus Heyboer and Wilhelmina Maria Ligtvoet. *Maria* became Laura Greffenius's middle name.

Albert and Adriana had four children, born 1954, 1956, 1958, and 1960. You know who they are! I did not know one item recorded in the notes: Alison Brouillette was born in 1964, in New Orleans. *[I don't know her date of birth, or more precisely where she was born. Could she have been born on the North Shore, where she lives now? [Ask Brian or Alison her birthdate, and location of birth.]*

As we count generations carefully, we see that Ruben and Rino, brothers, were my dad's cousins. Close family that they were, my dad said he and his

parents drove out to Fort Collins once or twice to visit Ruben and Reno. My grandfather, Albert Frank, was an active traveller, as he drove out to Colorado, down to South Dakota, and especially over to Wisconsin to visit relatives.

My dad did not talk about family visits from Wisconsin, or any other state, to Valley City. Likely it was because they had a small house there, with no extra beds for guests. Also, Valley City was somewhat out of the way. It made sense for the threesome, Albert Frank, Lora, and Albert Julius to visit a large party of relatives, rather than the other way around.

Richard Greffenius, son of Ruben Greffenius, married Barbara Souash.[xiii] As Ruben's son, Richard is the eighth generation in Melvin's list: Richard[8], Ruben[7], William Edward[6], Hermann Julius[5], August Ferdinand[4], August Ferdinand[3], Johann Tobias[2], and Johann Friedrick[1]. Richard was born on August 5, 1939. He married Barbara on August 24, 1956, which means he was married only two and a half weeks after his seventeenth birthday, and four days after Brian Greffenius was born. Barbara was born April 4, 1936, making her twenty on her wedding day.

Richard and Barbara had four children: Sherri Sue born in 1957, Ruth Lynn born in 1960, Julie born in 1964, and Stephen John born in 1967. The notes do not list a date of death for any of Richard's offspring. Sherri's married name is Sherri Hunt. She lives in Grand Junction, Colorado. I have corresponded with her, and would like to visit her when I travel out west. *[Write to Sherri to learn information about her siblings.]*

Sherri's great-great grandfather, Hermann Julius, is my great-grandfather. That is to say, her line goes from Richard, to Ruben, to William, to Julius. My line goes from Albert J., to Albert F., to Julius. Sherri can fit in an extra generation, because William is three years older than Albert F., and because her father married young. Richard was a little under eighteen when Sherri was born.

Next up is Susan Jean Greffenius, born of Ruben and Ruth on August 24, 1943, four years after her brother Richard. Susan Jean married John Butruille on June 15, 1963. John Butruille was born on December 10, 1935. Susan and John had two children, Frank Richard born in 1965, and Anthony born in 1968.

Rino had two children, Bonnie Lue born in 1939, and James Lynn born in 1944. I will concentrate on James Lynn, as I have not heard of Bonne Lue, or her two children before.

For James Greffenius, I believe I corresponded with him briefly once. I think I met his first son, Eric, not long after we moved to Brookline in the late 1990s. Perhaps I should reach out to Eric again, as he may still live in greater Boston. *[You have done so, and Eric responded. Online records indicate he lives in Beverly, Massachusetts.]*

James Lynn Greffenius was born on July 8, 1944. He married Susan Stevenson on September 25, 1965. Susan Stevenson was born on December 18, 1942. James Lynn Greffenius is on LinkedIn, though he is not especially active there. Eric's current address, listed at mylife, is 337 Central Street, Auburndale, MA 02466. Eric is on LinkedIn. LinkedIn lists his town of residence as Beverly, MA.

Eric Rino Greffenius was born on October 28, 1968. Aaron James Greffenius, his brother, was born on June 27, 1970. Melvin's notes do not contain more information about Eric and Aaron.

The notes do not list any children for Eric, or for Aaron Greffenius. It lists only their dates of birth. I believe Eric was married fairly recently.

[I assume Eric Rino and Aaron James are both sons of James Lynn. You may want to confirm that.]

Near the end of Melvin's notes, we begin coverage of the person nearest to my heart, me! The last lines on the page list the person who is actually closest to my heart, Leslie! Her birthday, as you know, is June 19, 1954.

In any case, Melvin correctly shows me as the eighth generation of Greffenii, as we go down the line from Johann Friedrick. I like the superscripts Melvin uses: Steven Frank^{8}, Albert Julius^{7}, Albert Franz^{6}, Hermann Julius^{5}, August Ferdinand^{4}, August Ferdinand^{3}, Johann Tobias^{2}, and Johann Friedrick^{1}. Who would anticipate that I would not only try to learn the male line all the way back to the 1700s, but memorize it as well?

We may as well construct the superscripted list for all ten generations, in reverse order: William Ethan^{10}, Robert Olin^{9}, Steven Frank^{8}, Albert Julius^{7}, Albert Franz^{6}, Hermann Julius^{5}, August Ferdinand^{4}, August Ferdinand^{3}, Johann Tobias^{2}, and Johann Friedrick^{1}.

Twentieth to Twenty-First Century: Last Descendants of August Ferdinand

Here are a few more birthdays, to take us from the last two decades of the twentieth century, to the first two decades of the twenty-first:

Robert Olin Greffenius, born on March 28, 1982.

Emily Ruth Greffenius, born on March 1, 1998.

Laura Maria Greffenius, born on April 20, 1960, in Valley City, North Dakota.

Willem Foster Meehan, born May 7, 2000.

William Ethan Greffenius, born December 20, 2013, in Washington, DC.

Anna Madeline Greffenius, born January 25, 2016, in Washington, DC.

Right now, William Ethan and Anna Madeline are the only two Greffenii in this branch to be born during the twenty-first century. They may be the only two born during this century, in any U. S. branch of the family.

Interestingly, if you google the name *Greffenius*, you find a fair number of people with that surname who live in Europe, most in Germany. My dad speculated that all the Greffenii who live in the United States descend from August Ferdinand, the only arrival who kept the German spelling of his family's name. That means no Greffenii from other families have arrived in the United States from Europe since 1867.

Immigrants

The family's movement does suggest the truth of the saying, "Home is where the heart is."

The Greffenius men may have had another reason to move their domicile from Arnswalde to Wisconsin. The Prussian selective service, though the Germans did not call it that, reached even to small counties in the northwest part of the country. If the recruiter came around with a list of eligible draftees and said, "We need you to report for duty," you reported for duty.

Many of these young men did not want to serve in the Prussian army. To begin with, they had no particular loyalty to Bismarck, who led the government, or to the landed Junkers, who led the army. The army needed recruits in the 1860s because it fought one war after another during that period, primarily against the Austro-Hungarian Empire. After that came war against France in 1870 - 1871. These wars eventually resulted in German unity, under Prussia's leadership, but in fact draftees did not have what we would call good prospects in the German army. They just wanted to find a way home again, alive. They did not join the army to win victories for aristocrats.

Still another reason will not surprise those who know the amount of religious conflict the German states endured during and after the Reformation. Prussia tried to impose a uniform church on Lutherans, when it forced Lutheran and Reform groups to merge into a single, Union Church. That did not sit well with Lutherans who had fought hard to keep their church independent. At some point, you decide not to fight any longer. You simply exit.

Lastly, new inheritance laws forced families to divide their lands equally among all their offspring, which steadily made farms so small that families could not survive on them. Primogeniture may have worked well for a family's first son; doing away with it did not work well for the whole family after a couple of generations. Farms were not large enough to undergo so many divisions. By contrast, in 1864 productive farm land in southeastern Wisconsin sold for $1.25 an acre. At that price, a hard-working family could build a homestead.

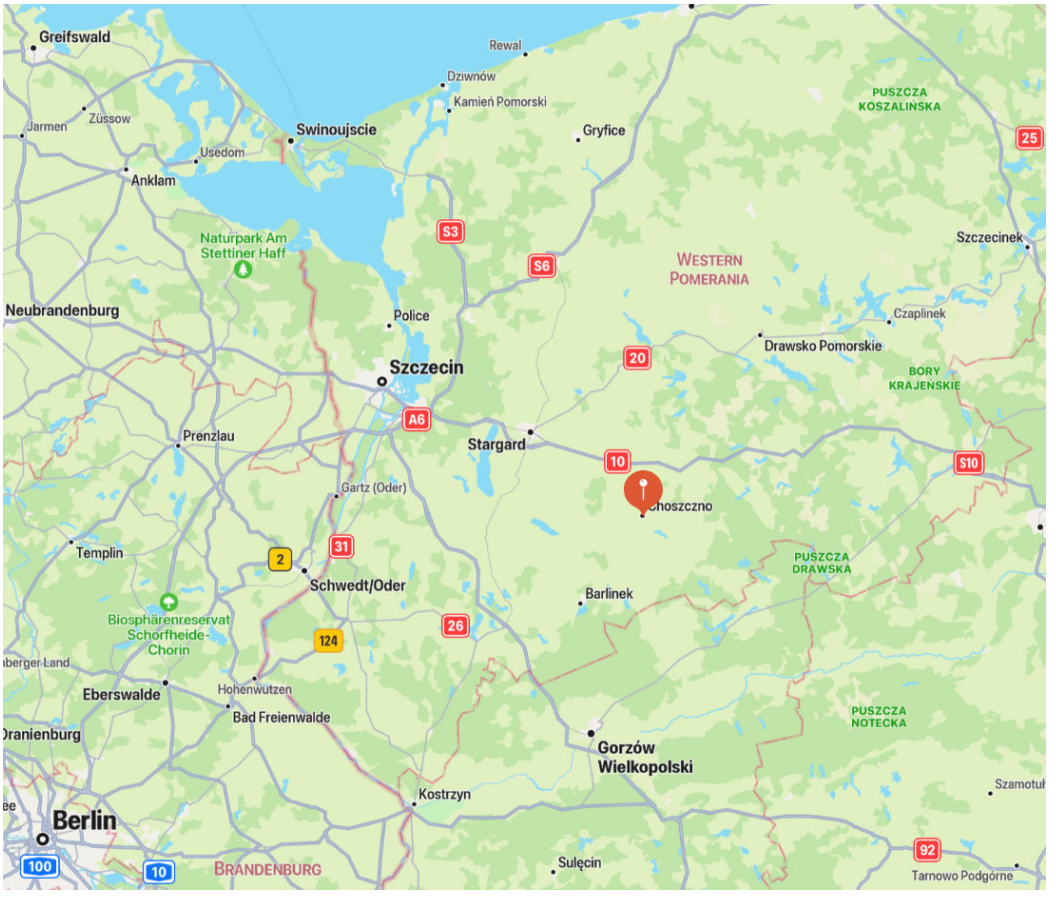
Once gathered in Wisconsin, the Greffenius clan gradually migrated from that area to points all over the United States. We will focus on the family tree as it grew and evolved after Hermann Julius died in the late 1880s. That is the branch of the family that produced the four siblings, as I call them,

and of course William Ethan Greffenius, the male heir to the entire line. *(See MG notes on page x for more on Wisconsin.)*

You can view a large collection of recent photographs taken in and around Arnswalde, if you search images online with the name of the town. Enter *Arnswalde Choszczno* in DuckDuckGo, then click *Images* to view photographs, and to view four slide shows available at YouTube. Arnswalde is the area of northern Germany – called Pomerania – where our ancestors grew up, lived, and then left for Wisconsin. Hamburg, Germany's largest port and a day's train ride west of Arnswalde, was the likely point of embarkation for emigrants headed across the Atlantic to New York City.

In 1945, in the wake of Germany's defeat in World War II, Arnswalde became part of Poland, and acquired a new name: Choszczno. Eighty percent of the city was destroyed or damaged in the war, and in the fires that followed the Russian army's occupation of the city. Photographs online are not dated, but many of the images convey a sense of how the city looked before the war.

Lake Kluki dominates Choszczno's geography. As you can see on the book cover, it is pretty. Arnswalde lies in West Pomerania. As Choszczno, it lies in northwest Poland. I wish I knew a little more about the history of Pomerania, and Brandenburg. Below is a map of Pomerania. As you can see from the yellow borderline, the region spans both Germany and Poland. Its shore on the Baltic Sea is beautiful. Choszczno is some short distance southeast of Szczecin, or Stettin in German.



That is the end of Melvin's notes. It is Friday, September 24, 2021.

Willem was born just about a month before Rob graduated from Brookline High School. Our family moved from Brookline to Westwood, Massachusetts, shortly after Rob graduated.

At the time August Ferdinand brought his family to Wisconsin from Germany in the 1860s, Germany was not yet Germany. In fact, Germany became Germany in 1872, several years after the family came over from Pomerania.

Life spans for key characters in the migration of the Greffenius clan from Arnswalde, to Ripon, and then to Valley City.

August Ferdinand Greffenius, 1838 – 1916, born in Arnswalde

Julius Hermann Greffenius, 1859 – 1888, born in Arnswalde

Amelia F. Dahlman, 1861 – 1943, born in Arnswalde

William Edward Greffenius, 1884 – 1968, born near Ripon

Albert Frank Greffenius, 1887 – 1954, born near Ripon

Lora H. Lang, 1897 – 1984, born near Ripon

Albert Julius Greffenius, 1924 – 2011, born in Valley City

Some notes about my ancestors listed above:

August Ferdinand is my great-great-grandfather. We are only sixteen years from the two hundredth anniversary of his birth. He brought his family from Prussia to the United States shortly after the Civil War ended, in 1867, on the steamship *Northern Light*.[1]

Julius Hermann was my great-grandfather. He lived only twenty-nine years, eight in Germany, and twenty-one in Wisconsin. We do not know why he died so young. We know he did not die in war, or of natural causes, which is death in old age. That leaves illness, accident, or suicide. One wonders not only about the cause of death, but also about why the cause of Julius Hermann's death did not come down to my father. My father talked only of his father, Albert Frank, not his grandfather, Julius Hermann.

Amelia Dahlman was born in Arnswalde in 1861, making her two years younger than Julius Hermann. The notes do not indicate when she married Julius, but we can guess it was 1882 or 1883, a year or two before the birth of their first son, William Edward. That would make her twenty-one or twenty-two when she married. Julius was twenty-three or twenty-four. He died only a year after the birth of his second son, Albert Frank.

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[1] For information about August Ferdinand, see page 15, paragragh 13, of MG notes. For information about Julius Hermann, see page 30, paragraph 25, of MG notes.

After Julius died in 1888, Amelia married William Lieske. The notes say she married him on May 16, 1884, but that cannot be correct, as her second son, Albert Frank, was born in 1887. My dad told me some stories about Frank Lieske, his father's step-brother, mostly when we went to visit Frank and his wife Linda at a nursing home in Pipestone, Minnesota. Let me tell you more about that visit a little later...

William Lieske had a son and daughter, Frank and Minnie, who I will guess were about the same age as Amelia's two sons, William and Albert. There is some speculation in family lore that my grandfather was christened Franz Albert. If so, William Lieske and Amelia may have discussed that name sometime after the wedding, as they now had two Franks in the house, or Franz and Frank anyhow. Perhaps Franz Albert's mother and step-father decided to change Franz Albert's name to Albert Frank while he was still young: thus the initials A. F. Greffenius.

What a missed opportunity in Pipestone, though perhaps not, as Frank Lieske was quite elderly by the time we visited him. I don't think he could hear well, plus we had four people in the room. I would have liked to hear him reminisce about his experiences as he grew up with his sister and step-brothers in Wisconsin. I imagine they were quite a crew, as I know we were in Valley City.

I suppose at some point I should describe the four siblings' personalities as we grew up in Valley City. Right now, I should stay with the main subject: the trip I made with my dad to Pipestone. As we drove, my dad said, "You know, Frank Lieske owned a hardware store in South Dakota back when I was growing up."

I replied, "Oh, where was it?" States are big out there in the Upper Midwest.

"It was near Sioux City, in the northwest corner of the state." *[Geography is not accurate here. See below.]*

I believe I was in junior high, perhaps ninth grade, when we drove up to Pipestone together. Young men that age are not so talkative with their parents.

"We used to go down there to visit in the summertime."

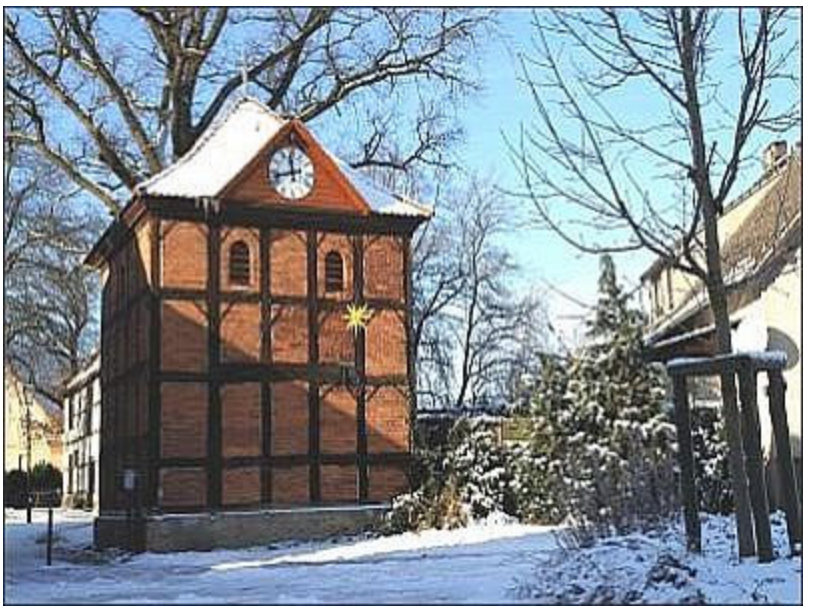
My geography for that area, where North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, and Iowa meet wasn't so great. A map shows that Sioux City is just about straight south of Valley City, a good day's long drive in the thirties. I figured they would go for a long weekend, perhaps a little longer. I think my grandfather and Frank must have been fairly close, for them to make that trip every year.

“I think that’s why I like hardware stores,” my dad remarked.

Let’s close this portion of the notes with a photograph of Arnswalde, as it appears today. The small city has a beautiful lake near its center!

Note also that Arnswalde is now called Choszczno, located in Poland. The city became part of Poland after World War II.

Consider this photograph for your cover picture. If you want two cover pictures, here is a second one, from Schlagenthin:



Letters

Preamble for this section to follow. Now that you are past MG notes, you may want to write a brief preamble for every major section, to let readers know what to expect. Overall, material that follows is less cohesive than previous materil. Write sentences that add to cohesion, and remove sentences that distract.

[Move this letter to go with the photographed pages later in this manuscript. Also, decide whether you want to keep the unedited version. If so, keep the two letters next to each other. Or, move the images here! Let the images count as the unedited version. The edited version of the letter appears below.]

July the 23

My dear Girl,

We received the glad tidings this AM. I have been thanking God ever since that he has helped you through and wish his blessing further up on you both. It sure is a load off from my heart. Now if I could take the next train and come to give you both a hearty hug and kiss. Am so glad I know you are getting good care. I was more than surprised to hear Albert Jr weighed 8 lbs, don't know where you kept him kid.

Elnora is out peeling cherrries, that's where I will go as soon as I get this letter finished. Put up 4 quarts this AM and made a pie. We had beans and peas. Dad is hauling in hay. Mr Sam Miller is helping him. Carl is still working at Pickets. They just started the late crop today. He gets 35 cts an hour, has earned some over 40 dollars. Always takes a gallon pail of lunch and a quart can of coffee – that's for 2 meals – then lunches when he gets home.

Rite and tell me what they give ou to eat. Don't think they will allow you to rite for a little while. I only hope the little one is good. That's so annoying when they are fussy and any one can't take care of them. Who does the little fellow resemble?

George Page's wife is here visiting from Mriny, with 3 little kiddies. They live on a farm, don't see how she could get away this time of the year. Verna keeps very busy picking and canning and clerking. Elnora says she talks and acts different now. Before she was married she always seemed tired and blue. Well I hope she has a good man and everything else will be well.

Now my dear don't get lonesome, these 2 weeks will soon go by. I hope you are gaining. Wishing you both all the luck the world can give with your little scriny. I will close. Elnora will rite tomorrow.

Your loving Mother

You could say that this family history resolves into a quest to know my grandfather. He died in late May, 1954, just six months before I was born, after he suffered a serious stroke earlier in the month. As the firstborn of his only child, I would have been his first grandchild.

Albert Julius and Adriana married in Valley City on June 6, 1953, at First Lutheran Chuch. The stroke occurred less than a year after they settled into an apartment in south Minneapolis. My mother told me the apartment, and the house they found the following spring, were just across the town line from Edina. Edina was a major suburb to the south in the early 1950s, before dozens more grew up on the plains all around the Twin Cities in subsequent decades.

My parents lived in the Twin Cities because that was the headquarters and hub for Northwest Airlines. The airline industry grew rapidly after the war, during the period my dad went to law school at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. When he finished his three-year course of study, he had a law degree, but no money. The airlines needed well-trained pilots urgently. Pilots with the best training had flown for armed services during the war.

So my dad moved to Minneapolis, a city where he had no roots whatsoever. In fact, he had no roots anywhere other than Valley City, since he joined the Army Air Force shortly after he graduated from high school in 1942, just after he turned eighteen on July 21 of that year. He learned how to pilot single-engine aircraft at various training grounds operated by the Army Air Force, until at last he reached the pinnacle, where he trained to fly the Republic P-47 Thunderbolt, the largest, most deadly, most advanced fighter plane of its time.

In 1945, he returned to his hometown to complete his undergraduate degree at Valley City State Teachers College, a decision he regarded as a mistake. He felt a natural progression would have led him to go to college

elsewhere, that going to a small local college and living with his parents made him feel he had resumed high school. Yet his mother in particular persuaded him to stick around, as she had missed her only son so acutely, and had worried so for his safety, that she wanted him back after the war ended.

My dad was pretty reticent about details of his life during the thirties, forties, and fifties. The notable exception was his period of military service, from 1942 to 1945. You could readily see, from the photographs he valued to the stories he told, that the chance to fly a fighter plane over Europe had been the high point of his life.

Many people do not have a high point anywhere, nor do they need or especially want one. My father had an opportunity that he knew was unique at the time, and he preserved memories of that period. Yet I sometimes wondered how it must be to have that kind of experience when you are nineteen and twenty, so early in your development, before you have encountered other life experiences. It does seem as if you might spend a lot of your adult life looking back on a time that offer scant guidance for present problems, or future plans.

Who in any generation has experiences like that? Life takes so many unexpected turns, apparently unrelated to what came before, that you may realize guidance from the past is not ours to have. In any case, my dad did not say a lot about his decision to move to Minneapolis after law school, in order to fly for Northwest. It was just an integral part of our family's history during the 1950s. The three boys did not question their point of origin, a city that grew rapidly at the time, and has continued to grow rapidly ever since.

That stands in contrast to Valley City, which actually lost about a quarter of its population during the farm troubles that plagued the upper midwest during the 1970s and 1980s. It was the old story of over-farming the land and too much debt. Everyone lamented the change when family farms gave way to so-called large factory farms. The transition did in fact mean changes in cultural and economic conditions, as well as a sense of loss for towns and families across the region. You might say that when we moved to Des Moines in August of 1967, we departed the flat tableland of eastern North Dakota just in time. Or you could say my dad, just as restless as his own father, seized a chance that would not come again, to move his family back to a large city, where his children would have opportunities they would not otherwise have.

Let's call it a night, eh?

Here is your post at Tumblr, undated but recent.

"History, both objective and subjective, is ever becoming – never completed. The centuries unfold to us more and more the meaning of past times." ~ Frederick Jackson Turner

P.W. Parks and AP history.

A.F. Greffenius, and his desire to practice law in North Dakota, one of the nation's last frontiers.

He went all the way out to Mott, ND, to clerk as he prepared for his career as an attorney.

Related articles on Turner and North Dakota:

https://www.britannica.com/biography/Frederick-Jackson-Turner

https://www.cooperative.com/remagazine/articles/Pages/Flashbacks-Electricity-Comes-to-a-North-Dakota-Farm.aspx

You collected a number of links and online material about Valley City as you prepared Yesterday Once More. Remember the website, *Valley City, City of Bridges*? You may want to revisit those pages for this book.

So I sit down in my first and only advanced placement class, in American History, during my junior year at Theodore Roosevelt High School in Des Moines, Iowa. The instructor's name is P. W. Parks, well known for peering over the top of his glasses, as he sips tea from his enormous thermos during class. His students love him for his somewhat wry, even whimsical way of speaking, his intellect, and a self-effacing quality that both contradicts and highlights how smart he is. He goes by Phil to those who know him well.

Now you want to know why I bother to recall an advanced placement class I took more than fifty years ago. Seems I might have more immediate subjects to write about, given the state of our nation. Yet at a certain age, your mind begins to center on memories, not so often on current affairs. I have evidently reached that stage, though you would not know it from progress I make, or do not make, on matters of family history.

What does family history have to do with P. W.'s first day of class in American history? This connection only came to mind during the last weekend, as my puppy turned seven months old, and New England skies

rained especially hard for December. However bad tornadoes were in Kentucky, Massachusetts must have thought, well we can have some weather here, too, though not nearly as dramatic or deadly.

P. W. opened the first day of class with reference to Frederick Jackson Turner's Frontier Thesis. As we listened to his account, I thought, "This exposition does not fit the textbook stuff that sustains teachers and students in the regular curriculum," stuff we all recognize as 'names and dates'. If you could learn names and dates, you did not need to know history's connecting tissue. It was not testable, and therefore not important for pedagogical purposes.

The class presented a curious mixture of historiography, intellectual history, and explanatory rigor that the old-style textbook treatment could not touch. I say *curious*, not because these qualities did not belong together - on the contrary, Parks fit them together gracefully, seamlessly, with far more artistry than was necessary to prepare us for the AP exam. The historiographical and intellectual qualities made one curious about why things happened the way they did, a story told both by participants, and by later observers who had some distance from the narrative.

Let's go back to F. J. Turner. I do not know if Turner set specific years for the period that marked the closing of the American frontier. If he did, it was probably a mistake, as these kinds of transitions unfold gradually enough that a specific beginning and a numerical end are not usually appropriate. Would we want to place the end at the close of the last war against Native Americans in the West? Would we want to place the beginning sometime during the decade or more after the Civil War? Historians like to argue about those things, but if you wrote a dissertation on the subject, you would not want to be too specific about dates.

To follow these remarks about when exactly the American frontier closed, my grandfather, Albert Frank Greffenius, was born in 1887 near Ripon, Wisconsin. That places his birthday during the momentous transition Turner identified, a period when American culture and character adapted to major changes in settlement, ways of life, and outlook. Clearly Wisconsin was not on the frontier, as people understood that concept at the time. It entered the Union as the thirtieth state in 1848, thirty-nine years before Albert Frank was born. Yet just beyond Minnesota lay the Dakota Territory. This large piece of real estate did not split into North and South Dakota, to enter the Union until 1889. That is where my grandfather wanted to go shortly after he returned from service in the Army after the World War I.

Turner argued that the frontier imbued Americans with a certain restlessness. Of course, the Germans who left Prussia to immigrate to the

United States mid-eighteenth century were already restless, or they would not have made that long trip. The same can be said for many other ethnic groups who came over the Atlantic. If they came to the States to find room for ambition, hard work, advancement, and the rewards that go with these qualities, they found these rewards, especially when they settled in sparsely populated states that had already absorbed a generation or two of immigrants to prepare the way. That was true of Wisconsin after the Civil War, as it was of the Dakota Territory near the end of the eighteenth century.

My grandfather was a restless, ambitious man. He held so many jobs, and lived in so many places after he graduated high school in 1905 or so, no one in our family actually knows what he did. We know he lived in Iowa for a time, that he learned shorthand in a business class, that he worked as a clerk in a bank, to learn that business as well as he could. Then he joined the army in 1917, at a time when a great deal of anti-German prejudice existed in the country. His letters home before he shipped off to Europe show that he went to war partly to demonstrate his patriotism. By 1917, he was thirty years old. The Army made him a mess sergeant.

Significantly, he did not settle down to work a farm in central Wisconsin, which is where his parents stayed. His older brother, William, moved out to Colorado to become a postmaster. His step-brother, Frank Lieske, moved out to South Dakota to run a hardware store. Damned if he would stay on a farm in central Wisconsin, which offered a lot of hard work, but little advancement. If you wanted to improve yourself through hard work, better to enter a profession. That was my father's credo, likely learned from his father. Enter a profession.

So my grandfather moved out to Mott, North Dakota, a couple of years after the war, to clerk in a law office there. He had no college degree, no law school degree, no formal professional training before that, unless you count that business class for typing and shorthand. Mott lies in the southwest quadrant of the state, not so far from the location of Theodore Roosevelt's ranch several decades earlier. That is to say, he found a job in one of the most remote, frontier-like places that still existed in the States after the war.

As far as I know, North Dakota did not require a bar exam to practice law in the state. I need to read more of my grandfather's letters to know why he settled in Valley City, North Dakota, after his clerkship. I believe he found a partner there. It was common then, as now, for young attorneys to partner with more senior attorneys as they begin their own practice. Albert Frank stayed in Valley City, sixty miles west of Fargo and some distance north of Frank Lieske's hardware store, until the end of his life in 1954.

In photographs, my grandfather does not appear to be a restless man. He appears stern, even more stern than you might expect from someone who grew up in a household where his parents spoke German, or a mixture of German and English. Yet restlessness is a quality that does not generally appear in photographs. It appears in the pattern of your life, in the breadth of your activities and interests, in the sorts of people you meet. My grandfather was a restless, ambitious man.

As with so many individuals, the Depression forced him to modify or trim his ambitions, to accept less from his career than he had hoped. In a semi-arid, agricultural region that practically lost its cash economy as topsoil turned to dust and blew away, he turned to debt collection to sustain his family. You cannot collect debts where farmers have no money. He could see things were a bit better back in Wisconsin, when he returned with his wife and son to visit relatives during the summer, but not a lot better. He and his family weathered hard, insecure years during the thirties. The outlook did not improve until the early 1940s, after Pearl Harbor. That is when his son joined the Air Force in 1942, to train for duty as a fighter pilot.

That war goes beyond this story, though. My grandfather's story fits Turner's description of individuals, and of a culture, that sought out challenges on the country's frontier, and had to adapt to fundamental changes that occurred during the twentieth century. The Depression came well after the frontier closed, though we should note that full electrification did not come to North Dakota until after World War II. Roads and communications remained poor in the area until the country redirected its considerable energy to domestic development in the late 1940s. Thus places like North Dakota felt remote long after other parts of the country became more integrated for automobile travel, reliable telephone communications, and power plants located on an electrical grid.

I sat in P. W. Parks class only a little over twenty years after all these changes arrived in Valley City, where I grew up. Des Moines was a big city, a lot bigger than any city in the Dakotas. That is why our family moved there: my father felt he had accomplished everything an attorney could accomplish in Valley City. He wanted opportunities to do more. He remarked later about whether he ought to have stayed in Valley City, "Perhaps I could have been a state legislator." Yet he did not want to be a politician. He wanted to practice law, and fly airplanes. He was just as restless as his father, and flight offered the broad horizons that he and his father both sought.

The country's frontier may have closed after 1900, more rapidly in some places than in others. Similarly, people's outlooks changed more or less rapidly, depending on their circumstances. I truly wish my own life offered

more opportunities to expand as I pass out of middle age into later life, but my father reminded me of the truism that options narrow as you grow older. I do appreciate the qualities my grandfather passed on to my father, though. He left home not long after the turn of the century, around the time America accepted more limited possibilities for domestic expansion. Theodore Roosevelt reminded people that other parts of the world still needed our attention, that we did not have to turn all of our energy inward.

Turner began teaching at the University of Wisconsin in Madison in 1889. He delivered his lecture on unique qualities in America's character, and published his famous paper, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," in 1893, as my grandfather entered the first grade in Ripon. I wonder if he knew of Turner's contribution as he educated himself, in and out of the classroom during the 1890s and early 1900s. Whether or not my grandfather knew of Turner, his life suggests that Turner grasped significant elements of American culture, as it developed during the period my grandfather grew up.

Now let's resume the narrative you left off on page 67, where you wrote, "Let's call it a night, eh?"

I could write a memoir about trying to write about growing up in the 1960s, and failing to do so: failing to write that is, not failing to grow up. I thought that if I focused on the coming-of-age years, 1967 to 1969, that would give the story the structure it needed. It would also give the story two important backdrops: our family underwent a key transition during that period, and a number of important things happened in the rest of the world.

What does coming-of-age mean, to begin with? It means puberty, of course, and along with that, a heightened interest in the opposite sex. Societal mores prohibit conjugal contact between young men and young women until long after their bodies and brains tell them it's time to procreate, or at least conduct experiments in that direction.

Although my body and brain underwent changes usual for this time of life, I can't say I spent a great deal of time thinking about young women. If a rumor or report came back to me about a female fellow student who had an interest in me, I would ask myself, "Why would she be interested in *me*? I'm just an eighth-grader who wants to get better at basketball." Years and years later, out of college and twenty-two years old, a good friend from high school said as we travelled somewhere on public transportation in Boston, "She's *hot* for you, Steve." I had a one-word reply: "Right."

I certainly felt lonely when I didn't go to more parties in high school. I'm not sure why I wasn't invited, except that I did not have a driver's license and therefore could not drive myself anywhere. I don't know if people hosting the parties knew that, but I knew it. I also had an air of not wanting to go to parties, though when I went to one, seldom enough, I often had a good time. You could usually find someone interesting to talk to, though good conversations are a little difficult when everyone tries to talk louder than everyone else.

When I told my mom I felt left out, she had her stock replies: "You have to force yourself," "You have to take the initiative," and most generally, especially as I prepared to leave home for college, "You have to socialize." None of these pieces of advice, though true, addressed the driver's license problem. I won't try to explain why this problem existed in the first place right here, but it was a big one that probably deserves some space at some point. Meantime, I felt rather stuck.

I took walks on Saturday night, and wondered what my schoolmates were doing. I don't like to mope, but all of us do it from time to time. Fortunately, I had a happy home, an active family interested in all kinds of things, so I did not have time to feel sorry for myself after I reentered our kitchen through the back door. I did not do homework on Saturday nights, but I sometimes wished that I did. It would make me forget the great times my schoolmates had together.

Of course, a number of my schoolmates, perhaps more than I care to think, may have found themselves in a similar situation. They too wondered why they were not out on the party circuit, why they were not popular enough to have to choose among parties. Who can say? Popularity is probably not the right concept to describe one's acceptance in various high school social circles. Friendships do not rest on popularity. Yet you can become lonely if you feel your opportunities to make new friends are limited.

For me, my social life revolved around chess club, and around Boy Scouts. I'll talk about chess here, and leave Boy Scouts for later. The chess club was small, with only about five members. We met every week to play chess at school, with an occasional meeting at Jon Frankle's house. I do have a competitive streak, and I was a little better at chess than I was at basketball. Moreover, I liked the sense of belonging I had with this group of chess players, who had potential, but were untried in big competitions. Under Jon's leadership, we gradually formed into a team during my junior and senior years. So it became my most important social activity outside of class.

Next time, write about preparations for the National High School Chess Tournament in New York City, held during the spring of our senior year.

I don't remember a lot of details about the tournament, but I'll write down a few things I do remember. Most importantly, all of Roosevelt's strongest players were seniors in 1972, so it was the last chance to perform well against arch-rival Bedford-Stuyvesant High School in New York City, led by Larry Christiansen. Jon Frankle, Roosevelt's leader, was one of the strongest high school players in the country, as was Larry.

Jon liked to give nicknames, which did indeed increase team solidarity and esprit de corps. Frank went by Furt, short for Frankfurter. Actually, he just went by Frank most of the time. Our next two boards, Doug Eckley and Dick MacDonald, went by the Eck and Mac, respectively. Mac was not active in the chess club, but Frank knew he played well from junior high, so he persuaded him to compete in the tournament. His strong result, along with Eckley's good score, assured our team placed among the top five teams, in a tournament that attracted teams from the entire country. I don't believe we placed first, but it was close.

Our fourth board, David Wolz, did not have a nickname. Dave was my main rival on the team, as I was almost as strong as he was, but not quite. Every time I played him, he would pull out a victory. At the national tournament, I believe I scored three points out of six, which was not so bad for me, but not particularly good either. Dave, I believe, scored three and a half points. I could be off by a half point or so on both of these results.

Players five, six, and seven also had nicknames. Doug Stolz went by Stolzio, and Mark Arnold went by Arnie. I went by BARF, shortened form of Doug Stolz's Barfinius. For details about this nickname, including how it came to be all caps, and how it led to a favorable first impression when I met my future wife four years later, see the memoir titled *Bertram Hall*.

Having all seven of us fly from Des Moines to New York City, unchaperoned, felt like a big deal. We had prepared for the event for over a year. Jon worked hard to raise money to fund the trip from local businesses. I don't believe the businesses received proper recognition from team members in the form of thank you notes, because we did not know who to address them to. I do think Jon made sure our sponsors received recognition in the school newspaper, the *Roosevelt Roundup*.

I wish I could remember the name of the hotel where we played our games. I'm not even sure if we stayed in the same hotel where the tournament was held. As you would expect for high school students on a budget, we did not eat particularly well. Pizza in the room was pretty standard.

I do remember that the city held to its reputation of never closing up, and of cab drivers who honked their horns constantly. At two in the morning from

our room, you could hear incessant traffic noise down at street level. Nevertheless we had to sleep for our next game, in the city that never sleeps.

I guess that will have to do it for another night. Do you have more to say about chess during your three years at Roosevelt? Jon recruited people to the team based not on their native chess ability, but on their interest in the game. I am glad he encouraged me to join, as this group gave me a home in high school outside of class. I improved a fair amount as a player during those years, and made friends with other members of the team. I studied hard for my classes: chess became a social and intellectual anchor outside of scholastic work.

I should add also that my dad supported my involvement with chess, as he supported so many things I did. He gave me a beautiful set, called a Cavalier chess set, that looked quite distinguished next to the less expensive pieces commonly used at chess tournaments. He also bought a good quality roll-up board with green and white squares, as well as a chess clock. These items went with me to all of the tournaments I participated in.

Here's how a tournament looks in real life. (See next page.)

For a game that requires a lot of concentration, you have a room packed with people. The National High School Chess Championship, pictured below, brings together a lot of young people, with tons of energy. Players walk around to look at each other's games, teammates ask each other how their games are going, people head in and out of the room for restroom breaks, snack breaks, general conversation to relieve tension. Chess clocks click intermittently, as over-energetic players jam the buttons down with staccato emphasis. The atmosphere in the main tournament room is anything but quiet.

So you have to filter it out somehow. You certainly cannot let the noise and activity bother you. I always liked the smaller tournaments better, as the noise and activity levels did not seem to dominate the tournament room so heavily. You actually felt like you might be in a library. At large tournaments like the nationals, you felt much more as if you were at a convention, without the speakers.

It was a bit like a convention, not only because of the activity, but because chess players are ratings-conscious. They are highly aware of the stars among the group, the highly ranked players who sit at the top board. "That's so and so," they would say, nodding at a master, or someone who would be a master soon. People kept track of what was happening at the

top boards, especially in the later rounds, when the best players played each other – the later rounds, when everyone is tired, and the outcome of the tournament could hinge on which competitor makes the last mistake.

Well thank heavens I never had to play under that kind of pressure. I created my own pressure, by taking too much time with my moves. I tried to be so thorough in my analysis, and was so cautious to avoid mistakes, that I often found myself with less than five minutes to make a dozen or more moves. It was an excruciating, draining and demoralizing way to end a well-played game, and of course a great way to negate all of one's earlier efforts to avoid mistakes. I lost a lot of games due to time pressure. Moreover, I never became confident about endgames, because I never allowed myself enough time to play them well. I often lost in time pressure during the transition from middle game to endgame, or shortly after the transition.

For all that, I enjoyed the competition and mental challenges of chess a lot. I would like to play tournament chess again, to find out what it would be like fifty years later. I liked the gradual improvement, where I went from a score of 1-4 in my first tournament, to 4-1 in one of my last tournaments. I went from a novice to a middle-range player over a few years, largely because I learned how to play with fewer mistakes. If you combine accuracy with insight over the board, you can become a good player, above middle range. When I went to school in Oregon, however, opportunities to play competitively fell off.

I think my last tournament may have been one in downtown Portland, when my favorite bicycle was stolen while I played the first round. It was a beautiful, metallic blue three-speed Schwinn my parents bought for me when I graduated to an adult-size bike shortly before we moved to Des Moines. If I remember, I was so down about the loss, I took a bus home from the tournament hotel, straight back to my off-campus apartment. I don't believe I entered another tournament. I had locked the bike outside the hotel, but professional thieves always have cable cutters handy. I couldn't believe it when I stepped outside the building to get lunch, and the place where I had parked the bicycle was just empty.

Again, that's enough for one night. I think you want to move to Scout Troop 61 next time, as well as Scoutmaster Sam Hill in Valley City. In fact, you may want to go all the way back to Cub Scouts at Washington Elementary school, and meeting at Dan Anderson's home, where his mom, Mrs. Anderson served as Den Mother. Sleep well.

In my original conception, I wanted to write a coming-of-age memoir about the twenty months or so after we moved to Des Moines from Valley City. I think I wrote above somewhere, for me coming of age did not involve sexual experimentation, a long trip to find a body as in Stand By Me, or even taking responsibility for and loving a dog. For me it meant becoming familiar with a city far larger than the one I came from, doing a paper route at four in the morning, and learning the multi-racial mores of Callanan Junior High School.

Interested also in how outside events and culture affect one's own development, I wanted to chronicle events 'out there', at a time when a lot of significant events and conflicts occurred in our country's history. Right now we subsume these historical matters under two general terms: Vietnam and the sexual revolution, or more loosely, sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll.

If you did not live through that period, you cannot easily imagine what it was like. It had an uneasy quality to it. Three films popular during the period capture that quality: Bonnie and Clyde, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, and Easy Rider. Someday perhaps I'll write an essay about how these films capture the country's mood at the time. For now, let me return to the

summer of 1967, shortly before we put our house in Valley City up for sale, and moved to Des Moines.

The move was not an easy one for my father. First of all, he did not know anyone in Des Moines. He had spent a great deal of his life in Valley City, from birth onward. My grandmother believed he would have stayed if not for strain in his relationship with a senior law partner, Roman Fitzner. He had a number of other good reasons to leave. Still, what would prove to be his last move also proved to be a difficult one. He built a new life for his family in Des Moines, but it did come at a price.

A half-dozen events occurred in 1968 that illustrate the significance of that year:

- LBJ's withdrawal from that year's presidential election campaign.
- Martin Luther King's assassination Memphis, Tennessee.
- Bobby Kennedy's assassination in Los Angeles, California.
- Mayor Richard Daley's police riot against Vietnam war protestors in Chicago, at the Demoratic National Convention.
- Richard Nixon's election to the presidency in November.
- First orbit of the moon by Apollo 11 on Christmas Eve, forty-three years ago.

Each of these events is significant in its own right, and might deserve a chapter or two in a book that wants to connect outside events to one's own experiences.

Samuel Johnson would despair about his inability to get down to work at tasks that he wanted to finish, such as his dictionary of the English language. He hated that he would stay up most of the night, then sleep most of the day, with little to show for progress on his writing projects. Yet his output during his lifetime was prodigious. *He* may have thought himself a slacker, but no one during centuries that followed has judged him so. In fact, most have thought, 'How did he ever do that, on his own?'

Well, I want to retire at one o'clock or one-thirty, not two o'clock or two thirty. I want to go right to work on my current writing project when I sit down at the computer in the evening, not read or skim half a dozen or more articles before I begin work. In the end, I wish I did not feel the need to read before I write.

Yet I do remember the standard advice that seasoned writers give to new writers: in order to write well, you have to read. People who write for a

living, read endlessly – that is, they read when they are not writing. I'm a little skeptical, though, that the types of articles I read in, say, the *Wall Street Journal* or *Reason* help me to write this family history. The two genres – memoir and political commentary – seem too far apart.

At least I find good things to read, like Vermont Royster's column from 1949 titled *In Hoc Anno Domini*. It places Jesus within his times, and explains the Son of God's political significance. What would happen if a leader of similar force appeared now? Would he or she meet a similar end?

Do you see my point about genres? I want to write about my family, or about my family's history but instead you see thoughts about an essay Vermont Royster wrote five years before I was born. The paragraph appears out of place, and the time I spent reading Royster's article appears not to contribute to the family history I want to finish.

Yet everything is connected to everything else. Royster's essay, with its Christian and religious cast, brings to mind a piece my grandfather wrote about Jesus' trial. I believe he titled it *The Trial of Jesus*. When I ran across it in my parents' library in Des Moines, I thought, "Well, this is interesting," but did not give it a lot of thought at the time. I did not even think of my grandfather as a particulary religious man.

Yet Albert Frank was active in First Lutheran Church in Valley City. I wondered from time to time why we were not members of the same church. Our family attended Our Savior's Lutheran Church, near the north end of the town's main business district. I figured it was probably because my parents' friend went there. I have a fair number of memories associated with Our Savior's, which may be worth recalling here later on.

My grandmother attended First Lutheran until she entered a nursing home in the latter part of her life. Her friend Clara drove her on Sundays during the winter, when the ice and snow were bad. Otherwise she walked the six blocks or so to church. Most distances in Valley City were walkable. I was inside First Lutheran for my grandmother's funeral, but rarely before that. It's remarkable how separate our family's religious life was from hers. Even at Christmas and Easter, I don't think we attended services together.

Let's wrap up accounts of early religious life tonight, shall we. I remember we – or I, anyway – had to polish my shoes every Sunday morning before we went to church. That bothered me a little, as I did not wear them Monday through Saturday. When I pulled them out of the closet on any given Sunday, they were in the same shape they were in the previous Sunday, then I put them in the closet. Yet a little buff-up to get the week's dust off

was not going to do it. I need to get out that little tin of black polish, and try not get the stuff on my hands.

The other part of the Sunday morning ritual at home was to make sure I had my offering envelope ready. I did not have to fill the envelope from my own limited funds – my weekly allowance was only a dime a week, then a quarter as I grew older – but my parents definitely went with the church's custom of regular contributions. Of course the small amounts Our Savior's collected from children each week would not add a lot to church revenues. The amount collected may have barely covered the cost of the box of envelopes.

Each small was envelope dated, and looked similar to the ones the grown-ups used. They were boxed up with a picture of an angel going up to heaven, with a bright start to light the way. I think the Sunday school teacher collected the envelopes at the same time during each class session, just as the adult congregation had a ritual of passing the plate, saying a prayer, and singing *Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow* during the regular service. As I grew older, and had more opportunities to attend the adult service, I did like to sing that song.

The main point of the weekly contributions was to get children in the habit of contributing, so they would continue to fill the offering plate when they became adult members down the line. We left Valley City long before that happened. When in ninth grade we were confirmed at Plymouth Congregational Church in Des Moines, we stopped going to church altogether, except for Christmas of course.

I said I wanted to stop writing about religious training, but the subject is a good one. Perhaps write about Bible school next time, and about the photograph of the German Lutheran Church in Melvin's notes. Also write about the Christmas carols that Mom and Oma liked a lot. We would sing them by the fireplace during the Christmas season, especially before we went to services on Christmas Eve.

I especially liked *It Came Upon a Midnight Clear*. I can't tell you why I liked that one, among so many other good carols. Perhaps it was easy to sing, with emphasis and in tune. My parents liked Oh Little Town of Bethlehem, and my younger siblings liked We Three Kings. We all like Silent Night, of course, and would sing it last, just as we did in church.

I would say those caroling sessions, with my grandparents present, using the previous year's church programs for the words, were the best time of year for all of us, even better in memory than opening presents the following

morning. No other family gathering, even Sunday night dinners, would recreate the sense of closeness we had before the fire each Christmas Eve.

As with a number of family traditions, the habit singing Christmas carols by the fireplace as a family disappeared when we moved to Des Moines. We still went to services at Plymouth that evening, but we did not sing carols beforehand. I did not always miss the Valley City way of doing things, but I vaguely missed that.

I would like to keep writing, on a variety of subjects, until this manuscript reaches a hundred pages. That is not such an ambitious goal.

Here's a story about ancestry and bloodlines:

A graceful cat sits proudly on a pillow, looking down slightly at a dog who sits on the floor.

"My family descends from royal pets on my father's side, all the way back to Louis the Fourteenth and before that, to Charlemagne. On my mother's side, we trace our lineage to the time of ancient Egypt, where people worshipped and venerated my ancestors as deities. Through all these generations, our pedigree has remained pure . . . . . blah blah blah . . . . . .

The dog waits for the cat to stop, then replies, "Well, *I'm* a very good boy."

I'm happy that among my own ancestors, sturdy German farmers predominated. They worked hard, and made the most of their situations in northern Germany. They did not have many books in their homes, but each home did have a Bible, and family members knew how to read it. In addition to raising crops, these ancestors were experts in animal husbandry.

When it came to it, though,these farmers were poor. Ambitious as they might be, they could not foresee improvement in their fortunes if they stayed on the small farms they worked in western Prussia. If you have a few acres at most, and the growing season is so short, and you work so hard to harvest just enough to live through the winter, you start to wonder if you might find something better. When you see your neighbors looking across the ocean to America for the same reasons, you look, too. You start to think about going over there to have a look.

After you get past the question – Why can't I get started with my work earlier in the evening? – then you can start to ask substantive questions, such as why don't you write a chapter on each of these events? Are you scared to do that? What stops you? *(Note: the list of events is on pages 41 and 42 right now.)*

Well one thing that stops you is time. I can write about myself, I can write about the world at large, or I can write about both. Given that I don't start until late, I really should pick one or the other, and not try to do both.

Another reason exists for not trying to do both: I was a junior high school student who did junior high school things. A president who writes a memoir natuarally writes about world history as well. A memoir about one's junior high school years had better not try too hard to integrate world history, or national history, with family life in Des Moines during the late 1960s. Thunderbolt Kid by Bill Bryson has the right idea: talk about changes in Des Moines if you like, but not about changes in the Vietnam war.

Yet I am interested in these events of 1968, and I am curious about how these and other events affected my maturation. Most biographers assume that is the case: events outside the home affect individual growth as well as family life. A corollary is that if you want to understand the subject you have chosen, you ought to investigate important things that happened during this crucial period in a young man's life.

Well I'm glad I wrote those paragraphs yesterday, as they led me to decide to stick with the title of this book: *Descendants*. If you want to write a chapter or two about significant events in 1968 and beyond, it will have to be in another book. For this book, limit yourself to discussion of Johann's descendants. That means the ten generations listed at the beginning of this book, plus people related to them.

Tables below show generation upon generation, with different but overlapping information in each one. See if you can give each table a title. If you build more tables, see if you want to model them after the short tables you find at Ancestry.com.

Name	Birthplace	Life Span	Spouse	Children
August Ferdinand	Arnswalde, Prussia	1838 – 1916	Dortea Valesky and three others	Hermann Julius, Ida Greffenius, and seven others
Hermann Julius	Arnswalde, Prussia	1859 – 1888	Amelia Dahlman*	William Edward, Albert Frank
Albert Frank	Ripon, WI	1887 – 1954	Lora Lang	Albert Julius
Albert Julius	Valley City, ND	1924 – 2011	Adriana Heyboer	Steven Frank, Brian Julius, David Albert, Laura Maria
Steven Frank	Minneapolis, MN	1954 – present	Leslie Olin	Robert Olin, Emily Ruth
Robert Olin	Iowa City, IA	1982 – present	Jessica Feinberg	William Ethan, Anna Madeline
William Ethan	Washington, DC	2013 – present	None	None

* Married William Lieske after death of Hermann Julius in 1888.

Name	Birthplace	Birthday or Lifespan	Spouse	Children
Albert Frank	Ripon, WI	1887 – 1954	Lora Lang	Albert Julius
Albert Julius	Valley City, ND	1924 – 2011	Adriana Heyboer	Steven Frank, Brian Julius, David Albert, Laura Maria
Steven Frank	Minneapolis, MN	November 23, 1954	Leslie Olin	Robert Olin, Emily Ruth
Robert Olin	Iowa City, IA	March 28, 1982	Jessica Feinberg	William Ethan, Anna Madeline
William Ethan	Washington, DC	December 20, 2013	None	None
Anna Madeline	Washington, DC	January 20, 2016	None	None
Brian Julius	Minneapolis, MN	August 20, 1956	Alison Brouillette	None
David Albert	Minneapolis, MN	July 2, 1958	Ellen Morris	None
Laura Maria	Valley City, ND	April 20, 1960	Joseph Meehan	Willem Greffenius
Willem Greffenius	Anchorage, AK	May 7, 2000	None	None

Johann Friedrick, born circa 1730, was my great-great-great-great-great grandfather.

He begat Johann Tobias, born 1757, who was my great-great-great-great grandfather.

He begat August Ferdinand, born 1798, who was my great-great-great grandfather.

He begat August Ferdinand, born 1838, who was my great-great grandfather.

He begat Hermann Julius, born 1859, who was my great-grandfather.

He begat Albert Frank, born 1887, who was my grandfather.

He begat Albert Julius, born 1924, who was my father.

He begat Steven Frank, born 1954, who is me.

He begat Robert Olin, born 1982, who is my son.

He begat William Ethan, born 2013, who is my grandson.

Name	Birthplace	Spouse	Children
Johann Friedrick	Arnswalde	See *MG Notes*.	See *MG Notes*.
Johann Tobias	Arnswalde	See *MG Notes*.	See *MG Notes*.
August Ferdinand	Arnswalde	See *MG Notes*.	See *MG Notes*.
August Ferdinand	Arnswalde	See *MG Notes*.	See *MG Notes*.
Hermann Julius	Arnswalde	Amelia Dahlman*	William Edward, Albert Frank
Albert Frank	Ripon, WI	Lora Lang	Albert Julius
Albert Julius	Valley City, ND	Adriana Heyboer	Steven Frank, Brian Julius, David Albert, Laura Maria
Steven Frank	Minneapolis, MN	Leslie Olin	Robert Olin, Emily Ruth
Robert Olin	Iowa City, IA	Jessica Feinberg	William Ethan, Anna Eleanor
William Ethan	Washington, DC	n/a	n/a

* Married William Lieske after death of Hermann Julius in 1888.

People talk about the impact of untimely deaths on families. My family has had three: Hermann Julius, who died at at age twenty-nine in 1888; Lavern Milo, who died at age seventeen in 1936; and Albert Frank, who died at age

sixty-seven in 1954. My grandfather's death was not untimely as such, but if his life had been longer, I would have been able to know him.

Hermann Julius's death in 1888 meant that his second son, Albert Frank, would never get to know him, nor would his grandson, Albert Julius, know his grandfather. He died so early, in fact, that family lore does not include any information about him, except that he arrived in the United States with his family in 1867, two years after the Civil War.

One evening I was in the master bedroom in Des Moines with my dad mentioned that Lavern Greffenius had died in a hunting accident when he was only seventeen. I don't know what brought that event to mind at that moment, but it was the first I had heard of Lavern, or of the accident. Lavern was the third and last son of my father's uncle, William Greffenius, so he was my dad' cousin. He was five years older than my dad, who turned twelve in 1936. I don't know where the accident took place, or what the circumstances were. One of Lavern's older brothers – I believe it was the eldest, Ruben – had planned a wedding for the week Lavern died. Because of the accident, the family postponed the wedding.

I would like this book to be a hundred pages long. There's a fair chance that when I edit the first fifty pages, the manuscript will be shorter than it is now, at ninety-four pages. That's alright. Be confident that if you still want to hit one hundred pages at that point, you can find good photographs or maps to include. A photo of the Foshay tower in Minneapolis would be a good candidate, as would a picture of the harbor in Rotterdam. Another good image might be the University of Minnesota in the early 1950s, when my mother studied there. Lastly, see if you can find an image of German immigrants arriving in New York City during the 1860s.

Registering newly arrived German immigrants at Castle Garden, New York City, in the last 1860s

See this interesting blog post:

[A "Torrent of Immigrants" Arrive in New York April 1869]

Supplemental, abbreviated table for descendants of Albert Julius Greffenius:

Name	Birthplace and Date	Spouse	Children
Steven Frank	Minneapolis, MN November 23, 1954	Leslie Olin	Robert Olin, Emily Ruth
Brian Julius	Minneapolis, MN August 20, 1956	Alison Brouillette	No children.
David Albert	Minneapolis, MN July 2, 1958	Ellen Morris	No children.
Laura Maria	Valley City, ND April 20, 1960	Joe Meehan	Willem Meehan

Supplemental, abbreviated table for descendants of William Edward Greffenius:

Name	Spouse	Children
Ruben Greffenius	See *MG Notes*.	See *MG Notes*.
Reno Greffenius	See *MG Notes*.	See *MG Notes*.
Laverne Milo Greffenius	Not married.	No children

* Died at age seventeen in a hunting accident.

I will follow MG's practice of writing *More about…* in his notes, to add details about a person's life. In that spirit, let me write about my three siblings as a group, to start.

'The boys', as my sister Laura would call us, began life in Minneapolis during the 1950s. Twenty-one months separate Steven and Brian; twenty-three months separate Brian and David. The three of us each had markedy different personalities, which is the case with siblings in most families. It is easy to calculate our ages, with birth years '54, '56, and '58. The same holds for Laura's age, born in 1960, at the end of the baby boom era.

Laura was born in April of 1960, just about nine months after we moved to Valley City, North Dakota, where my father grew up. Just as he had a significant career decision to make in the early 1950s, when he graduated from law school, he had another one to make in 1959, when our family moved to North Dakota. At the beginning of the decade, he chose a job to work full time at Northwest Airlines, as a more secure source of income than the law, which he practiced part-time. At the end of the decade, he chose to return to his hometown, where he could practice law full time in a familiar environment.

He returned to Valley City at the invitation of Roman Fitzner, leader of a partnership that included Mr. Sproul. I don't know how well Mr. Fitzner

knew Albert Frank, my dad's father, but he was old enough that he likely knew of him. Given the size of the town, I expect they knew each other personally. Thus Mr. Fitzner had a good basis foundation to invite Albert Frank's son to join his firm.

I wonder why so many people, like Marcel Proust, can turn their lives into a work of art, while I turn my life into a series of tables with names, dates, and places. Who would do that except a technical writer? Not even a scientist, or a social scientist, would resort to something so unliterary. Yet here we are. I grasp at anything that might help me make progress, however prosaic, even if it makes me feel this family record reads more like a technical manual than a memoir.

So be it. I won't apologize for the way this record reads, especially since most of the people who read it know that I write technical manuals for a living. Actually, that's not so accurate: online, HTML help has largely replaced technical manuals, unless you work for a government defense contractor, or some other company that creates systems for the government. Then you are likely to be thrown back into the world of printed manuals, which actually is a different world.

We can write about the two worlds another time. For now we want to stay with the family record. I have thought that family stories ought to accompany names, date, and places, as oral histories are not sufficient if you want to preserve those stories more than a generation or two. Think about your own families. The only way children and grandchildren learn about their parents' and grandparents' life stories is – yes, you have it – from their own parents and grandparents.

That is true even more emphatically for great-grandparents. If you know anything at all about your eight great-grandparents, you likely know it because someone told it to you. Only written records reach across more than a couple of generations. In olden days, the family bible and oral histories supplemented each other. Today, we do not as a rule keep family bibles; the stories we tell in the evening, if we have time to tell stories at all, tend not be be about our families. The irony is that a fair amount of the bible consists of family stories, and a fair amount of the stories we tell in the evening consist of stories about other people's families.

What is my estimate, then, of the number of people who will read this family history down the line. I expect it will not be many. When you are young, you might have time and energy for such learning, but not sufficient interest. As you grow in age, your interest in information about your family also grows, but you lack time and energy for the research. Research tends to

consume a lot of time. To *learn* the history of your family requires ample energy. Thus at a time of your life when you want to go back decades to research and recall information about your forebears and your own life, you often do not have resources to do so. In modern parlance, we would say we do not have the bandwidth for that activity.

It is in fact easier to tell stories *about* your memories, than it is to write them down. When you tell a story, you often want to entertain, as well as convey information. A popular form of storytelling has a solitary person stand on a stage to tell humorous stories, often about experiences of interest to people in the audience. Storytellers reshape their experiences to entertain and teach.

Written accounts, not intended for performance before an audience, feel different. Of course, stage storytellers write a script for themselves before they perform. Likewise, writers who never plan to go onstage write humorous and instructive accounts of their experiences. In general, though, when you sit down to write about your memories with no performance in your future, the form your manuscript takes is quite different. We learn early on that writing is formal, speaking less so. Therefore written accounts feel more formal from the outset, even if you intend to tell your stories in a light vein.

That is certainly part of my problem. You could call it a variant of writer's block, but I do not think that's so accurate. More accurate is the sense that people will evaluate me, or my voice, even more than they read to enjoy and learn from stories I tell. I do want to entertain and instruct, but more than that, I merely want to record things from my family's life that descendants will never know if they do not read about them.

My dad used to say, "Your memory dies when the last person who knew you dies." My immediate response to that observation was always, "Not if you write down your memories." When you do that, your memories can span generations. You do not depend upon oral transmission of stories told by people who knew you. We remember David in the Old Testament because someone took trouble to record his exploits, his reign as king, and his songs. We remember a lot of things from history because someone wrote them down. That applies equally to family histories, and to communities larger than families.

Let's return to this notion that a family history should somehow partake of art. If it partakes of art, it displays literary qualities. If it displays literary qualities, it tells a story. If it tells a story, the story has a beginning, middle, and end. The beginning introduces the story's characters, its themes, and

invites readers to enter the story's world for a while. The middle uses these foundational pieces to develop a narrative. The end brings the story to a close, often by returning to some important point or theme suggested in the story's introduction.

That is my understanding of a story, anyway. Not all stories fit this description, but that is how I would write a story, if I were to write one. If we define a literary family history in this way, the family history in this book does not count as art, even if it has small vignettes built into it. I would be happy if it told more stories, but you have to limit your aims if you want to finish your project.

Thus *Descendants* has the character of a record, where we aim to organize information so as to make it accessible to anyone who reads all or part of the book. That is a worthy enough goal. Family records need not display literary qualities. They need only lay out historical data that future family members will want to know. If future family members want to weave the historical information into stories, that is a good outcome.

Let me clarify something I said last night, where I related a brief exchange with my father. He observed, "Your memory dies when the last person who knew you dies." My ready response appears on the previous page: "Not if you write your memories down." The observation and response involve a slight shift in meaning for the word *memory*, singular, and plural *memories*.

When Proust writes an account of *things* past, he means to tell stories founded on his memories. When my father, toward the end of his life, reflected on the true end of his own life, he referred to *memory* in the singular, as in the Latin phrase for obituaries, eulogies, and funeral flyers: *In Memoriam*. In their conventional form, these documents and speeches try to convey basic facts about a person's life, as well as give people a sense of *who the deceased person was*. How do you capture the person's key qualities, contributions, and character? You give examples, and tell short stories that reveal why we want to remember the deceased person's life.

My father meant that – even though people try to recall these things during end-of-life rituals, even though they try to establish your essential goodness and identity – your memory, *In Memoriam* or *in memory of*, dies when the last person who knew you dies. No one exists any longer to tell your story.

It suggests that despite best efforts at your funeral, and the reception that follows, the memory of your life does not outlive the people who attend. As they die, so does your identity in history, among friends in your community, and most troubling, among future generations in your family. Thus the

disturbing realization that not only do I know nothing about my eight great-grandparents as living personages, neither does anyone else in my family. We feel lucky of we know their names. Beyond that, they no longer exist.

That makes rich family records – records that establish context and endeavor to fill in missing information – all the more important. We can do that if we follow Melvin's example, where he includes maps, photographs, historical background, and details about a person's life that would certainly be forgotten if they were not written down. A great deal of credit goes to Melvin for his effort to preserve these details for all members of the family, including women and men who married into it.

That then is the modest aim of this volume: to organize information for one branch of the family, the branch that begins with Johann Friederick in the eighteenth century, and ends nine generations later with William Ethan in the twenty-first. It includes brief reference to the branch of the family that settled in Colorado on the early part of the twentieth century. That is enough for one project. The project involves people I know, or would most like to know. It also omits a lot of Johann's descendants, numerous as they are. That is alright, as I have always had to limit my focus.

One more note: no substitute exists for telling your own story and stories, in your words, from your perspective, with honesty and even verve. *That* preserves your memory better than any obituary, or any version of your life told by other people. We know Benjamin Franklin and Ulysses Grant due to the memoirs they wrote. Of course others can give accounts of your life, with more detachment than you can, but the best starting points for future biographical accounts will be your own stories and recollections.

The more you can write down about your own life – as well as friends and family members you know well – the better. These stories and records do not, from any perspective, need to be literary, which to say, they do not need to form a comprehensive personal or family history. The records and anecdotes may be fragmentary.

They may appear disconnected, and therefore difficult to fit into a larger framework. Again, so be it. It does not matter. Far better to have fragementary information, than no information at all. If I ran across fragmentary information about my great-grandparents, especially accounts written by their own hand, I would consider it a great find. I would eagerly read them, as I start with no knowledge at all of their personalities or their lives.

Even though I know more about generations closer to me – my grandparents and parents – I would value accounts from their hands as well. These records reveal not only basic information about individuals – characters in stories if you will. They also reveal the author's voice. For people who like to read, the author's voice is one of the things they value most about the experience, even if the author is not particularly interested in creating a piece of literature. You tell a lot about the author – and the individual's personality – from the author's voice.

If that is the case, the written record justifies itself, whether or not it possesses literary qualities. The voice it transmits to its readers ensures that your memory lives. People who read your words know *you*. They know what you were like when you walked among us, talked to us, laughed and argued with us. They know who you were, long after your friends and family members have died. When you write these stories, and record these thoughts about your experiences, you become immortal for those who care about you.

I think we are ready to fashion this manuscript into a book!

General Notes

Let's experiment a little with endnotes [now footnotes] tonight. I would like to key portions of this document to Melvin's notes, referred to above as MG notes. Here we will refer to them as *MGN*, page xx, para. xx. I think I should italicize *MGN*, even if it takes more time to do that.

Outline

Start with headings you would like to insert, such as: Preface, Historical Background, People, Stories, Eighteenth Century, Nineteenth Century, Twentieth Century, Twenty-First Century, Geography, Photographic Scrapbook, Family Trees, Chronology, Index

Do you want to place the four century headings as sub-heads under Historical Background?

Preface

People

Stories

Geography

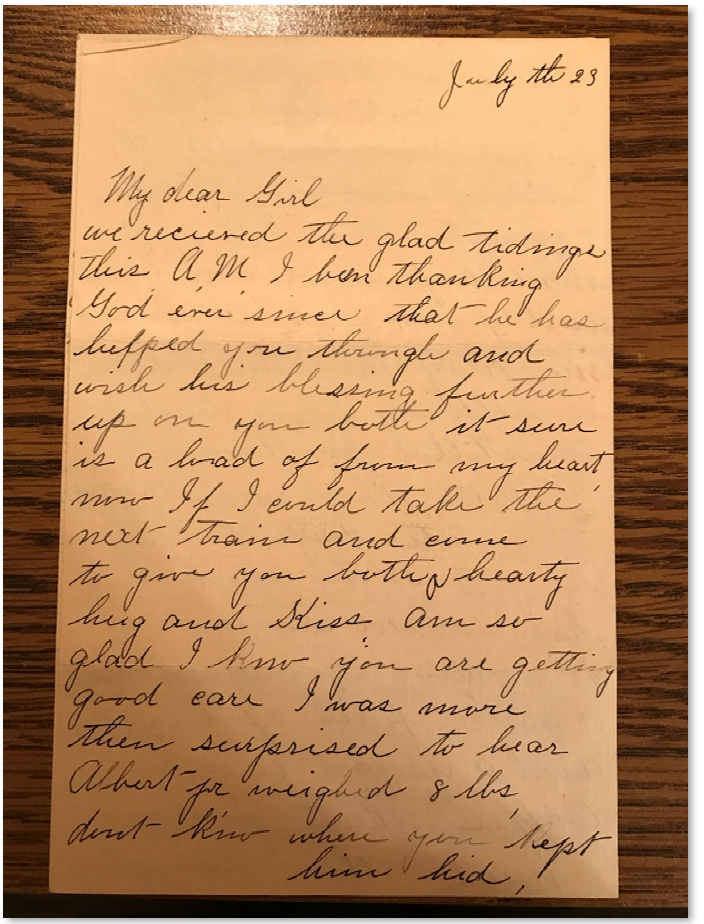
Photographic Scrapbook

Family Photographs: Images from the 1920s

You brought about three dozen photos back from Anchorage when you visited there in May 2018, for Willem's high school graduation. Here they are.

And that is all for tonight! Insert captions for these two photographs before you move on.

This photograph would have been taken in late 1924, likely a formal family portrait for the holidays. At that time, my grandfather was thirty-seven years old. My grandmother, born ten years after Albert Frank in 1897, was twenty-seven. My father, Albert Julius, would have been five months old on December 21, 1924.



July the 23

My dear Girl
we recieved the glad tidings
this A M I been thanking
God ever since that he has
helped you through and
wish his blessing further
up on you both it sure
is a load of from my heart
now If I could take the
next train and come
to give you both a hearty
hug and Kiss am so
glad I know you are getting
good care I was more
then surprised to hear
Albert jr weighed 8 lbs
dont know where you kept
him hid,

I would like to know the name of the elderly woman on the right. I think it must be either Albert Frank's mother, Amelia Dahlman, or Lora's mother, Augusta Smith. Related questions about surnames: Did Amelia take William Lieske's last name when she remarried in the 1890s? Did Augusta take Charles Lang's last name when she married Charles Lang?

The latter case seems likely, as it would have been unusual to keep your maiden name in the 1890s, when Charles and Augusta were married. Guesswork for Amelia's case may be more complicated, as she had a choice among three surnames after Hermann Julius died and she remarried: keep Greffenius as her last name, adopt William Lieske's last name, or revert to her maiden name, Dahlman. Family records always refer to her as Amelia Dahlman, or Dahlmann. For us, that is the simplest way to track her life through two marriages.

I would like to say that family resemblance points toward Amelia Dahlman in the photograph, but it's hard to say. My father spoke highly of her – I believe he enjoyed spending time with her during the family's annual visits to Ripon in the summer. He did not mention Augusta so often, perhaps because of her association in his memory with Charles Lang, who beat Lora Lang, my father's mother, as she grew up. As is so often the case, alcohol fueled Charles Lang's violent anger toward his children.

Lastly, note the dress Lora wears in this photograph. It does not look like the latest fashion from Milwaukee or Chicago. For her entire life, my grandmother sewed her own dresses. The dresses she wore forty to forty-five years later, in Valley City, looked better. In fact, I could not tell them

from those she might have purchased at Penny's, or another store. I only knew they were handmade because my mother told me. I believe she admired my grandmother's skill.

My dad is the little one in white, supported between my grandfather's knees. He would have been about one year old in this photo, placing the photograph's date during summer of 1925. Thus my grandfather would have been thirty-eight during that summer, my grandmother twenty-eight.

I wonder whose doorstep the family sits on, and who took the picture. Also, whose house sits in the background, on the left. If these are farmhouses, they have well-kept lawns between them. In fact, the lawns are well-kept no matter where these homes are located.

My grandfather always looks a little severe in photographs. My father recalls him as humorless, which may explain my dad's enjoyment of various forms of humor, some of them low. Garrison Keillor was a favorite, as were limericks. He liked to tell jokes that he collected. I was never good at remembering jokes, but my wife seems to enjoy one-liners I may drop from time to time. I believe they surprise her a bit, as they don't fit with other parts of my personality.

Example: I had a colleague and friend in a professional association who turned on me in a board meeting, the last one I chaired during my tenure as chapter president. It was an ugly attack, and he challenged me to respond on the spot. I declined, as a response would not have been part of my role as chair of the meeting.

Some time later, I ran into him at a monthly meeting of the members, where he was a regular. He greeted me in his old way, as if nothing had happened only a year or so before. When I returned home, I told my wife about the encounter. She couldn't believe that he would participate in a pre-planned, personal attack at the board meeting, then act as if the meeting's bad business had never occurred. I told her, "Well, you see, Rick forgot about it, just like O. J. forgot that he murdered his wife." That one immediately made her list of Steve-isms, most of which are lost to memory at this point.

People say that all you need to recall episodes in your life are the right cues. A photograph from 1925 readily leads to recollection of colleague's attack that occurred in 2008, eighty-three years later!

Let's move on to the next picture now, one of my dad standing by himself in the middle of a big, flat expanse of grass and soil. This one certainly has more of a farm feel to it than the one above. I have not, however, imagined

the farms around Ripon as this flat. I also cannot imagine where else it might have been taken.

I think I will bring in four more here, without comment, as it is late. These four complete the photographs found in *Family Photos 10 – Part 2*.

They don't come any cuter than that! Note the annotation at the bottom margin, "Some scowl". I believe that's in my grandmother's handwriting.

That does not look so much like a scowl to me, as a youngster who has to look into the sun so his mother can snap a picture.

Note the toy scooter in front of Bud. That would have been hard to ride on the rough ground and grass, indicating that it was brought as a prop to steady this toddler on his feet. Bud? That was my grandmother's nickname for her son. I have the impression she did not call him anything else!

Next up: *Family Photos 10 – Part 1*.

Which house is this one? It does not look like the one in Valley City, which had only one story.

I like how slim and solidly built my grandfather was.

A somewhat stern looking patriarch, with his spouse. I wonder where this shot was taken.

No need to ask who the babe in arms is. That's my dad!

Only child, ready to grow. Something to think these shots were likely taken in 1924, before winter set in. Tree in the background indicates it is fall. Whenever I see both Albert and Lora in the same photograph, I wonder who took the shot.

Not a hat I would have chosen. Styles were different then.

My grandmother would say to her son, 'Bud, you look so thin." In fact, Lora was too nervous to eat a lot. That might explain why she was so thin her whole life.

Why was she so nervous? It may have been the way she was wired. You have to take the nervous system you were born with. My dad thought those nerves resulted from constant watchfulness, through childhood and into adulthood, for wear the next. The watchfulness, mixed with fear and apprehension, would have been her only defense against frequent, or at least reagular beatings. Is he drunk? A little drunk? That's when it is the worst: when my father is a little drunk. What shall I do the next time he raises his hand like that?

Another scowl from the youngster.

That looks like ND, above.

I have to find out if this car is a Model T or not! There is that house again!

Home or office? Looks like an office.

Ripon, Wisconsin, train station.

How is that for a camping setup? Note the spare tire, with no wheel. Was the family on the road, with no place else to stay?

I wish I could tell what my grandmother is doing here.

One of my father's prized possessions was a rod, and especially a chrome reel he inherited from his father.

That car could be a 1920 Oldsmobile coupe:

Proud dad, well dressed son.

Which version of this photograph is better? I want to keep both of these, below.

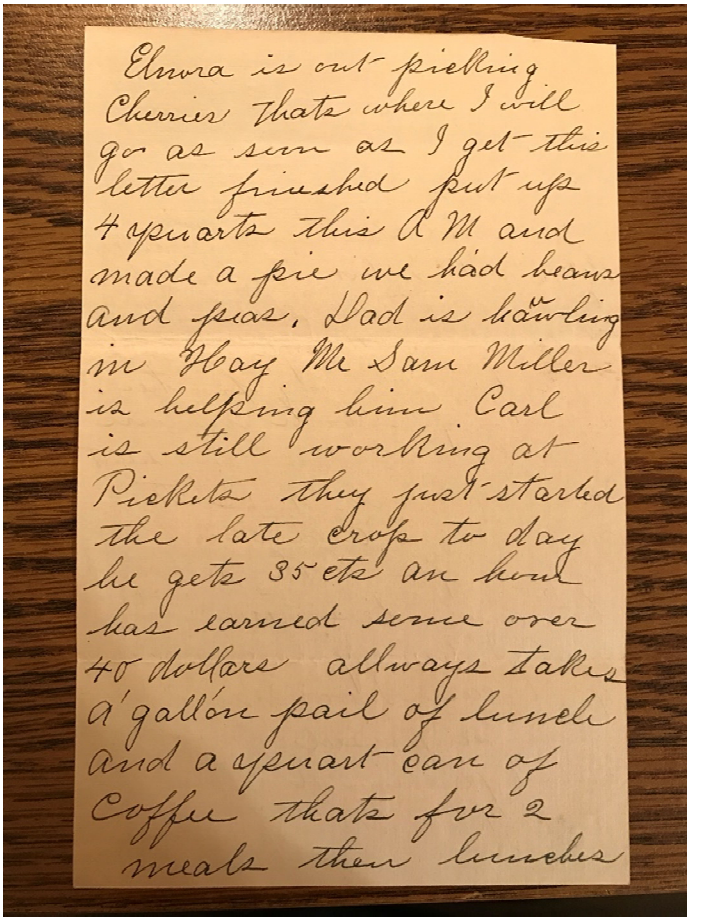
Photographs: duplicates and reference

Right-click the photograph you want to crop, then select **Crop** above the pop-up menu.

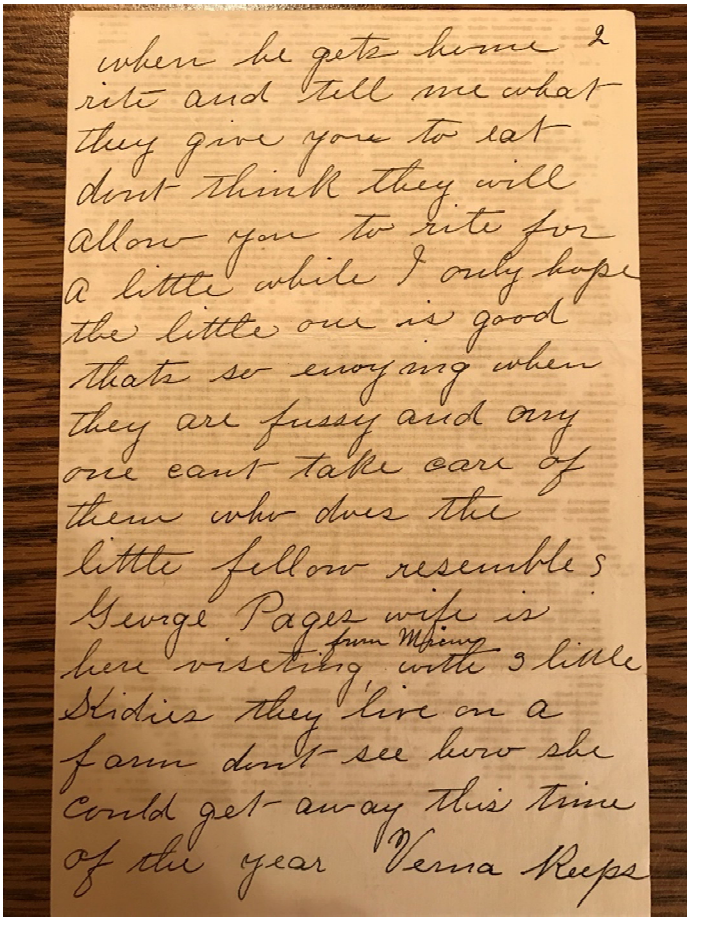
Carefully crop the photograph using the black rectangular handles on each side of the image. Do not use the circular handles.

July the 23

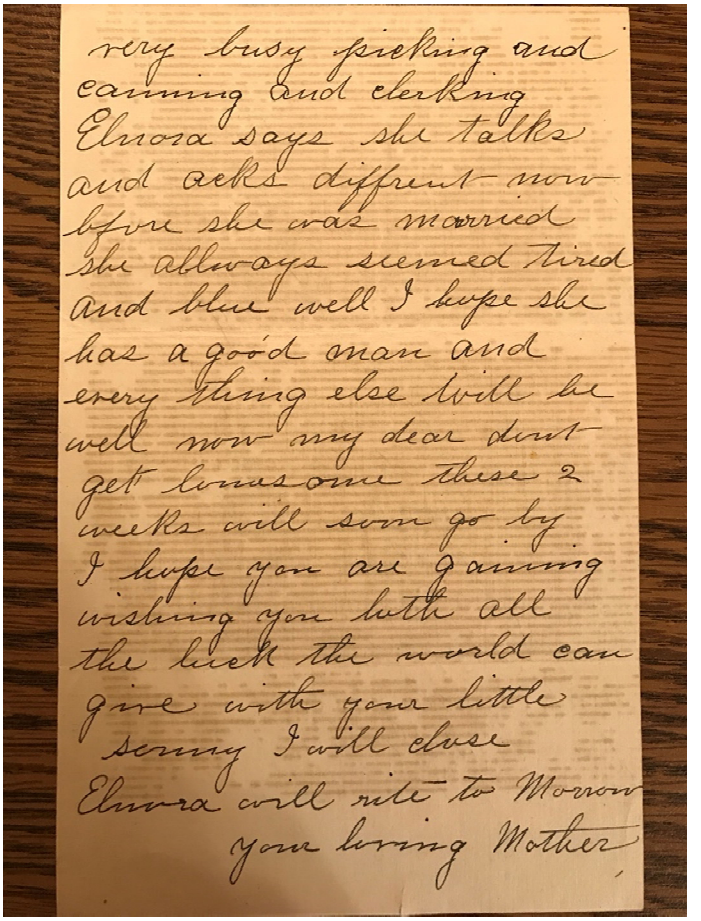
My dear Girl
we recieved the glad tidings
this A M I been thanking
God ever since that he has
helped you through and
wish his blessing further
up on you both it sure
is a load of from my heart
now If I could take the
next train and come
to give you both a hearty
hug and Kiss am so
glad I know you are getting
good care I was more
then surprised to hear
Albert jr weighed 8 lbs
dont know where you kept
him hid,



Elmora is out pickling
Cherries thats where I will
go as soon as I get this
letter finished put up
4 quarts this A M and
made a pie we had beans
and peas, Dad is hawling
in Hay Mr Sam Miller
is helping him Carl
is still working at
Pickets they just started
the late crop to day
he gets 35 cts an hour
has earned some over
40 dollars allways takes
a gallon pail of lunch
and a quart can of
Coffee thats for 2
meals then lunches



when he gets home 2
rite and tell me what
they give you to eat
dont think they will
allow you to rite for
a little while I only hope
the little one is good
thats so enoying when
they are fussy and any
one cant take care of
them who does the
little fellow resemble?
George Pages wife is
here visiting from Mpls with 3 little
Kidies they live on a
farm dont see how she
could get away this time
of the year Verna Kepps


very busy picking and
canning and clerking
Elnora says she talks
and acks diffrent now
before she was married
she allways seemed tired
and blue well I hope she
has a good man and
every thing else will be
well now my dear dont
get lonesome these 2
weeks will soon go by
I hope you are gaining
wishing you both all
the luck the world can
give with your little
sonny I will close
Elnora will rite to Morrow
your loving Mother

Do you want to transcribe this letter? It is dated July 23, 1924, sent in response to news from Lora of the birth of her son Albert on the twenty-first. Author is Augusta Lang, Lora's mother.

Here goes, exactly as written:

July th 23

My dear Girl

We recieved the glad tidings this AM I been thanking God ever since that he has helped you through and wish his blessing further up on you both it sure is a load of from my heart, now If I could take the next train and come to give you both a hearty hug and Kiss. Am so glad I kno you are getting good care I was more then surprised to hear Albert jr weighed 8 lbs, dont know where you kept him kid,

Elnora is out pielling Cherrries thats where I will go as soon as I get this letter finished put up 4 quarts this AM and made a pie we had beans and peas. Dad is hauling in Hay Mr Sam Miller is helping him Carl is still working

at Pickets they just started the late crop to day he gets 35 cts an hour has earned some over 40 dollars allways takes a' gall'on pail of lunch and a quart can of coffee that's for 2 meals then lunches when he gets home

rite and tell me what they give ou to eat dont think they will allow you to rite for a little while I only hope the little one is good thats so enoying when they are fussy and any one cant take care of them who does the little fellow resemble?

George Pages wife is here visiting from Mriny, with 3 little Kidies they live on a farm dont see how she could get away this time of the year Verna keeps very busy picking and canning and clerking Elnora says she talks and acks different now before she was married she allways seemed tired and blue well I hope she has a good man and every thing else will be well

now my dear dont get lonesome these 2 weeks will soon go by I hope you are gaining wishing you both all the luck the world can give with your little scriny I will close Elnora will rite to Morrow

your loving Mother

One last item. I have wanted to go modern here, and include online profiles for Greffenii who have them. Here are a few to start.

Emily Greffenius

Robert Greffenius

Steven Greffenius

Leslie Greffenius

Albert Frank Greffenius

Albert Julius Greffenius

Adriana Wilhelmina Greffenius

Wilhelmina M. Heyboer

Albert Frank Greffenius and Lora Lang

Johann Tobias Greffenius

August Ferdinand Greffenius (Third Generation)

William Edward Greffenius

Family Trees

Here are some comments on the family trees that appear below:

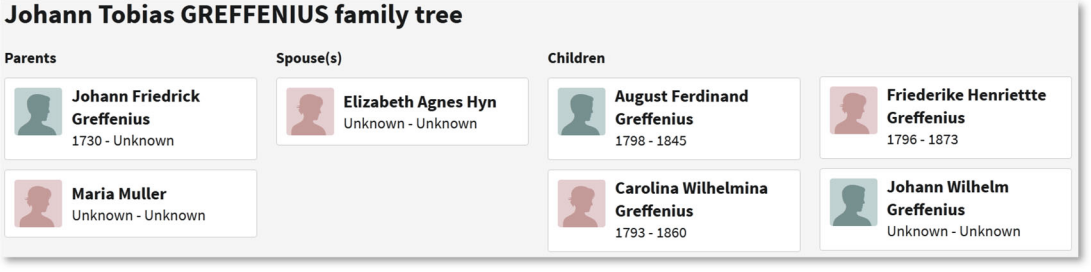
- Source of these diagrams is Ancestry.com.
- The only obvious error in these diagrams is the middle name of my father, Albert Julius Greffenius. His middle name was not Jubulias.
- I want to reconcile information for August Ferdinand I and August Ferdinand II with *MG Notes*. Notes for that purpose appear with diagrams for these two ancestors.
- The principal figure for each diagram appears in the diagram's title. The name does not appear in the diagram. This convention saves space, and makes relationships clearer.
- I know I should fill in missing information from MG Notes, but for now I want to move on to other sections of the manuscript.

Prussian Roots of the Greffenius Family

Johann Tobias Greffenius

1757 – 1826

Born in Kreis Arnswalde, Brandenburg Province, Prussia in 1757 to Johann Friedrick Greffenius and Maria Muller. Johann Tobias Greffenius married Elizabeth Agnes Hyn, and had four children. He passed away on May 11, 1826, in Schlagenthin, Arnswalde, Brandenburg, Prussia.



Note the diagram below contains seven unknown years. Birth and death years for August Ferdinand I are correct. MG Notes contains a nice passage about what we know from 1798 baptismal records for August Ferdinand.

August Ferdinand Greffenius I

1798 - 1845

Born in Schlagenthin, Arnswalde, Brandenburg, Prussia on July 22, 1798, to Johann Tobias Greffenius and Elizabeth Agnes Hyn. August Ferdinand Greffenius married Friederike Briesemeister, and had one child. He passed away on September 23, 1845, in Sclagenthin, Prussia.

To reconcile this family tree and the next one with MG Notes, we want to make two changes:

(1) Friederike bore Julius Theodor Greffenius, and several other children before she bore August Ferdinand II in 1838. The notes indicate August Ferdinand I and Friederike had nine children in all.
(2) To complete the diagram above, we would want to transcribe the names of all these children from Melvin's notes to these notes, but believe we'll pass on that on that extra bit.
(3) In the diagram below, list August Ferdinand I as Friederika's spouse in the upper left-hand corner of the diagram.

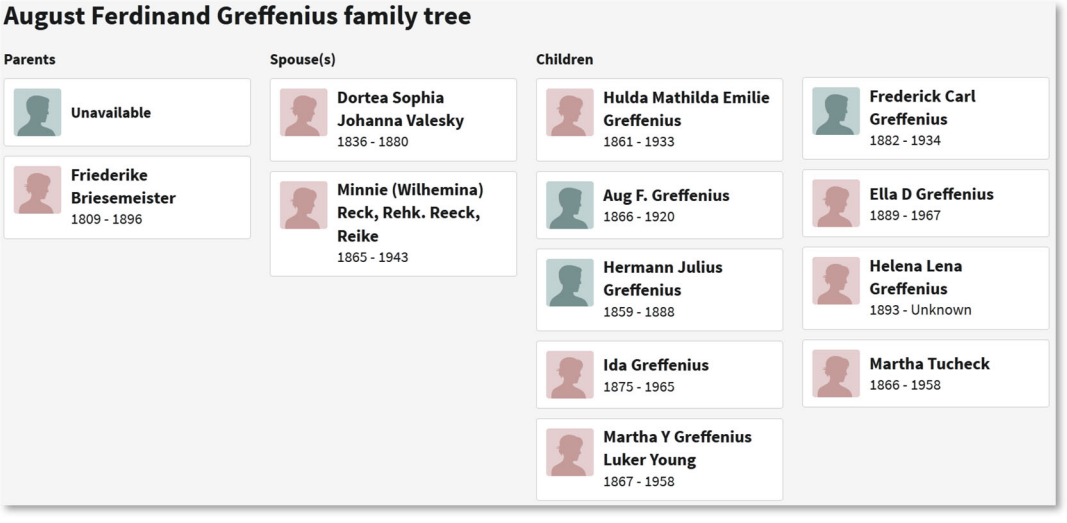
MG Notes indicate that August Ferdinand I and Fredericka B. had nine children together. Julius Theodor was the first. Johanne Caroline, the second, died young. August Ferdinand II was number six in the birth order.

Our target in the diagram below is Hermann Julius Greffenius, founder of our line here in the States. He is listed third under Children, in the diagram for August Ferdinand II.

August Ferdinand Greffenius II

1838 - 1916

Born in Prussia on July 13, 1838, to August Ferdinand Greffenius I and Friederike Briesemeister. August Ferdinand Greffenius II married Dortea Sophia Johanna Valesky, and had nine children with four wives. He passed away in 1916, in Wisconsin.



According to the *Notes*, August Ferdinand II had four wives in succession. You may want to compare the list of nine children in the diagram above, with the list of children in MG Notes.

Note that Hermann Julius, my great-grandfather, had an exceptionally short life, dying at age 29 in 1888. He arrived in the United States in 1867, at age seven or eight, only to die just over twenty years later. We do not know the cause of his death.

Note also longevity among four women listed on the right, all of whom lived until the 1950s or 1960s. Their names are Ida and Ella, who died in 1965 and 1967 respectively, and two Martha's, who both died in 1958.

North Dakota Branch of the Greffenius Family

Albert Frank Greffenius

1887 - 1954

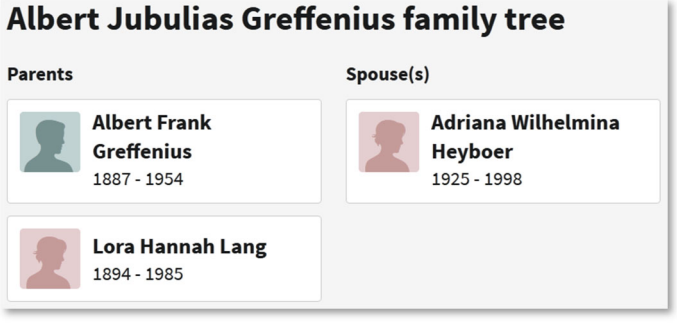
Born in Rush Lake, Wisconsin, on January 23, 1887, to Hermann Julius Greffenius and Amelie Dahlmann. Albert Frank Greffenius married Lora Hannah Lang. He passed away on May 29, 1954, in Valley City, North Dakota.

Albert Frank was sixty-seven when he died, six months before I was born. Since he was thirty-seven when his only child, Albert Julius was born, and since Albert Julius was thirty when I was born, it may have been a long shot that my grandfather would grow old enough that I would remember him. Still, I do wish I had known him. His intelligence and personality come through in letters he wrote more than a hundred years ago.

Albert Julius Greffenius

1924 - 2011

Born in Valley City, North Dakota on July 21, 1924, to Albert Frank Greffenius and Lora Hannah Lang. Albert Julius Greffenius married Adriana Wilhelmina Heyboer. He passed away on June 3, 2011, in Des Moines, Iowa.



Most people want to write about their parents, but they seldom do. Parents are both too close, and too far away. Even if a child can achieve a proper

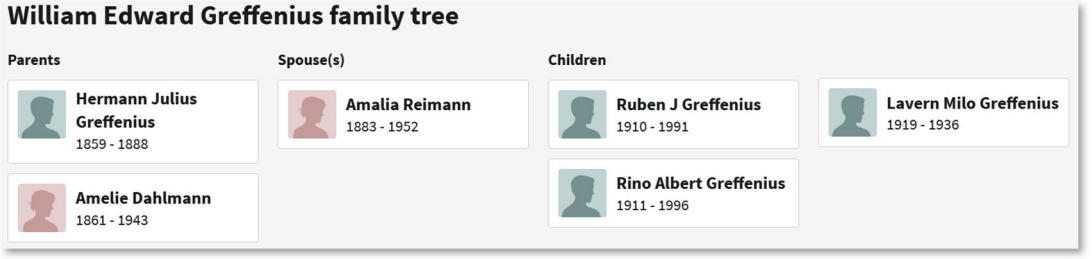
distance, other emotional obstacles loom. I believe that with care, I could overcome these difficulties, yet I also believe I will not write down extended memories of my parents. Perhaps we are just too respectful of the commandment, “Honor thy mother and thy father,” to write down any stories or memories that might disparage them. So we leave the subject alone.

Colorado Branch of the Greffenius Family

William Edward Greffenius

1884 - 1968

Born in Wisconsin on January 18, 1884, to Hermann Julius Greffenius and Amelie Dahlmann. William Edward Greffenius married Amalia Reimann, and had three children. He passed away in June, 1968, in Fort Collins, Colorado.



Lavern Milo died in a hunting accident when he was seventeen years old. Family history does not record who fired the gun. It does record that he died a week before his older brother Ruben’s wedding date, and that the bride and groom’s families agreed to postpone the ceremony.

I have corresponded with Sherry Hunt, daughter of Richard Greffenius, granddaughter of Ruben Greffenius, great-granddaughter of William Greffenius, and great-great-granddaughter of Hermann Julius Greffenius. Thus my great-grandfather, Hermann Julius, is her great-great-grandfather.

Sherry was born in 1958, and lives with her family in Grand Junction, Colorado. I believe the Grand Junction contingent may be the last group of the Colorado branch. Other descendants of William Edward moved to other states.

One of my grandfather’s letters, written in 1917, suggests that he went to visit his brother William in Nebraska for Christmas that year. He secured leave from his commanding officer at Fort Grant in Illinois, and traveled several hundred miles by train to reach his destination. On return to Fort Grant, he wrote to Lora Lang about his trip.

Already in 1917, Albert and Lora each developed a sense of their feelings toward the other. Lora, concerned that Albert may have made the long trip to visit a girlfriend, inquired about that. We do not have her letter, but we do have Albert's, where he reassures her that whatever relations he might have with other women, they do not include the feelings he has toward her. It is the first acknowledgement in his letters that his acquaintance with Lora has become a more complex friendship.

Albert and Lora were married seven years later, largely because Lora's father, Charles Lang, opposed the match. In fact, in late spring of 1918, after only a year of correspondence, he forced his daughter to drop contact with Albert. She wrote to him while he was still overseas in the Great War, to end the relationship. We have Albert's reply, written in reserved tones, though he does not disguise his anguish in the concluding paragraph.

It required a lot of courage on Lora's part to defy her father later on. She not only had to provoke her father's violent temper, but also had to move far away from her family and friends, from Wisconsin to North Dakota. Given the amount of rainfall in the two locales, it was like moving from a green Garden of Eden to the dusty edge of a desert.

To me, the story of Albert and Lora's courtship and marriage carries a lot of significance for our family. To begin with, the entire North Dakota branch, as constituted through five generations, would not exist. No one of Albert Frank's descendants still lives in North Dakota, yet the region remains the beating heart of the four siblings who grew up there. I hope to return to visit next year. Why do we call the places we knew growing up, 'the old stomping grounds'?

Chronology of Major Events

Spanish Flu: 1917 – 1919

Move from Valley City to Des Moines: August 1967

Jack Kennedy killed: November 22, 1963, one day before Steven's ninth birthday.

Charles Lindbergh's flight: May 20-21, 1927 .

Steven's graduation from Roosevelt High School: May 1972.

Steven's graduation from Reed College: May 1976.

Albert J. matriculates at University of Michigan Law School: September 1948.

Move from Minneapolis to Valley City: September 1959.

Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor: December 7, 1941.

9/11 attacks: September 11, 2001.

Chicago police riot at Democratic National Convention: August 1968.

Back-to-back assassinations of Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy: spring 1968.

Albert F. joins the army as a mess sergeant and trains at Camp Grant in Illinois: spring 1917.

Hermann Julius immigrates to the United States as a young child: 1867.

Hermann Julius dies: 1988.

Amelia Dahlman, widow of Hermann Julius and mother of William E. and Albert F. remarries. Second husband's name is William Lieske: year unknown.

Great War ends: November 1918.

World War II ends: August 1945.

Bay of Pigs fiasco: spring 1961.

To Be Done

Insert a few headings – simply part numbers?

Generate a TOC from your headings.

Write a rough outline, based on list above.

See LP for Saturday, 11/6, for one page of entries for to do list. That legal pad is on top of your printer.

Break up large blocks of text whether Heading 1 or Heading 2 styles.

Move blocks of text and images around, to accord with your outline as it evolves.

Do you want to write an index for this book? A simple name index?

Do you want to prepare a chronology for this book? A simple one that records key dates not found among birth dates and death dates?

When do you want to start the project for this book at BN Press? Make it soon!

Can you finish this project in time for your trip west in May? Of course you can! Work backward from May 11 to set up a schedule.

Do you want to bring this book to a hundred pages? If so, how will you fill it out? With stories, images, and headings?

Do a little work with the family trees you copied in from Ancestry.com. That will not require a lot of work.

Do you want to sign up for a trial subscription to Ancestry.com? What do you get, beyond information you get for free?

Organize your material, then do line edits. If necessary, repeat these two steps. Developmental editing and line editing ought to be iterative.

German Immigration to the U.S. in the 1800s

This is the best article about German immagration to the U.S. in the late 1800's, I have located so far. It is specifically about Wisconsin.

Of all the nations of Western Europe, Germany played the greatest role in the peopling of the United States. Even in colonial times Germans constituted the largest non-English-speaking group of settlers. Over the years the numbers of Germans Crossing the Atlantic in search of new homes, new opportunities, and new freedoms steadily increased, most dramatically in the years between 1820 and 1910, when nearly five and a half millions arrived.

Most of these newcomers settled in the North Central states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa Missouri, Nebraska, North and South Dakota and Wisconsin.

German farmers provided a sizable and stable rural population; German cultural societies and institutions such as the musical groups called Liederkranz, the Turnverein, and the Free Thinkers flourished in many communities.

Although it is popularly believed that the political upheavals of 1848 were primarily responsible for a large part of this German mass migration, the situation was historically more complex. Until the latter part of the nineteenth century there was no such country as "Germany". Instead, hundreds of small administrative units existed, controlled in a feudalistic manner by a hierarchy of princes, grand dukes, dukes, margraves, abbots, electors, barons, and counts. By 1815 these units had been consolidated into some thirty different states, either voluntarily, or through the aggression of the more powerful states such as Prussia. But all were mere political arrangements: religion, language, types of agriculture, cultural and architectural traditions, and forms of government differed from region to region.

For centuries the social system of the Germanic regions remained feudalistic and unchanging. Farmers were virtually serfs of their overlords; artisans abided by the ancient regulations of the medieval crafts guilds. So regimented was life that each type of agricultural worker, each type of artisan from each region, province, or state could be readily distinguished by his distinctive dress, made of homespun

materials and dyed by hand. It was a world aptly described by the old saying, “Everybody in his place and a place for everybody.”

The French Revolution, with its liberating ideals, abolished this rigid system altogether and led to changes which set the stage for the eventual migrations. Agricultural reforms, industrialization, the rise of capitalism, a 38 per cent increase in the birth rate, a disastrous potato blight and other crop failures in the **period between 1846 and 1853** all conspired to produce an army of dispossessed farmers. Artisans, displaced by factory workers, roamed the countryside in search of employment. To such people America did indeed seem the land of hope and shining promise.

German emigration to the United States occurred in three major waves. The first, which came mainly from southwestern Germany in **the years 1845-1855** , consisted of 939,149 men, women, and children, 97 per cent of whom came from the states of Nassau, Hesse, the Rhineland, Pfalz, Baden, Wurttemberg, or Bavaria, areas in which the plight of small, inefficient, overpopulated and often mortgaged farms threatened by repeated crop failures and the potato blight made calamity a certainty.

Although a flow of emigrants continued, the second wave did not break until ten years later, when 1,066,333 people reached the United States between 1865 and 1873. Most of these came from northwestern Germany, specifically from the states of Sehleswig-Holstein, Ost Fnesland, Hanover, Oldenburg, and Westphaha, an area of prosperous middle sized grain farms.

Beginning in the 1850's the influx of cheap American wheat had begun to depress the world market to such an extent that by 1865, with the American Civil War over and with a prospect of a continuing decline in grain prices, many owners of moderately sized farms, fearing foreclosure, decided to sell out while they could and depart for America with enough cash to begin anew. In addition, the area's industrial centers were filled with unemployed former agricultural workers anxious to build a new life abroad. The vast majority of the emigrants, according to one historian, came from the lower-middle economic strata: "people who had a little and had an appetite for more."

The third tide of German emigrants began in 1880, coinciding with the beginning of the great influx of southern and eastern Europeans. Of the 1,849,056 persons involved in this migration, which lasted until 1893,

the vast majority came from northeastern Germany, an area dominated by Prussia but including the states of Pornerania, Upper Silesia, and Mecklenburg. This was the domain of the Prussian aristocracy or Junker class which had led the progressive unification and industrialization of the region while swallowing up 21,000 peasant holdings between 1816 add 1859, thus, in the name of "consolidation," creating a land-less agricultural proletariat whose only recourse lay in departure.

Fortunately for those leaving Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century, many of the vicissitudes that had plagued earlier emigrants had been eased . Steam and sailboat service to major ports had been regularized, and the terrors of confronting an unknown land had been reduced by floods of information about America in newspapers, travel books, immigration guides, and promotional tracts. More importantly, improved postal services brought the reassurance of glowing letters from friends and relatives already established in the New World.

But even so, the human costs involved in the decision to emigrate remained high and departure scenes were usually heart-rending, as many German immigrants to Wisconsin were to testify. A member of the Schuette family, who departed Germany for Manitowoc County in 1848, wrote: "The neighbors and fiends were on hand to say a last farewell and tears flowed in profusion (since) anyone leaving for America was considered about to pass into eternity." Sometimes bitterness towards those "deserting" the homeland split families apart, and on occasion the separation proved too much for those left behind. Jacob Eifler of Sheboygan recalled that his grandfather "passed away from grief and heartache" two years after members of his family set sail for the United States.

For many, the passage across the Atlantic was the longest voyage of their lives. Some had never been out of their native districts. Almost always they viewed the harbor scene with wonderment and awe. One Schuette family member described Bremen, one of the principal ports of departure: "On arrival at this seaport we saw for the first time what we had longed to see, ships of all nations, in all colors, with symbolic figureheads and majestic spars - oh how different from our inland town! What a grand and enchanting picture!"

A journey by sail across the Atlantic took between one and one and one-half months. Steam power cut the time in half. Judging by their diaries, reminiscences, and letters, most immigrants seem to have had similar shipboard experiences - poor food, sea sickness. deaths,

births, disease, crowded sleeping quarters, joys, sorrows, and hopes. Generally they carried foodstuffs along with their scanty possessions. One German traveler advised bringing zwieback, dried meat, and prunes, as well as vinegar "which will be useful aboard ship to mix with the ill smelling drinking water." Even so, meals were monotonous, sometimes insufficient, and often badly prepared.

Boredom and sea sickness were the two most common complaints. Forty-four-year-old Johann Diederiehs, bound from Elberfeld to Manitowoc with his wife and four children in 1841, wrote in his diary: "Only a few days at sea and how bored we are with life on a ship." On September 23 he noted: "Sea sickness in full swing, and it is amusing to see how big strong men writhe and choke and roar

Storms added an element of danger, as well as intensifying the pervading sea sickness. Of one such storm Diederichs wrote in his diary: "Saturday 9 October: Doleful awakening or rather doleful waking, for there was no thought of sleep since the spirit was too agitated over shattered hopes. Stormy southwest winds have met we, the sea is running high, a sail has been torn by the force of the gale, and now we are drifting, the Lord knows how long. I am completely downcast from the long duration of the journey."

But the transatlantic crossing was not all suffering and dogged endurance. Shipboard friendships blossomed, and since the majority of the passengers were young, on warm nights there was much socializing on deck and the singing of folk songs. A never-to-be-forgotten thrill was the first sight of the shores of their new home, heightened by the knowledge that the initial and most trying stage of their voyage was ended. Commonly, arrival in New York proved a shock as an army of con men and fraudulent agents of all types descended on the newcomers, some offering to sell Wisconsin "farmlands" on the spot. "One must guard against dealing with . . . others in New York," Diederichs noted in his diary.

By far the most effective stimuli to German immigration were the unsolicited testimonials of recently arrived settlers. Immigrants wrote back to their friends, relatives, and neighbors in the Old Country, describing their new lives in America. This was information to be trusted and acted upon. From his new home in Waukesha County, J. K. Meidenbauer wrote to his sister in Germany in 1849: "You will next ask: is it really good in America...? and I can give you the answer, from my full conviction . . . Yes, it is really good here. I would advise my sister Barbara to come over with her intended for she can do better

than in Germany. There are no dues, no titles here, no taxes . . . no (mounted) police, no beggars.” Such so-called "America Letters" prompted hometown "clubs" in Europe to send emissaries to Wisconsin in search of land suitable for settlement. New Holstein in Calumet County was settled in this fashion when a group of Free Thinkers, impressed by enthusiastic letters and newspaper reports from their United States agent, emigrated as a body.

Economic factors, while the most important, were not alone in attracting Germans to Wisconsin. Religious leaders and institutions also played key roles. For example, as early as the 1840's, a colony of Old Lutherans from the Oder River Valley in Brandenburg and Pomerania settled as groups in Jefferson and Dodge counties and in Friestadt in Ozaukee County, where, once established, they were joined by other co-relgionists in succeeding years. The Old Lutherans were a part of a body of religious nonconformists who had refused to bow to the will of the Prussian Kaiser when he united various Protestant churches under the Reformed banner. Led by several of their pastors, small groups of Old Lutherans began emigrating after 1837. One group, which settled in Buffalo, New York, sent back such encouraging reports that in 1839 forty families, under the leadership of Heirrieh von Rohr, an ex-military officer, came over from Pomerania.

Other communities also existed in heavily forested areas of southern and eastern Wisconsin, leading some observers to conclude that German immigrants preferred dense woodlands. Other observers, however, have demonstrated that the supposed Germanic predilection for forested areas was more a matter of the time of their arrival and the availability of cheap government land not too distant from the existing transportation facilities and the city of Milwaukee. Then, too, the immigrant needed a certain amount of woodland to provide building material for houses, animal shelters, fences, and for fuel. One German pioneer explained succinctly why he chose a wooded area for his new home: "On the open land there are farms with 100 acres sown in wheat .... I do not want to buy there because I know what a scarcity of wood means, for I experienced that in Germany."

Even though many immigrant letters advised potential settlers to purchase cleared lands with existing homes, few German pioneers had sufficient capital to do so. As a result, the majority of the recent arrivals had to spend part of their first season in Wisconsin constructing a dwelling, using raw materials taken from the forest, first in the form of logs, then in the form of lumber. Johann Diederichs described the home he built: "Our log house is 25 feet long and 16 feet

wide, and at present consists of only one room, which I shall later transform into two .... it is one and a half stories high .... We get to our bedroom on the second floor with the help of a ladder, having yet had no time to build stairs ...."

Building a house took about four weeks, often with the assistance of neighbors. In this early stage, bartering took the place of cash. Logs were common items of trade, and in one case a hundred feet of logs could be traded for fifty feet of boards. Farm produce was also a common medium of exchange. Having secured a roof over his family's heads, the German immigrant turned his full attention to felling trees and clearing enough land for a subsistence garden and later for the larger scale farming which would enable him to enter the cash economy as soon as possible. Most of these initial "farms" were hardly more than large gardens. In the words of one German farmer, "The earth between the stumps is freed from roots as far as practicable, the earth tilled, and the potatoes are inserted." Johann Diedsichs described the state of his farm as it was in 1849: "I now have cleared two acres, part of which I intend to use as a garden and on part of which I shall plant potatoes, corn, and beans."

Clearing the land was backbreaking work, and the physical effort involved in removing the numerous stubborn stumps impressed German farmers to the extent that "they all let the stumps stand in their fields . . . that is the right way." Suckers grew up around the stumps as they awaited later removal.

Livestock on this early farm operation consisted of a few swine, oxen, chickens, and perhaps a cow and a calf, obtained either through purchase or barter. On his arrival in Manitowoc County, Johann Diederichs wryly observed that his livestock consisted of "only a dog and a cat." Germans consistently expressed surprise at the American custom of allowing their stock to wander about unprotected, even during winter. "It is disgraceful the way they (cattle and swine) are neglected and left without protection." wrote Wilhelm Dames in the late 1840's. "Hence they lie all through the snow, frost, and rain."

The role of the German woman throughout the pioneer era can-not be overestimated. In addition to bearing and caring for children, women had constantly to prepare meals without the benefit of many basic necessities. Tending the garden, the major source of the family's food supply, took much of the woman's time, in addition to which she was expected to work in the wheat or corn fields alongside the men, for the European practice of women working in the field was a cultural

transfer from the Old Country. "Back to work again accompanied by the good mother and Mrs. Kohl to aid us in the fields," Diederichs wrote, "until after sundown ...." in fact, everything involved women's labor, unless the task proved to be beyond their strength.

Germanic pioneers adopted native American crops almost immediately. On evidence of the manuscript census records, Germans began using and planting corn soon after their arrival. They adapted equally well to the local scheme of agricultural economics and quickly entered the market mainly by raising and selling wheat. During the Period 1840-1890 wheat was king in Wisconsin, the primary cash crop of the frontier. Immigrant guides stressed the advisability of planting wheat. Primitive farming methods did not hinder its growth; it yielded a quick marketable return for a small capital outlay, needed no complex machinery for its cultivation, stored easily, and shipped well, despite the poor roads of the day. But though Germans specialized in wheat, they grew other crops as well, sold wood from their woodcuts, and acquired as much livestock as they could. By contrast, many of their Yankee neighbors had settled on prairie lands which they transformed into wheat plantations through the expenditure of large amounts of capital, going into debt to buy whatever else was needed, such as expensive horses rather than slow-moving oxen to enable them to keep ahead of next year's payments on their debts. "Wheat," reported Philander Judson, a Kenosha County farmer, in 1851, was "the talismanic word . . . as though there were no ways to make a purchase or pay a debt without a wheat crop."

However, changes were soon to occur. The spreading railroad network of the 1850's had assured the primacy of wheat growing in Wisconsin, bringing seaboard and European markets to the farmer's doorstep. But as railroads continued to expand northward and westward, new wheat-growing regions opened up, and continued high production drove prices steadily down. To keep growing wheat meant that additional outlays m time, effort, and manure would be necessary. Finally there came a point when wheat was no longer profitable, and many farmers became Convinced that they would do better to switch to different and more rewarding crops. Between 1860 and 1890 there was a slow shift in agricultural production. Transitional phases in the search for a new cash crop occurred as farmers experimented with hops, flax, sugar beets, sheep raising, tobacco, and sorghum before turning to dairying, as had the farmers of New York state decades before. Although wheat retained an important place, a new era of diversified cropping had arisen.

Other evidences of Germanic material culture brought to Wisconsin are difficult to come by. Immigrants traveled light. Bedding, a change of clothing, undergarments, wooden shoes, wooden slippers called pnntoffel, and high hopes were about all that could be carried. It was probably just as well that the immigrant did not bring an extensive wardrobe, for undoubtedly there was nativist pressure on them to conform to American dress. This was felt especially by the younger generation anxious to become Americanized. Writing to his mother in Germany in 1852, one young man said, "Dear mother, you ought to see me now with my new clothes, long black coat, black vest and trousers, choker, black silk hat, and my hair parted not only on the top but also on the back of the head! I suppose it looks funny, but then you must do as the Romans, or they will point at you: 'Look there, that Dutchman.'" As with other immigrant groups, the Americanization of second-generation Germans progressed rapidly because younger settlers especially yearned to adopt and conform to American customs.

With the outbreak of the Civil War, German radicals, Forty-Eighters, Protestant liberals, Turners, and Free Thinkers generally rallied to support the antislavery cause and adopted pro-Union, pro-Republican, and pro-Lincoln stances, largely because of their previous struggles for social reforms in Europe.

However, not all Germans favored the Republican party, anti-slavery, or other reforms. Many German Catholics actively opposed these positions, as well as the North's involvement in the war. An-other group of dissenters were known as War Democrats, one of whom joined the Union Army but later expressed his cynicism about the war's aims in a letter to his wife in Wisconsin: "Dearest, take my word for it, the whole war from beginning to end is nothing but humbug and a swindle."

http://www.dwave.net/~dhuehner/germanwis.html

Please note - This article was in a booklet that was labeled by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison, 1977. There was/is no copyright protection notice in the booklet.

Quick to do list:

Bring essay on F. J. Turner into this document. Make it the introduction, to follow a short preface?

Write headings you want to appear in this book's TOC.

Arrange photographs.

Write captions for photographs.

Use some photographs as prompts for long captions, or even multi-paragraph recollections.

Launch publication project for paper edition at Barnes & Noble.

Launch a second editing pass for the manuscript.

Decide whether to write a preface for the book, or to add more to the existing one.

Decide on a publication date for the book. Make it May 1, 2022, at the latest, so you can take a copy out to Wisconsin.

Undertake a developmental edit for the manuscript, to organize material the way you want.

That is ten items, enough for now!

Notes

I wrote these notes in my legal pad back in October. I want to type them before I file that legal pad away.

You are trying to conserve paper, now that these legal pads cost over $20.00 per dozen.

You have three books in your series now, all of them in paper. Melvin Graffenius wrote and compiled notes for the fourth.

Letters Home, by A. F. Greffenius, edited by SFG

Yesterday Once More, by S. F. Greffenius

Bertram Hall, by S. F. Greffenius

Descendants of Johann Greffenius, by Melvin Graffenius, edited by SFG

So let's see if we can't write a plan for the fourth book… You set aside the plan you sketched in your legal pad notes. You decided to focus only on the material that MG prepared. Original notes are dated 10/5, on page 2.

Now let's go to the notes dated 11/6 and 11/7.

To do list for *Descendants*:

Write outline. See list under Outline on page 24.

Print remaining pages of current draft.

Start publication project at Barnes and Noble.

I called Melvin Arthur Greffenius on Sunday, September 12. His number is 262-965-5552.

Let me write a simple procedure to crop the images, without leaving Word.

You can wrap up Melvin's notes quickly enough, if you build a little momentum. Just type material on pages that you tabbed. [I believe that job is finished.] Now I would like to type material on Wisconsin. Look up the page or pages.

From *Points of Origin*:

I just read in the *Wall Street Journal*, instead of writing here! What is the matter with you? Nothing is the matter with you. You did what you wanted to do.

As part of my troubleshooting, I eliminated maps and photographs from this file. I kept the captions, however, which appear in italics. Also, I think the font change - from Calibri to Times Roman - occurred when I copied the caption below in from Wikipedia.

Year	Grade, Age at Entry	School, City	Teacher(s)
1959 – 1960	Kindergarten, 4 years	VCST College	Mrs. Wooldridge
1960 – 1961	First, 5 years	Washington, VC	Mrs. Babcock
1961 – 1962	Second, 6 years	Washington, VC	Mrs. Elliot
1962 – 1963	Third, 7 years	Washington, VC	Mrs. Steidl
1963 – 1964	Fourth, 8 years	Washington, VC	Mrs. Teubner
1964 – 1965	Fifth, 9 years	Washington, VC	Mrs. Triebold, Mr. Sheldon
1965 – 1966	Sixth, 10 years	Washington, VC	Mr. Kopperud, Mrs. Lund
1966 – 1967	Seventh, 11 years	VCHS Junior High	Multiple teachers
1967 – 1968	Eighth, 12 years	Callanan Jr. High, Des Moines	Mrs. Johnson for HR? Mr. Landis for gym.
1968 – 1969	Ninth, 13 years	Callanan Jr. High, Des Moines	Mrs Johnson for HR? Mr. Landis for gym.
1969 - 1970	Tenth, 14 years	TRHS, DM	Mrs. Johnson for HR. Mr. Viviano for Soc. S.
1970 – 1971	Eleventh, 15 years	TRHS, DM	P.W. Parks for AP History
1971 – 1972	Twelfth, 16 years	TRHS, DM	Mr. Whitlock for Calculus

Class Notes

Year	Grade, Age	Notes
1959 – 1960	K, 4 years	Walk to class at the State Teachers College, from yellow rented house half a block away.
1960 – 1961	1, 5 years	Walk several blocks to class at Washington School, from house at 448 4th Avenue SW.
1961 – 1962	2, 6 years	Severity of winter in North Dakota begins to sink in. Mrs. Elliot is my favorite teacher.
1962 – 1963	3, 7 years	Mrs. Steidl pays attention to my penmanship.
1963 – 1964	4, 8 years	Elected president of Mrs. Teubner's fourth grade class. JFK assassinated on the eve of ninth birthday.
1964 – 1965	5, 9 years	Mr. Sheldon in a bad car accident. Begin to feel senior status at Washington School.
1965 – 1966	6, 10 years	Elected president of Mr. Kopperud's sixth grade class. Mrs. Lund makes me stay after school.
1966 – 1967	7, 11 years	Gorman King pisses on my pants leg, while Damon Bong laughs. Move to Des Moines in August 1967.
1967 – 1968	8, 12 years	First year at Callanan in new city. Start my paper route, 1217-XM. Meet Jay Ramsey. Join Troop 61.
1968 – 1969	9, 13 years	I have new friends in Troop 61 as I become more active. Play for Callanan's basketball team.
1969 - 1970	10, 14 years	First year at Theodore Roosevelt HS. Meet Jon Frankle. Repair tooth. Learn locker combination.
1970 – 1971	11, 15 years	Become active in Roosevelt's chess club, lead my Scout troop, get up early for swim team. Take AP.
1971 – 1972	12, 16 years	Run cross country instead of swim. Graduate ninth in my class. Earn Eagle Scout. Apply to colleges.

That should do it for tonight!

Sibling and Family Notes

Year	Notes
Jul 1923 – Jun 1924	AF Greffenius and LH Lang marry, presumably in Ripon, WI. Imagine LH's goodbyes to her family.
Jul 1924 – Jun 1925	AJ born an only child to AF and Lora Greffenius in Valley City, ND, on July 21.
Jul 1925 – Jun 1926	AW born an only child to Marinus and Wilhelmina Heyboer in Schiedam, the Netherlands, on September 3. Schiedam is a suburb of Rotterdam.
Jul 1926 – Jun 1927	
Jul 1927 – Jun 1928	
Jul 1928 – Jun 1929	
Jul 1929 – Jun 1930	
Jul 1930 – Jun 1931	
Jul 1931 – Jun 1932	
Jul 1932 – Jun 1933	
Jul 1933 – Jun 1934	
Jul 1934 – Jun 1935	
Jul 1935 – Jun 1936	
Jul 1936 –	

Year	Notes
Jun 1937	
Jul 1937 – Jun 1938	
Jul 1938 – Jun 1939	
Jul 1939 – Jun 1940	War in Europe begins, September 1939.
Jul 1940 – Jun 1941	
Jul 1941 – Jun 1942	War in Pacific begins, December 1941. AJ graduates from high school, June 1942.
Jul 1942 – Jun 1943	AJ joins Army Air Force, July 1942, starts training in the fall.
Jul 1943 – Jun 1944	
Jul 1944 – Jun 1945	Operation Market Garden, September 1944. Hunger Winter in the Netherlands, 1944 – 1945. AW somehow finishes gymnasium. Opa nearly starves, trades soap for potatoes.
Jul 1945 – Jun 1946	
Jul 1946 – Jun 1947	
Jul 1947 – Jun 1948	
Jul 1948 – Jun 1949	
Jul 1949 – Jun 1950	
Jul 1950 – Jun 1951	

Year	Notes
Jul 1951 – Jun 1952	
Jul 1952 – Jun 1953	AJ and AW marry June 6, 1953, in VC.
Jul 1953 – Jun 1954	A.F. dies of a stroke, May 1954. A.J. works for NW airlines, starts law practice in MPLS.
Jul 1954 – Jun 1955	S.F. born in MPLS, November 23, 1954. A.J. and A.W. purchase first home in south MPLS, month unknown, 1955.
Jul 1955 – Jun 1956	S.F. celebrates first birthday on November 23, 1955.
Jul 1956 – Jun 1957	B.J. born in MPLS, August 20, 1956. A.W. almost delivers baby in the car.
Jul 1957 – Jun 1958	B.J. celebrates first birthday, August 20, 1957. D.A. born in MPLS, July 2, 1958, last child born in MPLS.
Jul 1958 – Jun 1959	A.J. receives invitation to practice law in Valley City, ND. Family prepares to move to Valley City during summer of 1959.
Jul 1959 – Jun 1960	Move from MPLS to yellow rented house in Valley City, August, 1959. S.F. begins kindergarten, makes the cutoff for turning age 5 by one week. Laura born on April 20, 1960, last Greffenius baby.
Jul 1960 – Jun 1961	Move from yellow house near Valley City State Teachers College to brown stucco house at 448 4th Avenue SW during summer of 1960.
Jul 1961 – Jun 1962	Severity of winter in North Dakota begins to sink in. Mrs. Elliot is my favorite teacher.
Jul 1962 – Jun 1963	
Jul 1963 – Jun 1964	
Jul 1964 – Jun 1965	

Year	Notes
Jul 1965 – Jun 1966	
Jul 1966 – Jun 1967	
Jul 1967 – Jun 1968	Callanan era begins. SF in eighth grade, then on down by two's at Hubbell: BG in sixth, DA in fourth, and LM in the Hubbell annex – essentially a trailer – in second.
Jul 1968 – Jun 1969	Odd-numbered year for grades, with SF in ninth at Callanan. BG moves up to junior high after only one year at Hubbell. DA moves up the ladder at Hubbell to fifth grade. LM moves out of the annex, to third grade in the main building.
Jul 1969 – Jun 1970	SF begins sophomore year at Theodore Roosevelt High School. Team name: Roughriders. School colors: blue and white. School reputation: good, with a fair amount of old money, much of it from the Merrill cohort.
Jul 1970 – Jun 1971	SF begins junior year at TRHS, active in Boy Scouts and chess club.
Jul 1971 – Jun 1972	SF begins senior year at TRHS, to graduate in June 1972. Commencement is a big occasion, as it means I leave home in the fall.
Jul 1972 – Jun 1973	SF begins freshman year at Carleton College in Northfield, MN. I do not like the school, or my experience there, so I leave after one year.
Jul 1973 – Jun 1974	SF transfers to Reed College in Portland, OR, to enroll as a sophomore.
Jul 1974 – Jun 1975	SF begins junior year at Reed College. As in high school, junior year is busy and productive.
Jul 1975 – Jun 1976	SF begins senior year at Reed College. In the spring, submits thesis titled *Civil Authority in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1630 – 1686*.
Jul 1976 – Jun 1977	SF accepts Jon Frankle's invitation to spend a year in Boston, rather than join the Navy. He works for Bill Drayton, then at the Harvard Law School copy center.

Year	Notes

For photographs of important locations in Valley City and Des Moines, see photo section of *Yesterday Once More*.

If you try to focus on family matters, rather than other subjects that might interest you, you have a number of models available. First, let's list those other subjects: history, religion, philosophy, political ethics, and current affairs. I tend to concentrate on the latter two in my blog.

What models do you have available, for more personal writing outside of your blog posts? Dialogs, scrapbooks, stories, memoirs, poetry, letters, and fictional accounts add up to seven forms, or genres. A versatile author might ask, what form is most suited to what I want to say, what form communicates my meaning the best?

A less versatile author, like me, might ask, what form do I enjoy the most? If I don't find a writing project inherently interesting and intellectually challenging, I won't keep at it. It progresses in fits and starts, which means I

do not finish it in a reasonable time. If you compare output to effort, or I should say intended effort over the last couple of decades, you know what I mean. I have not produced what I might have hoped to produce, since I completed work on *The Last Jeffersonian* in the late 1990s.[2]

Just as you told Emily last week, you ought to clarify your purposes before you select the literary form that will carry your purposes forward most effectively. I believe I will start with dialogs, based on your successful adaptation of the form in *Bertram Hall*. What are your purposes? First, to communicate elements of my history, and my family's history to my grandchildren after they are grown, and I am gone. Second, I want to know myself better. If I spend time with my life's story, self-knowledge is likely to improve.

I have had some trouble figuring out what comes next in this family history work. I am satisfied with treatment given to Melvin's notes. I do not have a good answer to the question, 'What comes next?'

When you reach a point like that in your technical writing, you have a standard response: write notes on your legal pad. Often included in those notes is the sentence, 'It does not matter which task you do first. Just start with something.' You don't have to choose the first task. You just plunge in. The technique works because you have a list of items to do after you complete the first one.

So I suppose I need to begin with a list of items on my legal pad, or more accurately, notes on my legal pad that either include a to do list, or a list of general items to accomplish that you can adapt for a to do list.

Be sure to type at least a portion of your legal pad notes here.

_____

_____

[2] You face a decision, then. You are a master of the five to eight hundred word essay that populates your blog on political ethics and current affairs. I can knock those out pretty fast, and I am proud of the quality. They are good enough that I have written a number of books based on them. The form is not so useful for family and personal matters, though. That leaves me with a decision about what form will serve my purposes best. Where shall I devote my writerly efforts?

Endnotes

[i] Insert photographs, but do not make your Word file too heavy. You might experiment with links, if that helps you develop your verbal scrapbook.

[ii] See *MG Notes*, the unnumbered page after 15, for a photograph of August Ferdinand with his fourth wife, Wilhelmina.

[iii] For an excellent account of German migration to the United States from the Library of Congress, see https://www.loc.gov/classroom-materials/immigration/german/.

[iv] My dad's notation near the bottom of page 16 in *MG Notes* obscures the fourth digit of Hermann Julius's year of decease.

[v] *MG Notes*, near the top of page 16, records information about August Ferdinand's place of death, and other key information about his life.

[vi] Paragraph 25, near the bottom of page 30, opens with information about Hermann Julius.

[vii] Top of page 16 indicates the year of immigration was 1864, not 1867. Page 17 contains more detail, so it may be more credible.

[viii] That completes our information for pages 30 and 31 of *MG Notes*. We resume on page 46 of the *Notes*.

[ix] See the two photographs of Fairwater that follow page 46.

[x] Paragraph 67 on page 53 of *MG Notes* summarizes Ruben's life.

[xi] Paragraph 68 of *MG Notes* summarizes Rino's life and family.

[xii] See page 54 of *MG Notes*.

[xiii] See page 58 of *MG Notes*, for details about Richard Greffenius and Barbara Souash.